DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 43. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1888. NO. 12.

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THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence
Each child reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CONFUSION OF TITLES.

"And so Fields had a wife and six children!" Mr. Scott smiled gently to himself as he thought of it. "And not only a wife and six children, but he had been married twice—he had had two wives." There was nothing absurd nor remarkable about these facts, except as Mr. Scott chose to make them so. He had known Thomas Fields for ten or fifteen years on Wall street, and he had always fancied him an old bachelor, while in truth he was mourning one wife and courting another.

"I wonder if he made love!" said Mr. Scott to himself, and again he smiled. Then he wondered if the six boys looked like their father. And there was no reason why they should not have been willing to look like him, for he was by no means ill favored, although he was tall and spare, and had the anxious, worried look of a man whose anxieties and responsibilities outrun his resources. But as far as money goes this was not true of Mr. Fields, who was a very rich man indeed.

Perhaps it pleased Mr. Scott to be facetious, and to take a lively and contrary view of life. It was late afternoon and near train time, and all the young people and the wives whose husbands went to the city every day had gone to the station, so that the two men were almost alone under the tree on the lawn where they had placed their chairs. They were smoking, and Mr. Scott was toying with a tennis racquet left in his care.

After a while Mr. Scott spoke, not the substance but the shadow of his thoughts: "Your boys ought to be a great comfort to you, Fields. Six sons! They ought to carry on your business and perpetuate your name."

"They will not carry on my business—not one of them. When Dick made up his mind that he wanted to go to West Point, and Bob determined to study medicine, I didn't care, because there were the four left; but Logan has taken to farming, Fred has gone into law, and Harry has a perfect craze about becoming a minister; so you see the business will go into other hands. It is not right—but all right."

"But there are six of them? How about the sixth?"

"Phil? He is the greatest disappointment of all. The brightest boy I have, Mr. Scott."

"Well?"

"Phil has very reprehensible ideas. He writes verses, and will not go into business nor into a profession. He says he can live on his allowance. And he does, I'll say that for him—and on his salary."

"His salary? Why, then, he is in business?"

"Just now he is. In a brewery. He is a clerk in a brewery, and gets $650 a year. That is like Phil. Obstinate—a perfect pig headed fellow for obstinacy."

"But I don't understand," said Mr. Scott. "Don't you want him to be in a brewery, or does he do it to spite you?"

"Not to spite me, but he is very aggravating. I have talked to him a good deal, and I have said some plain truths to him. One day he told me that he would prove that he was not lazy, and that he could earn his living at a tread mill if he chose, and so he found this situation and took it. He says he means to stay a year."

"Why, I like that," cried Mr. Scott. "The boy has grit."

"I don't like grit," replied Mr. Fields, "when it gets between my teeth."

"Well," said Mr. Scott, "I've often wished we had a son, but six of them can make life lively. My daughter is as good a girl as any one need desire, but she has her vagaries."

"Your daughter is a very nice girl," Mr. Fields warmly responded, "and a very pretty one too. I have noticed her a good deal. If I had a daughter I should be perfectly satisfied to have her exactly like your Regina."

"She is a very good girl," repeated the father, with modest pride: "but it is a great responsibility to have a marriageable daughter."

Mr. Fields grimly smiled. "She seems to have her choice. All the young men here have eyes for her only."

"It is the poor quality of the young men, Mr. Fields—the men of today. Why, there is not a man at Oak Hill to whom I would give Regina. No, nor in New York, as far as I know. It is a serious matter, and one to be looked at from every point of view, this choosing of a husband for a girl. She gives up everything when she marries—name, home everything into which she has grown. To choose for a girl means to blindly take for her either misery or happiness."

"You are fortunate if you are allowed to choose," Mr. Fields dryly answered. "Logan married well, and Bob is engaged to a very nice girl, one of the Hookers—Hooker, Hood & Co.; but here comes another of Phil's perversities. He wants to marry a professional."

"A professional? Is the lady on the stage?"

"Worse than that—she—she is an athlete, a sort of female prize fighter."

