DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 43. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1889. NO. 31.

SPRING MILLS,

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CAPACITY: FORTY BARRELS Per Day.

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NOTICE

—TO—

Merchants, Traders and Others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons and bodies corporate or politic doing business in Caroline county and requiring a State license to obtain a license or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT.

A failure on the part of persons now engaged in business to renew their licenses by the first day of May next will subject them to a fine.

Luther H. Gadd, Esq., clerk of the circuit court for Caroline county, will be ready to issue licenses on or before the first day of May next at his office in the court house.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the license laws:

If applicant's stock in trade does not exceed $ 1,000 — $ 12 60

If over	$ 1,000	and not over	$ 1,500	15 60
"	1,500	" "	2,500	18 60
"	2,500	" "	4,000	22 60
"	4,000	" "	6,000	30 60
"	6,000	" "	8,000	40 60
"	8,000	" "	10,000	50 60
"	10,000	" "	15,000	80 60
"	15,000	" "	20,000	90 60
"	20,000	" "	30,000	100 60
"	30,000	" "	40,000	125 60
"	40,000			150 60

The applicant must either make oath, as heretofore, before the clerk of the circuit court for the county where he is engaged in business, of the amount of goods kept on hand at the principal season of sale, or the oath may be administered by a justice of the peace when the person wanting a license applies through an agent.

STALLIONS.—The owner and keeper of every stallion or jack shall, before being permitted to stand or station such animals, pay to the clerk of the circuit court of some one of the counties of the State the highest sum that he intends to receive for the season for one mare; and the receipts of the said clerk, with the seal of his court attached thereto for said sum, shall be the license for stationing or standing such stallion or jack for one year from the date thereof, provided that in no case shall the sum directed to be paid by this section for such license be less than ten dollars; and that every stallion or jack upon which the said tax is paid shall be exempt from all other State tax.

Any owner or keeper stationing or standing any stallion or jack without a license shall forfeit and pay twice the sum authorized and required to be paid in the last preceding section, one-half to the State and the other half to the informers.

R. KEMP WILLIAMS,
Sheriff of Caroline county.

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BRYANT & FISHER,

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MD.

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Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between A. W. Sisk and B. W. Wright, under the firm name of Sisk & Wright, expired on the 23rd of March, 1889, by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by said A. W. Sisk, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

A. W. SISK,
B. W. WRIGHT.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, July 30th 1888 (Sundays excepted), trains will run as follows:

NORTH. 2 Mail. 14 Pas. A. M.	P. M.		SOUTH. 13 Mail. 25 Pas. A. M.	P. M.
6 20	2 15	Oxford,	12 35	7 25
6 29	2 25	Trappe,	12 25	7 16
6 44	2 40	Easton,	12 07	7 00
6 56	2 53	Chapel,	11 52	6 47
7 02	3 00	Cordova,	11 44	6 40
7 11	3 12	Queen Anne,	11 33	6 30
7 22	3 26	Ridgely,	11 22	6 20
7 33	3 34	Greensboro	11 11	6 10
7 44	3 53	Goldsboro,	11 00	5 59
7 51	4 02	Henderson,	10 52	5 52
7 58	4 13	Marydel,	10 44	5 45
8 07	4 23	Slaughters,	10 35	5 36
8 09	4 28	Hartley,	10 32	5 34
8 20	4 43	Kenton,	10 20	5 22
8 30	4 55	Clayton,	10 05	5 11
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

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1889. WINTER SCHEDULE 1889.

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The magnificent side-wheel iron steamers Joppa and Ida will leave Baltimore from pier 4, Light St., at 9 p. m., daily, except Sunday, for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Travers', Cambridge, Oyster Shell Point, Medford's, Dover Bridge, Two Johns, Potter's Denton.

Returning to Baltimore, leave daily, except Saturday, Denton 12 o'clock noon, Cambridge 5 p. m., Easton 9 p. m., Oxford 10 p. m., stopping at the intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore at 4 a. m.

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After January 1st, 1889, the steamer Chesapeake will be withdrawn until further notice.

Weather permitting, Steamer Minnie Wheeler will leave Pier 5 Light St., Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 p. m., for Trappe, Barnett's, Clark's, Wright's, Medford's, Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Potter's Landing, Reese's, Coward's, Covey's, and Hillsborough.

