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MARBLE WORKS, EASTON, MD.

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WRITE FOR PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO., 132 Light St., Baltimore.

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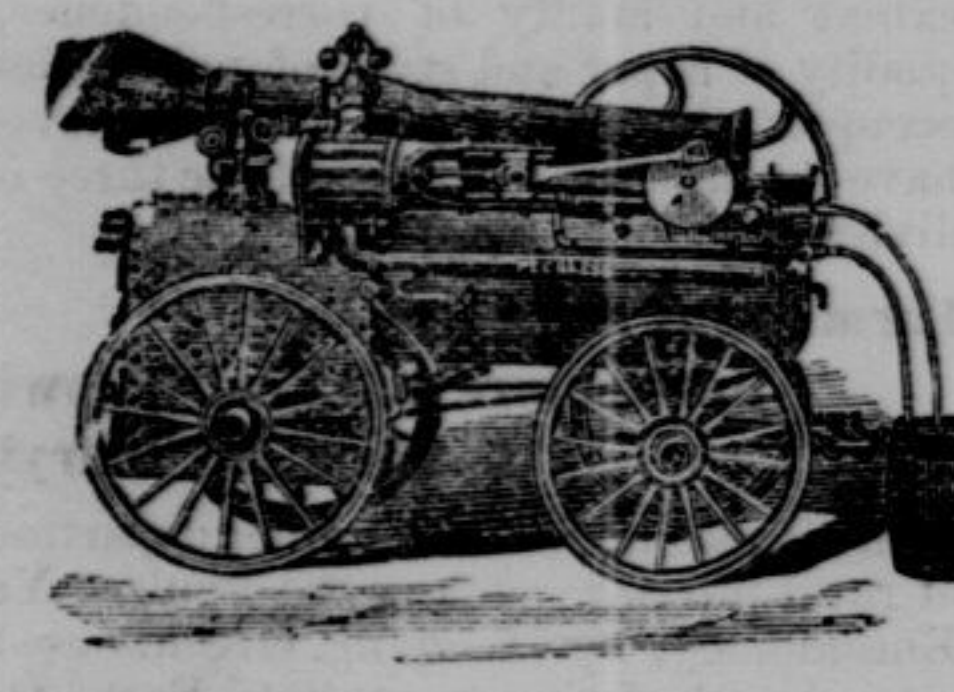
Men, Boys & Children

LIGHT-EIGHT OVERCOATS FROM \$5 to \$25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount to clergymen.

21

NOAH WALKER & CO., 165 and 167 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

DENTON HARDWARE AND MACHINERY STILL AT THE FRONT.



CONSISTING OF A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GENERAL HARDWARE & MACHINERY, BUILDING HARDWARE A SPECIALTY.

Containing of Locks, Hinges, Screws, Bolts, Window Pulleys, Finishing Nails, Door Stops, and in fact everything needed in the building line. A general line of Shovels, Spades and Axes, Horse Shoes, Horse Saws, Cut Nails, etc. From a general assortment, Iron Axes, Thimble Axes, Edge Tools, Cutty etc. Paint, White-wash and Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Horse Blankets, Covers, etc. We are also agents for Washburn, Hartness and Longman's Pure Paint, White Lead, Putty, Glass, Oil, Sash, Blinds, Doors, Cucumber Pump, etc. Our Agricultural Department consists in everything needed on the farm, such as Plows, Harrows, Reapers, Mowers, Self-Blowers, Steam Engines, Tractors, etc. Quick sales and small profits is our motto. We are also General Agents for

GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILLS, Corn Planters, Corn Shellers, Fodder Cutters, Farm Wagons, etc. Also, a large and well selected stock of Fertilizers, the best brands of Phosphates in the market. All at above going at prices that defy competition. We are also agents for the celebrated Webster Sewing Machine, the best in the line of Carriages, etc.

STEAM AGRICULTURAL AND MILL MACHINERY



Very description. Largest dealers on the Peninsula. Agents wanted where we have none. EVITS & HOLBROOK

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON, "22 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 29, 1882. My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Sciatica, and the medical doctor told you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years, but it did not show except in the form of a scurfulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are four sons of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could testify to the facts in his case. Yours truly, W. M. Phillips."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scurfulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 72 years of age. Many inquiries have been made of me as to the cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here told you, that AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRSH PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworms, Itchings, Sores, Bolls, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It cures the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strength to the whole system.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists, \$1, also bottles for 25.