"Why, that is horrible! I'd send him away. I never heard of such a thing! I suppose she is pretty?"

"I do not know. I have never spoken to him on the subject. He told Mrs. Fields, his stepmother. I told her to say to him from me that I would never hear a word about her. In such matters it is wise to be decided, and he had best understand that we—that I—will never countenance nor condone such a match. If he marries her he will have to keep to the brewery."

"You are quite right," firmly replied Mr. Scott. "A prize fighter! I never heard of such a thing."

"Our sons marry with too much freedom;" and here Mr. Fields took breath and lighted his cigar. "It is a matter of wide importance who it is a man marries, because his whole family is involved. When a man brings a woman into a family, gives her his name—the family name—and she becomes the mother of the new generation, the family should have a voice in the matter. Not every woman, not every other family should be admitted. Marriage is more than a merely personal matter."

"It does not matter so much to the man, but the woman—there's the puzzle! But Regina and I agree about everything, except that she wants to marry a business man, and I am sick of business men. I should like her to marry such a man as an English country gentleman, if we had such a class—a man with landed property and human responsibilities; a man of affairs. But Regina says that her father's trade is the one for his daughter, and so I am to go to Wall street and look for a husband for her."

"I wish you would find one of my boys there, then; but you won't. Oh, what a fool a young man can be! And Phil is a fastidious fellow, quiet and well behaved—not at all the kind of boy you would expect to like loud, unfeminine women."

"She must be pretty," replied his friend, summing up the matter.

That night Philip Fields was the subject of two midnight conversations. His father and his stepmother talked him over, and they decided to ask him to come and spend a few days at Oak Hill.

"A counter irritant," said Mrs. Fields, who consorted much with doctors, "is sometimes the best, the only remedy in cases of this character."

Mr. Scott told his wife and daughter the story of Mr. Fields and his six sons, and he made it so absurd that Mrs. Scott was animated by a most lively curiosity to see them all. But Regina didn't think the story funny. She said the Fields boys were all stupid. She had met two of them, the divinity student and Phil. Still she lingered in her mother's room, and talked about them until it was after 1 o'clock, and the next morning, when Mr. Fields managed to secure her for a few minutes, she listened with much politeness to all he said of his son, assuring him of her sympathy with him in the trials he confided to her.

"She is a flirt," said Mrs. Fields; but Mr. Fields did not agree with his wife. He pronounced Regina quick and kind hearted. That she was so pretty was a factor apart from her mental and spiritual character.

And so it came to pass that Mr. Philip Fields came to Oak Hill, and met the household delegation at the station, and found his own committee, in the shape of his father and stepmother, waiting for him. And he was not stupid in his appearance. He was a very good looking young man, tall, like his father, but better built and muscular. He was also a very easy person to become acquainted with, and he at once proved a most desirable acquisition to the young ladies, because he proved to be so good a tennis player that he was able to enter against Miss Scott, and thus the games became more equal and spirited. Before he came she had had it all her own way, and consequently the games were growing dull for her as for the others.

"You play better than you did last summer," she said to him one morning, as they sat alone down by the creek.

"I meant to," he replied; "and when I have not been brewing or keeping brewers' books I have studied tennis. It has kept up my nerve."

"And how about your poetry?" said the young woman.

"Who told you I wrote poetry?" asked he.

"Oh, I know. I know a good deal about you, Mr. Philip Fields, and if you please, I should like to have my racquet when you go back to town; the one you took last year, sir."

"It is broken," he said. "You knew you could never use it again.

"I want to have it mended. It was the best I ever had. I played the Richhaven game with that one."

"I know that," said Phil.

"Then you will send it to me?"

"No, I will not. You gave it to me."

"But I want it. I really do."

"Young ladies should not be Indian givers."

"Young ladies may be what they please."

"No, they may not."

"You think they may."

"Indeed I don't."

"Now come," said she; "I do not know any one who allows women the latitude you do."

At this Phil flushed up. "I do not see how you can say such a thing. You know I dislike women who step out of what I consider is womanly."

"That is the very point," urged Regina, who seemed more in earnest than was necessary. "Your definition of womanly is so wide it takes in so much!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, but it does!"

