DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL 53. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1899. NO. 23.

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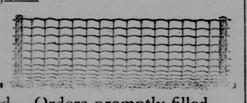

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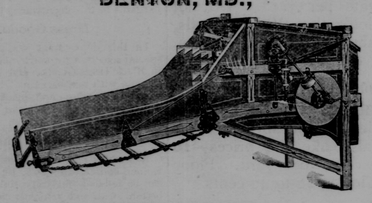

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. & M., $1.45 per gallon. Mixed with a proper amount of oil, it costs but $1.10 per gallon. "CLIMAX," tinted, 6 cents per pound. When properly mixed with oil, it costs less than $1.00 per gallon.

FULL LINE OF PAINTERS' GOODS.

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At the Sign of the Crystal Globe.

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offers extraordinary inducements in all departments. You can buy a good, serviceable Suit for $5, a neat and dressy Suit for $7.50 and a high-class, stylish and form-fitting Suit for $10. These prices are just about half value. THE GLOBE also offers phenominally low prices in

BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

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Juvenile Furnishings.

When you visit Baltimore make The Globe your headquarters. Look for the sign of Crystal Globe at our door.

The Globe

8 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, 3 DOORS FROM CHARLES, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Spedden's Cash Store.

The most successful merchant today is he who can offer the greatest inducements to those who buy and consume, and, in order to do this, he must buy as cheap, if not for less than his competitor. As capital is now combining to control the prices of all commodities, the ultimate effect of which must be that all goods, in the near future, will be bought for cash, and he who has his capital on his books will be placed at a great disadvantage, and will, as a natural consequence, be forced out of business. The truth of the axiom,

"No Friendship in Trade,"

was never more apparent than now. With the knowledge of this fact, and that the masses who have cash in hand go where they can buy the cheapest, I have concluded to adopt the CASH SYSTEM in my business and all goods in the future —beginning April 1st, proximo—will be sold

STRICTLY FOR CASH.

My motto is:

"Cannot Be Undersold."

A trial is solicited that I may convince you of the truth of the same.

My stock is new and fresh and consists of Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Etc., Etc.

Cash or goods given in exchange for Country Produce.

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Queen Anne, Md., March 21, 1899.

A gallon of PURE LINSEED OIL mixed with a gallon of

Hammar Paint $1.20 per gallon

makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD for $2.40 or

Saves 25 per cent

of your paint bill. Is FAR MORE DURABLE than Pure WHITE LEAD and is ABSOLUTELY NOT POISONOUS. HAMMAR PAINT is made of the BEST OF PAINT MATERIALS—such as all good painters use, and is ground THICK, VERY THICK. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the COMMON SENSE OF HOUSE PAINT. NO BETTER paint can be made at ANY cost, and is

Guaranteed 5 years

NOT TO CRACK, BLISTER, PEEL OR CHIP.

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Sold and guaranteed by

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Estab. 1872.

THIS IS THE ONLY SCALE 5 TON. $60.

RELIABLE, ACCURATE, DURABLE. BEAMBOX-BRASS-BEAM-IRON-LEVERS.

ADDRESS, JONES. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT FOR TERMS.

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Is your Home, Furniture, Grain, Live Stock, or other Property Insured Against Loss by

FIRE OR LIGHTNING?

If not, if you will apply to one of the Agents of the

Kent Co. Mutual Insurance Co

OF DOVER, DEL

you can obtain insurance at low rates. The Company is Mutual, and you will only pay what the insurance costs, as any amount in

Excess of Cost Will be Returned in Dividends

or at termination of policy.

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CHARLES H. SHIELDS,

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LIVERY, FEED AND EXCHANGE Stables.

Rates invariably low. Horses bought and sold. The patronage of the public solicited.

Paying Double Prices

Price, $18.75.

for everything is not pleasant, is it? But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a $50.00 Bicycle for $18.75? Catalogue No. 59 tells all about Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos.

What do you think of a fine suit of Clothing, made-to-your-measure, guaranteed to fit and *express paid* to your station for $5.50? Catalogue No. 57 shows 32 samples of clothing and shows many bargains in Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

Lithographed Catalogue No. 47 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. *We pay Freight*, sew carpets free, and furnish lining without charge.

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dry-air Family Refrigerator for $3.95? It is but one of over 8000 bargains contained in our General Catalogue of Furniture and Household Goods.

Price, $3.95

We save you from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything. Why buy at retail when you know of us? Which catalogue do you want? Address this way,

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 909.

REMORSE.

