DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1895

VOL. 49. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895. NO. 48.

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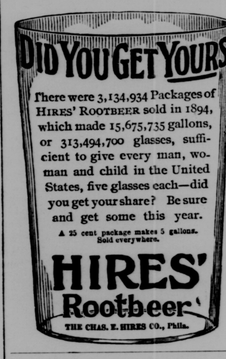

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From the Winneconne, (Wis.,) *Local.*
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Every package has the Red Z stamp on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

THE STREET CAR WOMAN.

The One Who Invariably Drops a Penny of Her Fare.

"There she is!"

It is neither a shout from a single individual nor a chorus of exclamations from the passengers, but a mental ejaculation from each and every one as the woman appears in the rear door. All instantly recognize her. She is not the woman who occupies two seats, not the woman who wants the front door left open for her asthma, not the woman with the poodle dog. No, no; she is the woman who invariably loses a penny out of her hand or purse as she pays her fare.

"Now it will come!"

The conductor assumes an air of humility and enters and stands before her with palm turned upward. Up to this point she has been settling herself between a long waisted girl with a bundle on her knees and a dejected looking man with a cataract on the left eye. She suddenly realizes that no one but an alderman rides d. h. in a street car, and she rouses herself and fumbles for her purse. She fumbles and fumbles and fumbles. A man could have felt in every one of his 12 pockets while she was finding her one. Everybody looks at her. Will she find it? Is there a pocket to be found? Isn't it in the dress left hanging on its peg in the closet?

Ah! She makes a discovery! The elusive pocket is found at last, and the cataract man smiles a glad smile, and the girl with the bundle heaves a sigh of relief. From out of the dodging, twisting, deceptive receptacle is fished a snakeskin portemonnaie. No use to mentally wonder over its contents—a silver dime, five pennies, a door key, four recipes, a thimble and two or three sample hairpins. With thumb and finger she dives for the pennies.

One by one they are driven into a corner and captured, and by and by she has them all in the palm of her right hand. She shoots out her hand to drop them into the palm of the conductor and at the same instant crosses her feet, closes her portemonnaie and looks around the car in a defiant, triumphant way.

Something falls. Something rattles on the gratings. The conductor counts. "One, two, three, four!" The fifth cent is missing, just as everybody expected. Now the man with the cataract eye grins maliciously; the girl with the bundle is glad on't; the dude with the yaller gloves assumes a tired attitude and wishes he had never been born. Heads are bent forward, and eyes peer up and down and under the seats. Feet are drawn up, skirts lifted off the floor, and hearts almost cease to beat. The conductor gets down on his knees to make a closer search. The old chap in the front end of the car picks up a pin and holds it up to view to show that it isn't the lost cent. The grating must come up. Everybody hitches toward the front door and holds up his feet and then toward the rear door and holds them still higher. Seven long minutes speed into eternity, and five would be passengers on different crosswalks are left standing there to jaw and cuss and want to punch somebody's head.

Ah, ah, the lost is found! Snugged away in a nest of peanut shucks, trousers buttons and hairpins is the missing cent, and the conductor seizes it and holds it up in his fingers so that each and every passenger may be certain that it is neither a diamond ring nor yet a snow shovel. Then the grating is replaced, the people draw long breaths of satisfaction, and the woman who caused it all sits up stiffly and severely and with proper dignity, and the rolling car rolls on and on, and the world slowly revolves on its axis, and the conductor knocks down two fares and is at peace with earth again.—St. Louis Republic.

Time's Whirligig.

Mrs. Newera—Henry!

Her Husband—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Newera—Here's another bill of $1.50 for neckties. That's the third in six months. And last week I settled a bill of $1.75 for your straw hat. Do you think I'm made of money?—Chicago Tribune.

BACKWOODSMEN AND BRITISH.

Frontier Patriots Gathered to Oppose the Forces of Cornwallis.

When Cornwallis invaded North Carolina, he sent Ferguson into the western part of the state to crush out any of the patriot forces that might still be lingering among the foothills. Ferguson was a very gallant and able officer and a man of much influence with the people wherever he went, so that he was peculiarly fitted for this scrambling border warfare. He had under him a battalion of regular troops and several battalions of Tory militia—in all 1,100 or 1,200 men. He shattered and drove the small bands of Whigs that were yet in arms and finally pushed to the foot of the mountain wall till he could see in his front the high ranges of the Great Smokies. Here he learned for the first time that beyond the mountains there lay a few hamlets of frontiersmen whose homes were on what were then called the Western Waters—that is, the waters which flowed into the Mississippi. To these he sent word that if they did not prove loyal to the king he would cross the mountains, hang their leaders and burn their villages.