BRICK HOTEL - AND - LIVERY STABLE, GREENSBORO - Maryland.

WM. H. CONEE, PROP'R. RATES REDUCED. Per day \$1.25; per week \$4 to \$5. Carriage meets every train, free for guests.

Jas. Parnell, MERCHANT TAILOR, DENTON, MD.

SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired.

THAWLEY & GHINGER, BUTCHERS, DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,184

THOMAS F. JONES - WITH - FALLIN, DOWNING & CO

WHOLESALE TOBACCO AND COMMISSION HOUSE, 58 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

COAL. COAL. COAL. I am receiving and will keep constantly on hand at

DENTON BRIDGE, A FULL SUPPLY OF

ANTHRACITE COAL at the following prices:

Table with 2 columns: Coal Type and Price. No. 2 Lyken's Valley \$5.50, No. 5 " " 5.50, No. 3 " " 6.00, Bituminous Coal 4.75

"Down, Captain" commanded my companion, as the dog was in the act of springing to his feet. The animal resumed his crouching attitude, and Mr. Shelly went on to say: "That dog is invaluable to me as a guard. He is absolutely fearless and will shrink from no danger, no matter how appalling it may appear. But his ferocious nature compels me to keep him chained during the day, for I verily believe he would kill a stranger if he encountered him on the place."

"He is certainly a splendid creature," I remarked, looking back. "I would like to make friends with him, for I have an innate fondness for dogs."

Mr. Shelly shook his head. "Don't try it," he said. "I wouldn't have you approach him under any consideration. That dog will throw an uncertainty and hold him so securely that he cannot rise. An ordinary man would stand but a poor chance of getting away from him alive."

On our way back from the stable we again passed Captain's kennel and passed to look at him. Mr. Shelly patted his head, while the animal stretched the length of his chain toward me, regarding me all the while with a look that seemed to be anything but unfriendly. There seemed to be so honest a purpose in the dog's eyes that I instinctively put forth my hand and laid it carelessly on his huge head, when to the amazement of his master the creature lick-

True Love. I think true love is never blind. But rather brings an added light; An inner vision quick to find. The beauties hid from common sight. No soul can ever clearly see Another's highest, noblest part; Save through the sweet philosophy And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unannounced eye shall find On him who fills my soul with light; You do not see my friend at all, You see what hides him from your sight

I see the feet that fain would climb, You, but the steps that turn astray; I see the soul unharmed, sublime; You, but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal weak, misled, Dwarfed even by the earthly clod; I see low manhood, perfected, May reach the stature of a God.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand, Till on mine eyes with touches sweet, Love, the deliverer, laid his hand. And lo! I worship at his feet. - Phoebe Cary.

WHAT DID THE DOG SEE? Montague observes: "Things unknown to the principal and true subject of imposture, forasmuch as in the first place their strangeness lends to their credit, and, moreover, by not being subjected to our ordinary discourse they deprive us of the means to question and dispute them."

The incident I am about to relate is strictly true in all its details. I have not printed a fictitious name for the parties involved in the narrative. In the summer of 1867 I was journeying leisurely through western Ohio on horseback, when late one afternoon I discovered my horse had suddenly become lame in one of his forelegs. Dismissing him, I made an examination with the purpose of discovering the precise location of the injury, but failing in this, I flung the reins over my arm and led the poor beast towards a farmhouse which was near at hand. I found the owner, Abel Shelly, seated on the porch, and I cautiously began to explain my situation. I inquired if he could accommodate me with a resting-place until I could resume my journey. He acquiesced at once, assuring me that I was perfectly welcome, and presenting me to his wife, laid down his pipe and began to examine the feet of my horse.

"I can see nothing at present," he remarked, "that indicates the seat of the injury, but I'll put him in the barn, and if he does not improve by to-morrow we'll determine what is to be done."

