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Cast Your Eye Over This!

We are still at the old stand on Third street, Denton, where the

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at prices to suit the times and for the advantage of every customer. We hope by prompt attention to the wants of our customers to merit a good share of public patronage. BARNES & MOORE.

Denton, Md.

WM. H. MOWBRAY,

Bricklayer and Plasterer,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

A rumor that I had recently removed from the county is unfounded, and the public is respectfully informed that al orders for work in my line will receive prompt attention.

WM. H. MOWBRAY.

Denton, Md., October 17.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL and get all the county news.

FOUGHT WITH BANANA SKINS.

Thrown on a Stoop by an Enemy, the Peel Proves a Powerful Weapon.

She was walking rapidly up the little walk leading to the front steps of a house on Ferry street. It was her walk and her house, and she had a right to walk any way she chose. That disgusting Brown family next door might better mind their own business and stop watching her. So she was saying to herself, when—flop! thump! —her feet went from under her and she found herself sitting uncomfortably hard upon that same walk which a moment before she had been treading so proudly. Slowly, she picked herself up and ruefully she looked at the banana peel which had caused her downfall. A half suppressed titter came from the window of the house next door.

"So that's their trick, is it?" she muttered scornfully, tossing her head toward her enemies. "Well, it's a game two can play at."

The next morning the old man Brown got up rather early and started to walk down town. He had barely reached his front steps when he struck something. It carried him off his feet like a cyclone. He went bumpety bump down the steps. At the bottom he struck something else. It carried him along a few feet farther and then shot him into a barbed wire fence which had been mysteriously strung across the path during the night.

The fence stopped him. But what a sight he was! His clothes were torn and covered with mud and ashes. The mud and ashes had also mysteriously got on the path during the night. His flesh was lacerated and bruised and his little finger was broken in two places.

He picked himself up and crawled back into the house and up to the room of his youngest son.

"Ben," he said, "was it you put that banana peel on the Widder Smith's walk yesterday?"

"Yep."

"Well, you young rascal, take that for it, and that!" and he began administering kicks on the person of his son till the youngster howled with pain.

Then as he crawled off in search of the arnica bottle he murmured: "I don't blame the widder a bit. It was a mean trick, but it was a blamed sight meaner of her to take revenge on me when I'm the only one in our family that has stood up for her."—Buffalo Express.

Buy a Secondhand Boat.

When a boy has learned to sail a boat, and has discovered how very delightful sailing is, he is sure to wish for a yacht of his own; nor is he likely to be content until the desire for ownership shall have been satisfied by actual possession. The chief obstacle with which he has to contend, of course, is the cost, for yachts are expensive toys, and not every one can afford to purchase them. But a careful and patient person may, nevertheless, possess himself of a small yacht if he will buy with discretion and at the right season of the year, which is the autumn.

Yachtsmen are droll fellows: they build costly boats, use them a year or two and then sell them for any price they can secure, often less than a quarter of their original cost. Therefore, I say that the ownership of a nice little yacht is not beyond the possibilities if a boy loves a boat and is determined to own one, for pluck, luck and patience accomplish wonders.—F. W. Pangborn in St. Nicholas.

By Marriage.

A traveler says that he was riding along a cattle trail near the New Mexico line when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devil's river.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" he asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah, nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah, I do not."

"Ah, I see. You command one of the state militia regiments."

"No, sah, I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I'se a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage! How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."—

They Stuck the Old Man Well.

Colonel Hart, manager of the Cornucopia mine, of Neihart, tells the following interesting little story:

One of the principal owners of the Mollie Gibson mine, at Aspen, Colo., had a daughter who was married a few years ago. Shortly after her return from her wedding trip she went to her father and told him she wanted a house. The old gentleman, after a few moments' deliberation, said: "My girl, I'll tell you what I'll do; I will give you one day's work of any two men in the mine you may select."

The bride thought this was rather a slim allowance from one who could well afford to be generous, and she was not slow to express the disappointment which she felt. The young lady was very popular with the miners, and when they heard of the proposition which their chief had made to his daughter they held a meeting and selected the best two workmen from among their number. These two worthies presented themselves before the young lady, and after a vast amount of preliminary bowing and scraping the spokesman addressed her as follows: "Say, miss, if you will only choose us two fellers you'll never be sorry for it. We'll git an everlastin rustle on us, and we'll stick the old man for you. You can just bet your sweet life we will."

