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. 1909

VOL. 63. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1909. NO. 23

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.

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Each garment will be tried on before completed, insuring a perfect fit.

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Makes poor land rich; makes rich land more productive, and improves the condition and productiveness of soils wherever they are grown.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A Church Wedding.

By OLIVE MAUDE PEW.

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THE senior minister from Hillsboro rose to his feet. At once something in his manner held the regard of every member of that large, black coated audience. He coughed slightly behind his two extended forefingers. The attention of every minister was riveted.

"Dear brethren"—his voice was low and purring, yet it carried to the farthest alcoves—"dear brethren of this conference of the Methodist church in Canada, assembled here in this city, I find it is my painful duty to lay before you a certain matter—a certain matter regarding my junior colleague, whom it is your intention to ordain tomorrow."

The young Rev. Allan Grey, seated halfway down the aisle, straightened in his pew and waited. "And, brethren," went on the inexorable voice, "it is only the great love I bear this grand old Methodist church that compels me to make mention of this grievous thing.

"As you are all aware, a young minister during the time of his probation does not marry. And I am sorry to say that it is commonly reported at Hillsboro that my young colleague was secretly married a short time ago." The young minister referred to was about to spring to his feet when an old clergyman sitting beside him laid a hand firmly but kindly on his shoulder. Much against his inclinations he yielded to the look in the older man's face and remained sitting.

"I have expected that the young man himself would acquaint you with the fact," continued that even voice, "but since he still passes himself as a single man duty compels me to speak." He paused, looking at the reverend gray haired president.

At last, noticing his glance, that gentleman rose hastily to his feet, as though his mind had been on other things. He took his glasses from the front of his coat and polished and adjusted them carefully. "And what says the young brother from Hillsboro?" He put the question in an indulgent tone.

The young Rev. Allan Grey remained sitting, silent, his face white, his eyes bent on the seat in front of him. The audience waited, breathless. An incipient cough was strangled in the gallery.

The shrewd old benevolent face of the president crinkled into a reminiscent smile. "Well, well!" he chuckled visibly; then he sobered to a kindly earnestness. "Now, brethren, you have heard, and you are all aware that at our discretion we may overlook this misdemeanor and still receive the young brother into the conference. Since the years of his probation were so nearly finished I should strongly advise that we be kindly lenient with him. Brethren, what say you?"

The senior minister from Hillsboro was instantly on his feet. He held out a long arm. Again the attention of every man was riveted. "Brethren, I had hoped to be spared any further

ALLAN GREY REMAINED SITTING, SILENT, HIS FACE WHITE.

pain in this matter, but before any of you voice your opinion I must tell you that not only rumor, but facts, indicate that the lady's character is such as—as I think you all would consider a great detriment to a minister of this church." The speaker meekly bowed his head, while his junior colleague was forcibly held down in his seat by the old gentleman beside him.

"Brother," said the president sternly, "we do not deal with rumor and innuendo. Be plain and brief."

The minister from Hillsboro sighed audibly and raised his head. "Brethren, I will endeavor to spare you as much as possible. To begin with, the young woman is an orphan—of the class that is often described as not brought up, but left to come up. An uncle gives her a home, which is all that he can afford. The young woman walks four miles to attend the high school at Middleton, and this simple minded, doting old uncle openly boasts that he doesn't give her any money with which to buy her books and clothing. Of course his idea is that she earns them in some way. The young woman dresses much better than my own wife and daughter.

"And now I come to a most painful part. One of the leading members of my church, a man of high standing in the neighborhood, openly and upon all occasions speaks the praises of the young woman. And in some mysterious manner it has come to be generally understood that this man is the means of the young woman's support." He paused. The president was about to speak when the speaker again resumed:

"My wife and my junior colleague were one day walking in the meadows bordering a grove on the outskirts of our village. They were quietly examining some wild flowering shrubs when this member of my church I spoke of and this young woman came from the depths of the woods toward the clearing. They were both greatly agitated. The man came out alone and made his way toward home. The girl, after walking about for some time, left the grove by another way. My young colleague, I know, will not deny this statement. He saw it with his own eyes.

