DENTON JOURNAL.

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Carriages, Buggies,

FARM MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS.

Having just completed another large warehouse, 32 by 70 feet and received nearly three carloads of

CARRIAGES, SURREYS,
BUGGIES, DAYTONS,
FARM WAGONS,
AND MACHINERY,

I am prepared to meet your wants in these different lines at

EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

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Columbia Binders and Mowers are the most simple and durable, lightest-running and best-braced Binders and Mowers made. Their work is satisfactory to all. *I keep Repairs in Stock.*

Disc Harrows,

and Peg-Tooth Harrows, with double levers and all steel. The old reliable Osborne Spring-Tooth Harrows, which every farmer wants is now in stock.

THIS LINE OF GOODS IS UNEXCELLED

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a whole carload of them, just received from one of the best known factories. "Uncle Sam" bought 600 of them during the Spanish-American war, and he buys the best.

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Repairs for all machinery kept in stock.

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I have just received a complete line of the latest style

Carriages, Buggies, Daytons, Surreys, Phætons, Cornings, Spindles,

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A long experience in building and dealing in this line enables me to judge quality and to give the best possible values for the price.

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The celebrated Keating Bicycle, with their improved noiseless double roller chain, are the lightest and best. Prices, $75, $50, $40, $35. Write postal for catalogue.

Other makes from $18.00 up.
Second-hand Wheels $5.00 up.

I can also save you money in Carriage Material Bicycle Sundries, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

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Spring and Summer

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF 1899.

By Leaps and Jumps Our Business Has Progressed.

Year by year, season by season, we have steadily added to our sales, and we are the most talked-about firm in the Dry Goods, Clothing, Notion and Carpet Business. There are seasons; only two. We give value for your money and there is merit in the goods we carry. Our stock is second to none, for we make a specialty of the above goods. Positively we have the largest assortment of Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Mattings and Notions we have ever shown.

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Percales, Piques, Dimities, Lawns, Organdies, Ginghams, etc Over 1000 yds. of Piques to select from; the largest assortment in Easton, white and colored; prices 10c up to 35c yd. We have many bargains in this department to offer you.

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In this department we have made a special selection for skirts and jacket suits in Black Dress Goods. Our stock second to none with real bargains. See our Mohairs in all colors and blacks. Silks for waists and suits, and all the new linings for waists and skirts, etc.

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Remember we are the only house on the whole Shore that sells readymade suits. Call and see our all wool suits for $6.00. Suits from $6.00 to $15.00. A beautiful line of Spring Jackets.

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Our Clothing trade is growing every season. Our men's clothing is the best we have ever had. A beautiful line of mixed goods. Serges in blue and black, square and round cut. Single coats Coats and vests any way you want them. A beautiful line of youths' long pants suits in all the leading shades. Our children's department, never before have such goods been shown in Easton. Call and see us on clothing and we can prove all we have said and more. Our tailor-made pants grow more popular every season. We have added a tailor-made department this season. Those who have their clothes made should call and get our prices.

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The best line of mattings we have ever had 12½c to 35c. Carpets from the cheapest to the finest velvet made. Get our prices before buying.

We have learned that satisfied customers means more customers, more business. Better goods, lower prices, and we satisfy. Our old customers know this; our new ones soon find it out. Call and see us on your Dress Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, etc. Call and get our prices and styles before buying.

J. C. GODWIN CO.,
No. 36 N. Washington St.

A Card.

I want to say to my old customers and friends, and to the public generally, that I now have charge of the

Choptank Hotel.

Denton, Md., and will be glad to have any and all stop with me when in Denton. We shall spare no pains to please our guests.

J. F. COHEE, Proprietor.

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BOYS,
LADIES,
MISSES,
CHILDREN.

Stock Is Now Full.

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CAN BE MADE COMFORTABLE.

BLACK VICI KID,
CHOCOLATE " "
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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.

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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.

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,

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

IN A MUSIC SHOP.

In a dim corner of the shop,
With none but mice to mark,
The weary old toy zither hung,
Forgotten by the dark.

The cobweb hid its outworn case,
Dimmed with the anxious years;
The strings that little hands had pricked
To laughter more than tears.

(And didst thou hope, a music toy,
For slumber? Nay, awake!
The heart of music has no rest
Until its cords must break.)

Without, among the violins
That master hands had wrought,
It heard the master music voice
Its own unuttered thought:

Like some poor bird of halting song
Wayworn, with broken wing,
Watching the lark fly up through heaven,
Ever to fly—and sing.

