DENTON JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. *1884.*

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1884. NO. 25.

FOR SALE.

Having concluded to discontinue the mercantile business, I will from this date until April 11th, sell off at

COST FOR CASH

my entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and China ware.

In the meantime I will sell out entirely to any one wishing to go into business, and give up the storehouse, which is one of the best in the county, and the best stand in Denton. Respectfully,

2-9 WM. A. STEWART.

CLOTHING BUYERS,

YOUR ATTENTION

Is called to a few SPECIAL BARGIANS we shall offer for the next 30 days:

Men's Suits Reduced from		$16.00 to	$13.00
" " " "		14.50 to	12.00
" " " "		12.00 to	10.00
" " " "		10-50 to	8.50
" Overcoats "	"	18.00 to	18.75
" " "	"	17.00 to	15.00
" " "	"	16.00 to	14.00
" " "	"	12.50 to	10.50

Boys' Clothing Reduced ten per cent.

Our Ladies' Dress Goods Department

Is still full of choice Dress Goods from 10c. to $2.50 per yard. Also have a full line of Ladies' and Missess'

CLOAKS & DOLMANS

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Men, Boys & Children

LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM $5 to $25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

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Complete Stock always on Hand.

EVITTS & HOLBROOK,

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MACHINERY

All Kinds and Best Manufacture.

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CHOPTANK RIVER.

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Minnie Wheeler.

On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on Tuckahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Landing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, Sec'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.20 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 5, Light St. Wharf, Baltimore every Tuesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P. M. touching at the above wharves.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P. M. All freights must be prepaid in Baltimore.

R. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potter's Landing. n 14

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—AND—

LIVERY STABLE,

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THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

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BUTCHERS,

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and
SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

J. H. Coulbourn,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT IN BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, LIVE STOCK, FRUIT, PRODUCE, FISH, ETC.

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OSWALD TILGHMAN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

Office nearly opposite the M P Church july7-y

A Poor Man's Wealth.

A poor man! Yes, I must confess—
No wealth of gold do I possess;
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,
Nor fields of waving grain are mine;
No foot of fat or follow land
Where rightfully my feet may stand,
The while I claim it as my own—
By deed and title mine alone.

Ah, poor indeed! perhaps you say—
But spare me your compassion, pray!
When I can't ride with you, I walk
In Nature's company, and talk
With one who will not slight or slur
The child forever dear to her—
And one who answers back, be sure
With smile for smile, tho' I am poor.

And while communing thus I count
An inner wealth of large amount—
The wealth of honest purpose blent,
With Penury's environment—
The wealth of owing naught to-day
But debts that I would gladly pay,
And wealth of thanks still unexpressed
With cumulative interest.

A wealth of patience and content—
For all my ways improvident;
A faith still fondly exercised—
For all my plans unrealized:
A wealth of promises that still,
However I fail, I hope to fill;
A wealth of charity for those
Who pity me my ragged clothes.

A poor man! Yes, I must confess
No wealth of gold do I possess;
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,
Nor fields of waving grain are mine—
But ah, my friend! I've wealth, no end!
And millionaires might condescend
To bend the knee and envy me
This opulence of poverty.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule.

He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed.

"If I ever heard of the like! Lying down on the new sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness! your head on that lace tidy I had done up only last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life!"

Mr. Skinner got up and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

"The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. "I did suppose you had some sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner, good-naturedly. "Ya-ah. I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-h."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her family drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She sat down and took a book, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as it had been a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she feared, her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out on the bed, on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly-grey head sunk keep into a white, starched pillow sham, with these words embroidered in the centre:

"Sleep sweetly, beloved!"

He was not only asleep, but snoring with a look of sweet content on his wide open mouth.

"Lot Skinner!"

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and stood staring at the fearful hallow in the bed and the the wrinkled dent in the pillow sham.

"I declare I forgot," he said looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't I got a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wif sharply. "The idea of a sober mon going to bed with his boots on."

"Would you rather I'd get"——

"I'd rather you'd get some common sense," she said. "If you must sleep in the day time, why there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose"—ungraciously—"I can take off the quilt and the shams, and let you have your nap here, though its wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. "It's a bad example to set to the children, and you know it."

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband "my head is heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness! sheer laziness!" said his wife sharply.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up embroidery on the misused sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight and she busied herself in getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived, as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in her house were to the effect that cleanliness is akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in the house several times a day; she scrubbed so often the children had the chronic diphtheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed the kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and the dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon the children went with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was.

They did not know.

This seemed strange; she questioned them closely but they hadn't seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without his family.

