DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1886.

VOL. 40. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1886. NO. 22.

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She Led Him On.

From the crowd and the crush of the ball
room
I wandered with Winifred, where,
In the dimness and dusk of a small room
That opened at the foot of the stair
(Apart from the quibble and quarrel
Of the throng with its smile and its frown),
The lords of the lyre and the laurel
Looked placidly down.

We talked in a lull 'twixt the dances,
That frolicsome holiday time,
Of parties, and plays, and romances,
Till we drifted at last into rhyme,
And I heard her—supremest of pleasures—
With clear modulation repeat
From Aldrich, my favorite measures,
Surprisingly sweet.

A murmurous ripple of laughter
Broke in when I called them divine;
She paused for a moment, and after
She quoted a ditty of mine—
A love song, which, though I concealed it,
Set all of my pulses astir,
And which, though I ne'er had revealed it,
Was written to her.

What was it?—the hour with its glamour,
The perfume, the lights burning low,
The violins' rhythmical clamor,
The mellow and musical flow
Of her voice with its depth of expression,
That led me to boldly confess?—
Ah! that and what followed confession
I leave you to guess.

—Clinton Scollard.

A BABY'S LETTER.

Everybody was afraid of the old Governor because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man found guilty of a crime, had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence and knowing that his family needed his support, sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old Governor said "no;" and having made up his mind the old Governor had no patience with those who persisted in their intercessions. So the old Governor was in high dudgeon one morning, and when he came to his office he said to the secretary: "Admit no one to see me; I am weary of these constant and senseless importunities."

Now the secretary had a discreet regard for the old Governor's feelings, and it was seldom that his presence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old Governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work. His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had he seen the old Governor in such a harsh mood.

"Has the mail come—where are the papers and the letters?" demanded the old Governor, in a gruff voice.

"Here they are, sir," said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old Governor's table. "These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?"

"No, not now," growled the old Governor; "I will read the papers and my private correspondence first."

But the old Governor found cause for uneasiness in this employment. The papers discussed the affair of the imprisoned man, and these private letters came from certain of the old Governor's friends, who, strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner's affairs. The old Governor was highly disgusted.

"They should mind their own business," muttered the old Governor. "The papers are very officious and these other people are simply impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change me."

Then the old Governor turned to his private secretary and bade him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old Governor growling and fumbling over the pile of correspondence. He knew why the old Governor was so excited; many of these letters were petitions from the people touching the affair of the imprisoned man. Oh! how they angered the old Governor!

"Humph!" said the old Governor, at last, "I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no more, I suppose?"

When the secretary made no reply the old Governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and searchingly regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

"You have not shown me all," said the old Governor, sternly.—"What is it you have kept back?"

Then the secretary said: "I had not thought to show it to you. It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I should not bother you with it."

The old Governor was interested A child's letter to him—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened to him before.

"A child's letter; let me see it," said the old Governor, and, although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

"It is nothing but a scrawl," explained the secretary, "and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing to it—a mere scrawl; for the child is only four years old. But the gentleman who sends it says the child brought tt to him and asked him to send it to the Governor, and then perhaps the Governor would send her papa home."

The old Governor took the letter and scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it? Such strange hieroglyphics and such crooked lines—oh! it was a wonderful letter—as you can imagine.

But the old Governor saw something more than the strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude pencilings. He could see in between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love his heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

He saw, or seemed to see, a little head bending over the crumpled page, a dimpled hand toiling at its labor of love, and an earnest little face smiling at the thought that this labor would not be in vain. And how wearied the little hand grew and how sleepy the little head became, but loyal heart throbbed on and on with patient joy, and neither hand nor head rested till the task was done.

Sweet innocence of childhood! Who would molest thee—who bring thee one shadow of sorrow? Who would not rather brave all dangers, endure all fatigues, and bear all burdens to shield thee from worldly ills thou dream'st not of?

So thought the old Governor as he looked upon the crumpled page, and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter; for you must know that from the crumpled page there stole a thousand gentle voices that murmured in his ears so sweetly that his heart seemed full of tears. And the old Governor thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul! And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with the other's in trustful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old Governor said to him: "Give me a blank." But what most amazed the secretary was the tremulous tenderness in the Governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old Governor's spectacles as he folded the crumpled page reverently and put it carefully in the breast pocket of his great coat.

"Humph," thought the secretary, "old Governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected."

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people grasped him by the hand and said: "Our eloquence and perseverance saved you. The old Governor could not withstand the pressure we brought to brought to bear on him."

But the secretary knew, and the old Governor, too—God bless him for his human heart! They knew that it was the sacred influence of a little child's letter that had done it all—that a dimpled baby had opened those prison doors.—Chicago News.

Symptoms of Hydrophobia.