Returning will leave Hillsborough Mondays and Thursdays at 9 a. m., Potter's Landing, 12 m., Medford's, 3.30 p. m., Trappe, 8 p. m., arriving in Baltimore early the following morning.

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A. R. BEAVEN, Agent,
Pier 5 Light St., Baltimore.
B. G. STEVENS, Agent, Potter's Landing

Stock of Goods for Sale.

The undersigned wishing to discontinue the mercantile business at Denton offers a small stock of goods for sale and store house for rent. Any one wishing to buy a bargain and secure a good stand for business will now have an opportunity of doing so. Will from this date dispose of goods at cost. Please call and see me. Dwelling house also for rent.

3 30 3 W. E. HARRIS.

Transfers and Abatements.

OFFICE OF THE CO. COMMISSIONERS, DENTON, MD., March 16, 1889.

The county commissioners of Caroline county hereby give notice that they will sit at their office in Denton every Tuesday until May 1st, next, to consider transfers and abatements of taxes. By order of the board,

W. F. TOWERS, Clerk.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

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J. P. Manlove, agent at Greensboro.
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Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cts; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. 2 16 4t.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP. 2 16 4.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made, and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night, and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a trial bottle at George & Redden's Drug Store.

WILL O' THE MILL.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

DEATH.

Year after year went away into nothing, with great explosions and outcries in the cities on the plain; red revolt springing up and being suppressed in blood; battle swaying hither and thither; patient astronomers in observatory towers picking out and christening new stars; plays being performed in lighted theatres; people being carried into hospitals on stretchers, and all the usual turmoil and agitation of men's lives in crowded centers. Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch; the fish hung in the swift stream; the birds circled overhead; the pine tops rustled underneath the stars; the tall hills stood over all; and Will went to and fro, minding his wayside inn, until the snow began to thicken on his head. His heart was young and vigorous, and if his pulses kept a sober time they still beat strong and steady in his wrists. He carried a ruddy stain on either cheek, like a ripe apple; he stooped a little, but his step was still firm, and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure. His face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in open air, and which, rightly looked at, are no more than a sort of permanent sunburning; such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces, but to a person like Will, with his clear eyes and smiling mouth, only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life. His talk was full of wise sayings. He had a taste for other people, and other people had a taste for him. When the valley was full of tourists in the season, there were merry nights in Will's arbor; and his views, which seemed whimsical to his neighbors, were often admired by learned people out of town and colleges. Indeed, he had a very noble old age, and grew daily better known; so that his fame was heard of in the cities of the plain; and young men who had been summer travelers spoke together in cafes of Will o' the Mill and his rough philosophy. Many and many an invitation, you may be sure, he had, but nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. He would shake his head and smile over his tobacco pipe with a deal of meaning. "You come too late," he would answer. "I am a dead man now; I have lived and died already. Fifty years ago you would have brought my heart into my mouth; and now you do not even tempt me. But that is the object of long living, that man should cease to care about life." And again: "There is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner: that, in the dinner, the sweets come last." Or once more: "When I was a boy, I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now, I know it is myself, and stick to that."

He never showed any symptoms of frailty, but kept stalwart and firm to the last; but they say he grew less talkative toward the end, and would listen to other people by the hour in an amused and sympathetic silence. Only, when he did speak it was more to the point, and more charged with old experience. He drank a bottle of wine gladly; above all, at sunset on the hilltop or quite late at night under the stars in the arbor. The sight of something attractive and unattainable seasoned his enjoyment, he would say; and he professed he had lived long enough to admire a candle all the more when he could compare it with a planet.