She selected these two men, and on the appointed day they did "git an everlastin rustle" on them, and they succeeded in sticking the old man to the full extent of their promise. Ore to the value of $31,000 was taken out by those two miners in one day, and one of the very finest mansions in Aspen was the result of their toil and the selection made by the young bride.—

The Trouble Caused by Several Men to Succeed One Janitor.

The janitor of a flat is constantly looked down upon, which is not so extraordinary, living as he usually does in the basement of the house. The tenants are apt to regard him as an autocrat, continually complaining of everything he does and showering praise in his presence on all other janitors in the street.

Who ever praises the janitor of his flat, anyway? Like children of other parents, the janitors of other houses are more polished, more polite and neater than our own. No wonder that the owners of flats hold a good janitor in such high esteem.

It was a janitor whose hide was invulnerable that presided over an up town flat of which a friend of mine is the owner. My friend used to tell me that this man was an ideal janitor—one who did everything that tenants did not like, and raised Cain when they complained. But it went so far that all the tenants were on the point of leaving the premises if their monarch was not dethroned. My friend was compelled to act favorably on their demands. Accordingly, the monarch abdicated by the consent of the owner, and another was advertised for to occupy the vacant throne.

Many applicants responded—a conglomeration of all ages and nationalities—and one was selected. Days passed, but he never came. An advertisement was again resorted to, and still a larger number of ambitious men applied. A suitable one was again selected and my friend breathed easier. But, like his predecessor, he never came. My friend became desperate, so did the occupants of the flat. They hated janitors, but now they were howling for one. As a last resort my friend advertised a third time, and to make sure of not being fooled again he accepted two men for the position. Here was certainly some possibility of one making his appearance.

Early the next morning a truck loaded with furniture stopped before the flat. My friend smiled with triumph and satisfaction. A janitor was here at last. He thought of the other applicant that had been accepted, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his address to inform him that his services were not required. But, alas! for cruel fate. The messenger's unusual celerity had hardly brought him around the corner when another truck hove in sight and anchored directly beside the other truck before the door. The two applicants had come, and each was ready to take charge.

The situation was indeed a trying one. My friend surveyed the prospective battlefield for a moment and, summoning all his courage, he advanced to meet the new arrival, a burly gentleman, with not a very friendly countenance.

There was war in the air for the next ten minutes and there was danger of my friend being demolished, but to his great relief a settlement was agreed upon. He paid all expenses that the man demanded, and thanked heaven to see him depart satisfied.

My friend assures me that there will soon be another owner to select janitors for that flat.—New York Herald.

The Cosmopolitan.

I do not mean to imply that it is well for a man to become comparatively indifferent to his own nation. Travel has that effect upon some people, especially when for a term of years they reside abroad, and notably in southern Italy. It eats away their patriotism. They call themselves by that long name—cosmopolitan. They are not, they say, citizens of any one town or country in particular, but of the world at large.

This sounds very fine; but if you come to analyze their notions you will, I am afraid, generally discover that, so far from having got their sympathies enlarged to such a degree that they can feel for the Central African negro in his degradation, as much as they can feel for the Whitechapel toiler in his semi-starvation they have rather lost all sympathy for every one except fr themselves. "Cosmopolitan" is, in nu bers of instances, only "selfish" w large.—All the Year Round.

Began Studying on the Farm.

Dr. C. C. Abbott, the well known archæologist, began the study in which he made his reputation when he was a farmer near Trenton. His farm occupied a knoll overlooking the wide lowlands along the Delaware, where the Delaware Indians and their predecessors undoubtedly resorted in large numbers. From the river banks and from the plowed fields he gathered some 30,000 relics in clay, bone and stone, the product of the aborigines who once hunted, fished, camped and manufactured their implements and utensils there.

The larger part of his collections are in the Peabody museum, at Cambridge. His exhibits there number 27,000 pieces. Dr. Abbott has been appointed curator of the American Museum of Archæology connected with the University of Pennsylvania, and is now devoting his energy to this new museum, which already contains about 25,000 specimens. —New York Sun.

Calculating Machines.

"Come and let the machine tell your age," said one young girl to another as they waited for a train at the station.

