



SUMMER GOODS JUST OPENED AT DUNNOCKS STORE.

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton and vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods...

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton and vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods...

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

32 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EVERY FARMER THAT DESIRES TO PRODUCE

LARGE CROPS

AND TO PERMANENTLY ENRICH HIS LAND SHOULD

Apply Lister's Standard

WHICH FOR THE PRICE CANNOT BE SURPASSED.



PURE BONE

FERTILIZERS.

Send your address for FARMER'S COMPANION and REFERENCE BOOK...

AGENTS.

EVITTS & HOLBROOK.

apr 11 3m

BLITHE SPRINGTIME

Has made its advent, and many are the needs of the farmer and his household...

THOS. S. KINNAMON, GOLDSBOROUGH, MD.

BRYANT & TOWNSEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. DENTON, MD.

DOWNES & MUTCHLER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. DENTON, MD.

W. A. STEWART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENTON, MARYLAND.

RUSSELL & LEWIS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. DENTON, MD.

OSWALD W. TILGHMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. EASTON, MD.

HENRY IRWIN & SON, AUCTIONEERS. DENTON, MD.

EUROPEAN HOTEL, VAN AUSSDALL & DOWDEN, PROP'S. COR. FRENCH AND FRONT STS., WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF TWINES AND NETS. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF WHOLESALE...

J. S. JOHNSON & CO. 61 South St., Baltimore.

NETTIN FOR SEINES AND POUNDS. WE MEASURE THE MESH.

AS PER DIAGRAM. ONE INCH, SQUARE MESH.

Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.

We would make the webbing 150 yard, long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram.

No. 2.

In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering, give full description of what you want, leaving nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

Send for Price List. BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO. Wm. J. Hooper & Son, No. 6 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Mention this paper. [nov 8 '84 ly]

OSWALD NOACK, Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes & Gaiters, 146 W. BALTO. ST., BALTIMORE, - - - MD.

Only Custom Hand-made Work to Measure. SHOES, \$5.00 GAITERS, 6.00 Call for Catalogues.

PEACH BOX SHOOKS. We have a fine lot in stock, ready for shipment to all points accessible by rail or water. Address, G. H. TOADY, Salisbury, Md.

Only Too True.

BY JOHN VANOE CHESLEY. No blushing daughter of the morn Can vie with her of woman born; No face at windows of the spring Is like a virgin blossoming.

Betwixt the blue lids of the sky— No orb there mates a maiden's eye; Not all the Mars' unfauling lance Can match the mischief of its glance.

Nature, how weak art thou to harm As does a dear, unfeeling arm! Thy neck would trickerle into sand With tangles from a dimpled hand.

What swaying shapes of sun or shade Approach the motions of a maid? What snowy curls by winter traced Can take the taper of her waist?

And that soft darkness of her hair, Thy twilight shades—ah, their despair! Not all the striving stars beguile As may one memory of her smile—

That foolish lips should speak so wise, Make merriment from earth to skies; Nay, Nature, drop a dewy tear For solemn knowledge brought so dear.

—The Englishid.

A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

"But how can I help feeling neglected and miserable, Ned? You scarcely look at me when Miss Lovel is near, and she is your preferred partner in all things now. You walk with her, you sing with her, you drive with her, you dance with her, and it makes me very wretched."

"Now, Mollie, if you are going to be jealous—"

"This not jealous, Ned? If I thought you didn't care most for me—if I fancied you cared at all for any one else—I don't think I'd remonstrate with you at all. I would just take off this," touching the diamond on her hand, "and hand it back to you. I'm not jealous, but you are not very kind to me, Ned."

"I'm not jealous, but you are not very kind to me, Ned."

"Ah," she said, pityingly, and she gave him her hand in a sweet, womanly sympathy, never for an instant connecting his words with herself. He lifted the small hand reverently to his lips, and, drawing it through his arm, turned toward the beach. As he did so he found himself facing Ned Tremaine and Laura Lovel, who were coming in from the moonlight, and he noticed that the young man's face was quite white, while there was a half-scornful smile on the lips of the fair belle of the seaside.