One night, in his 72d year, he awoke in bed in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark, without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of 72. Whether it was the weather or the wakefulness, or some little touch of fever in his old limbs, Will's mind was besieged by tumultuous and crying memories. His boyhood, the night with the fat young man, the death of his adopted parents, the summer days with Marjory, and many of those small circumstances, which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself—things seen, words heard, looks misconstrued—arose from their forgotten corners and usurped his attention. The dead themselves were with him, not merely taking part in this thin show of memory that defiled before his brain, but revisiting his bodily senses as they do in profound and vivid dreams. The fat young man leaned his elbows on the table opposite; Marjory came and went with an apronful of flowers between the garden and the arbor; he could hear the old parson knocking out his pipe or blowing his resonant nose. The tide of his consciousness ebbed and flowed; he was sometimes half asleep and drowned in his recollections of the past, and sometimes he was broad awake wondering at himself. But about the middle of the night he was startled by the voice of the dead miller calling to him out of the house as he used to do on the arrival of custom. The hallucination was so perfect that Will sprang from his seat and stood listening for the summons to be repeated; and as he listened he became conscious of another noise besides the brawling of the river and the ringing in his feverish ears. It was like the stir of the horses and the creaking of harness, as though a carriage with an impatient team had been brought up upon the road before the courtyard gate. At such an hour, upon this rough and dangerous pass, the supposition was no better than absurd, and Will dismissed it from his mind, and resumed his seat upon the arbor chair; and sleep closed over him again like running water. He was once again awakened by the dead miller's call, thinner and more spectral than before; and once again he heard the noise of an equipage upon the road. And so thrice and four times, the same dream, or the same fancy, presented itself to his senses; until at length, smiling to himself as when one humors a nervous child, he proceeded towards the gate to set his uncertainty at rest.

From the arbor to the gate was no great distance, and yet it took Will some time; it seemed as if the dead thickened around him in the court, and crossed his path at every step. For, first, he was suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes; it was as if his garden had been planted with this flower from end to end, and the hot, damp night had drawn forth all their perfumes in a breath. Now the heliotrope had been Marjory's favorite flower, and since her death not one of them had ever been planted in Will's ground.

"I must be going crazy," he thought. "Poor Marjory and her heliotropes!"

And with that he raised his eyes towards the window that had once been hers. If he had been bewildered before, he was now almost terrified; for there was a light in the room; the window was an orange oblong as of yore, and the corner of the blind was lifted and let fall as on the night when he stood and shouted to the stars in his perplexity. The illusion only endured an instant, but it left him somewhat unmanned, rubbing his eyes and staring at the outline of the house and the black night behind it. While he thus stood, and it seemed as if he must have stood there quite a long time, there came a renewal of the noises on the road, and he turned in time to meet a stranger, who was advancing to meet him across the court. There was something like the outline of a great carriage discernible on the road behind the stranger, and, above that, a few black pine tops, like so many plumes.

"Master Will?" asked the new comer, in brief military fashion.

"That same, sir," answered Will. "Can I do anything to serve you?"

"I have heard you much spoken of, Master Will," returned the other, "much spoken of and well. And though I have both hands full of business I wish to drink a bottle of wine with you in your arbor. Before I go I shall introduce myself."

Will led the way to the trellis and got a lamp lighted and a bottle uncorked. He was not altogether unused to such complimentary interviews, and hoped little enough from this one, being schooled by many disappointments. A sort of cloud had settled on his wits and prevented him from remembering the strangeness of the house. He moved like a person in his sleep, and it seemed as if the lamp caught fire and the bottle came uncorked with the facility of thought. Still, he had some curiosity about the appearance of his visitor and tried in vain to turn the light into his face; either he handled the lamp clumsily or there was a dimness over his eyes, but he could make out little more than a shadow at table with him. He stared and stared at this shadow as he wiped out the glasses and began to feel cold and strange about the heart. The silence weighed upon him, for he could hear nothing now, not even the river, but the drumming of his own arteries in his ears.

"Here's to you," said the stranger, roughly.

"Here is my service, sir," replied Will, sipping his wine, which somehow tasted oddly.

"I understand you are a very positive fellow," pursued the stranger.

Will made answer with a smile of some satisfaction and a little nod.

"So am I," continued the other; "and it is the delight of my heart to tramp on people's corns. I will have nobody positive but myself; not one. I have crossed the whims, in my time, of kings and generals and great artists. And what would you say," he went on, "if I had come up here on purpose to cross yours?"

Will had it on his tongue to make a sharp rejoinder; but the politeness of an old innkeeper prevailed; and he held his peace and made answer with a civil gestuve of the hand.

"I have," said the stranger. "And if I did not hold you in a particular esteem, I should make no words about the matter. It appears you pride yourself on staying where you are. You mean to stick by your inn. Now I mean you shall come for a turn with me in my barouche; and before this bottle's empty, so you shall."