"He said he was going where he would have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

"Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting room with their books there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap, and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he had looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wondering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

"Strange!" she said, as it grew dark, "I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he is there, and if he is I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he wasn't there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him and thought he looked worried; hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business trouble; Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with sudden force that she had been in the habit of driving from pillow to post at railroad speed and at the end of the broom or dust brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he had become insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with the children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only fire arms he possessed—it was gone!

Then Mrs. Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried, and it was indeed a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door of the horrible parlor opened, and an apparation—no, it was Mr. Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

"I overslept myself," he said in a meek, apologetic tone, looking at the clock.

"I should say you did," answered his wife, "and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix you something nice," and she went out taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ate it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lay down anywhere when he was tired and his wife would throw a shawl over him, and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on her sofa in the parlor, where he took his Rip Van Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that grizzly-grey head was worth more than all the pillow shams in the world to her, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are really and truly, and not in any zoological sense, "a happy family."

Forests and Floods.

For many years thereafter the flood in the Ohio River of 1832 was called by the settlers along its banks the "great flood." Its like was unknown to the oldest inhabitant. It was 15 years till another comparable with it occurred, and the flood of 1847 was not as high as that of 1832. But within the last three years there have been two surpassing that of 52 years ago—the one lately on being the most destructive of all. And yet the news gives no reason to believe that the water discharged from the clouds this year equals the discharges of 1832 or 1847. In 1832 the rains continued in torrents for several weeks; this year for not more than a half or a third of that time. There is an apparent mystery in this which will set millions of people to thinking, most especially those who inhabit the banks and the rich "bottoms" of that most beautiful river, and whose property is in peril of periodical destruction from these rapidly increasing occurrences.

The Ohio in its length—1,000 miles—is a river of the the third class in America, and of the second class compared with European rivers.—After the Missouri it is the chief tributary of the Mississippi, discharging more water than either the Arkansas or the Red River, though not as long as either of these. It is formed by the Alleghany and the Monongahela, both rising in the Alleghany mountains and fed by snows till as late as the middle of May. Below the junction of these two mountain streams, which is at Pittsburgh, the principal affluents of the Ohio are the Scioto, Kanawha, Big and Little Miami, Kentucky, Wabash, Cumberland and Tennessee. These affluents drain three-fourths of the State of Ohio, more than half of Indiana and Kentucky, nearly all of Tennessee and West Virginia, and, including the Alleghany and Monongahela, half of Pennsylvania and a considerable part of Virginia. The area of drainage into the Ohio can hardly be less than 100,000 square miles and of this at least six-sevenths, probably nine-tents, was sixty years ago covered by dense forest. The original prairie lands of the Ohio were insignificant. Forest was the prevailing quality of the land along the Scioto, the two Miamis, all thro' Kentucky, Tennessee, western Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and Indiana from the old National Road southward was covered by beech, walnut, poplar and oak, with but here and there a small "clearing." The rain that fell upon these forests sunk into a thick solid stratum of leaves, the deposit of ages, and was there retained for weeks after it fell, finding its way slowly into the creeks and rivers, which accordingly rose slowly. Within the present generation the whole region from the Little Miami to far west of Indianapolis and thence south to the Ohio was comparatively a swamp from the beginning of the spring rains till as late as the middle of June. The rule, with some modification, extended to the whole area drained by the Ohio. Now all is changed. It is safe to say that four-fifths of the primeval forests that covered the Ohio valley as far back as 1820 have been cut away—for railway ties, fences, fuel, lumber, and timber for houses and barns—converted, so to speak, into railways, farms, villages, and towns. These are, to be sure, not inconsiderable compensation for the losses by floods, but they are the cause of them all the same. We search in vain for any other cause.

The Ohio is not filled up in its bed, as are the Sacramento and San Joaquin, by detritus. It is navigable now from its head to its mouth by boats of as deep a draught as plied upon it thirty years ago. Its banks are as high as ever and as far apart. It is capable of carrying as much water now as when the Indians hunted in its woods. The difference is that it is now called on to discharge in a week the same quantity of water that it formerly received in a month or six weeks. The leafy forest reservoirs are cut away. When an eight or ten inch rain fell half a century ago, more than half of it was held back from the rivulets and rivers by these reservoirs. Now all goes at once, and if the rivers cannot contain the influx, of course their banks are overflowed, and farms, villages and towns are swept away.

This is the common-sense explanation of the mystery. The compensation of the flood calamities is found in the exchange of the primitive unproductive forests for farms, orchards, meadows, flocks and herds, and the other concomitants of the thing we call "progress." The partial remedy against these wholesale destructions by flood lies in the restoration of the denuded forests as far as is consistent with that cultivation of the soil which the increasing population of the country demands. It is a remedy which might be more practically and profitably enforced in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin than in the States drained by the Ohio. Tree culture in our valleys, while contributing toward the prevention of sudden overflows of the big rivers, would not curtail the area of profitable agricultural production, for an acre of well-shaded land is worth more for pasture than for grain, and we are shorter of beef, if the butchers may be believed, than we are ever likely to be of bread.

