Harry C Butler mar 9

DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 68. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1914. NO. 28

F. J. WRIGHT
JEWELER & OPTICIAN
Denton, Md.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

RUGS

9x12 Axminster, $20.00 to $25.00
9x12 Velvet, - $17.50 to $22.00
9x12 Tapestry, $11.75 to $13.50
9x12 Ingrain, $ 4.25 to $ 8.50

Nuttle Hardware Company : Denton

Ford

Detroit, Mich.,—Going up. Production figures at the Ford factory at Highland Park, Mich., are shattering all records. Eleven hundred and more cars a day for 26 consecutive working days was the record in March. When the last car had passed out the factory's doors on March 31st, there had been 28,712 Fords Built and Shipped during the month of thirty-one days, of which were five Sundays, showing the popularity of the universal car.

Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout, the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—all f. o. b. Detroit, complete with full equipment. Get catalog and particulars from DENTON AUTO CO., Denton, Maryland.

Call at the Big Garage.

A REFRESHING DRINK

no matter what the weather may be, can always be found at our fountain. In fact we boast that we have the greatest variety of drinks of any place in town. We cannot enumerate them here; it would take too much space, so we will just invite you to drop in the next time you are this way, and let us serve you with one of those tasteful beverages, for which we are so noted.

Denton Drug Company,
Denton, Maryland.

REGARDING WIND STORMS

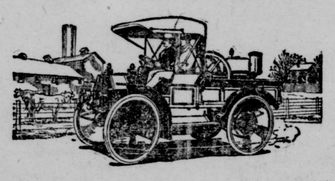
The wind storms in this section seem to be getting stronger all the time and a great deal of damage to buildings has occurred here of late. The premiums on a policy of this kind is such a price that no one can afford to be without same. For an illustration, the rate on dwelling for one year is $.10 per hundred or $1.00 per thousand. A three year policy for $1000 would cost you $2.00. The Company will carry a policy for the cost of buildings or as low as 50 per cent. of cost and it also pays a loss where same is large or small. If you can be interested in a policy of this kind, be kind enough to notify us and we will be glad to take same up with you.

COOPER, WRIGHT & COOPER,
INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS.

8000 BABY CHICKS
DURING MAY FOR SALE
White Leghorns and Barred Rocks.
Chicks: $10 per 100. Eggs: $4 per 100.
White Orpingtons.
Chicks: $15 per 100, Eggs: $5 per 100.
CEDAR MOUNT POULTRY FARM :: :: Denton, Md.

JAMES J. ROSS, President. WM. DENNY Secretary-Treasurer
The Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.,
DOVER, DELAWARE.
Insures property against Fire and Lightning. Has returned its members in reduction of premiums and for surrendered policies over $500,000.00 and has now over $11,000,000.00 insurance in force.
CARTER & DEEN, Agts., Denton, Md. L. IRVING JONES, Agt., Greensboro, Md. ALEX. NOBLE, Agt., Preston, Md.

International Motor Trucks



The I H C Line
GRAIN AND HAY MACHINES
Binders, Reapers
Headers, Mowers
Rakes, Stackers
Hay Loaders
Hay Presses
CORN MACHINES
Planters, Pickers
Binders, Cultivators
Ensilage Cutters
Shellers, Shredders
TILLAGE
Peg, Spring-Tooth, and Disk Harrows
Cultivators
GENERAL LINE
Oil and Gas Engines
Oil Tractors
Manure Spreaders
Cream Separators
Farm Wagons
Motor Trucks
Threshers
Grain Drills
Feed Grinders
Knife Grinders
Binder Twine

USE International motor trucks to handle your produce and for your light hauling and note the decrease in your hauling and delivery expense. Note also the increase in profit due to the saving in the time on the road. No wonder so many up-to-date business men are buying International motor trucks. International motor trucks cost comparatively little to buy and less than horses and wagons to keep.

Their solid tires cut down tire troubles, and the wheels are high enough to insure good traction. The motor is simple and has plenty of power for emergencies. The brakes are safe on any hill. The ignition system is of the best. One lever controls the car. Springs are strong and resilient. The International is built to save you money.