Red lips that dumbly quiver for his kiss
And now but fondly touch his graveyard stone—
Ah, lips he loved of old, remember this,
He had not died if he had only known!
—Arthur J. Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

SHE SANG FOR DEATH.

The Pathos and Tragedy of Emma Abbott's Passing Away.

One night in the city of Denver, located at the foot and in plain view of the Rocky mountains, Emma Abbott was billed to appear in "Faust." In the same city a most attractive and beautiful 18-year-old girl, belonging to one of the wealthiest families, lay in the last stages of that fell enemy of the human race—consumption. Some weeks before the arrival of the company she said to those around her: "Oh, I hope the sun will shine and the weather will be warm and genial, so I can hear Miss Abbott sing once more. I think I could then pass away peacefully and without one single regret." But there came with the queen of the lyric stage a northern hurricane—with the very air charged with icicles, which penetrated the lungs. Some one told Miss Abbott of the grievous disappointment of the dying girl. She went to the opera house and never sang more sweetly, and as soon as it was over and the audience dismissed called her carriage and directed it to drive to the home of the young lady.

The scene which followed was worthy of the finest brush ever wielded by the grand old masters. There lay the dying earth angel, with pallid lips, hectic cheeks and lustrous eyes and the light of immortal beauty shining upon her face. Standing beside her, in one of her richest robes (the one she had worn that night), sparkling with pearls, rubies and diamonds, stood the almost divine mistress of earthly melody.

The first piece rendered was "The Old Folks at Home," and then followed "I Know My Redeemer Liveth." The finale of this weird scene was "Rock of Ages Cleft For Me. Let Me Hide Myself In Thee." And then Miss Abbott bent over the frail form and kissed her an eternal farewell. Soon after the spirit passed into the wild winds which rang through the wild mountains near by—set sail for that haven from which the first homeward bound bark is yet to be seen—the stainless soul wafted to the stainless heavens by the sweetest music ever heard on earth—into the melodies of paradise birds.

Miss Abbott returned to her room at the hotel and retired. Some time during the night she awoke with a pain in the left lung. It rapidly grew worse. A physician was summoned. Then another, and another, who applied every remedy they could command. All to no purpose. It was typhoid pneumonia in its worst form. The black camel was kneeling at her door. Angels of the heavenly choir had that night listened to her voice in the sickroom and sent for her to come home to them.

In three days that voice which had so often raised the souls of men and women to the noblest, the grandest heights in holy ecstasy, was forever stilled in death—gone forth into—the night.

So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.
—H. C. Stevenson in Atlanta Constitution.

GERMAN MILITARY SERVICE.

A Curious Method by Which It May Be Avoided.

Anybody can emigrate from Germany before he is 17 years old without running the risk, in case he should return, of being forced to join the army, but he will be allowed to remain only nine months in Germany. If he stays longer he becomes again a German citizen and must do military service. If he leaves when he has been a little less than nine months in the country and stays away for two or three weeks he can return without running any danger and can stay another nine months. If he does this every nine months he can live as long as he likes in Germany.

As soon as a man is 17 years old he cannot leave Germany without serving in the army. He can, however, get permission to leave the country until he is 20 years old if somebody is willing to give bond that he will return and serve his term.

In case a man forfeits his bond he cannot return to his fatherland before he is 45 years old, as he would be promptly arrested and sentenced to serve a longer term than the original one. After a man is 45 years old he can go back to Germany without being punished and live there as long as he likes.

In case a deserter is caught in Germany before he is 45 years old he is sentenced to two or three years' imprisonment in a fortress and all his personal property is confiscated. — New York Herald.

A Useless Wish.

"Oh," sighed the poetic lady, "had I the wings of a bird!"

"Don't!" protested her husband. "Don't wish for the wings of a bird. If you had them, some other woman would probably be wearing them on her hat before the season is over."—Washington Star.

NEWS IN OLDEN DAYS.

CUSTOMS IN VOGUE BEFORE THE ERA OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Latter Trace Their Origin to Rome Long Before the Christian Era—The Paper That Was Published by Queen Elizabeth.

The germ of newspapers is found in ancient Rome. The government some two centuries previous to the Christian era is known to have promulgated its edicts by means of written papers affixed to pillars. Nor was there much difference between the style of these acta diurnia, as they were termed, and that which now prevails further than that the former were more brief and simple and deficient in introductory phrases and the editorial "we." They generally gave the news or occurrence in simply indicative sentences without introduction or comment of any kind.

