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. 1896.

VOL. 50. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896. NO. 49.

This Is the Busy Season

with the agriculturist, who will find, as the season progresses, that there will be many things needed in his work—things which cost little and yet add greatly to the satisfaction of life on the farm.

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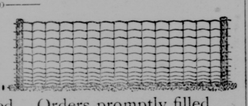

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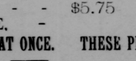

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JAMES N. TODD,
Denton, July 29, 1896. Attorney.

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THE ART OF PROPHECY.

"I think it will rain," the prophet says. "I think it will rain, you know;
I think it will rain today, good folk, provided it doesn't snow."
And then he climbs to his den aloft to note how the breezes blow.
"I think it will snow," the prophet says, "and so for a storm prepare;
I think it will snow tonight, good folk, provided it isn't fair."
And then he climbs to his den aloft to look at the rain gauge there.
"The weather'll be fair," the prophet says. "The weather'll be fair and warm;
The weather'll be fair today, good folk, provided it doesn't storm."
And then he climbs to his den aloft to see how the cloudbanks form.
"I think it will storm," the prophet says. "I think it will storm tonight.
The wind will blow a terrible gale, provided I've hit it right."
And then he climbs to his den aloft to see if the stars are bright.
"I think he is all right," the critic says. "I've followed him right along;
"I think he is all right tonight, good folk, provided he isn't wrong."
And that is the view I take, good folk—the point of my little song.

—Chicago Post.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

Golf is a game that has been played for many centuries by kings and other ordinary people in Scotland. It became epidemic in England largely through the efforts of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is a slim young man and deservedly popular. There are three pronunciations of the same. The Scottish kings called it "gowf," sounding the word as if it was the bark of a dog. English people call it goff." I, on the other hand, pronounce it "golf," because there are too many silent letters in the English alphabet as it is, and I say that if a word has an l in it give it l and pronounce it so.

I have played but one game of golf in my life, and I doubt if ever I shall take part in another. The reason of this is not at all what you would suppose. I really like the game very much indeed, and if I had not been so extremely successful the first time I played it I would now doubtless be so much addicted to golf that nothing but the golf cure would break me of the habit.

I was invited to try my hand at golf by a great novelist, hereinafter throughout this document referred to as G. N. I shall call myself N. G., for I certainly expected to be no good at a game that, like the heathen Chinee, I did not understand and of which I had never had any previous experience. It is remarkable that no great writers heretofore describing the game of golf has mentioned its great likeness to billiards.

Each of the games is played on a green field, and the size of an English billiard table is only slightly less than that of a good golfing ground. In each case the combatants play with white balls, and when there is snow on the ground (the inveterate golfer becomes such an inebriate in the game that he would play in snow up to his knees) red balls are used. In each case one plays with sticks, though the projection of the ball is somewhat differently attained in golf than in billiards, giving a side swoop rather than an end push. In each game the trick seems to consist in dropping a ball in a pocket. I wonder that no one has noticed the similiarity in the games before.

When the G. N. and I came to the golf ground, we found a clubhouse at the entrance to the field. This, I afterward discovered, was a very useful institution, because the person gets thirsty as the game proceeds. Two "caddies" were here secured. A caddy is a small boy who carries a wide bag, looking like a telescope cover, in which are inserted, handles down, the numerous cues which a golf player affects. I think these many sticks are carried around merely for show. I found that I could play the whole game with one stick, and I don't see the necessity for the numerous other implements of strange shapes which the unfortunate caddy is compelled to lug about with him. I asked the G. N. what the origin of the name caddy was; whether it came from the fact that cads play golf and that caddy was the diminutive of this well known word. The G. N. answered, with some asperity, that cads sometimes visited the golf grounds, but were not eligible to membership. I have often wondered since what he meant by that remark.

When we arrived at a spot which, I think, is called the "putting ground" (I cannot guarantee the terms I use in speaking of this game), the caddy took a fistful of soft earth from out of a box and built a little pyramid on the ground, as if he were trying to make a mud pie. On the apex of this pyramid he placed a small, white, hard rubber ball very dextrously.

"Now," said the G. N. to me, "you must remember that there are 20 things to think of at once as you stand to make your first drive."

"Well," I said, "I'm going to let 19 of them go and think of only one thing, and that is how I can get the best eternal swop on this ball."