To little old toy instruments
Nor rest nor sleep belong;
Only to feel with helpless strings
Eternal stress of song.

And even there, adaze with dust,
Too old and worn to sing,
The message of the viols set
Its voice a-quivering.

Thou weary little zither,
Long days and years shall come
Before thy heart of song may break,
Thy weary strings be dumb.

—Josephine Peabody in Youth's Companion.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Captain Hanson, having returned from a long voyage to find himself a widower, had sacrificed his fondness for a seafaring life to the needs of his only daughter, Lucy, and had settled in a thriving coast city, where he could live comfortably upon the modest fortune he had accumulated.

A good man was the captain, rough in his ways, but tender hearted, irascible, but forgiving, and deeply devoted to his "little girl," as he continued to call Lucy even after she took to long gowns and began to receive calls from eligible young men.

It was rather slow in dawning upon the captain's mind that Lucy might some day like to marry. He never took her "company" seriously, for most of the young men who called and whom he admitted, for he habitually answered the doorbell, were of a type with which, to put it mildly, he was not familiar. That Lucy should cherish a genuine interest in a young man who knew nothing of the sea never occurred to him until a son of one of his former shipmates proposed for Lucy's hand. Then there was a rude awakening.

The suitor, Jack Darrow, was himself a sailor, and the old captain had found great comfort in his calls. In fact, the ancient mariner had entertained the notion that Jack called to see him, and it was quite a shock when Jack, finding the captain alone one evening, made his purpose clear.

"Have ye signaled her, Jack?" he asked.

"Haven't hoisted a rag," replied the young sailor sheepishly. "If it's all right, cap, you speak to her She'll do anything you say."

"Dunno, dunno," returned the captain dubiously, "but I'll heave the lead, Jack, and let you know if the channel's clear."

That satisfied Jack, and, true to his word, the captain "heaved the lead" that very night

"Lucy," he said, "Jack Darrow wants to splice with ye."

"Can't be done, papa," she answered at once. "Jack's a good fellow, but I don't love him."

The captain knew not whether to rejoice or regret. He was sorry for Jack, but glad for himself.

"All's well," he said after a moment. "I'm not asking ye to love him, Lucy. You shan't marry anybody ye don't love."

"I knew you'd say so, papa, just as I knew you won't object to my marrying the man I do love."

"Eh? Steady there! Do ye mean ye've got somebody in mind?"

Lucy blushed and looked at the floor.

"Who is he?" asked the captain anxiously.

"It's Henry Whitman, papa. He asked me this evening."

"What! That dude?"

"Papa!"

Lucy's eyes blazed as she addressed her father in sharper tones than she had ever used. She looked at him steadily for a moment and then went to her room.

The captain drew a long breath, sank into a chair and fumbled for his pipe. Under its soothing influence he became comforted. Whitman dressed stylishly, but that might not be against him. He could afford his apparent extravagance, for he was a clerk in a bank. Everybody spoke well of him too. Poor Jack Darrow!

After a time the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and, going to Lucy's room, spoke to her through the closed door.

"It's all right, little girl," he said in a shaking voice. "If ye want young Whitman, ye shall have him, and God bless ye both."

Whereupon Lucy arose, went to the door, opened it and threw her arms around her father's neck.

Next day Captain Hanson reported his soundings to Jack and told him plainly that he'd have to sheer off. Perhaps the captain failed to couch his information in terms that suggested his disappointment and kindly feelings.

Jack did not manifest his ill will then, but a little later he devised a way to wreak vengeance on his successful rival. He chanced to learn that Whitman was to take Lucy to a theater on a certain evening. It began to rain that afternoon, a depressing, ceaseless drizzle. This was Jack's opportunity, and he arranged his plot with great care. There was nothing he could do himself except supervise operations, but he found three loyal friends to whom he confided the situation and his purpose, and they agreed to look after details.

The curtain rises upon their little drama at exactly 7:15 in the evening. Scene, the front steps of Captain Hanson's house. A cold drizzle continues throughout. The first conspirator enters, trips up the steps and pulls the bell. After a slight pause the door opens and the old captain appears, looking out into the wet.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" inquires the conspirator.

"Yes," replies the captain, trying to recognize the visitor. "Will ye walk in?"

"Thanks, no," is the reply. "I just called to say that it is a very uncomfortable night, moist and windy, and she really ought not to think of going out. Good evening." And the first conspirator trots down, leaving the captain in open mouthed amazement.