"Where now, Tremaine?" the latter called out, as with a nod, he pursued his way.

"For a drive on the beach; will see you later?" and Ned had gone by, resuming his whistle.

Mr. Stone smiled a little and spoke a few words to Mollie. She colored slightly, followed the tall form of her lover a moment with her eyes, then gave a gracious answer, and half an hour later, when Ned and Miss Lovel met the pretty, light carriage on the beach, in which Lee Stone took his daily drive, they received a pleasant nod from pretty Mollie, who was his companion, and who looked as though she was thoroughly enjoying his society.

"She certainly lost no time in following my suggestion," Ned told himself, half in surprise; "and she has evidently found the society of Stone anything but boring."

"What a handsome couple they make!" Miss Lovel said, with a certain gleam in her steady gray eyes. Ned colored suddenly; he didn't quite know why.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Miss Ames is my promised wife," he said, a trifle coldly.

"Oh, but so many engagements are broken in a summer at the seaside; one never minds that very much," the languid belle said, indifferently.

"That night there was a hop at the hotel and Ned had made up his mind while dressing to be a little more attentive to Mollie; but to his surprise he didn't find Mollie Ames shrinking under her mother's wing as had been her custom. A number of her old friends had arrived while she was at dinner, and they were quite pronounced in his attentions to her, and while she gave Ned a smile from the distance he found it quite difficult to get near her; then a light tap on his arm informed him that Miss Lovel was asking him why he was so preoccupied, and as Mollie and Stone went cireling by, joining the waltzers, he followed them with Miss Lovel.

"A rather pronounced flirtation," Lee laughed later, when he and Mollie stood on the hotel terrace watching the moonlight on the sea and

strand, and one solitary couple passing slowly along beside the waters. Both knew who they were, for a few moments before they had seen Ned Tremaine place that pale pink scarf about the shoulders of Miss Laura Lovel as he led her across the terrace, too much engrossed in his task, it would seem, to notice Mollie or her companion.

"Oh, everybody flirts more or less at a seaside hotel; one has nothing else to do, you know," Mollie answered Lee, with a light little ripple of laughter, and he looked down on her pretty face, to which the moonlight was so tender, his voice sinking almost to a whisper as he spoke to her.

"It is a cowardly pastime for a man," he said, softly; "and, for a woman, it is a cruel one."

"And you—are it pleasant to know that you are cruel and cowardly?" she questioned. "One is tempted to become personal when such remarks come from one who is said to count his conquests with cruel pride, and to whom the world gives no higher aim than to fascinate, and—remain careless. Am I too plain? Forgive me."

"I forgive you freely—as I would forgive you all things," Miss Ames; "but neither you nor the world fully understands me. I may seem a trifler; but were the woman I love to love me in return, no smile would be to me so sweet as hers, no presence half so dear."

Mollie had been watching the couple on the sands, going slowly back and forth, back and forth in the moonlight; now she lifted her sweet young face, and looked at him with a sort of wondering pity.

"Do we all wrong you, then?" she asked, gently. "Have you failed in your wooing? Can you not win where you love?"

"His face flushed a little at her words, and she, watching it, was struck by its strength and beauty. How did it chance that she had never noticed either before?"

"I am not left the chance to woo or win her," he said, slowly; "she is another's promised wife."

"Ah," she said, pityingly, and she gave him her hand in a sweet, womanly sympathy, never for an instant connecting his words with herself. He lifted the small hand reverently to his lips, and, drawing it through his arm, turned toward the beach. As he did so he found himself facing Ned Tremaine and Laura Lovel, who were coming in from the moonlight, and he noticed that the young man's face was quite white, while there was a half-scornful smile on the lips of the fair belle of the seaside.

"Where now, Tremaine?" the latter called out, as with a nod, he pursued his way.

"For a drive on the beach; will see you later?" and Ned had gone by, resuming his whistle.