Smith Pales Before the Splendor of a Brighter Orb.

The siege gun Brother Smith fired into the Methodist camp in Redbone made quite an explosion. The roar of the mighty mouth-piece was noised abroad, and dismay existed, and havoc was threatened to the friends of sprinkling. The danger grew serious, and alarming tendency to proselytism was discovered throughout the neighborhood, and the enemies to the heresy promulgated by Smith held a meeting and conferred together

After some discussion it was decided to send down to Berryan and fetch up Rev. Freeman Jinkins, who, it was asserted, "could tear the hine sights off'n ary Baptist preacher this side of kingdom come." Brother J. was accordingly sent for and arrived by due course of horse power. He began his meeting and soon made an impression, and on the first Sabbath afterwards administered the ordinance of baptism in the presence of a large assembly and wiped off Smith's impressions as easily as if they had been slate marks.

"My dyin' congregation, I'm gwine to baptize this young man with the only real, shore enough baptism.

"Thar ain't but one baptism, but thar's three modes.

"Yes, thar's three modes, but thar is one of 'em at ain't much, ah. I do not think myself that immersion's got any Scriptral warrantment, ah.

"Ev'rywhar in the Bible when people were put under the water, hit was bekase they was committin' of some unforbidden sin, ah.

"Pharoah took after the chosen people and the Lord had him immersed, ah. Jonay wouldn't preach to the sinful people of Ninnevy and he had to spend three days in the whale's belly, a swimmin' about in the briny sea, ah—(hock tschew, spitting.) Yes, and the Baptists needn't to brag about John's immersin' 3,000 in a day, ah. Even ef he had a done it, it wouldn't a been nothin to the immersin' that tuck place in the days of a certain old Methodist parson named Noay, ah, my beloved brethren, that wicked generation all went down into the water, but it ain't nowhars stated that washed away all their sins, ah, (hock, tschew,) And remembur that Peter started to walk upon the water and he didn't no wise sink and go under and git immersed till atter he committed the sin of unbelief, ah. Yes, Pharaoh and his host was some of brother Smith's Baptist puddle ducks, and the crowd 'at stayed outen the ark was some on 'em, and Jonay and Peter belonged in the same mess, while they sinned against the Lord, and not atterwards, ah. Then, my beloveds, immersion may be one of the modes of baptism, but it's a powerful unscriptral mode, ah.

"Oh, but you got to be buried in baptism, and brother Smith thinks you got to go under head and years ur you can't be buried, ah. Well, I wus buried in a deep study this mornin'; and study didn't kiver me up and it never totch my hair nur my heels, and I didn't go under the study, but I wus shorely buried in a deep study, ah, hock, tschew. Yes, and Brother Smith's buried in debt, heels over head, and nobody won't say debt's a-sloshin' up agin him and duckin' him and sendin' him under, ah. So you see, my friends, thar ain't no pint in no sich as this, ah.

"But they find some readin' in the Bible 'at reads about gwine down in the water, and thar's whar Brother Smith gits his most powerfullest and pintedest argument, ah. Yes, it says how that Phillup and the eunoch went into the water. But gwine into the water don't mean gwine under the water no more'n gwine into a field means gwine under the field, or gwine down into a cellar means gwine down under a cellar, ah. I reckon ef I wus to ax Brother Smith into my house he'd feel hisself invited to git down upon his all fours and crawl under the house, ah.

"No, no, (hock, tschew), my dyin' friends, into don't mean under, ur you'd be a hearin' me under this sanctuary and you'd be a rockin' your babies under the cradle, and buryin' your dead folks under the coffin, ah.

"Yes, and Brother Smith, atter his death, would find hisself agwine under Heben, stid of into Heben, which I'm powerful 'feard 'ull be his orful doom anyhow, ah.

"Ah, my friends, ah, me thinks I sees the chosen people, a-comin' dry shod across the bottom ov the sea and they are gently sprinkled by the pillar of protectin' cloud, ah, while a big wholesale immersion business is agwine on with thur enemies fn the rare, ah.

"Brother Smith how 'at thar's water ever'whar 'cept in hell and the Methodist Church, ah. Well, ef 'at's so it's bekase one on 'em can't be cleansed and t'other don't need no cleansin', ah.

"But Brother Smith's right for advocatin' much water, ah. He needs cleansin' and a powerful sight of it. He'll have to be rubbed and scrubbed and scoured and wrenched out, ah, and they'll have to have the water bilin' hot, ah, and bubblin' with soap suds, and they'll have to mighty nigh rub off the hide afore they wash away all of his unforbidden sins, ah. Yes, my dyin' friends, the Methodist Church may git along without water, but Brother Smith can't ah.