Offended, but too surprised to do or say anything, he slams the door and retires.

Five or six minutes pass, and Conspirator No. 2 comes striding confidently along, mounts the high stoop and rings the bell.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" asks the visitor of the old gentleman.

"Yes, she is," responds the captain.

"What do ye want?"

"It's a very dirty night," remarks the conspirator with engaging frankness, "and she really ought not to venture out."

"Big seas and great gales!" roars the captain in a tremendous rage. "Ye get out of here!" And he makes a dash at the self appointed adviser, but the latter is on his guard and skips down the steps unharmed.

Ten minutes are then allowed to lapse before the third conspirator appears on the scene. He, too, trots up the high stoop and rings the bell, but, having rung, he prudently retreats half way down again and waits. Almost immediately the door swings open and the irate captain howls:

"Well? How is it?"

"Is Miss"— begins the third conspirator; but the captain waits for no more. He makes a mad rush down the steps, roaring savage imprecations and evidently bent upon violence, but the third conspirator, anticipating just this attack, nimbly jumps out of the way and flees. The captain, choking with unappeased rage, returns to his home and the three conspirators and the discarded lover gather under a convenient doorway across the street.

They had not long to wait. Henry Whitman, with commendable promptness, pattered up the steps at 7:45 and rang the bell. The captain was in waiting, for the accepted lover's hand had not left the bell pull when the door opened, the captain emerged like an ocean greyhound out of a fog bank and fell upon the caller before he could utter a word. It was hammer and tongs for about a second, and then such was the force of the captain's onslaught that both men rolled down the steps and came to a stop in a heap.

Whitman yelled, the captain bellowed, and Lucy, coming to the door, screamed. The conspirators across the way sneaked off in great delight at their success, and it was well they did so, for had they remained they would have witnessed an anticlimax that would have been unpleasant for them. Lucy, recognizing her lover's voice, promptly went to his relief and caressed his bruised face in a way that Jack Darrow would not have liked to see. The captain, too, though still mystified and wrathy, apologized handsomely, and when later the truth about the conspiracy became known to him he made full amends to Whitman by doing all he could to hasten the wedding.—Chicago News.

A Compliment For the Scots.

An old Scotch lady in Detroit is a little bit prouder of her nationality than of anything else to which she can lay claim and never misses a chance to boast of what her countrymen have accomplished. She never tires of telling what they have done, dwelling particularly upon Scott, Burns, Wallace, Bruce and Ian Maclaren.

"Mother," said her son, after she had been discoursing upon her favorite theme the other day, "you honestly seem to think that no good can come except out of Scotland. I fear it's becoming a sort of mania with you. You'll be claiming yet, mother, that Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Dewey and all the best of our greatest men in modern times were born in Scotland."

"Weel, I'm nae so sure o' that, Jamie, but there be ane thing I do ken o' the gude men ye name, laddie, a'most a' o' thim had intellect enuch to be Scotchmen."—Detroit Free Press.

The First Smokers.

Unquestionably smoking had already been practiced by the Indians for centuries when Columbus first reached these shores. It was with them to a great extent a form of religious ceremonial. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the famous ethnolcgist, thinks that it had its beginning in the blowing tube of the medicine man. Ignorant savages are disposed to regard the human breath as possessing magical properties, and it may be supposed that burning leaves were introduced into the tube for the purpose of making the breathing visible. The Indians smoked many kinds of plants, such as sumac, red willow bark and the leaves of the kinnikinic or bearberry, and tobacco doubtless was a discovery resulting from a selection of the fittest.—Science Siftings.

They All Knew.

Teacher—Now, boys, who was Columbus?

No answer.

Teacher (promptingly)—The man that—

Class (readily)—Broke the bank at Monte Carlo—London Judy.

LOVE SONG.

If all the laurel wreaths of fame
Were twined for my unworthy head,
What were they worth unless you came
To see your lover garlanded?
If all the sovereignty of earth
In one sole scepter wooed my grasp,
What would its heavy gold be worth
Unless your hand were mine to clasp?
If all the roses summer knows
By pleasure's hand were plucked and strown,
Should I raise up one single rose
If I must drink its scent alone?
There is no kingdom but your heart,
There is no laurel but your praise,
The rose is but your counterpart,
You dear delight of all my days!
Yet would I had the scepter gold,
The laurel fine, the roses rare,
The scepter for your hands to hold,
The rose and laurel for you hair!

—B. Nesbit in Black and White.