"And now, my dear brethren, you see that I have no positive knowledge. As I said before, because of the great love I bear this grand old Methodist church I have laid this matter before you just as I have heard it on my circuit. If you receive the man into this conference, you receive the woman. As he has married during the years of his probation you may at your discretion reject him. Thus, brethren, I leave it in your hands to deal with him according to your judgment." He sat down amid the profoundest silence.

The vestibule door opened and a belated lay member came in and was seated.

The president reluctantly rose to his feet. "Brethren, you have heard what has been said concerning the junior minister from Hillsboro. The matter is open for discussion."

The belated lay brother was on his feet. "I was sorry not to be in time to hear the business of the morning, but about our junior minister at Hillsboro I have something to say. I see by the first draft of the stationing committee that our senior minister has been promoted to another and better circuit, which I am sure he well deserves.

"Now, our young minister is also popular with us, and we wished to give him a call to come back as our senior pastor. But he is a conscientious young fellow and forbade us doing so. He said it didn't seem to be quite loyal to his senior colleague. But now since the senior's promotion I feel at liberty to let you know our wishes." He took his seat, very obviously well pleased with what he had said.

"My dear brother," inquired the president in an even tone of voice, "are you aware that your junior minister is married?"

The delegate addressed smiled broadly. "No, sir," he said respectfully. "I was not aware of it, although I had heard something to that effect. And I may say that nothing could give me more pleasure. The young lady is certainly worthy to be even a minister's wife. I think her one of the grandest of her sex." Again he sat down, thoroughly well pleased with himself.

The president, the entire audience, turned their eyes toward the senior minister from Hillsboro.

He rose to his feet. The silence was intense. "Brethren, this lay brother is the leading member in my church of whom I spoke." He sat down. A profound sigh swept across those intent faces like the passing of a breath of summer wind.

The vestry door shut with an imperative click. A pair of white canvas shoes twinkled across the green carpeted aisle. Beside the steps leading to the platform stood a young woman in all the sweet, crisp freshness of a perfectly laundered, white summer gown. She wore a white hat and gloves to match. To the masculine eye she appeared a young woman superbly dressed, while the feminine eye would at once have known that it was not linen—it was "shrunk cotton." But to all eyes she was good to look upon.

This sudden vision paused at the foot of the steps, uncertainly for a moment, then ascended the platform and faced that ministerial congress.

"It's not true at all," she said, turning toward the president. "He isn't married—not at all. I can easily prove that, and you can't reject him when he isn't married, can you? Oh, I know what his calling means to him! I never intended to ruin his life. I didn't know. You see, I'm not the least bit good. I'm always doing mischievous, funny things and just enjoying myself. I never can be so very serious, but I do like to be good—one feels so much better. And it seemed so easy when he said he'd help me and would not let me be frivolous—and—I thought I could do it—and I promised—and, oh, he's so grand! He just made me go into the magistrate's to get the license. You see, that wretched law has been passed that compels the—the—the lady to go along to get the license. He said he just wanted to swoop down from conference and carry me off to the minister's without any botheration about the license. And somebody saw us standing before the magistrate, and they thought we were getting married. But, you see, we were not, and so you can't reject him, can you? Oh, I know what his calling means to him!" She twisted her fingers impotently.

"And then when he was gone to conference the minister's wife came over and talked to me, and of course I could see then how I was just spoiling his life. I'm really not religious. I only just want to be good. I told her just the same as I told him. I couldn't take religion the way they do at revival meetings—I couldn't do it that way, but he said every one was not alike, but she said—oh, well, that doesn't make any difference," she broke off wearily. "I wrote him a letter, saying I was gone away forever because I couldn't bear to spoil his life and that he would never see me again. Oh, he's driven away out to Hillsboro every night to find me, but he never did, because I was here in this city, and I came here. I was up there in the gallery. I wanted to see him—the last—to—well, I was up there, and I heard all that was said. And you saw for yourself he wouldn't deny the marriage, although he never admitted it. Now, did he? Because, well—I think he thought that if you rejected him that way, why, I—I—well, anyway, we're not married, and you can't reject him, can you?" She turned an impatient, pleading face toward the president.