Beyond the mountains in the valleys of the Holston and the Watauga dwelt men who were stout of heart and mighty in battle, and when they heard the threats of Ferguson their hearts burned with a flame of sullen anger. Hitherto the foes against whom they had warred had been not the British, but the Indian allies of the British—Creek and Cherokee and Shawnee. Now that the army of the king had come to their thresholds they turned to meet it as fiercely as they had met their Indian allies. Among the backwoodsmen of this reigon there were at that time three men of special note—Sevier, who afterward became governor of Tennessee; Shelby, who afterward became governor of Kentucky, and Campbell, the Virginian, who died in the Revolutionary war. Sevier had given a great barbecue, where oxen and deer were roasted whole, horse races were run, and the backwoodsmen tried their skill as marksmen and wrestlers. In the midst of the feasting Shelby appeared, hot with hard riding, to tell of the approach of Ferguson and the British. Immediately the feasting was stopped, and the feasters made ready for war. Sevier and Shelby sent word to Campbell to rouse the men of his district and come without delay, and they sent messengers to and fro in their own neighborhood to summon the settlers from their log huts on the stump dotted clearings and the hunters from their smoky cabins in the deep woods.

The meeting place was at the Sycamore shoals. On the appointed day the backwoodsmen gathered, 1,600 strong, each man carrying a long rifle and mounted on a tough, shaggy horse. They were a grim and fierce people, accustomed to the chase and to warfare with the Indians. Their hunting shirts of buckskin or homespun were girded in by bead worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow.

At the gathering there was a black frocked Presbyterian preacher, and before they started he addressed the tall riflemen in words of burning zeal, urging them to stand stoutly in the battle and to smite "with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Then the army started, the backwoods colonels riding in front.—"Hero Tales From American History," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

Peculiarities of Ferrets.

Ferrets are usually rather shy and sometimes are very cross and bad tempered. If they take a fancy to people, they are like squirrels and can be caressed and made much of and enjoy it very greatly. Ferrets were originally brought from England. They are of great value to clear premises of rats. When not hunting, the ferrets should be kept in a dry box or pen, with the top off, the depth to be about three feet, the bottom filled in with sawdust or earth. The rat is the natural prey and the favorite food of the ferret. When there are no more rats, raw meat is the very best thing to feed, although bread and milk or any other food, with the exception of salt meat, can be given them, together with milk and water, the same as to cats. At first the ferret should be handled by the tail or back of the neck, the latter being the preferred way. A strange ferret should never be handled from the front, as he may bite.—New York Ledger.

Chinese Deities.

The Chinaman has a deity who opens the eyes of his worshipers in the morning and another who closes them at night. He has gods of rising, standing, walking, running, crawling, swimming; gods of spitting, chewing, swallowing, sneezing, coughing, coaxing; there are gods who preside at the birth of a Chinese baby and gods who honor the occasion when a Chinaman dies, or, in his own idiom, "kicks up his pigtail."

Odd Mention.

The Philadelphia Farm Journal says: "Mow grass in the afternoon after 4 o'clock. Dew will never injure unwilted grass, and will dry off from mown grass in much less time than from grass that is standing."

The summer boarder has become an important source of revenue for a large number of farmers throughout our middle and eastern states.

A SWEET PLACE.

Grasse Is One of the Fairest Gardens In All Europe.

To speak literally, one of the "sweetest" places in all Europe is Grasse, the garden of Provence and, after Paris, the most extensive manufactory of perfumery in France. A writer says of it that the air, half sea and half mountain air, is scented with the fragrance of roses and orange flowers, and whithersoever one goes not a bare patch of ground is to be seen. No fruit tree that will grow or sweet scented flower which can be made to yield up its essence is neglected here.

As all the best roses are gathered in the early morning before the sun has touched them, it is only in private gardens that one should look for roses later in the day. Chief among them is the lovely little yellow rose, which flowers in a profusion unimagined by dwellers in the north. It flings one flower laden spray over another until one might bury the arm in clusters of cool roses to the depth of a third of a yard.

Everything flourishes at Grasse. "I shall not stay here," said a young German gardener, who had gone south to study his occupation under new conditions. "There is nothing to learn here. Nature works with you. I shall go to England."

Grasse has for some centuries been celebrated for perfumes, for scented oils and soaps. Many a process has to be gone through before either soaps, perfumes or toilet waters receive a being. Little can be seen of the gathering unless it be that of the orange blossoms, when men and women work their way into the densest part of the closely growing, round topped trees and stay there as if they had been capriciously stuck in by some powerful enemy and left there.

The orange scent produces something like hay fever, except that it is more serious. The pollen also acts as a sort of poison, and, though the odd, broad bonneted figures look as if they were so firmly wedged into the trees that nothing could dislodge them, they frequently startle the bystanders by falling fainting to the ground.