Hydrophobia, or rabies, so far as the public is concerned, originates with the dog, although many other animals are subject to it. So far as domestic animals are concerned, they become rabid after being bitten by rabid dogs. It becomes therefore most important to recognize the malady in its earliest stages, because so large a proportion of animals and men who are thus bitten, naturally take the disease, and die of it in unutterable agony—conscious of the intensest suffering, yet crazed by it, and rendered dangerous to their attendants and best friends. Dog owners should therefore be always alert and suspicious of any symptoms of illness on the part of their dogs. Mr. A. J. Sewell states concisely the primary symptoms as follows: If loss of appetite is observed, watch the animal closely. Timid dogs become fearless, snap at and bite large and small dogs without provocation, and this snap is often preceded by a lick from the rabid dog. Even the cat is liable to be attacked. Cheerful dogs become morose and sullen, quiet ones restless, and good-tempered ones unquiet, and a disposition to hide in dark corners is observed. The bark becomes a short, dismal, hollow half bark and half howl, readily noticeable, as the usual bark should be well known to the owner. As a rule, rabid dogs refuse food, yet they will devour filth, stones, straw, etc. They will gnaw the wood-work of their kennel, hearth rugs, table cloths, legs of tables, chairs, etc. A rabid dog has a great inclination to escape and wander. Hence, when any suspicious symptoms shall have been detected, he should be securely chained. Rabid dogs have no fear of water, and during the early stage can drink freely. In "dumb rabies" the lower jaw is paralyzed and is slightly dropped, while the mouth is constantly open, with a fixed appearance. Any dog suspected to have been bitten by a rabid animal, should be killed at once.—American Agriculturist for February.

Win Gold.

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and save it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Washing dishes puts the hands into the most favorable condition for piano practice, but unfortunately most young ladies are prevented by their piano practice from washing dishes.

A running mate—an eloping wife.

An Historical Legend of Love Point.

The scene around Love Point, Kent Island, at this time is one reaching to sublimity in its grandeur. Huge masses of ice, wind-driven and tide-riven, lie heaped upon the shores, while around the pillars of the lighthouse the ice is piled twenty and thirty feet. At a distance the mass assumes the appearance of an iceberg, reflecting in a thousand rays all the colors of the rainbow. To those living in this building this season of the year is fraught with much peril. The heavy northwest gales sweep from over the bay with frightful velocity, and the swift tides flow past with irresistible force, breaking the ice and heaping it mountain high. To lie all night and hear the straining and crashing, and feel the house shake and creak and tremble, and to know that a horrible death may at any moment knock at the door, is not the most agreeable thing in the world to the inmates. Near this point, and southward along its shore, the wrecks of many good and staunch vessels are strewn, and their timbers lie rotting among the rocks and shells with which the bottom is covered. Naturally, it is not at all surprising to occasionally hear quaint and wonderful stories in connection with the history of this bit of bay coast. It is a fact not very generally known that in the immediate vicinity of Love Point there is an unfathomable gulf, whose depths no mariner, however venturesome and enterprising, has as yet sounded. The lead-line has been "heaved" in vain for some token of its bottom, and old sailors have come to steer clear of its locality and speak of it only with breath rather bated and some superstitious fear. Of course, this would not be the nineteenth century, did there not exist a few very incredulous people who insist upon the story being a myth and defy proof to the contrary. But, however little truth there may be in its existence, a very pretty and touching story is told which has this mysterious abyss for its centre-piece:

Many years ago, modern tradition has it—a time far back enough not to come within the scope of the memory of the oldest inhabitant—there dwelt on this fertile isle, upon whose four shores the waves beat with monotonous surge all day long and through the silent hours of the night also, two families who had interchanged no kindly word or feeling for centuries. Each succeeding generation took up and perpetuated a deadly feud which had been created during the earliest settlement of the colony. But love laughs at hatred as well as it does at locksmiths, and truce had been called between two members of the respective firesides. As the comely shape and laughing eyes of the daughter of the one family had attracted the admiration of the son of the other, so had his manly form and still manlier character compelled a return of the same feeling. Admiration once awakened, quickened into ardent love. Clandestine meetings were frequent, and at last the young lovers determined to brave the righteous anger of their parents and launch upon the sea of matrimony. An elopement was planned and all the details arranged. One night the trembling lassie and her lover embarked in a neat little craft for the residence of a minister some distance up the island. The night, at the time of their departure mild and clear, became cloudy. The wind began to blow, and every minute but increased the fury of the storm. When nearly off the neck of land making out from the mouth of Chester river, and now called Love Point, the boat sprung a leak, and the water poured in swiftly. Finally, seeing that all endeavor was useless to prevent the coming disaster, the lover threw down his oars and clasped his sweetheart in his arms, declaring that as the wrath of their parents on land and the wrath of the elements on water was directed against their union, they could at least die together in each other's arms. The boat filled rapidly, and the white despairing faces of the youth and maiden slowly sunk beneath the heaving waves. They had been seen from the shore during the brightness of a lightning flash with their arms entwined and their faces hid upon each other's shoulder, just sinking below the water, and the spectator, an old gray-haired negro, had shivered as with ague and believed ever after that he had seen two spirits rise from the waves and beckon to him. When in the morning their absence was known, a search was made. The old negro's story had been circulated, and the grief-stricken parents knew then the fate of their loved ones. The spot where they had perished was then proceeded to, but poles or chains were not long enough to reach bottom in one particular place, and every one instinctively felt that the bodies of the lost ones were indeed lost forever. Ever since a mysterious dread of this spot has existed, and some have been heard to declare that every night just at the hour when the lovers were lost, two forms with white, cold faces rise from the water, embrace each other, and then slowly sink down again, while a sweet and weird melody fills the air. The above legend has given the name of "Love Point" to the northern extremity.—Centreville Record.

