DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 52. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1898. NO. 11.

KNOW ALL PEOPLE:

Desiring to deal in HARDWARE exclusively in the future, we begin today closing out at cost for the spot cash, our GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT. We need the two buildings entirely for our

HARDWARE BUSINESS,

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for Gents, Ladies and Children, including a brand new line of Allnutt & Moody's Fine Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Babies. We have a big lot of

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HARDWARE STORE IN DENTON;

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DENTON, MARYLAND.

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Handle Vegetables, Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME-TABLE.

BALTO. FERRY Westward.

		Arrive A. M.	Arrv. P. M.
	BALTIMORE	10 50	9 00
Leave A. M.	TO	Leave. A. M.	Leav. P. M.
8 15	QUEENST'N.	8 20	6 30

Railroad Division.

Leave. A. M.	STATIONS.	Arrive A. M.	Arrv. P. M.
8 50	Queenstown	8 15	5 15
f 8 58	Bloomingdale	f 8 10	f 5 07
f 9 07	Wye Mills	f 8 01	4 58
9 16	Willoughby	f 7 58	4 51
9 28	Queen Anne	7 50	4 39
9 31	Hillsboro	f 7 48	4 36
9 37	Downes	7 44	4 30
9 41	Tuckahoe	f 7 42	f 4 27
9 50	Denton	7 35	4 18
10 02	Hobbs	7 26	4 06
10 12	Hickman	7 17	3 55
f 10 17	Adamsville	f 7 13	f 3 49
f 10 23	Blanchard	f 7 08	f 3 43
10 33	Greenwood	7 00	3 33
f 10 44	Owens	f 6 52	f 3 21
f 10 48	Banning	f 6 48	f 3 17
f 10 54	Deputy	f 6 44	f 3 12
11 15	Ellendale	6 38	3 05
f 11 24	Wolfe	f 6 26	f 2 52
11 30	Milton	6 20	2 45
P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

CONNECTIONS.

Trains at Queen Anne with the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway from Easton Seaford, at 7.50 a. m., for Queenstown and Baltimore.

Trains at Greenwood with Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad for Seaford, Delmar, Salisbury, and points south, at 10.53 a. m., and for the same points, at 3.33 p. m., for Easton, Queenstown and Baltimore.

Trains at Ellendale with the Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad, at 8.05 a. m., for Georgetown, Lewes, Rehoboth Beach and Ocean City, and from these points, at 3.05 p. m., for Greenwood, Easton, Queenstown and Baltimore.

J. TROXEL, Gen. Manager. C. C. WALLER, Gen. Fr't & Pass. Agt.

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A full line of Millinery Goods, Dress Trimmings, Braids, Fancy Silks, Velvets &c., to please all. MISS SEWELL, an experienced trimmer from Baltimore, will have charge again.

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We are offering SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS in Dress Goods, in styles, quality and prices, having bought a large stock before the advance in woolen goods. You will also find a large line of

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Rooms by the Day or Week.

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Fall and Winter Schedule.

Beginning November 1st, 1897, the steamer Emma A. Ford, will leave Chestertown at 8 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Ralph's, Broker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Leave Baltimore 10.30 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for same landings.

Steamer Gratitude will leave Centreville 8 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at the landings on Corsica river, Jackson's Creek and Rock Hall. Leave Baltimore 10.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the same landings.

☞Special trip to Rock Hall and return on Saturday's only. Leave Baltimore 3 p. m., Leave Rock 5.15 p. m.

GEO. WARFIELD, President,
J. E. TAYLOR, General Agent

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

NORTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas. P. M.		SOUTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas. P. M.
6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 47
6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
8 36	3 37	Kenton,	9 48	5 56
8 45	3 46	Clayton	9 38	5 47
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Connect at Clayton with Delaware Division of P. W. & B. R. R.