"That will never do," said the G. N., as I took up my position and swung my club backward and forward. "If you stand like that, you will miss the ball altogether, and the driver will fly out of your hands and probably kill somebody in the adjoining county. You must set your feet apart and stand like this."

I did as he ordered me, but saw at once that I couldn't hit the ball in that position.

"Now," I said genially but firmly, "I intend to play the game in my own way. Rules are all right enough if a person wishes to become a golf sharp, but I don't. I'm not going to play an exhibition game, but merely a plain, everyday sort of golf that I flatter myself will amaze the onlookers."

"Very well," said G. N., "you may do as you please, but I warn you you won't touch the ball in that position."

As he said this I drew back and hit the white ball on the top of the mound of earth a clip which it will not forget for many a day. It sailed through the air with the easy grace of a skylark, flew to a tremendous distance and dropped within 20 feet of the flag which was fluttering farther down the grounds.

"Well, I be blowed," said N. G. "For a lucky fluke I never saw that beaten."

"Fluke?" I cried. "There's no fluke about it. Did you expect me to drop it in the hole. If you did, why didn't you say so? I didn't know it was one of the rules of the game to drop it in the hole the first whack. I thought you worked that way gradually."

The G. N. looked at me in amazement for a moment or two, then took up his position before his own ball, which was placed on what I understand is technically called a "tree," the little mound of earth I spoke of. The G. N. knows all about the game and took up his position as was recommended by all authorities on the subject. He waved his driver back and forward in the air for a few seconds, then, with a hissing sound between his teeth, he furiously smote the ground about six inches from where his ball stood, throwing up a sputter of brown earth, and, to do him justice, I must admit that he dislodged the ball from the tree, for it rolled several inches away. The G. N. muttered something which I shall not repeat and ordered the boy to erect another tree and place the ball upon it.

"That counts one for me, doesn't it?" I asked, for, although I knew but little of the game, it seemed to me that such a fatal stroke ought to be in my favor."

G. N.'s next stroke was more carefully done, but the ball traveled only half as far as mine had done, and it dropped into some long grass, where we searched for awhile before we found it. The G. N. selected another kind of a stick, differing in shape from the one he had been using—it had an iron arrangement at the end of it set at an angle—and was evidently preparing to hit the defenseless ball again.

"Hold on," said I, "isn't it my turn now? You've had two tries at the ball."

"It's all right," he answered. "It all counts in your favor. You see, the man who is left behind hits the ball till he's up with his opponent."

He made one or two ineffectual swishes through the long grass at the ball, which was partly concealed, but he did not succeed in getting it out.

"Here," I said, "don't bother mowing down that long grass. Pick up your ball and let's go on with the game. Come over to the smooth turf, where you can get a fair show at it."

He looked at me in astonishment.

"You mustn't touch the ball with your hands," he said, "unless you get it in a place where you can't drive it out with the spoon." I think that is what he called the implement.

"Then let me get a whack at it," I said. "You'll never get it out of there."

He seemed to resent this offer of help from me, but at last I smote the ball so that it dropped within 40 feet or so from where my own ball was lying. Then he got still another stick, also shanked with iron, but the iron this time set on straight, which said instrument, if I remember aright, he called a "putter."

He struck the ball gently, and it rolled along the greensward toward the hole, which was designated by having an iron rod stuck in it and a red flag flying from the top of the rod. He "putted" the ball too gently at first, for it rolled a few inches only. Then he struck it a little too heavily, for it ran along the green and passed the hole. The caddy was now standing beside the hole with an iron rod in his hand, so that there would be no obstruction to the entrance of the ball.

"Now," said the G. N., with a sign, "it is your turn. I shouldn't try to put it in the hole at first if I were you. The mistake that amateurs make is that they strike it too hard. You will be very apt to send it beyond the hole, as I did a moment ago. Your best plan is to trundle it gently and get into the hole with perhaps two strokes."

"All right," I said.

"Here, here," he said, "you must not hit it with a driver. Take the putter."

"No," I said. "I'm used to this club. I'll try it again; I did first rate the last time."

So I hit the ball a gentle tap. It trundled along over the green. I thought it was going to stop; then it went on and paused again; then made another effort, trembled for a moment on the brink of the hole and finally tumbled in. The G. N. smote the ground with his steel putter and said that for brutal luck he never saw anything to beat it.