"I do not see why you say so, Miss Fields."

Regina bit her lip. She meant to say no more.

"Have I ever given you reason to be so unjust to me?" he persisted.

"Oh, no."

"Then why do you say such things to me?"

"Oh, because," said Regina.

"You are unkind;" and Phil looked as though he really thought she was; "you make cruel, unauthorized charges against me and refuse to explain them."

"Indeed I do not," retorted she. "I have very good authority for my opinions and your taste in young ladies is very peculiar. It may be excellent but it is peculiar."

"It is very modest in you to say so."

"You like professional women."

"I would, I am sure; but I don't know one, not even a woman doctor."

"Oh, a woman doctor! Some of them are lovely. Nobody would wonder if you liked them.

"Pray tell me at what any one may wonder."

"Well," said Regina boldly, "a young man who likes women prize fighters must be considered as having odd tastes."

"Women prize fighters?"

"Yes."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

So then Regina was committed, and she told him all his father had said, and gave him a sharp little lecture, in which justice was very little tempered with mercy, on his duty to his parent. She professed a good deal of regard and sympathy for Mr. Fields, and indeed it was pleasant to see this pretty girl taking the side of the father, and preaching the Fourth Commandment. To all this the young man listened in silence. He was hard to impress, it seemed, for he made no reply, and then suddenly he asked:

"Who said all this?"

"Your father."

"But who told him?"

"Your mother—Mrs. Fields."

"And who told her?"

"You told her yourself, and you told her more than I have spoken of."

"Nonsense!"

"But you did. You told her you were engaged to marry this person. I insist on having my racquet, Mrs. Fields."

"And this person is—is—a—prize fighter?"

"So you said."

"Oh Lord!" cried Phil, and he lay back on the grass and laughed until Regina was so offended she arose and walked back to the house.

After that she saw no more of Phil until after supper, when he came to her as she finished a most stupid game of tennis, there being no one engaged in it who could contest it with her.

"Miss Scott," said he, "Mrs. Fields would be glad if you could come to her for one moment."

Regina hesitated, and then said that she would come presently with pleasure. Would he be kind enough to say so?

"I think she wished me to bring you," replied Phil, boldly; and so, not wishing to expose their quarrel to the public, she was constrained to go with him, but she did not speak to him, and indeed he did not ask her to do so. He was perfectly silent, and seemed humbled and quieted enough.

Mrs. Fields was not in the house, but over by the well—a forlorn and weed-grown place, where only the servants went. She was sitting on the stump of a tree. She turned when she heard footsteps. "I have waited ages for you, Phil," she said.

"Miss Scott was engaged," replied Phil, "and I waited for her. You must pardon me," said he, turning to Regina, "for my mother did not send me for you, but I wanted to ask her a question before you, and I had no alternative. You would not have come had I asked it."

"Certainly not;" and Regina turned to go. Phil laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Surely," he said, "you will not be unfair to me?" And then, all in a breath, he turned to his stepmother.

"Do you remember," he said, "when you once asked me about a glove you found in my room? You teased me."

Mrs. Fields laughed. "Certainly. Do you want me to tell you what you said?"

"I do."

"It wouldn't be polite, Phil."

"Indeed you are mistaken. It would be very polite—and true."

"You said it belonged to the prettiest girl in America."

"I cannot see," said Regina, "how this interests me."

Phil made no answer to her.

"Then you asked me who she was."

"Yes, and you said she was some sort of a professional character."

"A prize fighter?" said Phil.

"Mercy! no. Your father calls her that, because he is so indignant with you; but you never said so. I understood you perfectly. Some kind of athlete; not a teacher of calisthenics, but something like it."

Again did this young man burst into laughter, but he controlled himself, and it would not have been wise to have irritated Regina much farther.

"Oh, mother," he said, "now that Mrs. Partington is dead, why do you want to play her Elisha? Did I say calisthenics and professional?"

"I do not care what you said," cried Regina; and again she turned, and this time ran away, leaving poor Phil looking like the stupid she had called him.