Most of these acta which have been preserved are found to mention but one or two events. They are headed with the date in Roman fashion and the name of the then consul and paragraphs such as the following formed the staple: "It thundered, and an oak was struck with lightning on that part of Mount Palatine called Summa Vevia, early in the afternoon." "Murena, the consul, sacrificed early in the morning in the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and afterward assembled the senate in Pompey's senate house." "C. Cæsar set out for his government in farther Spain, having long been detained by his creditors."

It is hardly possible for us now, with all the lights of science around and the shoals of newspapers with which we are supplied, to form a proper notion of the darkness which, for want of these, involved the masses of the people for many centuries after the fall of the Roman empire. We are told that the crusaders were so ignorant of geography that at every town they approached in central Europe they inquired if it was Jerusalem. When they at length reached their destination, their exploits would have remained unknown for years to their relatives and friends at home had not at times some few straggling pilgrims found their way back to the west. Even bad news in those days could not, contrary to the proverb, travel fast. Every little community must then have lived much within itself.

It was not until the sixteenth century that anything at all approaching even to the scanty Roman acta diurnia can be found to have revived in the modern world. The war which the Venetian republic waged against the Turks gave rise in 1563 to the custom of communicating the military and commercial information in Venice by written sheets, notizie scritee, to be read in a particular place to those desirous of hearing the news, who paid for this privilege with a coin no longer in use, called gazzetta, a name which came in time to be applied to the news sheet itself both in Italy and France and subsequently in England, when this mode of imparting news came into use.

The Venetian government eventually gave these announcements in a regular manner once a month, but they were too jealous to allow them to be printed. Only a few written copies were transmitted to such as subscribed and paid for them. Thirty volumes of these valuable manuscript newspapers exist in the Maglia Bechian library at Florence. About the same time advertising wants commenced, the father of Montaigne, the celebrated essayist, being credited with the suggestion for making the wants of individuals known to the public in France. These were received at offices established for the purpose and were first posted on the walls of public places, receiving the names of affiches. In time this led to a systematic and periodic publication in sheets. These were termed affiches in consequence of their contents being originally fixed up as placards, though the word itself is French for advertisement.

It is to England as represented by Queen Elizabeth that the honor of commencing printed sheets of public intelligence is to be ascribed. When the Spanish armada threatened an invasion of this country, that sage queen, remarking the disadvantage of the vague and alarming rumors which circulated everywhere, resolved to inform her people truly of the impending dangers. She began to publish from time to time a sheet bearing the following title "The English Mercuire, published by authoritie, for the contradiction of false reports." Of this publication three copies are preserved in the British museum, the earliest, No. 50, bearing date July 23, 1588. The first article, dated from Whitehall, contains advices from Sir Francis Walsingham that the armada was seen in the channel, making for the entrance, with a favorable gale. An account is then given of her majesty's fleet, which consisted of 80 sail, divided into four squadrons, commanded by the lord high admiral, in the Ark Royal, Sir Francis Drake and Admirals Hawkins and Frobisher. Under the head, "London," there is an account of an interview which the mayor and corporation had on the previous day with her majesty, for the purpose of assuring her of the resolution to stand by her with their lives and fortunes to the last. Under the same head appears the following paragraph: "Yesterday the Scotch ambassador had a private audience of her majestie, and delivered a letter containing the most cordial assurances of adhering to her majestie's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion, and the younge king, James VIth, said to her majestie's minister at his court that all the favour he expected of the Spaniards was the courtesie of Polyphemus to Ulysses, that he should be devoured to the last." We wonder what would be thought of embassadors in these days if they interlarded their oral communications with such classical references!

The doctor hurried in and called the druggist to one side.

"I've just been called to attend the Croesus baby," he said, "and I've given a prescription that calls for nothing but paregoric. When they send it over here, you must tell them it will take at least an hour to put it up and the cost will be $3.50. That's the only way to make them think I'm any good, the medicine's any good and you're any good, and I want to keep their business."—Chicago Post.

HIS FIRST THIMBLE.

Inventor John Lofting Made a Fortune From It 200 Years Ago.

"There is a rich family named Lofting in England," said a dealer in fancy articles, "the fortune of whose house was founded by so apparently insignificant a little thing as the thimble.

"The first thimbles seen in England were made in London less than 200 years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting.

"The usefulness of the article recommended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune and great fame in the manufacture of the new accessory to the needleworker's art.

"The implement was then called the thumb bell and was worn on the thumb.

"The clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, but when and why the name thimble was given the article do not appear.