The young Rev. Allan Grey sped down the aisle toward her. She poised, her face toward the president, listening toward the coming of his feet, red and white chasing across her face like cloud shadows.

He sprang on to the platform and flung a protective arm about her waist. They looked into each other's eyes, and all that vast audience was forgotten.

The belated lay member from Hillsboro stepped to the platform and raised his hand.

"Oh, you mustn't," said she, stepping forward.

He waved her back.

"It isn't necessary," said the president; "we know a good woman when

ALL THAT VAST AUDIENCE WAS FORGOTTEN.

we see her, much more so when we hear her talk."

But he waved him aside also. "Gentlemen," he said in his business tone, "I have just been told of what was said before my entrance this morning, and I want to tell you that I went into that woods that afternoon with a rope in my pocket to hang myself—God forgive me!—and this young woman was there gathering botanical specimens, although I didn't see her." He paused. "They use a long knife in order to take the plant up, roots all intact. Well, gentlemen, that knife saved my life, for she cut the rope.

"And, gentlemen, that young woman talked to me in a way that put more manhood into me than all the sermons I ever listened to from either of our ministers and"— Cheers interrupted his further speech. "Well, I guess it isn't necessary for me to say anything more," he laughed, stepping down from the platform.

Another lay member took his place. "I'm from Middleton, and I had no idea what young woman was referred to until she appeared before us. And I want to say that after school hours she coached part of the entrance class from the Middleton public school. There got to be considerable rivalry in the class, and my daughter, with quite a few others, hired this young woman to help them. And she did it well, too; not one of them failed."

Another cheer broke from the audience as the gentleman stepped down.

The president rose, polished and adjusted his glasses and gazed at the pair before him.

"Young man, produce that license." With it in his hand he faced his conference. "Brethren, shall we make them man and wife?"

"Yes!" burst forth in one ecstatic shout as they rose to their feet as one man.

The president's glasses became very dim, for he whipped them off his nose and gave them another vigorous polishing.

Then began that solemn ceremony, and when he said, "Who giveth this woman"—

"We do!" cried they like a sudden burst of triumphal song.

And they twain became one.

It Had Its Limitations.

"Madam," said the young man who had called at the door, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you our new automatic housecleaning machine—a simple little thing which does the whole work of housecleaning, leaving you merely the general supervision."

"Does it do all, eh?" demanded the woman of the house. "Will it wash the outside of the upstairs windows?"

"Why, no, madam, but"—

"Will it take down, wash, stretch to dry, iron and hang up the parlor curtains?"

"Well, of course, this machine"—

"Will it paint the kitchen and make my daughter help with the dishes?"

"Oh, madam, this machine"—

"Will it wash the winter bedding and put it away, lay down the furs with moth balls, sew on buttons, set three meals a day and pacify the household?"

"No, madam. You have misunderstood the limitations of my machine."

"Limitations! It will be a long time before any man will get up a machine to do all a woman has to do in her house."

The agent silently faded away.

His Mean Way.

"Henry asked you if you had made that cake, did he? Well, what was there in that to wound your feelings, child?"

"It was the—the way he said it, mamma. He—he didn't ask m-me if I'd made it. He—he said, 'Darling, d-did you perpetrate this cake?'"—Chicago Tribune.

And Went.

"When I leave you tonight"— began Mr. Stoplate.

"Goodness!" interrupted Miss Tersleep. "Are you coming again tonight?"

He glanced at the clock and apprehended her meaning.—Exchange.

There is always reason in the man for his good or bad fortune.—Emerson