Leading the animal away, he shortly returned to the house. In the meantime I had entered into conversation with Mrs. Shelly, who was very well-informed person, but I judged by the remarkable pallor in her face that she was not in particularly good health. Mr. Shelly conducted me to a room, where, having deposited my saddle-bags and taken a refreshing nap, I returned to the porch and was soon engaged in an interesting conversation about crops and the general topics of the day. I discovered my host to be an unusually bright and well-read farmer, with a certain seriousness about him that forbade anything like unseemly familiarity and which was sure to inspire respect in a considerable degree. He was an Eastern man by birth, but had been settled in the West for twenty years. Beyond his wife he had no family, and it struck me as being somewhat singular that I saw no hands about the place save an old negro, who was slowly performing some duty in the cowyard.

After a hearty supper and a smoke with a corncob pipe, I went with Mr. Shelly to take a look at my horse. In turning an angle of the building he grasped me by the arm and pulled me quickly aside. His action startled me for an instant, but the next moment I perceived his motive. Chained near the path was one of the most immense and ferocious looking mastiffs I ever beheld. A magnificent creature to look upon, but a terror to meet if one were unprepared.

"Down, Captain" commanded my companion, as the dog was in the act of springing to his feet. The animal resumed his crouching attitude, and Mr. Shelly went on to say: "That dog is invaluable to me as a guard. He is absolutely fearless and will shrink from no danger, no matter how appalling it may appear. But his ferocious nature compels me to keep him chained during the day, for I verily believe he would kill a stranger if he encountered him on the place."

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ed my hand in token of amity. I really laughed at the consternation depicted on Mr. Shelly's countenance.

"Well," he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "if I had not witnessed the thing I never could have believed it. Why, that animal is a tiger in disposition, and I never believed him capable of friendship for anybody but my wife and myself. Old Reuben, the negro, is terrified when he comes in the vicinity of that dog. His demeanor towards you is certainly very surprising."

It was the custom of Mr. Shelly to loose Captain when they were about closing the house and retiring, and to chain him up early in the morning, before it was likely there would be any callers at the farm. The following morning I arose very early, having passed a restless night, and finding it impossible to take a morning nap I dressed and went down stairs, seating myself on the porch. I had entirely forgotten the fact that Captain was loose, and as I sat inhaling the fresh air from the pipes I was startled to behold the dog standing by my side, gazing fixedly on my face. For a moment I was undecided how to act. Retreat was impossible - to show fear might induce the brute to fix his fangs in my throat in an instant. I was afraid to speak, lest a strange voice might alter his purpose if it was pacific. I, therefore, looked kindly at him and smiled. Majestically striding up to me he laid his broad head on my knee and I cautiously began to caress him. During the operation Mr. Shelly fortunately appeared upon the scene. He gave a quick glance toward me, and calling the dog, took him to his kennel and chained him. Then it was I explained to him the circumstances of my early rising and unexpected meeting with Captain on the porch.

"I don't quite comprehend your good luck with the dog," he remarked, "but I would advise you in future to keep within doors until you have seen me about."

"If you have no objection," I said, "I would very much like to feed the dog once or twice a day. I am very careful, but I really will consider it a favor if you will consent to my request."

"All right," he returned. "You know what I have said about his terrible nature; therefore be on your guard."

That day I carried Captain's dinner, and he devoured it while I stood by his side. From thenceforth I had not a misgiving as to his good disposition toward me.

I was detained at the farm for six days before the lameness of my horse allowed me to resume my journey. During this period I became much attached to Mr. Shelly and his wife. Captain and myself had grown to be such good friends that we had taken several strolls together over the land. Notwithstanding my host and his wife appeared to be affectionately attached to each other, there was certainly something wrong at the farm, and it could not escape an observant eye. Once or twice I had come upon Mr. Shelly and wife unexpectedly, and I thought I detected traces of tears in her eyes, while her manner evidently betrayed fear. Still her husband could not avoid pondering on the matter. I never intruded my presence on them if I could avoid it, but it would sometimes occur in spite of me.