H. F. KENNEY, General Sup't.
J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
R. L. HOLLIDAY, Superintendent.

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Good Ingrain Carpet, 29c. per yard. Heavy Brussels Carpet, 48c. per yard, for the asking, we mail you, free of all charges, our new Colored Carpet Catalogue, which shows all goods in Ribbons, in colors. You can make your selections as well as if you were here at the mill, and save from 40 to 60 per cent, profit you are paying your local dealer. If you will qualify samples of carpet, send 6c. in stamps. We also issue a general catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Range Flowers, etc., which we mail free of all charges.

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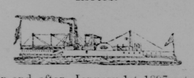

On and after January 1st, 1897, steamers will leave Pier 5 Light Street Wharf daily except Sundays at 7 p. m., for Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, Chancellor's, Secretary, Clark's, Choptank, Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Todd's, Downes', Towers', Williston, Tuckahoe Bridge, Reese's, Coward's, Covey's, Hillsboro and Queen Anne.

Arriving at Oxford the following morning in time for connection with the Delaware & Chesapeake R. R., and at Cambridge with the Cambridge & Seaford R. R.

Returning will leave Hillsboro, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays 10 a. m.; Covey's 10.50; Queen Anne 1 p. m.; Ganey's 1.30; Kingston 2.15; Dover Bridge 2.30; Choptank 4; Clark's 4.15; Secretary 4.30; Trappe 8.30 and Oxford 10, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's 7 a. m.; Williston, 8 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

Freight received until 5 p. m. daily for all landings.

E. E. WHEELER, Agent,
Pier 5 Light St., Baltimore.
B. B. COHEE, Agent at Williston.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic
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Arriving in Baltimore at about 5 o'clock next morning.

Returning, the steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light St. Wharf, at 7 o'clock p. m., daily, except Sunday, for all points named, and arriving at Easton about 3.00 a. m.; Oxford, 3.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 6.00 a. m.; East New Market, 7.00 a. m., and Denton at 11 o'clock a. m.

Connections at Easton, Oxford and Cambridge with railroads for all points.

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1898. THE SUN. 1898.

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IN EAST DENTON.

Grocery Department is filling up with fresh goods, and the prices are lowest. For instance:
GOOD COFFEE, 11 CTS.

Country Produce, including grain, taken in exchange for goods.

Wanted,
A good cook, who will be expected to lodge in house: good wages. Apply to
J. H. VAN GESEL,
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OVER A FIRST EDITION COPY OF LOVELACE.

[British museum reading room.]

The yellow half light shines within
On many a bulky quire.
Without the pavements roar with din
And reek with ooze and mire.

Sold at a bookshop called the Gun,
That stood in Ivie lane,
The page before me, soiled and dun,
Exhales both joy and pain.

Brooding upon those troublous times
In most bewitching wise
I see from out the courtly rhymes
The sweet Lucasta rise.

The brow no grief has writ upon,
The Saxon eyes sincere,
And all the winsome grace that won
The poet cavalier.

The voice—but hold! What voice is that?
'Tis Sylvia's, I aver!
A beauty in a Bond street hat
Who begs me go with her.

Who could withstand that tender touch,
Those glances that implore?
Dick Lovelace, though I love thee much,
Forsooth, I love her more!

—Clinton Scollard in Critic.

A DAKOTA HERO.

"Well, Jim, I don't know what you intend to do in the matter, but I guess it's time to strike."

"Strike what?" returned his companion, rather surlily.

"Look here," replied Eric, getting up from the table where he had been eating a scanty meal of bread and green tea, "you know well enough what I mean. That fellow has cumbered this claim of Peters long enough. Many's the talk you and I have had about it, and we agreed that if Peters didn't come back from Ontario mighty quick and make his title good we wouldn't be put off any longer. Peters is simply a speculator. He doesn't intend to settle, and he has put this old man Jacobs on his place to hoodwink the government. Besides, what good is Jacobs on it anyway? Peters is doing far too well at his trade ever to come back. Moreover, you may bet your bottom dollar on this—if we don't grab it, some one else will. But what's the use of talking to you? Whenever there's anything to be done you've no more go in you than an old mule."