Let us show you all that an International motor truck will do for you. Drop a card today for catalogues and full information to the

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Baltimore Md.
Champion Deering McCormick Milwaukee Osborne Plano

Notice to Farmers, Truckers and Poultry Raisers.

Very complete this season is our stock of Field and Garden Seeds:

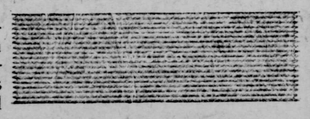
EARLY POTATOES,
CLOVER SEED, LAWN GRASS,
SEED OATS, SUGAR CORN,
ONION, PEAS,
WAX BEANS, ETC.

JUST IN—A Carload of Wire for Poultry Fencing and Rabbit Fencing.

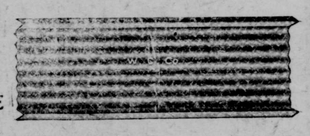
We have some fine Runabouts and Carriages at extra low prices. Look at them before you buy. Carriage Harness of all kinds—also double carriage and wagon Harness.

We have secured a special lot of Bicycles of guaranteed quality with 1¾ inch tires, and will sell them to quick buyers at $14.90 each; with coaster brakes $18.90.

Galvanized iron roofing has just been shipped in large quantities and the prices are right. We sell rubber roofing.



Come to us for anything in BUILDING HARDWARE



Will you beautify your home this season by painting? We have a big stock of Paints, Oils and Varnishes. We have paints in the paste and ready-mixed brands.

SMITH & WALLS,
Law Building, DENTON, MARYLAND.

C. C. WASKEY
THE FURNITURE MAN
223 N. Howard Street - BALTIMORE, MD.
Headquarters for reliable furniture, rugs, mattings, refrigerators, oil cloths, linoleum, at the lowest prices.
None can equal us on prices. Brass and Iron Beds our specialty. Call and see for yourself. Iron Beds $1 50 and up; Brass Beds $6.60 and up.
Ssecial attention paid to mail orders. (1-20-1y)

For the Best In
Printing,
Call Journal Office

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE

UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Nathan A. T. Dieter and Lula M. Dieter, his wife, to Harvey L. Cooper, dated the 18th day of December, 1911, which said mortgage was assigned by Harvey L. Cooper, and re-assigned to him on the 14th day of April, 1914, said mortgage and assignments of record among the mortgage record books for Caroline county, the undersigned as assignee will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, May 12th

1914, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

(1) Situate, lying and being in the Eighth Election District of Caroline County, Maryland, called and known as a part of

"LLOYD'S KINDNESS"

beginning for the same at a stone at the northwest corner of tract of land conveyed to W. P. Willis by George Bishop; thence runs with said Bishop land east 95 perches to a stone; thence with said land south 70 perches to stone set in the county road leading from Gilpin's Point to Garey's road; thence with said road to the center of Mulrain Creek; thence down the center of said creek to the county road leading from Gilpin's Point; thence with said road 84 perches to a marked pine tree standing by the side of an old cart road; thence with said line to the place of beginning, containing

ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, Save and Except Fifty One Acres

conveyed to Pratt T. Taylor by B. F. Seeders by deed dated January 9, 1907, and recorded in Liber T. L. D., No. 71, folio 314.

(2) Beginning for the same at a stone located 100 feet from bridge over Mulrain creek in the center of the public road leading from Gilpin's Point to Hog Creek mill; thence running at right angles to said road to the Choptank river; thence up the Choptank river to the Rickards land; thence with the Rickards land to the center of the aforesaid public road; thence with the same to the place of beginning, containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES OF LAND

more or less.

The improvements consist of a

SIX-ROOM DWELLING

Barn, Stable and other outbuildings, in good repair.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HARVEY L. COOPER, Assignee.
JAMES TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF VAUABLE
REAL ESTATE!

UNDER and virtue of a power of sale contained in two mortgages from Edgar Sapp and Mary Sapp, his wife, and Edna Sapp to Addison A. Christian, dated the 10th day of September, 1913, which said mortgages were assigned to W. Temple Smith on the 25th day of April, 1914, said mortgages and assignments of record among the Mortgage Record Books for Caroline county, the undersigned as assignee will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, May 19th

1914, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m.