One afternoon I came into the room abruptly and found Mr. Shelly fanning his wife. I caught a remark she uttered with strong emphasis: "We must sell this place," he said, "for it appears impossible for you to have a day's happiness here, and I would rather sacrifice it than see you die slowly before my eyes. Oh, 'tis too hard!" and he kissed her brow.

"Turning about he saw me, and he knew I had heard his expression. "I think I will lie down," said Mrs. Shelly, and as she passed me I noticed her face was pale as the dead.

When she had gone upstairs, Mr. Shelly turned to me and said: "I suppose you perceive there is something amiss here. You see no hands about the place and a general state of idleness reigns supreme. Of course there is a reason for it and I am going to tell you what it means. The only thing I am afraid of is that you may consider me a madman or a fool, but I swear to you what I am about to relate is as true as Holy Writ. I am an honest man, sir, and a truthful one, consequently I do not lie when I say we have an appointment - in short, a ghost here. I pray you do not hastily imagine that I am a weak and superstitious man; you shall be convinced for you may see the whole matter with your own eyes and then judge for yourself. My wife's health has been failing ever since this thing came about, and it breaks my heart to witness her suffering. I can't find a ready purchaser for the place, and old Reuben is the only person who will remain with me, but, you see, he hides as much as possible indoors. Look," he continued, pointing across the road to a piece of woodland, "do you observe yonder fallen tree?"

I gazed in the direction indicated and saw the trunk of a large tree lying prone on the ground. It was, in fact, a huge log, from which the bark had long been peeled. "Well," he continued, "at irregular intervals the apparition appears on that fallen tree, arrayed in the traditional white

drapery, and it walks up and down, swaying to and fro and all the time waving its arms towards the house. A half hour ago it was visible, but it vanishes as it appears. I am not under any powerful hallucination. I am a rational, sane man, and what I tell you is the earnest truth."

"I have witnessed some strange affairs myself," I rejoined, "but let me ask you if you are positively sure there is no trick in the thing?"

He gave a hollow laugh. "Hanging in the house," he said, "is my repeating rifle. Men will tell you that I am the best shot in the county, and that's saying a great deal. I can kill a sparrow and perhaps a butterfly. You observe that log is not more than fifty yards distant, and yet I swear to you I have repeatedly drawn a dead aim on the thing as it danced playfully in sight. I have fired, but still it always stands shaking its arms wildly in the air. I've shot dozens of times at it, but I can't kill it, for it is not human."

"No one would try the prank for some motive or other?" I questioned. For instance, suppose they wished to buy the place cheaply, perhaps this ghost story might induce you to sell at a sacrifice."

"Do you think," he returned quickly, "that any one who knows Abel Shelly would care to assume such desperate chances before his rifle? Oh, no. There is nobody who would take that risk. Besides, I should have killed it long ago if there was anything to it. It always comes in the afternoon," continued Shelly, "but never at night. You perceive it, it reverses the accepted time of nocturnal visitation."

"I do not consider myself more courageous than men generally," I replied, "but I would be glad if you would notify me if this object appears again during my stay. Perhaps I may be able to investigate more satisfactorily than you have done."

"Very well," he replied, "I will do so."

I had a sweet sleep that night and no ghost haunted my dreams, and it was only when I awakened that I recalled the conversation of the previous day. I could not doubt that Mr. Shelly and his wife were both thoroughly honest in their convictions, still I could not bring myself to accept the thing as supernatural. I dressed, and, as was my custom, went out to the kennel to visit my friend, Captain, but by this time there was a mutual attachment between us, and I would sooner have trusted the beast's loyalty than I would most men's. With Captain for an ally I should feel comparatively safe, for he was the perfection of bravery.

The day was pleasant, there was not a cloud in the sky, and a gentle wind blew with delicious coolness. Dinner had been very late, for Mrs. Shelly was not well. It was drawing towards 5 o'clock when I took my accustomed seat on the porch with my pipe. Shelly joined me; his wife sat beside me by the window. My eyes were involuntarily turned towards the fallen tree. Shelly divided my thoughts, for he shook his head gravely, smoked on and said nothing. Suddenly there came a half-suppressed cry from Mrs. Shelly, and at the same instant her husband exclaimed: "There, don't you see it? Look!"