"Lofting's thimbles, and, in fact, all thimbles, were made of either iron or brass, and specimens of them extant, many of which are preserved as heirlooms, are crude and clumsy looking things compared with the commonest thimbles of today, although their cost was many times as much.

"Today gold, silver, iron, ivory, steel, sometimes glass and even pearl and celluloid are utilized in making thimbles. Since art needlework became fashionable thimbles of elaborate workmanship and great value, to accompany the rich and costly implements and materials wealthy needleworkers affect, have found a large sale.

"Solid gold thimbles, carved and frequently set with diamonds, have been found none too good for some people. Thimbles made to order, with the monogram or initials of the person for whom they are intended set in precious stones, are not by any means unknown."—Philadelphia Press.

HE ATE THE SOAP.

Garland Would Have Swallowed It If It Had Killed Him.

The late Augustus H. Garland, who was attorney general under President Cleveland, was very fond of practical jokes and during his term of service in the senate frequently turned the laugh on his colleagues. Senators Voorhees and Vest, with whom he was very friendly, finally determined to turn the tables. Mr. Garland had a habit, like Voorhees, of munching candy, and Vest and Voorhees made it up between them to take advantage of his fondness for sweets to play their trick. They had some tempting looking chocolate caramels prepared, with the interior filled with brown soap. These they took to the senate chamber and Voorhees placed them on his desk. The lid being off when Mr. Garland sauntered down the aisle he noticed them at once.

"What have you there, Dan?" he inquired.

Voorhees looked up carelessly from his writing and responded: "Caramels. Help yourself."

Garland needed no second invitation and, picking up two or three, placed one in his mouth. Steadily he chewed away, his face betraying no sign of the conflict within him. This alarmed Voorhees, who went to Vest's desk and said:

"He's eating them, Vest! What shall we do? The stuff will kill him sure!"

Senator Vest replied that it could do no more than make him sick. Garland swallowed the stuff, although he was foaming at the mouth from the soapsuds. He related the incident afterward with great gusto and said he would have swallowed it if it had killed him. —New York Sun.

Strengthening Weak Eyes.

What is said to be an excellent lotion for strengthening weak eyes is as follows: Four teaspoonfuls of boracic powder and a pint of boiling water. Put the powder in a jug and pour the water over it. Stir until quite dissolved, then put the solution into a bottle and keep well corked until required. When required, add a little boiling water to an eggcupful, with or without the addition of two teaspoonfuls of laurel or elder flower water, and bathe the eyes frequently with this, using a soft rag or fine sponge for the purpose.—New York Tribune.

Insect Notes.

The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound. When the movements are rapid, a noise is produced which increases with the number of vibrations. Thus the house fly, which produces the sound of F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute or 335 times a second, and the bee, which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,400 times or 440 times a second. A tired bee hums on E, and, therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times a second.

The Whale Cure For Rheumatism.

It is said that in Australia there is a hotel where rheumatic patients congregate. Whenever a whale has been taken the patients are rowed over to the works in which the animal is cut up, the whalers dig a narrow grave in the body, and in this the patient lies for two hours, as in a Turkish bath, the decomposing blubber of the whale closing round his body and acting as a huge poultice. This is known as the whale cure for rheumatism.

A Bill a Berry.

Crimsonbeak—Our government always seems to do the right thing at the right time.

Yeast—What has it done now?

"Why, it has issued the new series of $1 bills just as the first southern strawberries have reached our markets."—Yonkers Statesman.

Righted.

Fuzzy—I hear your minister is a mycologist.

Wuzzy—Well, you have heard wrong. He is a Calvinist.—New York Tribune.

Very general damage to peach orchards in consequence of the February cold wave is reported.

A Witty Gallery God.

At a performance of "Faust" in Cork, Ireland, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the trapdoor was too small to permit his descent to the infernal regions, and all of his person above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, exclaimed, "Begorra, the place is full!"

TIBBS WAS ELECTED.

THE FLIGHT OF ORATORY THAT WON HIM A PAGESHIP.

Jimmie Was Not Bashful, and His Early Call on Senator Eldridge Gave That Gentleman an Inspiration In Words That Carried the Day.