Mr. Stone smiled a little and spoke a few words to Mollie. She colored slightly, followed the tall form of her lover a moment with her eyes, then gave a gracious answer, and half an hour later, when Ned and Miss Lovel met the pretty, light carriage on the beach, in which Lee Stone took his daily drive, they received a pleasant nod from pretty Mollie, who was his companion, and who looked as though she was thoroughly enjoying his society.

"She certainly lost no time in following my suggestion," Ned told himself, half in surprise; "and she has evidently found the society of Stone anything but boring."

"What a handsome couple they make!" Miss Lovel said, with a certain gleam in her steady gray eyes. Ned colored suddenly; he didn't quite know why.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Miss Ames is my promised wife," he said, a trifle coldly.

"Oh, but so many engagements are broken in a summer at the seaside; one never minds that very much," the languid belle said, indifferently.

"That night there was a hop at the hotel and Ned had made up his mind while dressing to be a little more attentive to Mollie; but to his surprise he didn't find Mollie Ames shrinking under her mother's wing as had been her custom. A number of her old friends had arrived while she was at dinner, and they were quite pronounced in his attentions to her, and while she gave Ned a smile from the distance he found it quite difficult to get near her; then a light tap on his arm informed him that Miss Lovel was asking him why he was so preoccupied, and as Mollie and Stone went cireling by, joining the waltzers, he followed them with Miss Lovel.

"A rather pronounced flirtation," Lee laughed later, when he and Mollie stood on the hotel terrace watching the moonlight on the sea and

the moon rose late—she went with him out over the beach and far along the country.

Was it strange that he noticed she no longer wore Ned's ring? Was it strange that he told her of his love, and that she listened silently, believing, with a strange flutter at her heart? Was it strange that when they drove back, lingering beside the sobbing ocean, another ring should deck her finger, and another bond should lie upon her life? Well, two others walked upon the strand, two whom the gossip called lovers; and yet when it was told that Mollie Ames was to place her happiness in the keeping of "the flirt of the beach," one man who heard it turned white as death, and shrank from the sight of the beautiful woman beside him, although men called her fair, and many said she had won him from his faith; yet Mollie was too happy to regret, although she still sometimes remembers.

"Isn't it marvellous," said one man to another, at the Academy, one night not long ago, "how that fellow on the stage can say such ridiculously funny things without allowing a ripple of a smile to creep across his countenance?"

"No, not marvellous, exactly," replied the other, who was an actor, languidly lowering his opera glasses and curling his moustache sentimentally, "but it requires an immense amount of practice. It is one of those arts which the public never appreciate until brought into contact with some chattering idiot who always laughs first at his own jokes. Then the offence becomes appalling. To keep from laughing before an audience is a difficult thing to do, and often baffles the most desperate efforts of lecturers and actors. To save their souls they cannot choke off the miserable smile that will come sneaking over the face at the wrong time. Some of the funny men have spent months of practice over this one thing. Mark Twain explains that he doesn't smile when cracking jokes, because saying funny things always makes him feel sad."

"The most successful humorist on the stage is he who has an expressive face, which he can settle into a position of calm and mournful despair the moment the joke leaves his lips. The more solemn the humorist the greater the effect of his words. Nothing pains or dampens the enthusiasm of an audience so much as to discover that the funny man knows that he is funny. When he laughs it makes them feel as if he is simply laughing, but to do like that makes them mad. They pay their money to see the show, and they love to delude themselves with the idea that they are actually discovering the humor themselves, and that they are laughing spontaneously."

"Many devices have been put in use by actors and lecturers to keep from smiling, but the simplest and most effective is to put a small wooden button in the mouth and bite down on it every time the desire to laugh makes itself manifest. Some grin their teeth or cringe their toes, and Hughie Dougherty, the famous minstrel, for a long time resorted to the scheme of sticking a pin in his thigh. People who have not been on the stage cannot imagine what a nervous moment he is nervously clutching his fingers, his leg muscles are contracted, his scalp itching with suspense, and he would give \$1,000 could he hold a board up in front of him and indulge in a good square snicker."