"WANT TO GO HOME."

Under the shade of a tree hung a hammock; in the hammock a man, perched on the rope a big green parrot. Now and then the bird raised its head and croaked:

"I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"That parrot used to belong to a fellow that took sick of typhoid and went to the hospital," said a soldier standing by. "He took the bird with him, and it used to sit on the window while he tossed and moaned with the fever. The chap was horribly homesick, and he was always moaning: 'I want to go home! I want to go home!' And the parrot picked it up. Ever since the fellow died and the parrot came back here to live it's been croaking 'I want to go home!' until it makes us homesick. Sometimes in the night, when everything is still, that parrot will croak out 'I want to go home! I want to go home!' just the way the boy did when he was dying, and it's enough to make one's blood run cold to hear him."

The parrot slowly fluttered down to the open window, spread its wings and balanced itself on the window sill. It looked around the room and in a sobbing tone repeated again and again: "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"Oh, so does everybody, Polly," said a soldier whose white face showed he had just got out of the hospital. "So does everybody. We all want to go home. You are not the only one."

But the parrot still swung back and forth on the window ledge and chanted "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"You must be sure and say we want to come home," said a private from his window in a soft whisper, so the officers could not hear him. "We have been in this accursed spot four months, and we want to go home. We didn't enlist for regular army work. We enlisted to fight and not for garrison duty. Most of us fellows had good jobs back in the States, and we want to go home.

"You think Manzanillo is a pretty nice place? You wait until you stay here four months and have learned to count the days by cutting notches on a stick. You stay here four months and see nothing but these yellow buildings and the blazing sun and always the same faces and hear nothing from your friends in the States, and you'll be hollering like that parrot over in D company, 'I want to go home, go home, go home!'"

The soldier walked out of his quarters and stood leaning against the side of the barracks, looking out across the range of hills to the north.

"Away over those hills and across the water there's the States, I guess, though it's so long since I was there that I almost doubt it. It seems as though I hadn't done anything all my life but loaf around a miserable little town on the side of a hill and wait for a steamer to come once every 1,000 years and let off a few Americans and put ashore some beef that we can't eat and a few papers and now and then a letter. You Americans go away as soon as the steamer is loaded, and then there is the old monotony again.

"Some of the fellows go away to the hills and sit there by the hour thinking of the States. But I don't. I'd be afraid some time that if I did I might take my gun out of the rack and try to swallow the muzzle while I pressed the trigger with my toe.

"But I wish I could get back to West Virginia again. I've got a girl back there—or I did have. I haven't heard from her for a long time. I heard she was sick, and then I heard she was married. I don't know. I suppose I am about the same as dead to her anyhow. You can't expect a girl to wait for you forever. But I want to go home. I don't care whether the Cubans get salvation or not. I don't care if Spain comes back and gobbles up the island again. I just want to go home. That's all. I want to go home."

He drew his hands across his eyes, walked back into the barracks and began putting his accouterments in order for the dress parade that evening.

"It's Sunday," said the sergeant lounging outside the quarters, "but we have dress parade. All ceremonies on Sunday in the army were abolished by congress, but we have them just the same. The colonel wants to keep us busy. It doesn't do to let men have nothing to do. They get to brooding, and a soldier that gets the blue devils is worse than a sick horse."

The bugles blew first call for dress parade, and the Americans went out to the common in front of the barracks. It was a poor sort of ground for dress parade. It was only a couple of hundred yards wide at most and shelved down in a manner that made it seem wonderful that the band could keep from slipping down into Manzanillo when it marched across the parade to take position at the right of the line.

A narrow road ran along the top of the parade ground, and on it the regiment formed in line of companies. There were the usual reports and the publishing of the orders by the adjutant; then a flourish of trumpets and the regiment, headed by the band, swung into columns of fours and passed into review.

It was a strange place for a review of American troops. The town of Manzanillo lay in front with its red tiled and thatched roofs, and in the distance was the bay, with wrecks strewn along the shore. Back of the troops were the low barracks and the distant blockhouses.

The band struck up "Dixie" and the regiment wheeled past, the men as erect and soldierly and every movement executed with as much precision as if it were marching down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington instead of balancing on the side of a hill in a faroff place that a great many people in the United States didn't even know was on the map.

"Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton!" played the band as the regiment came marching by.

A convalescent soldier leaning on his cane near our party drew in his breath with a sharp, whistling sound.

"I wish to God I was!" he murmured.

Then he stiffened up and took off his hat, for the colors were passing.