"So you believe that, do you?" was the response. "I think you wouldn't if you took a second thought. You see there are springs and things to press, and you get certain results. It is a sort of calculating machine, and in reality you tell your own age. If you want any other date you can get it quite as easily by starting from any given day. If you are interested in reckoning machines, well and good, but don't be deluded into the belief that such a bit of mechanism has reasoning or other faculties and could tell you anything you didn't know yourself."—New York Ledger.

Never Omit That.

Dr. Pitter—Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient?

Dr. Paresis—No. Except in my bill, of course.—New York Epoch.

THE CHIBCHAS.

An Ancient People of South America About Whom Little Is Known.

The rich regions of the Aztecs were discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of Montezuma was already returning to Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru. In 1532 the empire of the Incas was entirely overthrown, while in 1536 there still existed, unknown to the world, upon the high tablelands of the eastern cordillera of the Andes an agricultural people composed of more than a million souls, possessing populous cities, fortified places and paved roads; an established priesthood with temples, altars and sacrifices; an organized, hereditary government and a standing army; an approximate computation of time and various industries, and no little intelligence in husbandry.

Over this growing civilization of the Chibchas the conquest swept like a hurricane, devastating villages, archives, manufactures and cultivated fields—dispersing the bones and annihilating the traditions of the miserable Indians. In the course of a few years they were deprived of their independence, their chiefs, their liberty and even of their language, at the hands of the most cruel, blind and persistent persecution; their very name was stricken from the catalogue of existing nations, their descendants were condemned to complete oblivion of their origin, while the antiquarian was left in the doubt and confusion of fabulous ages with respects to events which immediately preceded this epoch.

The hurriedly written narratives of the conquerors speak of the grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"—Bogota, so called because of the high edifices of its cities; of the extensive salt mines of Zipaquira; of the potteries of Tinjaca, and especially of the great riches, the golden decorations and the upright mummies covered with fine mantles, that were inclosed in the temple of Suamoz, the principal sanctuary of the Chibchas. Nor were these descriptions exaggerated.

In our day there have been found in ancient sepulchers the most delicate cotton fabrics, well preserved mummies, elaborately carved wooden articles of furniture, exquisite vases of baked earth, often imitating the human form and the figures of animals, and an infinite variety of golden ornaments and images. Beyond doubt the Chibchas had attained the third place in the civilization of aboriginal America; yet volumes have been written upon the Aztecs and Incas, while the name of this enlightened contemporary is almost unknown. They are said to have been denominated Chibchas because of the frequent recurrence of the syllables "chi" and "cha" in their tongue, but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or Moscas.

According to the distinguished historian Acosta, the term muisca merely signified "people" in their language, and mosca (Castilian for "fly") was probably a corruption of the former, or may have been applied to these Indians because of the great number that appeared before, and endeavored to stay the progress of the handful of Spaniards led by Quesada. As successful as Cortez or Pizarro, unlike them, this famous captain was never rewarded with the coveted marquisate of Spain, and has lacked the master hand of Prescott to portray the thrilling incidents of his no less remarkable conquest.—Lieut. H. R. Lemly in Century.

A Powerful Glass.

In one of the Confederate companies at Charleston there was a blue eyed young Englishman full of merriment and waggishness.

One of his tricks was to mimic pompous officers, who sometimes stalked around the forts with their gold mounted field glasses, in a way that would bring down the house if done on the stage in comedy.

He usually wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane in imitation of a field glass, and one day, after a long study of the enemy through the pretended magnifier, he dropped the instrument, leaped from the observatory where he stood and alighted among a crowd of men watching him from below.

His face was the picture of alarm, and when asked what the matter was he answered, hysterically:

"The matter? Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass that I became frightened and ran off."—Southern Bivouac.

Bees as Burglars.

It appears that the monarchies of bees, well governed as they seem to be, are afflicted, nevertheless, by organized criminal classes—sneak thieves and highway robbers. Some of these robber bees go in strong bands to pillage, and are able to storm and sack a hive. After the slaughter they carry all the provisions home. Some colonies of bees never work; they live entirely by robbery and murder.

There are also thieves who creep unperceived into strange hives to steal honey. If successful they return afterward with hordes of burglar bees, break open the honey safes and carry away the contents. But the most curious fact is that these bees can be artificially produced, according to Buchner, by feeding the larvæ upon honey mixed with brandy.—London Tit-Bits.