When the sacks of flowers reach the manufactory, they are weighed, and their contents are tumbled out on long tables, where they lie in heaps nearly a yard high. The floor, too, is covered, leaving narrow footpaths for the work people. Here at the table the townspeople sit picking off petals and laughing and talking, for they are paid by weight and so are allowed such liberty of behavior.

When the rose leaves have passed from their hands, they are shot down through a trapdoor at the other end of the building and thrust into caldrons of boiling lard. There the perfume, the soul of the flower, is caught and imprisoned.

Most of the perfumes are made by laying freshly gathered flowers in a glass case, the lid of which is spread with a coating of lard half an inch thick. This, in the course of 12 or 24 hours, absorbs all the essential oil.

The lard requires many relays of flowers before it is sufficiently impregnated with perfume. Sometimes the supply is changed five or six times, or again as many as 80. The lard is finally melted and mixed with spirit, which, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top and is captured and filtered.

There is a probability that Grasse will lose its picturesque beauty through being "improved" for the eye of the winter visitor. Queen Victoria's recent visit has given it an impetus, and now it longs for boulevards and villas such as make Cannes so prosperous and so commonplace.—Longman's Magazine.

Burning Common Water.

The very latest thing in the fuel line is made of water, "that useful element which tempers the excess of solar, artificial and animal heat." The above statement may appear to be "an improbable paradox," but it is a fact nevertheless that a gas is now made of pure water, and that that same gas is a splendid fuel. The principle of the manufacture of these water gases is to pass aqua pura over redhot irons, thus resolving it into the two inflammable substances known as hydrogen and carbonic oxide gas. As scarce as water now is in the United States, we had hoped that no new plans of getting rid of it would be invented.—St. Louis Republic.

An Eclipse to Order.

Dean Church has told a very good story about the eclipse of the sun in 1864. It appears that at Whatley, the dean's country parish, the eclipse was a failure. Some wag in the neighboring county town sent the common crier round to announce that, in consequence of the disappointment, the eclipse would be repeated next day. "I don't know," says the dean, "what effect the announcement had. I only know that the bellman took the fee and very solemnly went round the town crying the intelligence."

The New Woman.

"I don't hold agin this here new woman business so much as some," said Mr. Jason. "It's jist her nateral bent for information takin a new tack. Ef she wasn't tryin to find out all about government an microbes, she would be tryin to find out all about the neighbors, an you know the trouble that leads to."—Indianapolis Journal.

BONAPARTE'S ALARM.

He Feared He Was to Be Arrested at the House of Talleyrand.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on 15 Brumaire (Nov. 7), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the ancients were to meet, according to the programme, on the morning of 17 Brumaire, and summon both assemblies to hold a session on 18 Brumaire at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution whenever an amendment to that document was to be considered the two bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated, and although there might be no disorder there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the 500 must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was really the key to the whole combination. Success would depend entirely on the momentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares.

Minor troubles there were also. Sieyes, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only so long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitobut a few nights antecedent to the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation about 1 in the morning when they heard the rumbling of carriage wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased. They had paused at the door. Bonaparte turned pale and Talleyrand also as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare.

Before the appointed day, however, everything which master schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted and in equilibrium. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost, for the directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky. The army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy. The mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and sick of war were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation and the army were therefore in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Whittier's Birthplace.

In the town of Haverhill, Mass., near the Merrimac river, not far from Salisbury beach and in a house built by his great-great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was born on Dec. 17, 1807. For three generations before him the family had been connected with the Society of Friends, and all his life long Whittier retained the Quaker simplicity of manner and attire. He began early to do the chores of the household and also to aid his father in the work of the farm.

The house was surrounded by woods, and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls" by the garden side and then wound its way to a larger stream, that, "after doing its duty at two or three saw and grist mills" (the clash of which would be heard in still days across the intervening woodlands), ran into the great river and was borne along to the great sea. Thus in early boyhood Whittier had a chance to get friendly and familiar with brooks and woods and rocky hills and all the other features of the New England landscape. He helped to care for the oxen and the horses, and he came to know the wilder animals which also lived on the farm.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nich-

Connoisseurs in the framing of pictures like those frames best that are designed after a model furnished by a well known architect. This model has the outer edge very thin, so that it gives the impression of being a part of the wall behind it. The thickness gradually increases toward the center and then decreases toward the canvas. The width and thickness are regulated by the size of the picture, as is also the ornamentation, which many persons of fine taste think should never be heavy or in any way overshadow the picture. Dark photographs of figures or landscapes are often set off to advantage by a narrow gold frame, or by a gold mat, or if one chooses the frame may be of oak with gilt next to the picture and on the outer edge of the frame. Engravings usually look best with a white mat.—New York Post.