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Second Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, known as a part of

"PINE WOODS,"

beginning at a point on the northwest side of the State road leading from Denton to Greensboro, which point is corner for this tract and the Hubbard land and running thence with said Hubbard line north 43 degrees west, 149 perches; thence north 50 degrees east, 82 2-10 perches; south 40 degrees east, 149 perches, more or less, to a point on said State road, thence with same south 51¼ degrees west, 73 7-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing

Seventy-Two Acres

more or less (reserving, however, and including within the above courses and distances, a thirty foot right of way leading from said State road at point of beginning, down the said Hubbard line; thence following the second course of this tract to third point; thence with said third point to said State road, to be kept open and maintained as a public right of way for the use of this tract and land adjacent thereto), it being the same land conveyed by Addison A. Christian to Edgar Sapp, et al., by deed dated September 6, 1913, said deed about to be recorded among the Land Records for Caroline county.

The improvements consists of a

Six-Room Dwelling

and BARN, 20x32. All buildings are new. This is an ideal location and is a fine opportunity for one desiring to purchase a farm on the State Highway between the county seat and Greensboro.

TERMS OF SALE

Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

W. TEMPLE SMITH,
HARVEY L. COOPER, Assignee.
Attorney.
JAMES TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

A reasonable loan can be obtained on this property by applying to HARVEY L. COOPER, Denton, Md.

For Sale or Rent.

The canning establishment on my farm in Tuckahoe Neck. Capacity, 10,000 cases a season.

J. FRANK WRIGHT,
4-18-3t Postoffice: Denton, Md.

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The Incense Burner

Fate of an American In China Revealed by a Vision.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Gates watched the postman as he came up the street; when he neared the door of her cottage her heart beat faster, almost suffocatingly. He was coming; there would be a letter from David, that long looked for letter out of the mysterious silence that had enshrouded her husband's absence from home for two long years.

Suddenly she uttered a broken sigh.

The letter carrier had passed by her door, and, glimpsing her worn, anxious face at the window, had smiled and called cheerily:

"Better luck tomorrow, Mrs. Gates!"

Tears fell on the delicate muslin she was making for a customer who was about to leave San Francisco for the cool shadows of the foothills.

When David was there, before he had departed on this last trip to China, there had been peace and plenty in the little cottage on Valley street. David

"NO CAN MAKE DEAD A BIG FELLA LIKE HIM," SAID WAH LEE.

Gates had been confidential clerk for a large house which imported oriental goods, and when a better position had been offered him, that of special purchasing agent for the firm, they had decided he should take it.

Two years ago he had sailed away on the Manchuria with Shanghai as his first stopping place, and from the day he landed in the Chinese treaty port, when he mailed a long letter written during the voyage, they had not heard a word.

He had not even called at the company's offices in Shanghai. He had simply dropped out of sight. And as David Gates was a young man of impeccable character his wife as well as his employers finally agreed that he must be dead.

The company had spent plenty of money in trying to trace Gates, and since his disappearance they had regularly paid his salary to the distracted wife, but Helen had promptly put it away in the bank against her husband's return, or, if that did not come to pass, where it might finally be returned to the company. Helen would not accept money from the company if her husband had not earned it. So she banked the money and took in dressmaking to pay her daily expenses.

Just at twilight, when the first long streamers of fog came floating up from the bay, there came a ring at the front doorbell.

Helen, who had laid aside her sewing and was preparing supper, went through the tiny hall to the front door.

On the doorstep stood a Chinaman dressed in the common blue cotton blouse and trousers of the humbler class.

Helen recognized him as the laundryman who had washed and ironed her husband's shirts for many years before his disappearance.

"Why, how do you do, Wah Lee?" asked Helen pleasantly, for the Chinaman had frequently made anxious inquiries for his lost patron.

"I velly well, missee," said Wah Lee smoothly. "Missee no hear flom him big husban'?"

"Not yet, Wah Lee. I'm afraid he's dead."

Wah Lee shook his head vigorously. "No can dead," he protested. "No can make dead big fella like him. Mebby you go look for him—sabe?"

"Indeed I would go and look for him if I knew where to go," cried Helen despairingly. "If I only had some clew, Wah Lee!"

Wah Lee looked thoughtful.

"Mebby perhaps I can find him clew," he nodded sagely. "Missee take cumsha. Wah Lee send to China for leetle pleasant for Missee Gates. Sabe?"