The regiment countermarched at the end of the parade and marched back on the road to the barracks and disappeared through the gate.

I wish I was in the land of cotton;
Olden times are not forgotten—
Look away, look away, look away to Dixie land!

The music of the band died away. The sun slowly sank and darkness gathered. The Americans walked silently down the hill. The convalescent soldier joined them.

"What did you think of it?" he asked. "Fine," said we. "It was the best appearing regiment I have seen in Cuba," said the army captain.

"Say," said the soldier suddenly, "you are not going back to the States and say that, are you?"

"Certainly," replied the captain. "It's true, isn't it?" He turned to me.

"Why, yes," I replied. "I wouldn't hesitate to say that dress parade was a magnificent thing and that regiment as soldierly a lot of men as I ever saw."

"Look here! You are not going to put that in the paper, are you?" asked the soldier.

"Why, yes! Why not?"

"Why not? Why, because the people at Washington will read it, and they will make us stay in this God forsaken land another thousand years. Look here," he went on appealingly, "I want to go home. We all want to go home—except the officers. Don't say we are good. Don't say that the regiment is the best you ever saw. Say it's bad. Won't you, please? Say it's the worst looking gang you ever came up with in your life. It won't hurt you. Nobody will know the difference. Why, I guess most people have forgot there ever was such a thing as the Fourth Immune regiment. Say we are on the verge of mutiny and ought to be sent home in disgrace. Won't you? That will help us out."

He seemed to like the idea, for he went on rapidly: "That's the stuff. Tell 'em we're so rotten that the insurgent soldiers don't have any respect for us and that if we are not taken home the insurgents are liable to attack us and drive us off the island. Say we don't look able to fight a detachment of the Salvation Army. Give us a holy roast, and it'll make the department mad, and they'll say: 'What's all this about? The Fourth immunes. What are the Fourth immunes? Oh, yes, that's a regiment, ain't it? Well, where are they? Let's bring 'em back home and send a decent regiment there that reflects some credit on the United States.' That's what they'll say. Do that for us, won't you?"

He stopped at the beginning of the town.

"I can't go any farther. But do that for us, won't you? You don't know how tired we are of being Robinson Crusoes. Say I've got a mother at home and I want to go back."

We walked away and left him. But that night as the passengers sat on the deck of the Antinojenes Hernandez and watched the water widening between the steamer and the pier there was a shout from the shore. In the moonlight we could see the figure of the soldier we had met at parade. He formed his hands into a speaking trumpet and shouted after us:

"Do that, won't you? Say we are going to mutiny and join the insurgents. Say anything. We want to go home! We want to go home!" The steamer came about and stood straight out to sea. But as far as we could discern objects on the lonely coast of Manzanillo we saw dimly a forlorn figure leaning on a cane, and once or twice the night wind carried his voice to us again. "I want to go home, go home!"

—R. H. Little in Chicago Tribune.

When Insects Sleep.

There is no doubt that all insects, except those, like the May fly, which die very soon after they are born, take rest. Some of them take from 10 to 20 hours' rest at a time—as, for instance, butterflies, which remain fixed to certain spots for days together. Some caterpillars and moths like rest during the day, appearing only at night, while insects of the bee and wasp tribe do their work by day and slumber at night.

Beetles may often be found during the daytime with their legs drawn up under their bodies in a condition suggesting repose, while it is well known that they make their depredations principally by night.

Some insects, again, take a long period of rest during the winter months, and it is certain that insects, like any other family of animals, enjoy periods of repose, though, as they cannot close their eyes, it seems hardly right to call this sleep.

The Effective Appeal.

Man is so selfish that no sermon can be expected to reach him unless it encourages him to lay up treasures for himself somewhere.—Galveston News.

It was many years before the "Great Unknown" was identified. At the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake" and finally of a novel called "Waverley," popular curiosity was excited, and the whole of England rang with the fame of the "Great Unknown," as Scott was called.

The secret was well kept. Sir Walter Scott, who all his life had been storing material and training his mind to such concentration that he could work in the midst of interruptions and was able to turn out volume after volume with a rapidity, two a year, that made his readers doubt their very senses. His incognito was all the more perfectly preserved in that he kept open house at Abbotsford, devoting much of his time to entertaining his guests and visiting. It was not until the embarrassment of his publishers occurred that the identity of the author of the "Waverley Novels" was discovered.

The case of Scott furnishes one of the many illustrations of the power of deceiving the public in literary matters.