At this outburst Jim exclaimed, somewhat angrily: "Well, I suppose it's got to be done. It's a disagreeable job anyway, and I never relished it. Peters is a fool or he might know that sooner or later some one would be sure to jump his claim, and, as for Jacobs, I don't care a candle end for him. He's a silent, surly dog, nothing neighborlike about him, and everlastingly prowling round the prairie searching for claim corner posts which don't exist. But if you're for acting we'd better get the thing over this very afternoon and have done with it."

This conversation took place in a small shanty in the state of Dakota. Both speakers were strong, heavily built and endowed with that endurance which comes to those inured to one of the coldest climates in the world. It was January, and the prairie was covered with snow 3 feet deep, save where the cutting wind had swept it into deeper hillocks, frozen hard enough to bear a horse and rider's weight. The prospect from the small window of the shack was not inviting, the monotonous level of the plain being broken here and there only by a few stunted willows and young poplars.

Not a house or sign of life was visible, except that now and then the still, sharp air was disturbed by a whirring circlet of snowbirds, sure forerunners in that region of a storm. Above, the afternoon sun shone brilliantly without imparting the slightest heat, and as its rays fell through the window they lighted up the small, miserable room where Jim Wade and Eric Edsen sat, the only contents of which were a large poplar wood bedstead, No. 8 cooking stove, with lids badly cracked, three chairs, an iron pot and a badly battered teakettle.

Having delivered himself of the above speech, Jim knocked the ashes out of his pipe and as he passed out of the door to saw more wood said:

"I guess you'd better hurry up, Eric, and saddle the mules. It will be as much as we can manage to get there and back before dark."

Thus enjoined, Eric, chuckling to think he had at last screwed up Jim to the sticking point, hurried out to the log stable behind the shanty, and hastily saddling the mules the two men rode off. They had about a mile and a half to ride along a track rendered smooth and beaten by the daily tramp of their mules to water. A quarter of a mile from where they left this trail they would come to another shanty similar to their own, roughly built of two layers of slabs with tar paper between, where lived, or rather existed, the man Jacobs.

He had been there some six months now, was old and feeble and apparently without money. He raised some potatoes for his own use and kept a few hens in an underground henhouse, which after infinite toil he had dug out. Peters, who owned the place, was working at his trade of blacksmith down in Ontario, and it was generally supposed that he kept Jacobs supplied in groceries on condition he would live on the place and keep off grabbers.

Edsen had long coveted this 160 acres which comprised Peters' homestead. But there was a certain unwritten code of honor in the district which opposed, on principle, the jumping of others' claims, and this had made Wade [illegible] about seizing it. Edsen, [illegible] such scruples. He [illegible] he waited till the disappearance of the snow and the spring immigration he would lose his chance. He accordingly resolved to turn the old man out neck and crop at once, whose existence he had already burdened with continual threats.

No word was spoken between the two men as they rode on in Indian file. The air, which had been intensely cold and still all day, began to grow warmer. At the same time an occasional gust of wind threw a cloud of fine snow against the mules' feet and then died away as quickly as it had come. It was getting dark, and increasing their pace they soon arrived at Jacobs' shanty. But the old man, who was standing outside splitting firewood, had seen them coming a long way off, their mounted figures standing boldly outlined against an ominous bank of clouds which the setting sun was now staining to a lurid red. Eric, making Jim a sign to hold his tongue, hailed the old man thus:

"How long before Peters comes back, Jacobs?"

"That I cannot just say for certain."

"I suppose you know that he has already been off his place more than six months right along?"

"Aye, I guess maybe he has."

"I suppose, then, you know that Peters has forfeited his place under the homestead act?"

"Well, as to that, I can't say. I'm here to hold it for him, being, you see, a kind of chum, and I guess he's as good a right to it as any one, seeing he's done improvements on it."

"That doesn't count for nothing unless he lives on it," retorted Edsen, "and, besides, my pal here" (pointing to Jim, who, with sheepish face, was beating his mitts together to keep the blood circulating), "wants this place, and he's going to have it, so you'd better turn out inside of 24 hours, or we'll make the place too hot to hold you. Do you hear?"