Now Mr. Fields always said when he was congratulated on his daughter-in-law that he had made the match. He certainly never made the explanation, and convinced Regina that Phil had said the glove belonged to "a champion," and he never showed the glove to Regina and made her confess it was hers, and she had missed it. It was very true that the old gentleman knew that Regina had played match games of tennis, and had carried off the title and honors of a "champion," but he never confounded her with a "prize fighter." He always held to a vague belief in the existence of a reprehensible young woman from whom Regina had won Phil, and that he had induced her to do so, and when Phil called her, by way of a pet name, a Synonym, he asked for no explanation of the joke, if joke he considered it. It was Phil only who could have told what an uphill task he had in convincing Regina that if he loved her now, so had he loved her always. How many times before the summer was over did he hold his breath thinking of his stepmother's imagination and his father's credulity. To have said he was engaged to her was ever Regina's grievance, and it was difficult to persuade her that what was once a fiction of others should be a fact of their own. And indeed he made little headway until he found out that she liked men in business after she found he was in a brewery, and that Wall street was not enticing to her.

But of course it all came right at last, and every one was satisfied. And when Phil went into politics and made a short, brilliant campaign, both the fathers were delighted, and Regina in Washington was more charming than ever to them.

And so Mr. Fields' pride and complacency over his feat always remind me of Jack Horner. It is all very well to be proud of your plum, but where should one look for plums if not in a Christmas pie?—Louise Stockton in Harper's Bazar.

New Steam Street Car.

In the trial of a new steam street car in Sweden the cost of fuel is said to have been only about two cents per mile. The car will seat twenty-four passengers, the engine being in one end of the car.—Frank Leslie's.

A Business Like Young Woman.

There is a young girl down in Mississippi who is destined to make her mark. Some one gave her 5 cents one day. She went at once to a dry goods store, bought a yard of calico, made it into a sun bonnet, and sold the bonnet for 40 cents. She invested the 40 cents in more calico, made more bonnets, sold them, reinvested, made other garments, and pretty soon had $10. With this $10 she bought a lot of potatoes, planted them, paid for their cultivation, harvesting and marketing, and came out with a clear profit of $40. Let the young men of the south look out for this girl. That $40 is still growing. It may run into the millions some of these days.—Columbus Dispatch.

Bombastic Style of Royalty.

The terms in which these ancient rulers addressed each other resemble in their bombastic style those employed in royal households in our own days to a striking degree. One begins: "To Nimmurija (a surname of Amenophis III), the great king, the king of Egypt, my brother, my son-in-law, whom I love and who loves me," speaks as follows: "Dushratti, king of Mitanni, thy brother, thy son-in-law, whom thou lovest and who loves thee. Peace to me, peace to my brother and son-in-law, peace to thy house, to thy consorts, thy nobles, thy people, to thy chariots, thy horses, thy land."—Harper's Weekly.

HOLIDAYS IN GERMANY.

Pleasant Life Led by the People of Berlin—Days of Relaxation.

Somehow life in Europe seems more like a holiday than in America—even among the (so called) working classes. In the first place there are so many church festivals that often it interferes sadly with an unfortunate foreigner who has planned to finish his business within a certain limit of time. He will often find it necessary to consult the calendar and see whether some saint has not gotten ahead of him. We lost two days in Amsterdam, one in Berlin and nearly another in Moscow; but fortunately the latter was in honor of some one whom they did not venerate specially, and we saved it. Then, too, the Saturday half holiday seems to be very general, and the length of each working day is much shorter than with us. There is a great deal more to make a holiday attractive in Europe than in America. If the governments seem to be hard on their subjects in some things, they have at least made great provisions for their happiness in this respect. In America our Fourth of July and Christmas and New Year's, as I think, are three of the most tiresome days in the year to get through. We have so few such days that we are at a loss as to how to dispose of ourselves and kill the time.