"That would be an odd thing, to be sure," replied Will, with a chuckle. "Why, sir, I have grown here like an oak tree; the devil himself could hardly root me up; and for all I perceive you are a very entertaining old gentleman, I would wager you another bottle you lose your pains with me."

The dimness of Will's eyesight had been increasing all the while; but he was somehow conscious of a sharp and chilling scrutiny which irritated and yet overmastered him.

"You need not think," he broke out suddenly, in an explosive, febrile manner that startled and alarmed himself, "that I am a stay at home, because I fear anything under God. God knows I am tired enough of it all; and when the time comes for a longer journey than ever you dream of, I reckon I shall find myself prepared."

The stranger emptied his glass and pushed it away from him. He looked down for a little, and then, leaning over the table, tapped Will three times upon the forearm with a single finger. "The time has come!" he said solemnly.

An ugly thrill spread from the spot he touched. The tones of his voice were dull and startling, and echoed strangely in Will's heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with some discomposure. "What do you mean?"

"Look at me, and you will find your eyesight swim. Raise your hand: it is dead heavy. This is your last bottle of wine, Master Will, and your last night upon the earth."

"You are a doctor?" quavered Will.

"The best that ever was," replied the other; "for I cure both mind and body with the same prescription. I take away all pain and I forgive all sins; and where my patients have gone wrong in life, I smooth out all complications and set them free again upon their feet."

"I have no need of you," said Will.

"A time comes for all men, Master Will," replied the doctor, "when the helm is taken out of their hands. For you, because you were prudent and quiet, it has been long of coming, and you have had long to discipline yourself for its reception. You have seen what it is to be seen about your mill; you have sat close all your days like a hare in its form, but now that is to an end, and," added the doctor, getting on his feet, "you must arise and come with me."

"You are a strange physician," said Will, looking steadfastly upon his guest.

"I am a natural law," he replied, "and people call me Death."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" cried Will. "I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand, and welcome."

"Lean upon my arm," said the stranger, "for already your strength abates. Lean on me heavily as you need, for though I am old I am very strong. It is but three steps to my carriage, and there all your trouble ends. Why, Will," he added, "I have been yearning for you as if you were my own son; and of all the men that ever I came for in my long days I have come for you most gladly. I am caustic, and sometimes offend people at first sight; but I am a good friend at heart to such as you."

"Since Marjory was taken," returned Will, "I declare before God you were the only friend I had to look for."

So the pair went arm in arm across the courtyard.

One of the servants awoke about this time and heard the noise of horses pawing before he dropped asleep again; all down the valley that night there was a rushing as of a smooth and steady wind descending towards the plain; and when the world rose next morning, sure enough Will o' the Mill had gone at last upon his travels.

Dressmakers' Skill.

Skillful dressmakers can do a great deal to make an over stout woman look presentable, but tailors can do little or nothing to hide the clumsy proportions of a fat man. Notwithstanding that all the fashion plate figures are of graceful, not to say thin, women as being the best means of displaying fashionable attire, a great deal of attention is paid to making graceful draperies for stout women. The partial eclipse of the bustle is a sad blow to these plump people, since a big bustle relieved their wideness of waist and afforded more support for ample skirts. Nevertheless, all women's clothes seem much better adapted to concealing fat than men's, as any one will acknowledge who takes careful notice of the apparent size of an actress in skirts and sees her soon after in masculine garb. What appeared in petticoats to be only medium plumpness, in trousers and tail coat is increased in girth to absolute fatness. The same phenomenon may be observed among the bathers at watering places.—Baltimore American.

A great deal is said and written tending to show that the gentler sex know as little about traveling as the sterner sex know of fashion plates, but it is about time to call a halt on that proposition. Traveling by rail has become so common that there are very few ladies, emigrants excluded, and among that class the men know as little as the women, who are not perfectly capable of taking care of themselves on a journey of a few hundred miles. They are as speedily served with tickets as the average man, and more readily disposed of than many of the latter, and ask fewer questions as to when the train will depart, where it can be found, how often they will be compelled to change cars, etc. The age is progressive, and in railroad traveling the ladies are keeping right up with the procession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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