"Have you ever seen the game of curling? It's a winter game for old and young, you know." "Oh, yes, my wife indulges in it every night before she goes to a ball."

A Quick Courtship.

Early in spring there will be a wedding in Beach Haven, where the father of the promised bride is an old and prosperous resident. The bridegroom will be Charles Applegate, who is ticket agent of the Pennsylvania railroad at Seaside Park. Applegate is a handsome young fellow and a good swimmer.

Among the skaters who thronged the freshly frozen surface of the inlet last Friday week two young people attracted marked attention. One was Applegate and the other was a very daring young lady clad in a fur-trimmed skating suit. Applegate had often sold tickets to the young lady, and was a silent but fervid worshipper of her brunette beauty.

His enchantress had no escort, and seemed bent on exploring places on the ice marked "dangerous." Applegate kept a respectful distance, but never lost sight of her. She evidently recognized him and noted his admiration, but of course, gave him no encouragement, as they were social strangers.

Suddenly in midstream there was a noise of splitting ice, and the young lady from Beach Haven was seen to disappear. The cold, dark blue water closed over her pretty face. Applegate slipped off his skates, and without hesitation dropped into the widening cleft in the ice.

When he reappeared he had his arm about the waist of the unconscious girl, and with some assistance both were soon sheltered in the hotel.

Two hours later they met in the parlor, fully recovered from their perilous adventure. When they were left alone Applegate proclaimed his love for the girl whose life he had saved. He says she asked him his name, blushed, smiled, and then told him she was engaged to marry another.

The ardent suitor, undismayed, besought her to give up the other man and prove the gratitude she earnestly declared. What they said further is, of course, not known, but they were seen kissing one another by the hotel proprietor, who came in fifteen minutes later. It is supposed she softly murmured "Yes."

They Took Seats.

Two young Detroiters who are acquainted with a country schoolmaster having a school about twelve miles from the city, were invited out to a spelling match a few nights since, and they took a horse and buggy and drove out. There was a large gathering of farmers, and an exciting contest was looked for. Just previous to the beginning of the exercises a young fellow whose head would have bumped a six-foot mark, and whose weight was about 160 pounds, called one of the Detroiters aside and asked:

"Are you fellers going to spell?"

"I guess so."

"Purty good at it?"

"I think we can down you all."

"You do, eh? Now you look-a-here! I've come here to-night to spell the school down. My gal is here to see me do it. I haint no objections to your spellin' along till we come to the word 'catarrh,' but after that you can't drop down any too soon. If either one o' you chaps beat me you'd better have the wings of a dove to fly out o' this, for I'll gin ye both the all firedest licking two dudes ever got!"

They stood up with him until all the others were down, and then at a look full of deepest meaning both missed and left him victor. When he had carried off the honors he came around and said:

"Much obleeged, and I hope you don't feel hurt. Shouldn't have cared about it, but Susan had her heart sot on it, and Susan's got eighty acres of land and a drove of sheep."

Mr. Cleveland at the Charity Ball.

The President did not go on the floor. He even appeared to be timid of risking his heavy figure of 300 pounds on the slippery waxed floor to walk across it.

Every lady of the 500 or 600 at the ball wanted to shake hands with the President, and very many were escorted to the box and cordially greeted by Mr. Cleveland. Some of the pretty Baltimore belles looked their sweetest at him. The general opinion of the ladies was that he was "just splendid," with the exception of being rather large. He was in fine spirits, and chatted gayly. He said he had seldom before beheld such an array of lovely women. He had heard of Baltimore's beauties, but this was the first time he ever had met so many of them at one time. One of the ladies says that she overheard the President ask a gentleman if there were many bachelors in Baltimore.

"No," was the merry response, "and you, Mr. President, wouldn't remain a bachelor much longer if these Baltimore girls could get you among them."

A fool's revenge—The disturbance in a theatre-box when the play is not good.

The hand-organ has taken the place of the pansy as a harbinger of spring.

When a Supreme Court judge calls up a telephone case he says "Hello!" just like other people.

It was a Connecticut farmer who began feeding his pigs on apples when he learned that pork and apple sauce was a popular city dish.

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