"Luck!" I cried. "There's no luck about it. I don't see any use in taking two strokes for what may just as well be done in one. It wouldn't count me any more if I did it in two strokes, would it?"

"Oh, no," said the G. N., "it wouldn't."

He fooled around with his artistic putter for several strokes, and at last his ball also waddled into the receptacle.

"Good enough!" I cried. Then I shouldered my driver and started for the clubhouse.

"Hello," said G. N., "where are you going?"

"Going?" I answered. "I'm going to the clubhouse. Didn't I win this game?"

"Heavens," exclaimed G. N., "the game is only just begun! This is the first hole; there are 18 of them."

"Bless my soul," I cried in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me that I must travel all over this part of England to win one game? Are all those flags fluttering down to the horizon part of this game?"

"Certainly," said the G. N. "You surely didn't think it ended with one hole?"

"Oh, very well," I answered; "it's all the same to me."

So we walked over to where there was another box of soft earth, and the caddy had by this time built the two little mounds of earth and placed the two white balls on the top of them.

"Now," I cried, "where do you want this ball dropped?"

"You see that other red flag," he answered, "down in the hollow; that's the next hole."

"Very well," I answered. "Here goes!"

"Excuse me," said the G. N. "Of course you did manage to hit it right last time, and perhaps you don't think it was a fluke, but it was. Now, if you stand in that position, you will inevitably send the ball over into the spinny."

"The spinny!" I said. "What is that?"

"The spinny is the clump of trees you see over to your right."

"Oh, thunder!" I replied "I'm not going to send the ball anywhere near that. I'm going to send the ball down by that red flag."

"You can do as you please," said the G. N., with a sigh, "but I assure you that if you stand in that position you will send it into the spinny."

"What will you bet?" I asked.

"I'll bet you anything you like," replied the other.

"Oh, well," I said, "I don't want to rob you."

So I drew back and hit one eternal swipe, and sure enough the ball sailed like the heaven seeking lark, and I am sure it will not be believed when I say that it struck that iron rod with a clang that sounded over the grounds, causing the flag to flutter and coming within an ace of dropping into the hole.

"Oh, well," said the G. N., with a touch of despair in his voice, "there is no use in playing against fate. For pure downright luck I never saw anything to equal this."

"It isn't luck," I said resentfully. "It's the way you stand. You stand according to the rules in the book, and I stand as I used to stand when I played 'shinny' in the olden days. The ball is bound to drop there. Now you stand according to rules and just see what will happen."

The G N. took up his position and swung his club a little more carefully than he had done before. The ball left his driver, taking a tangent to the right, and I'll be hanged if it didn't drop in the spinny against which he had warned me. I lay down on the turf, rolled over, kicking my heels with joy and filled the air with roars of exasperating laughter.

The novelist stood and gazed with farseeing eyes toward the clump of wood which concealed the ball, but he said nothing; the situation was too serious for words. He watched the caddy tumble over the fence and search ineffectually for the little white ball among the dead leaves in the grove. Finally he called the caddy back and took a brand new ball from his pocket.

"That surely," cried I, rising, "should count something for me."

"Oh, it does," said the G. N. wearily. "Don't be afraid; I'm keeping honest tally."

I shall not harrow the feelings of this good friend of mine by describing the rest of the game. I have been waiting now for over a year for him to write up some account of the fearful contest, but he seems reluctant, so I have to place the facts before the world myself, which sounds conceited; but, nevertheless, truth is mighty and must prevail. He called off the game when we had reached the ninth hole. I don't remember now just whether he scored one point or not thoughout the game. My impression is that he did, but when a particularly brilliant strike of mine dropped my ball directly into the ninth hole my teacher in the game suddenly threw his weapon at the caddy and said:

"Let's go back to the clubhouse; I'm thirsty."

He has urged me time and again to come and have another game with him, but I invariably refuse and intend to refuse. I keep telling him that he is not in my class at all, and I shall play with no one under the rank of the Hon. Arthur Balfour. I can't fool away my time playing with any one but the most skilled masters of the game. I am not going to tarnish an unblemishd record by counting on the unexampled streak of luck again. I rest on my laurels.—Robert Barr in Detroit Free Press.

He (tauntingly)—Your father was in trade when I married you, wasn't he?

She (bitterly)—I suppose so. He was sold, in any event.—Chicago Dispatch.