I gazed steadily at the spot, but could discern nothing unusual and told him so.

"And you don't see it?" he cried. "Watch how it waves its arms towards us as the dances of the log!"

I arose to my feet and went to the edge of the porch. Every foot of the trunk was plainly visible, but nowhere could I absolutely see anything but the old weather-beaten and decaying log.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Shelly, "observe how widely it tosses its arms and see how it drapery trails!"

I took a steady look at the speaker, for I could not reconcile the matter, and I said: "I will try and solve this thing."

"Don't go there!" implored Mrs. Shelly, as I stepped down on the ground.

I made no reply, but walked to Captain's kennel and unchained him.

"Old boy," I said, patting his head bravely and about twenty feet from the log, he gazed at it in a dazed manner for an instant and, uttering a sharp cry, dropped his tail between his legs and rushed back to the house with all speed. I looked at his retreating form with a sort of bewilderment and then at the tree. There was certainly nothing unusual visible to my eyes at least. The bare old tree trunk, that was all. I smiled as I mounted it and took several turns up and down its length, and then I walked back leisurely to the house, my mind being by his master's chair, trembling in every limb. The dog was surely terrified.

"I saw nothing," I remarked. "But we did," returned Mrs. Shelly. "Every step you took the thing

followed you, waving its arms over your head. O, I am so sorry you particular evil having overtaken me, but there is one thing I would very much like to know - if Shelly and I wife did not see a ghost, what did the dog see?"

Seventeen years have elapsed since then, and I am not conscious of any particular evil having overtaken me, but there is one thing I would very much like to know - if Shelly and I wife did not see a ghost, what did the dog see?"

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS. A Common Error Pointed Out - Retrospections of an Old Pedagogue. Correspondence of THE JOURNAL.

EASTON, N. Y., Oct. 23. Again I find myself in a writing mood, and if the readers of THE JOURNAL do not protest en masse, you have my permission to treat me as you did before. If I should say anything I ought not to, and thereby give offence to any one, please permit the offended to wreak his vengeance on you, brother, because I am four hundred miles away, and it would occasion some delay to find me.

I know your ears are itching to hear me say that Cleveland is solid in this section, but I am going to say no such thing. It would not be fair for me to hint upon the subject of politics, for fear I might "let the cat out." I am something like the boy at the tail end of a class. "I know all about it but I won't tell." It is refreshing, of late, to read an article in a newspaper free from political quackery, and at the same time, good, wholesome, digestible food. I am resolved that this shall have, at least, the first named condition.

No subject agitates the American mind to a greater extent than that of education, and since I feel more at ease in discussing it from the various standpoints of a teacher, I shall make many of my remarks for the benefit of my brother-laborers in Carolina. Ten years ago your correspondent was a pedagogue in a school but a few miles from Denton. How vivid are his recollections! In his mind's eye he sees the familiar faces arranged before him, hears their lessons over again in memory, and notes with satisfaction their eagerness to learn. The pleasant recollections of that school are many, and in bold relief stands the form of perhaps the brightest of the afternoon, continued Shelly, "but never at night. You perceive it, it reverses the accepted time of nocturnal visitation."

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purpose to the learner. The teacher can correct at a glance what the child has been laboring over half an hour, knowing full well that every mistake will be found out. A moment's thought will show why it is true. I shall not attempt to explain here, but shall continue the discussion of teachers' labor-saving machinery in my next, touching upon nothing but that which experience has taught me.

President Arthur's Bride. The New York Times of last week said: "Ever since President's Arthur's accession to the presidency rumors have been springing up that before the expiration of his term of office the White House would be graced by a mistress, and from time to time the names of several eligible bachelorettes in Washington and New York society have been mentioned, each as the one chosen to preside over the household and fill the social void which has existed for three years. When the President recently paid his visit to Secretary Frelinghuysen, he was accompanied by a young lady, the limits originally fixed, it was suddenly remembered that he had during last winter and spring been noticeably attentive to Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen, the Secretary's eldest daughter, and to this was ascribed the prolongation of his visit."

"For once rumor told the truth, as the marriage of the President with Miss Frelinghuysen has been arranged, and will take place