Pure Water Is Scarce.

Pure water is known only to the chemist, for all the ordinary kinds of water contain either gaseous, saline or organic matters. For chemical purposes water is obtained by distillation. —Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reason.

"My mamma's got whiter teeth than your mamma," said Allie.

"She'd oughter have. She changes 'em oftener," retorted Maudie.—New York Epoch.

What's in a Kiss.

A convict out in Ohio, in giving his wife a parting kiss, slipped into her mouth a note, telling her where some of his booty was hidden.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Daring Capture of a French General by a British Officer at Waterloo.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade major anxious for an adventure.

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve under a heavy fire from French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French general over here dead or alive. Who'll take the bet?" "Done, done, done!" shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then, shouting "Goodby," and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through.

Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At the instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle and throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him, but he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of killing the general.

Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns.

Amid the maddest cheering Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled and in reply to his congratulations of his comrades, said simply:

"Praise my horse, not me." The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.—Newcastle Chronicle.

A Preparation for the Bath.

Those who are troubled with offensive perspiration would do well when talking a bath to use a preparation made as follows: Take of soap powder and powdered borax each one-half ounce; essence of bergamot, six drams; oil of lemon and oil of neroli, of each two drams; oil of rosemary, thirty drops; attar of roses, five drops.

Or, if this is too expensive, the druggist can use the soap and borax and substitute cheaper perfumes. The oils should be well rubbed with these bases in a mortar and put into a bottle, which should be kept corked and in a cool place. One-half to one tablespoonful may be added to an ordinary bathtub full of water. This will be sufficient for cleanliness; at the same time it will prove an admirable deodorizer.—Boston Herald.

Spiders' Perseverance Not Appreciated.

Ever since the story of Robert Bruce and the spider that insect has been proverbially held up to view as an example of pertinacious skill. An attempt to establish instinct as a guide to reason is, however, a fallacy. The setting hen is an example of instinct, not maternal constancy. This perseverance of spiders may have been an encouragement to Robert Bruce, but it is often a discouragement in engineering work. In sinking plumb lines down shafts for middle headings in tunneling in order to obtain an alignment for the tunnel, the accuracy of the work is often seriously impaired by spiders attaching their webs to the lines and drawing them toward the walls, often with sufficient tension to introduce material errors in the position of the plumb bobs.—Cor. Engineering.

Bakers in London.

There are 14,000 bakers in London, of whom 5,000 are foreigners, mostly Germans. Foremen bakers get from five dollars to eight dollars a week, second hands from four dollars to five dollars a week, third hands from two dollars to three dollars a week. The hours of labor range from twelve to fifteen hours a day and on Saturdays from twenty to twenty-three hours. Most of the small bakers act as their own foremen.

The majority of the bakehouses are miserable underground cellars, overrun with roaches, mice and other vermin. The cellars are so ill ventilated and so unhealthy that the bakers are subject to a number of special diseases, all of which may be communicated to the consumers of the bread they make, for they are mostly diseases of the skin, and the bakers in these dens, as a rule, work stark naked from their waists up, and there is generally no accommodation of any kind for washing except in the kneading tubs.—New York Recorder.

The Prescience of Fame.

The prescience of fame is very infrequent. The village gazes in wonder at the return of the famous man who was born on the farm under the hill, and whose latent greatness nobody suspected; while the youth who printed verses in the corner of the county paper, and drew the fascinated glances of palpitating maidens in the meeting house, and seemed to the farmers to have associated himself at once with Shakespeare and Tupper and the great literary or "littery folks," never emerges from the poet's department in the paper in which unconsciously and forever he has been consigned. It would be a grim Puritan jest if that department had been named from the corner of the famous dead in Westminster abbey.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

In refreshing contrast to the man who lost a day's work because he bumped his head while getting up in the morning and thought he might have a headache if he didn't keep quiet, was a man up in Sprague's Mills, who fell as he was carrying a piece of timber about noon, but kept at work until time to go home at night, when he made the discovery that a bone in his leg was broken.—Lewiston

RELIGIOUS

HINTS FOR MISSION MEETINGS.

Methods That Will Make Them Attractive and Successful.