"I'mout say a heap more but it ain't worth while to go no furder. Brother Smith never showed nothin' that needs to be buried or kivered and sent under 'ceptin his own Scriptral p'ints, ah; nothin' that ort to take water but hisself, ah, and I think I've driven him to do that, ah."

At this point Mr. Jinkins administered the ordinance and went on with the services. I understand Parson Smith afterwards made an able and exhaustive argument in answer to the foregoing, but I have not been able to get a copy.—Sumpter Republican.

THE BRUTE AND THE BEAUTY.—A young lady, who thought her personal charms gave her a right to be disagreeable, was a few nights since at a party where quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried elder son who was present, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking business forever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there," quietly remarked the elder son.

What word is there of five letters from which, of you take away two, you leave six? Sixty.

Whole Wheat for Fowls.

There is more solid nutriment in whole wheat, as a food for poultry, than in any of the cereals, weight for weight. It is an excellent kind of grain for this use, though somewhat more expensive than other sorts; but too much of this hearty food is detrimental. Fowls are very partial to wheat. It helps the laying capacity of hens, but it should not be used except with discretion as to the quantity allowed them daily. An excess of this raw grain will induce a looseness in the bowels very frequently. It is easy of digestion and should be furnished in moderation, as a needful and most desirable variety, in conjunction with other dry grains, such as cracked corn, oats, buckwheat, &c. If not not more than one-third or one-fourth wheat is allowed with the other cereals mentioned, for ordinary purposes in the laying season, hens will do quite as well, and they can thus be kept in better average condition than by a greater allowance. We have proved this by frequent practical experiments in feeding. Fowls are very fond of vegetables, such as mangolds, beets, and turnips. They never tire of cabbage. Animal food in some shape must be supplied, if you want plenty of eggs. Regularity of feeding should be the rule, and only what food the fowls will eat up clean, with an apparent appetite, should be given. Occasional feeds of scraps of cooked meat—cheap pieces from the butchers or slaughter-houses—are relished by the fowls, and conduce to healthfulness, vigor, and consequent profit. Fowl dung is one of the best manures that can be applied to garden soils. It should be carefully preserved, and mixed with sand, peat or ashes, and thinly spread over the plots intended for onions, or indeed any other garden crop.

Marks of a Good Cow.

The medium-sized ones invariably produce the best results, and a heavy milker and large butter-maker is seldom fat, as the majority of the food she consumes is converted into milk and butter. The head should be fine, but bony, with small horns, large, mealy nose, and shapely ears. The base of the horns and the inside of the ears should be of a bright golden color. We have never yet seen an animal with horns and ears well colored (golden yellow) which failed to make a fine quality of butter and highly colored. It is an unmistakable sign. The body should be of good size, and the width and depth rapidly increase as it runs to the rear or hind quarters. The milk veins should be large and prominent, and the udder need not necessarily be large, so it is not meaty; but is small when milked out. The teats should be of good size and only have a single hole in each. We have seen quite a number with teats having two holes. The hair should be fine and soft to the touch as velvet or kid. In color it should be tinged deeply with yellow, especially on the shoulders and flank and along the back. Color of the hair is rather a secondary matter, though the best cows are generally yellow, fawn, gray, or white, with dark marks edged with yellow. Black cows but seldom prove to be good general purpose ones, though, of course, there are exceptions frequently met with.—Md. Farmer.

Rehearsing Weddings.

Every Bishop and prominent clergyman in Philadelphia who participates in a fashionable wedding has in every instance to attend a full-dress rehearsal, and sometimes two, as a part of the performance. The church is lighted, the organ is in place, the ushers take their positions, the whole bridal party forms in the vestibule, the signal is given, they march up the aisle and at the altar the whole ceremony is gone through with except answering the questions. The bride and bridegroom are instructed not to say "I will" at the wrong time, told when to kneel down, when to get up, and go thro' the difficult and generally trying operation of putting on the ring. Sometimes the bride and bridegroom go up the aisle a dozen different times, with various degrees of rapidity, before they hit upon what their circle of relatives and friends think the correct thing. The bride often tries half a dozen different positions and many more expressions. In one position she leans a little forward; in another she walks erect. Whether she carries her head on the right or the left side is constderered important. The way the veil looks best; the adjustment of the train at the altar, so that she can turn around easily; the proper attitude of coming back—these and various other matters have to be considered and marked out carefully in advance. Last week at a wedding in Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, the bride and bridegroom exchanged rings at the altar, and after the ceremony embraced and kissed each other in presence of the congregation.

Young wife—"I wish you'd let me go with you to the city to-morrow, Fred." Young husband—"Why, my love?" Young wife—"Because I should so like, just once, to take a walk through the money market."

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without to freeze to death.

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