Below is printed the noted speech of Senator Eldridge of Shelby in nominating Jimmie Tibbs, the Nashville newsboy, to be page of the senate. Senator Eldridge had made the newsboy's cause his own, though the little fellow came to him unknown, with no stronger supplicancy than the boy's frail yet energetic appearance. Senator Eldridge had notified the senate that the man who voted against Tibbs voted against the senator from Shelby, and the sweetness of revenge would come when the opposing voter wanted the senator's support on a local bill. The speech was as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, I nominate for page Jim Tibbs of Davidson county. There can be no ulterior motive ascribed to this nomination, no railroad passes, no champagne suppers, no political pulls. I come from the muddy Mississippi river and Mr. Tibbs from the misty mountain tops of middle Tennessee. Mr. Tibbs has seen ten summers, but many, many winters have shed their snow on his sunny head. His freckled, anxious face is standing there gazing at me now. He is locking up now, but for nearly all his life he has looked down as he has shined the big feet of small men.

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Tibbs is not here as a supplicant for pity or sympathy. Mr. Tibbs is a man and the head of a family. Mr. Tibbs has met the dizzy, sinsick world and won out. He has not become as dizzy or as sick as you and I, and, therefore, I will not refer to the humble home of Mr. Tibbs or the old mother who, no doubt, is on her knees praying to Almighty God for Mr. Tibbs. I will not refer to the paralyzed brother who, like myself, knows that Mr. Tibbs cannot fail. But somehow I feel cold when I think of that snowstorm out yonder and how it must rattle the curtainless windows of Mr. Tibbs' residence. And, Mr. Speaker, I somehow do wish that the mother of Mr. Tibbs would kindly mention this great senate in that prayer, for, if she did, I believe it would suit its constituents better, and we would come nearer coming back next time.

"Mr. Tibbs, like myself, has been blown into this senate by the sublimity of luck. Destiny chooses her disciples with unerring aim, and those who oppose Mr. Tibbs are fighting God. I will tell you why I think this. I am stopping at the Tulane hotel, by the faith of the host thereof. My wife and baby are with me there. Yesterday morning I had been up very early discussing the question of a new constitution for myself and my state.

"At 6 in the morning Sarah was softly humming to the teething baby, rocking him back to rest, to sleep and to forgetfulness, which is the only rest. The old refrain rose and fell as the nodding of a flower:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And softly breathe my life out there.

"Knock! knock! 'Come in,' I angrily said, expecting a bellboy.

"Mr. Tibbs appeared. He came to the bed and said: 'Senator, I am named Tibbs, and I want to be page of the senate. I want you to make the rest of them vote for me, please sir.'

"'Mr. Tibbs,' I replied, 'does it not occur to you that you are crowding me somewhat? Don't you think for the kind of a day and the time of day that your visit is not the proper thing?'

"'Well, it is good daylight,' he said, 'and I have been up some time.'

"'Yes, sir, all men should be ready for business by this time,' was my rejoinder, 'but why do you come to me and how did you find me?'

"'I saw you in the Climax saloon yesterday, and Mr. Maddin, the barkeeper, said you were a senator,' came the unhesitating answer.

"I quickly glanced at my wife, the rocking had stopped, and the baby, hearing a strange voice, had ceased his complaint and was sitting up, looking like a jack rabbit in a bed of lilies, all eyes and ears.

"I said, 'Mr. Tibbs, I must ask you to excuse me, I will call on you later.'

"'Yes, sir, I will see you,' he replied, and went away.

"Sarah turned her head and said, 'Will, I am for Tibbs.'

"Mr. Speaker, I arose and raised the curtain of the window. The east seemed flecked with a swarm of golden bees; the sun, that had been away, was knocking at the front door of this planet. Sir, who can tell of the systems and cycles he had smiled upon, of his unspeakable glory and sublimity? The light of this sun will fade by and by. At one time it was born, at one time it must surely die, but, sir, the fire I had seen in the eyes of Jimmie Tibbs will not die. It is older than the sun. It has stood floods of storm and wrath that would quench that sun. One is of today, but the faith, the courage and the hope of Tibbs make us dream again of the immortality of the soul."

Tibbs was elected.—Nashville American.

Neglected Poe.

According to the English papers, Austin Dobson is accredited with the following lines, written in a copy of the works of Edgar Allan Poe:

I wonder when America will know
That much her greatest bard is Edgar Poe!
I say this reminiscent and defiant
Of Boker, Tabb and Longfellow and Bryant.

What Love Is.

Miss Sophie Loury employs an exceedingly communicative old colored man to attend to odd jobs about her studio now and then, and his sayings have become proverbial among Miss Loury's familiars. He came to work one day not long ago very full of the goings on of a young man he knew, who was in love.

"But what is love, uncle?" asked Miss Loury.

Uncle wagged his head wisely.

"Miss Sophie," he said solemnly, "love is dizziness, unkindness and inattention to business."

And really I don't know of any definition more concise, complete and altogether adequate than that.—Washington Post.