Helen took a small, heavy package into her hands and thanked the generous laundryman with grateful warmth.

Helen was smiling as she took the package into the sitting room and opened it under the light of the evening lamp.

"Good Wah Lee," she sighed, as she untied the red silk cord that securely bound it in its wrappings of thick Chinese yellow paper.

At last she came to a square lacquered box. She lifted the lid and discovered a small bronze incense burner. She lifted the cover and discovered a few pale yellow pastilles in the bottom of the vessel.

As she examined the curious incense burner from the mysterious land where her husband had disappeared she felt a vague uneasiness—as if she were not alone.

"It is my foolish imagination. I believe I am growing nervous," she said, trying to laugh off the unpleasant sensation.

She could not see that at one window, where the shade had swung away from the pane, permitting a glimpse of the room from the outside, there shone two beady black eyes that watched her unceasingly. So intent was the hypnotic stare that she was quite unconscious that it influenced her to take the bronze incense burner from the box and to remove all the pastilles except one.

She touched a match to the pastille and sat down in a deep chair.

A trail of bluish smoke curled up from the incense burner. She watched its lazy convolutions, inhaling the pungent odor of sandalwood and patchouly.

Helen felt a drowsiness stealing over her. She tried to shake it off, but in vain. Her eyes still watched the drifting smoke when it began to take form and shape before her until she sleepily realized that she was witnessing a scene set amid the bluish vapor of the smoke.

Then, like a knife thrust, something told her that this scene was taking place for some reason; it was telling her something—something about David, her missing husband.

She saw the quay of a foreign city. Chinese coolies ran to and fro with burdens on their bare brown backs. She saw many people streaming along—ghostly passengers carrying hand luggage. She just glimpsed faint outlines of faces, that was all. Among them one towered, tall and broad shouldered. It was David. His face was clear to her. Perhaps her very intensity of feeling brought out the indistinct features. He was carrying a black leather bag and swinging along. In the distance was the glimpse of a busy street, many modern stone buildings, with here and there a pointed, tiled roof. It was like watching a moving picture show.

She saw some one—a coolie—plucking at David's sleeve, some one who showed him a bit of paper, some one who hurried him into a waiting jinrikisha. The scene drifted into a change. The jinrikisha was whirling along a beautiful boulevard. On one side was a glimpse of a swiftly flowing river crowded with craft of all descriptions, a flutter of the stars and stripes, a ripple of the Union jack, the bamboo sail of a sampan, the tilting bulk of a great Chinese junk. On shore the sight of many Chinese betrayed that she was watching her husband's arrival in Shanghai.

But where was he going? She knew that the hotel was near the quay and that this beautiful boulevard was none other than the world famous "bund" of the foreign settlement of Shanghai.

The bund followed the river through the different concessions—American, English, French—until it ended at the arched and frowning gate that led into the ancient, walled city of native Shanghai.

And David was going there. The ricksha halted a moment at the gate, then disappeared under its dark archway.

Again the scene changed.

She saw an old stone temple on a mean street. Ragged beggars importuned worshipers who passed in and out. The ricksha whirled into view. David jumped out, still with the black bag and in earnest conversation with one of the ricksha men, who appeared to be explaining something to the big American.

They entered the temple, and after them streamed the company of beggars, silently, as if afraid of being seen. Strange to say, the ricksha men who were leading David did not drive them back. Were they accomplices?

A scene within the temple now—grim idols in the background, incense drifting up, tall prayer screens near the votive tables, David hurrying toward a dim corner where there was a doorway. They were past the doorway now and climbing a narrow flight of stone steps. Helen saw it all.

Up, up, with David in the lead and the ricksha men behind, and trailing after them like a company of vultures crept the counterfeit beggars. Helen knew now that they were assassins in disguise. She also knew that David could have vanquished the two ricksha men with one hand. But these others, these garroters creeping along in the gloom of the stairway, what of them—and of David?

She longed to cry out to him, but she realized that she was watching a vision and that any movement might break the singular spell of the incense burner, and she would lose the clew she longed for.