"Aye, I hear you, Eric Edsen," replied the old man, his eyes kindling, and grasping his ax a trifle more firmly. "You've threatened before now, but I'm here still, and if you want the claim you'll have to take it by force over my dead body, for I swore to my chum that I'd hold it, and I'll keep my oath if I die for it."

"We'll see about that," hissed Edsen through his teeth. "We'll burn you out, shack and all, bundle of useless bones that you are, if you're not out of here by this time tomorrow."

Then he called to Jim: "Come on. It's waste of time talking. Looks as if we were in for a baddish night, and our flour all but out. I hope Serge will get back from Grand Forks tomorrow or we'll be in a tight fix."

Wheeling his mule, and turning in the Mexican saddle to shake his fist at the old man, he shouted back, "I've warned you square enough; this time tomorrow," and both putting their mules into a gallop they rapidly disappeared in the fast falling darkness.

The old man slowly gathered up his wood in little bundles and carried them in, shut his door tight, replenished the stove and sat down. So this was the end of it all, he sadly thought, the end of all the lonely life he had led. Tomorrow he would have to fight for his home, perhaps his life, or abandon everything.

He rapidly considered. From the look of the sky, one of Dakota's terrible blizzards was threatening. If he decided to leave, he would have to tramp five miles to reach the nearest shelter; his clothing was poor, quite inadequate for such a journey even in calm weather, much less in a storm. There was no trail; the temperature was 25 degrees below zero, but then, if he dare not venture out, neither dare they; the coming storm would keep them at home too. This slight gleam of hope encouraged him.

He rose and opened the door, but a furious gust drove him in again. The sun had now sunk and the bank of clouds had rapidly spread eastward. Mechanically he looked at his wood pile. Thank God, he had enough, at any rate, and lots of flour too. He couldn't freeze or starve as long as he staid where he was. He quickly shut the door, threw on some red willow to raise a hot fire and made himself a strong brew of tea.

Outside the wind was steadily rising. It ceased to come in gusts now, but howled ominously round the old shack, now and again lifting and rattling the ragged edges of loose tar paper on the roof. The old man, sitting and musing by the stove, suddenly started, and muttered to himself excitedly, "Aye, aye, that's what he said, you bet your life, and he'll never get through in time."

The strong tea seemed to invigorate him. His eyes flashed, he could see the solution of his trouble, and there would be no need to move a step either. Just let things alone. Why not? It would be absurd to do anything else. What else? He laughed aloud. There was nothing else, he repeated to himself, as if he found comfort in it.

Taking his blankets, he spread them on his camp bed, and, cramming the fire box of the stove, lay down. But he did not sleep. Long practice had enabled him to do no more than doze. He knew he must keep the stove alight if he was to keep himself alive, lying still in that wretched shack. All night the [illegible] in violence, and [illegible] was literally blotted out.

The blizzard had come. During all that day the old man kept close, never even going outside to saw wood. He had enough cut for 24 hours; perhaps the weather would moderate then. He shuddered at the thought of what moderate weather might bring for him, and drew closer still to the small, miserable stove. The clock on the wall seemed to him to tick monotonously on: "What then? What then? What then?" He closed his ears to shut it out, but still he could hear its diabolical insinuation eating into his very soul.

Toward night the storm reached its height. It had already raged 36 hours, and the old man smiled to himself as he reflected that more than 24 hours had already gone since the threat had been made. He passed another restless night, and with break of dawn looked out. The storm was evidently moderating, but the cold was becoming more intense. Through that morning he walked up and down incessantly, as if irresolute from some great and terrible inward struggle. At last, seizing a bag, he hastily threw into it a lot of flour and a hunch of pork, tied it around his body with rope, then wrapping his blankets round him he strapped them firmly on, incased his hands in his well worn buckskin mitts and as though not daring to weaken his resolve by waiting swiftly opened and closed his door and vanished in the gradually abating storm.