Prayers should be short and with some specific point. Do not undertake to cover the world in each petition; leave some section of it for some one else.

Interest in missions comes first from true love to the Saviour. Hence a mission meeting should be primarily a devotional meeting, with the special object of bringing souls into close communion with Christ.

Make a study of the history of mission work. Study the different phases through which it has passed. Find out the plans that were formed at the outset, then trace the changes that were made, and study the reasons for those changes.

It is not necessary to confine the Scripture reading to what are called distinctive missionary passages. Any portion that brings out the need of salvation, the joy and peace in believing, the glory of the sons of God, the accomplishment of the reign of Christ in the heart as well as among the nations, will be helpful.

In giving missionary information make thorough preparation. Learn all that can be learned as to the geography of the mission field, the character, habits, etc., of the people, but remember that information does not furnish the material of the talk. It simply insures against mistakes in the statement of mission work and gives illustrations of the need of the Gospel.

Make statements short. Except in very rare instances do not cover more than five or ten minutes, and give the items in your own language. In some cases a letter can be read, but as a rule a summary will be more valuable, as it then has some of the personality of the speaker. Follow each statement with a short prayer, making special reference by name to the places and persons mentioned.

Where the materials for special study are lacking, take the current missionary magazines, read the letters in them carefully in connection with the map and the encyclopedia, that the whole circumstances of the work may be clear in the mind. Follow the items in the daily papers whenever they touch upon mission fields, and see what bearing political movements have upon mission work —e. g., note the telegrams about recent disturbances in China, the war in Chili. —Independent.

A Prayer of George Lawson (1749–1820).

Almighty God, who canst give the light that in darkness shall make us glad, the life that in gloom shall make us joy, and the peace that amidst discord shall bring us quietness, let us live this day in that life and that peace, so that we may gain the victory over those things that press us down, and over the flesh that so often encumbers us, and over death that seemeth for a moment to win the victory. Thus we, being filled with inward peace, and light and life, may walk all the days of our mortal life, doing our work as the business of our Father, glorifying it because it is thy will, knowing that when thou givest, thou givest in love. So, with these inward thoughts, may we keep that divine light in the soul which shall enable us to set our spirits in order and walk in obedience and trust, not failing to look forward with great hope. Bestow upon us the greatest and last blessing, that we, being in thy presence, may be like unto thee forevermore. These things we do ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Christian Union.

Professor Sanders' Precepts.

Just over the desk of the late Professor Charles W. Sanders hung a card, headed "Hints." It contained:

Do not say anything you would not wish God to hear.

Do not engage in anything you would be unwilling God should see.

Do not write anything you would not wish God to read.

Do not go to any place where you would not desire God to find you.

Do not read anything which you know would not please God.

Do not spend any time in such a way as to prevent you from asking God's blessing upon it.

Do something every day that will make the world better, brighten some life, and make some one's future more hopeful.

In all things plan, think, act daily, for the glory of God and the welfare of men. So your life be a success both for time and eternity. "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them"—John xiii, 17.

Cheerful Christianity.

Cheerfulness becomes a Christian. Gratitude for the great salvation should fill him with joy. With the assurance of Christ's great love for him and all the blessed hopes he has for this life and that which is to come, he ought to abound in joy. If there is no jubilant emotion in our souls we need to examine ourselves. The absence of the joy of salvation comes from a lack of faith or because there is unrepented sin on the conscience.—Christian Inquirer.

Christ's Love.

When our Lord gave command to his disciples to love one another as he had loved them they must have known much of the intensity of affection they ought to possess for each other. The eleven could not comprehend fully the love which their Lord had for them, for it is a love that passeth knowledge, but they did know that he had loved them as none else ever had.—Christian Inquirer.

Let the Mind Settle.

The mind wants steadying and setting right many times a day. It resembles a compass placed on a rickety table—the least stir makes the needle swing around the point untrue. Let it settle, then, till it points aright. Be perfectly silent for a few moments, thinking of Jesus; there is almost a divine force in silence. Drop the thing that worries, that excites, that interests, that thwarts you; let it fall like a sediment to the bottom, until the soul is no longer turbid, and say, secretly, "Grant, I beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful servant pardon and peace, that I may be cleansed from all my sins and serve thee with a quiet mind."—Bishop Huntington.

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