So she saw David reach the dark, dusty room under the tiled roof of the temple; she saw lanterns brought and a villainous looking priest who brought forth hidden stores of porcelain, ancient carved jade and ivory—rich treasures to tempt David Gates, special purchasing agent for the great Oriental company in San Francisco. She read the plot. He had been tempted by a message to come and have first chance at purchasing these treasures concealed in the old temple; loot, perhaps, from the Temple of Heaven in Peking. But would David get these treasures? No. They would rob him of his money, of the beautiful jewels which had been intrusted to him to deliver to a wealthy American in Shanghai, worth thousands of dollars, unset.

There was another scene—a mad melee of rushing forms, falling to the ground as fast as David's flying fists touched them or as often as his ready revolver spat fire and flame.

But in the end they overpowered him; they did not kill him. They bound him firmly and chained him to an iron ring in the wall. Then they searched him, and they did not find the precious stones. Helen triumphed in that. Afterward she learned that David had met the wealthy American resident in the ship's cabin before disembarking and had delivered the jewels.

The Chinamen believed the American could be tortured into telling where he had concealed the jewels, so he was not put to death.

Helen knew that when the last scene showed David still chained to the wall—but such a changed David! A giant framework of skin and bones, with gaunt and haggard countenance. Beside him a jug of water, a bowl of rice and some fish.

She suddenly became aware that the smoke had vanished—the dampness from the ocean fog chilled the room. The incense burner was cold and lifeless. The pastille had told its story.

With the vanishing of the smoke went the dark eyed watcher from the window. He glided down the street like a shadow and vanished in the alleyway that led to the rear entrance of Wah Lee's laundry.

Inside the back room, where the Chinaman ate and slept and did his laundry work, the mysterious stranger confronted Wah Lee.

"What you have to say?" shrilled Wah Lee in Chinese to the newcomer.

"Lady saw the vision—I made her see it all, brother. She understands; I could tell that by her face. She will go tomorrow to the big steamship and sail to Shanghai. Our third brother will be on hand to guide her to the temple, and the release of the giant man will be effected. You like this giant man, brother?"

Wah Lee nodded brusquely.

"When I came here poor and a stranger he helped me in my business. He brought customers to me, plenty of them, for he was a jolly fellow and had many friends. I never forget, so when he disappeared I communicated with you, my brother, in Shanghai and asked you to help me discover what had become of him. You found out, and because of your strange powers you have made the pretty wife understand all that happened. We must keep secret about our connection with the affair, for it might not be understood, and our actions would be ill judged in this strange country."

The two brothers, who had discovered the mystery of David Gates' disappearance, looked at each other in a long glance that sealed their secret pact of silence.

* * * * * * *

The next morning Helen went to the head of the great company which had employed her husband, and she told her strange story. They listened and believed, for they knew her as a practical woman. So they sent for a private detective of unusual ability, and they placed Mrs. Gates in his care and sent them both to Shanghai to find David Gates in that dull street of ancient Shanghai where he had been a prisoner for two long years.

And they found him too. A permit from a local magistrate made it possible for them to search the temple, and David was found, broken in spirit and almost dead from suffering and privation. But after a period of tender care in the hospital he was able to accompany his wife to America, where he declined to make another trip into the far east, but resumed his place as confidential clerk in the great house, whose members welcomed him back with open arms.

"LADY SAW THE VISION; SHE UNDERSTANDS, BROTHER."

As for Wah Lee, when David Gates, restored to health and vigor, walked into the laundry to thank him for the incense burner which had in some mysterious way been the means of saving his life, the little laundryman would not listen to a word of praise.

"You helpa me, me help you; all lightee! no talkee much! Sabe?" And Wah Lee actually winked a tear from his beady little eye.

Weight of a Lion.

What does a lion weigh? Those who know the look of the king of beasts best and how small his little body really is will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate, but a full grown lion will tip the scales at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger killed by an English officer scaled 520 pounds. A tiger this size has, however, considerably more muscular strength than the biggest lion.

Hired His Newspaper.

Lady Taylor once took a friend to see the poet Tennyson and was rather coldly received. On Lady Taylor rallying him on his manner he said:

"Madam, I am a poor man, and as I can't afford to buy the Times I have it from the stationer. He charges me 2 cents for it, which entitles me to keep it an hour. Why will people select just that hour to come and call on me?"

His Periodicals.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman, "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—Judge.