"Grant's Fun.

This was in 1869. I went to Washington, and Senator Nye asked me if I would like to meet the President. I said yes, and we went to the White House. The Senator introduced us, and I looked at General Grant and he looked at me. I didn't have anything to say, and it was the most awkward moment of my life. Finally I stammered: "Mr. President, I am awfully embarrassed—are you?" I didn't stop to hear his answer, and I don't know how I got out of the White House, but I had met the President, anyhow. In 1878 I was in Chicago. General Grant had just arrived, and was to review the Grand Army of Tennessee—the first that he commanded you know. A reviewing platform had been erected in front of the hotel. The crowd was awful. It was the largest I ever saw. I wanted to go to that review, and with the instinct of the reporter to shove himself where he had no business to be, I edged through the crowd and got on to the platform, and there I was alone facing that tremendous crowd. Presently a man came out behind me. It was the man who they have or have not just elected mayor of Chicago—Carter Harrison. I knew him and he knew me. He looked at me and I looked at him. Right behind him was General Grant. Mr. Harrison said: "Do you know General Grant?" "No," I said. "All right I'll introduce you," he said. I was embarrassed again when Mr. Harrison introduced us. "How do you do?" said General Grant. "I am not embarrassed—are you?"

Poe's Last Two Lectures.

I heard both of Poe's lectures in Richmond. They were the last he ever delivered. The admission was 50 cents, and the hall was crowded. On both occasions Poe was at his best. I never heard a voice that was so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody, and an incident of the evening showed how marked an impression it made. During the lecture he recited Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." A little boy about 12 years of age was sitting near me. He was listening intently, and before Poe had finished the poem, was in tears. Could there be any greater tribute to a speaker's power? After the lecture Poe very modestly said: "I have been requested to recite my own poem, 'The Raven.'" No one who ever heard this will ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The audience was as still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall, the effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive "Nevermore." At the second lecture a very amusing incident took place. A well-known country physician who lived near Richmond was present with his family. He was afflicted with a certain kind of hydrophobia. He could not look upon water without an insane desire to take a drink of it. That night a big stone pitcher had been placed on the platform from which Poe delivered his address. The lecture had progressed, and everybody was listening with absorbed interest, when some mischievous member pointed out to the doctor the stone pitcher. He wriggled and squirmed in his seat for two or three minutes, and at last the thirst conquering, he arose from his chair, walked up the aisle with the thundering sound of his cowhide boots, poured out two glasses of water and drank them down, and marched back as stiffly as he approached, while the audience suppressed its merriment as best it could. Poe paused a moment or two in his address, but quietly resumed after the doctor had taken his drink.—Baltimore American.

The Business Situation.

The business situation of the country remains about the same as has prevailed for the past twelve months or more—stagnant, but showing a way in the vaults of banking institutions, anxious to be loaned, but without courage to venture into the ordinary channels of trade where it properly and legitimately belongs. Collections are necessarily difficult to make and will remain so till banks give up their hoards of money.—Plenty of money, but unavailably. "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Large surpluses are at all financial centers; and the New York banks hold \$62,000,000 in excess of the legal reserve. Both lender and borrower stand, oftentimes, in anomalous positions to each other, both solicitous to meet but when they came together their wants are inharmonious. The first is desirous to pay with his money, but the latter is without the inalienable security, for if he had it he would not be in the position of a needy borrower. Money is ready for him who is in no positive need of it. There is not the slightest disposition to engage in speculative enterprises, not even those that are within the bounds of legitimate ventures, such as are recognized as belonging to ordinary rules governing business engagements. How long this will remain is past the period of conjecture, for the predicted time for a change has long gone by. Everything is in an excellent condition for a healthy activity, but it has been in this state for a long while. It is exciting, but when it comes to the point of a protracted period of liquidation and elimination of debts, failures are frequent, though small in liabilities, and for the last six months have exceeded in number those occurring during a corresponding period for the four years previous. Many of the iron works in western Pennsylvania and further West, have resumed work; but the event is looked upon indifferently, and carries with it none of the feeling of olden days—expressive of revival in business.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

The Bondage of the Smoker.