It was 1 in the afternoon. During all this time Edsen and Wade had waited in vain for Serge's return from Grand Forks. Either he had not started, fearing the storm, or if he had started he was by this time assuredly lost. Their flour had been out now two days, they had not even a pinch of tobacco, and the cold, from insufficient banking outside, penetrated the unevenly laid floor.

Selfish as Edsen's nature was, his one redeeming trait was his affection for Jim, and when he saw him now lying on the bed, abandoning all hope with the burning cold and want of food, his distress was great. Stealing quietly to a shelf, he took down a large crust, his own share of their final meal, which he had kept as a last resource, stinting himself if happily he might save his friend. He moistened this now in snow water and held it to Jim's lips, trying to force him to take it and encouraging him in every way to keep up his pluck, as the storm was clearing off and help would come.

Glancing at the clock he saw it was close on 2. As he turned to support Jim, who was becoming unconscious, he thought he heard a crunching sound outside the door as of a heavy body on the snow. He listened. The same sound again, and this time a low moan. Eric tore open the door, only to see, not five yards off, a huddled form crawling on hands and feet. It was not ten seconds and Eric had the form inside and the door closed. He shook the powdered snow from the blanketed figure, which lay silent and quite still. He looked into the face and an awful cry broke from his lips which brought Jim to his feet.

Gently now Eric loosened the sack from the body and chafed the helpless hands with snow. They were frozen hard as stones. The figure muttered something, and Eric, stooping down, heard these words, "Not—far—now—warmer—warmer." The words died on the trembling lips, the true brown eyes opened wide in a vacant stare, the head fell back. He was dead, and nothing was now heard but the vain sobbing of the two land grabbers in the shack and over it the wail of the dying blizzard chanting the hero's dirge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Indian Professional Dyers.

The number of professional dyers in India is fast diminishing. Aniline dyes and cheap European goods are killing their trade. They are being compelled to turn their attention to new handicrafts, just as French competition and the vagaries of fashion caused the ribbon makers of Coventry to seek a new livelihood in the manufacture of bicycles. Aniline dyes have made every man his own dyer. Formerly the complicated processes by which indigenous dyes were prepared made the dyer a specialist.

Nowadays anybody can dissolve the chemical powders sent out from Europe and color his own clothes. The aniline dyes are more brilliant, and, to the native, they have the superlative merit of cheapness. They are not so fast, and they lack the delicacy of color which, judging by the specimens annexed to the monograph, distinguish the Indian dyes, but their gaudiness makes them more popular and so the fate of the native dyer is sealed. Silk dyeing, cotton dyeing, and carpet dyeing are all declining. The fault, it should be added, is to some extent due to the conservatism of the native dyers themselves. They persistently adhere to their crude methods of preparing their dyes, and show a lamentable lack of ingenuity in preparing new designs.—Bengal Government Report.

Indisputable.

"I don't know about the feasibility of the single tax."

"Why, man, it covers the whole ground."—Indianapolis Journal.

FLED ON A MATTRESS.

The Experience of a Chicago Man at the Great Fire.

Justice John K. Prindiville had the experience of being carried through the city on a mattress, as at the time of the fire he was unable to walk. The Prindiville residence stood, in the days before the fire, at the intersection of Chicago avenue and State street. It was a spacious house, in the center of a large yard, and was in what was then the most fashionable residence district of Chicago. A fall in a gymnasium some three weeks before the fire had left Justice Prindiville a cripple for the time being, and he was confined to his bed.

"Late Sunday night a friend of the family came to the house," said the justice, "and called my father to one side, telling him that the city was burning up. My six brothers told me as soon as they were dressed not to worry, as there were enough of them to care for me. I assured them I was not fretting, and while they made preparations to move me to a place of safety I, from my sick room window, could see the reflection of the fire, then just beginning to get under way on the South Side. Father sent one of the boys to Wright's livery barn, at State and Kinzie streets, where our horses were kept, to get them and the carriages, which he intended to use in moving my mother, who was still ill, and myself as well as what property he could save.