HINDOO WORSHIP.

The Sacred City of India an Impressive Spot to the Tourist.

The tourist in east India, who is fortunate enough to visit Benares, the sacred city of India, will carry away with him memories of as unique a place as it is the lot of either an American or European to visit.

The beating of gongs, the yelling of the Hindoo populace—"Sati Ram"—at the first streaks of dawn awaken the traveler from a sound slumber. Opening the window of his room, he sees below him hundreds of Hindoo men and women, dressed in the peculiar Indian fashion, some going to the holy dam to perform their morning ablutions; others, who have completed that task, are on their way to the various Hindoo temples, crying out the name of their favorite god and beating brass gongs the while.

The sight on the streets of this city after the rising of the sun is a never to be forgotten one. Human beings, monkeys and tame sacred bulls make it next to an impossibility to pass along. The whole at first has an appearance of a huge menagerie wending its way through the city. But this view is soon dispelled, and one realizes that such a scene is one of daily occurrence.

The monkeys, sacred to some god or other and of every size and description, thrust their hairy hands into the baskets of the passersby and into the shop windows of the confectioner and take whatever they can. Not a murmur is raised, not a protest is offered—in fact, the Hindoo believes it to be a piece of luck for him during that day if one of the monkeys or any of the bulls will only appropriate some of the contents of his basket or store. The bulls roam at leisure in the market places, trampling vegetables under their feet and eating of the choicest flowers on the florist's stand. But all the while the Hindoo merchant sits as an Egyptian mummy, with never a sign of disapproval. To object would mean the breaking of his caste, and caste is dearer to the east India man and woman than all else on earth.

Passing along with the crowd, one comes in a short time to an enormous temple, with grotesque carvings of hideous looking gods and animals adorning the exterior, while on the inside the whole represents a huge bedlam. Here, as on the streets, are hundreds of sacred monkeys. They rush pellmell over the vast edifice, stealing whatever they can lay their hands on and emitting ear splitting monkey screeches at intervals. Gongs beat, Hindoo priests come out and go through clownish performances, and the worshipers make the air stifling with the burning of sacred wood. For hours these performances are carried on each day, and the traveler feels that it might be better to be a sacred bull or monkey at Benares than an average Hindoo. Woe to the native who raises his hand against any of those animals. He would be ostracized at once from the race forever.—St. Louis Republic.

On Humeeliahtion.

Long ago, when Dr. Blair was minister of the High kirk of Edinburgh, he had quite the most cultivated congregation in Scotland. It is the fashion now to run Blair down. But he had his day. And even Samuel Johnson, bitter against presbytery, declared that Blair's sermon on "Cornelius a Devout Man" was the best he ever read. Once an extremely homely old highland minister came to Edinburgh, and Dr. Blair somehow had to ask him to preach. The congregation never forgot his sermon. Neither did Dr. Blair. There was a crowd of all the refinement of the Scottish metropolis, and there was the elegant Dr. Blair himself.

The sermon was upon the duty of humeeliahtion. "And now, ma' freens, in the thairteenth place, I s'all proceed to set before you a thairteenth reason for humeeliahtion. And it s'all be a reason taken from the sheeance o' anawtomy. We are informed by them as is skeeled in the sheeance o' anawtomy that we have got aw the paddns of a soo but een. Now, I ask you aw, if we have got aw the paddns of a soo but een, if that is no a thairteenth reason for humeeliahtion and a reason taken from the sheeance o' anawtomy?"—A. K. H. B.'s Latest Reminiscences.

The Freakish Opal.

According to some, the wearing of the opal brings certain sorrow. Others assert that it is a freakish gem and wreaks its spite on some while it showers blessings upon others. The royal family of England have always exhibited a fondness for the stones, and to them it has been propitious. The queen possesses a deeply cherished ring which she continually wears. The unfortunate Eugenie, on the other hand, has always had a marked aversion to opals, yet was persuaded to accept one as a gift on the very morning of the day on which the Franco-Prussian war was declared.—New York Journal.

A little girl not long ago displayed a bit of feather—black, as it happened—to a caller at the house. This man looked impressed and inquired gravely, "What is that, Nelly—an angel's wing?" The child slowly shook her head. "Oh, no," she answered at once. "Angels' feathers are white, and I think they are very scarce."—Exchange.