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very silly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit. The smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of his wrong prescription.—Bob Burdette.

A Good Name is Better than Riches.

"A good name is better than riches," says the proverb. This is very true; but it is, likewise, true that it is the wealth that makes the name good—on a check.

A Love Affair Adroitly Managed.

Clara Belle tells the Cincinnati Enquirer how a New Yorker was extracted from an embarrassing love affair: A mashingly handsome friend of mine was so potent in his love making recently that he got three girls simultaneously into a sentimental condition which lacked only the formal questions and answers to complete betrothals. Then he realized for the first time that he had an over-abundance of wife material at his command. Mighty nice girls they were, all three, and it was still with some difficulty that he finally made a choice for himself. What was he to do with the others? He didn't want to fracture their hearts. He came to me for advice. "Let me manage it," said I. "If you suddenly jilt them they'll get mad about it, and perhaps lose the whole summer by moping. Of course they'll come around all right by next winter, and catch on with two fellows every whit as good as you. But the thing can be fixed better." And so it has been, within a month from the time when my agency began. I gave the most careful attention to the affair. First, I picked out two fellows to replace the original in the girls' affections and adroitly introduced them. See, only, I instructed the latter chap just how fast and in what manner to make a show of flirting with the maiden of his choice. The result was that I managed to transfer two female hearts neatly, and all the while they thought they were voluntarily throwing their old sweetheart overboard. One of them actually pitied him, and almost spoiled my job by telling him so—for that wounded his vanity. What is wanted in sentimental undertakings is adroitness.

Silence the Railway Whistle.

Massachusetts is leading the way in bringing about a most beneficial reform—the abatement of locomotive whistling. For many years the Railroad Commissioners have urged upon the companies the feasibility and desirability of restricting the use of the whistle. They held that by brightening horses it probably caused as many accidents as it saved, not to speak of the deaths resulting from loss of sleep in cases of illness where the inventor's house is near the track and further argued that the value of the warning as a distinct signal of danger is greatly diminished by its indiscriminate use. A dozen years ago the Managers of the Boston & Albany Railroad, one of the most important in the state, were converted to this view, and discontinued the use of the whistle except as a danger signal. Experience has shown no increase in the number of accidents, while the comfort of dwellers along the line is greatly promoted. The success of this experiment to the passage by the last legislature of a law to restrict the use of the whistle at street crossings. A petition by citizens of Lawrence for the application of this law in their city was recently heard by the commissioners, and they have just exercised their discretionary power by giving orders to prevent whistling at certain specified crossings in thickly settled quarters.—New York Evening Post.

A Thoughtful Husband.

Mrs. Minks: "I think it is too bad, Mr. Minks! Why can't a man be considerate of his wife a few years after marriage as he was before? But I suppose it is too much to expect, men are all alike, and care only for themselves."

Mr. Minks: "Really, my dear, I don't know what you are driving at."

"Oh! no, of course not! You don't even know that this is my birthday, and yet only a few years ago the date was engraved upon your heart, and you never failed to give me a present. Why didn't you do so to-day, I should like to know?"

"Because, my dear, I did not wish to remind you of the painful fact that you were a year older."

Wit and Humor.

Jones calls his wife's hair-dresser her switch-tender.

A matchless story—One in which there are no weddings.

There is a chap down town who calls his best girl Revenge, because she is sweet.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to engage a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business, is because there is so little competition.

"Out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers," says an exchange, "seven marry every year."

Why is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to every woe.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

When winds are cold and chill and wet. The ice man near your house will miss; And 'th' pieces of ice you always get Is large and shapely, just like this:

But when 'tis awful, awful hot, And sturly winds the parched earth kiss In case you are not clean forgot, You get a little chunk like this:

It is not strange that men should organize Arctic expeditions when the mercury kicks off the thermometer tops.