"It so happened," continued Justice Prindiville, "that Wright's barn was the first building to burn on the North Side. When it was learned by the other boys that our horses were gone, one of them went out and in some manner got possession of an old express wagon. I don't know how he did it, but I have always thought he must have turned burglar for the nonce, as vehicles of all descriptions were then at a premium. They started to carry me out of the house on a mattress. The front door was too narrow, and they had to improvise a stretcher from a sheet. I remember that it was just at daylight Monday morning, and I was calmly smoking my pipe. The annoyed father, who told me to stop smoking, for fear I would set the house on fire. Four hours afterward the whole building was a smoldering mass of rubbish.

"Three of the brothers pulled the wagon, for want of a horse, was taken to [illegible] street [illegible] property. [illegible] hours I tossed about [illegible] of that wagon, unable to [illegible] a steady stream of excited [illegible] many cases frantic people poured past me, seeking shelter in Lincoln park. Many of them put things into the wagon and asked me to watch them. One man had three dishpans, and another some valuable oil paintings. A woman ran by, I distinctly remember, with a big billy goat clasped in her arms, and a little girl left a cat in my charge. All the property I threw out of the wagon, but I kept the cat.

"Somewhere one of the boys hired a truck with a team, got my mother and came where I was and took us to St. Joseph's hospital. We were left there, and the boys and father hurried back to save all they could from the house. They took the family silverware and other valuables to the beach at Lincoln park and buried them in the sand. As far as we have been able to learn up to the present time, the property is still in the sand.

"Late Monday night it was feared on all sides that the fire would come as far north as the hospital. The scene in the institution when the sick and injured learned of the new fear I will never forget. Mother and I were not worried, for we knew father and the boys would come for us, but the friendless and poor patients were in a frenzy of fear, many of them giving up to despair. Prayers and curses were mingled, and more than one unfortunate, unable to help himself, tried to crawl away.

"Father did come for us, and we were taken to the home of friends on Warren avenue, out of the path of the fire. The hospital was not burned, but the excitement there I will always remember."—Chicago News.

Jackson and Benton.

The great statesman, Thomas H. Benton, when a young man was a famous brawler. Benton's brother in 1813 had a difficulty with General Carroll. General Jackson, General Coffee and another friend on one side and the Benton brothers on the other met in a tavern at Nashville, and the Benton-Carroll fight being the subject of conversation, soon led to another, in which Jackson was shot and Thomas Benton pitched headlong down stairs. This, however, did not seriously interfere with the strong friendship between Jackson and Benton.

Too Great a Risk.

"I wouldn't wear my hair down over my ears for anything."

"Don't you admire the fashion?"

"Yes, but suppose some man should propose and I didn't hear him?"—Chicago Record.

One Kind of Klondike.

Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now, is a regular Klondike.

Tom—That so? Rich?

Jack—Yes. Also cold and distant.—Chicago News.

Stockholders' Meeting.
Stockholders of The Alliance Preserving Company are hereby notified that the annual meeting will be held at the office of said Company, TUESDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1898, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m., to elect superintendent and board of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of other important business.
W. A. WILSON, Pres.
H. W. HYNSON, Sec'y.

Farms Wanted.
Have purchasers ready for cheap farms. Anyone desiring to sell, send particulars and lowest price to
HEVERIN COTTE",
209 S. 6th, Phila.

Money to Loan.
$14,000 to loan on first mortgage.
WILMER EMORY, Attorney,
1620 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Examiners' Notice.
The undersigned, having been appointed by the county commissioners of Caroline county to examine and lay down a new county road in the Eighth Election District of Caroline county, beginning at Fowling Creek Wharf, and running thro' the lands of C. H. Todd, Walter Todd and C. M. Pepper, until it intersects the road from Williston to Fowling Creek, opposite C. H. Todd's gate, and to run down the old lane between Walter Todd and C. M. Pepper, hereby give notice that they will meet at the said point of beginning on SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of executing their commission.
The county surveyor will please attend without further notice.
WILLIAM H. DEEN,
WILLIAM F. LIDEN,
FRANCIS S. TODD,
December 25, 1897. Examiners.