But here every one seems to appreciate them with all the eagerness of an American boy, and perhaps on the whole they accomplish as much, enjoy life more and live longer. Here, for instance, in Berlin is a large park within easy walking distance. It is entirely free and there are no restrictions of any importance. There are fountains and ponds and statuary and beautiful flowers, and room enough in it for all the 1,300,000 inhabitants to have a good time. Then adjoining are the large zoological gardens, well stocked with animals and birds, and with every improvement that one could think of to make them a pleasant place of resort. Here every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon from 5 to 8 o'clock two of the finest military bands give open air concerts of the very choicest music. There is but a trifling admission fee, and hundreds of families—fathers, mothers and children—come out together and take their dinners at the fine restaurant connected with the gardens, or it may be bring their own provisions with them. And so they have the very nicest kind of a time, and all the while the air filled with such delicious music as was heard during the centennial year, when one of the German emperor's military bands visited the United States. There is no intoxication. The best of good order prevails. All go home early, and who will say that they are not prepared to do a better day's work on the morrow than they would have done without these few hours of relaxation.

The "Unter den Linden" in its day was doubtless a fine street, but of late years the magnificent old trees have died out and been replaced by small ones, so that aside from the buildings which line it it is no finer than our Madison avenue. Gas killed out the trees, they say; and now the street is to be lighted by electricity, and the wires and being laid under ground. St. Petersburg's finest street, "The Nevsky Prospect," is also lighted by electric wires laid under ground.

Berlin, and in fact all Germany, seems to be enjoying a wonderful era of prosperity. The city has more than doubled in population since 1870. Splendid new buildings are going up on every street. The manufactories are crowded to their their utmost limit. Their exports even to the United States are second only to those of England, and the most of this trade has been of recent growth.

Berlin possesses many attractions to an American, so much so that a great number are making it their home. They are such a go ahead sort of people that they seem quite like our own countrymen. Then there are many advantages to be enjoyed in the study of music, painting, architecture, and the arts and sciences generally, such as are found in few European cities. One likes it at first sight and the feeling continues to grow upon him and he leaves it with regret.—Henry M. Wright's Berlin Letter in Detroit Free Press.

A New Style of Robbery.

As the proprietor of the New York egg and butter store was standing behind the counter a well dressed stranger came into the shop. The stranger said, "Sir, I noticed in the window a sign inscribed, 'Fresh eggs, 28 cents a dozen.' Now, I think those eggs are not fresh." The proprietor of the store, knowing the eggs to be perfectly fresh, so informed the stranger, who immediately offered to bet a $5 note that the eggs were not fresh. The bet was instantly covered by the proprietor, and both laid their $5 bills on the counter. The proprietor of the store went to the window, took one of the eggs, broke it and asked the stranger if the egg was not perfectly fresh. The stranger replied, "Yes, but take another, and you will find that it will be rotten."

The proprietor willingly complied and turned his back to the stranger, and while the storekeeper was reaching for the egg the stranger reached for the $10 and departed, shaking the dust of the store from his heels very quietly and expeditiously. The storekeeper being behind the counter was slow in getting out, but when he did get out the stranger had disappeared.—Detroit Free Press.

A Tree Upside Down.

Trees that layer freely, as the apple and quince, may be made to grow by bending their tops down to the earth and slightly covering with soil. In Eastern tropical climes the banyan tree extends its long, slender branches to the ground, where, taking root, they extend the tree in every direction, presenting a singular appearance. As a curious experiment a quince tree has been turned upside down, first by roofing its top and gradually loosening the roots and turning them into the air, where they budded and bore fruit. For a time such trees will be top heavy, as the trunk is naturally larger next to the original root and tapers downward.—American Cultivator.

Had a Falling Out.

Miss Bruce (who has heard that her friend, Miss Deering, has had a falling out with Mr. Downey)—Why, I thought, Eugenia, that you and Jack were very solid.

Miss Deering (icily)—Oh, dear, no! only plated.—The Cartoon.

The Washerwoman.

The washerwoman, like a poet, spends a good deal of time over a line and finds life full of hard rubs.—Boston Courier.

The amount of loss to creditors in England and Wales through bankruptcy last year was £7,114,905.

Let nothing on earth sadden you as long as you can still love.—Tzigane Proverb.

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