DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 53. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1899. NO. 41.

WANTED, YOUR WHEAT.

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W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
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W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
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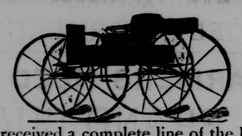

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MARVELOUSLY LOW PRICES.

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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Binders, Mowers, Drills, Hay Rakes, both hand and self-dump, Land Rollers, Acme Harrows, Hallock Weeders, Sulky and Walking Cultivators, Spring-Tooth Harrows, Barrel Carts, Planet, Jr., Wheel Hoes. Plows, Disc Harrows, and sundry articles.

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Do not be deceived by any attempt to sell you an inferior alum baking powder in place of the Old Reliable Rumford, no matter what reason is given. Low grade powders pay a better profit but are unfit to use.

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Seventy-four sold in 1898. The same number of Peerless Separators sold in 1898.

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Call or write for Catalogue.

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I have some excellent farms for sale, some of which are located in Tuckahoe Neck and various other parts of Caroline county. These farms are of different sizes and are adapted to the growth of varied crops. I also have some woodland for sale and some dwellings in Denton and Ridgely. Apply for particulars

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Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully furnished. Best of references from Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties.

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FULL LINE OF

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for yourself or boys, at prices that will both surprise and please you? If so, come and see us, and we will not disappoint you. Our line of Hamburg laces and dress trimmings is complete. We have just opened a lot of handsome Chenille Stand Covers and

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You may always expect find the very thing you want in

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at prices that will suit you. We carry a full line of Groceries and Canned Goods, and many things you do not always find when you go to a store.

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Paying Double Prices

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.

Price, $18.75.

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dry-air Family Refrigerator for $3.95? It is but one of over 5000 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,

Price, $3.95.

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

ARE MADE OF GRAPHITE.

Lead Does Not Enter Into the Composition of Pencils.

The first thing to be said about lead pencils is that they are not lead pencils at all. Once upon a time sticks of lead were used for making marks on paper and wood, and the name has survived, though nowadays all the pencils are filled with graphite, or plumbago. This mineral is found in only a few places in the world—in Cumberland, England, along the Laurentian ranges in the province of Quebec and at Ticonderoga, Vt. The largest mines on this continent are at the latter place.

The graphite is taken in the lump from the mines and carried to the reducing mill, where it is ground or pulverized in stamp mills under water. The fine particles of graphite float away with the water through a number of tanks, collecting at the bottom of these reservoirs. It is packed in barrels in the form of dust and sent to the factory, where tons of thousands of lead pencils are turned out every day. The pulverized graphite is so fine that it really is a dust; dingy in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by floating it on water from one tank to another. The coarse dust sinks to the bottom of the first tank, the next finer to the bottom of the second tank, and so on down the line, the finest powder for the finest pencils settling in the last tank.

In another series of tanks the German pipe clay, which is mixed with graphite to secure the different grades of pencils from very soft to extra hard, is graded in the same way, by floating. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together between stones, and the hardness of the pencil is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture.

For the medium grades seven parts by weight of clay are mixed with ten parts of graphite. After the graphite and clay are ground together the mixture is put in canvas bags and the water is squeezed out under a hydraulic press, leaving a mass the consistency of putty. The plaster is placed in a forming press, which is a small iron cylinder, in which a solid plunger or piston works up and down. A steel plate having a hole the size and shape of the "lead" is put under the open end of the cylinder, and the plunger, pressing down, forces the graphite through the hole, making a continuous thread of wire of graphite. As long as this thread is moist it is pliable, but it becomes brittle when dry, so it is handled rapidly. It is cut into three lead lengths, straightened out and then hardened in a crucible over a coal fire. The leads when taken from the crucibles are ready for the wood, which is pine for cheap pencils and cedar for more expensive ones. When the strips of wood are received at the factory, they are run through a machine which cuts in each one six grooves, round or square, and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

The filling of the strips is done by girls. The first one takes a grooved strip of wood in her left hand and a bunch of leads in the right. She spreads the leads out fan shape, and with one motion she fills the six grooves with leads. Next to her sits another girl, who takes the filled strips and quickly and neatly lays on another grooved strip which has just been coated with hot glue by a third girl. The filled and glued strips are piled upon each other and put in a press, where they are left to dry. The ends of the strip are evened off under a sandpaper wheel, and then the strips are fed into a machine which cuts out the individual pencils, shapes them and delivers them smooth and ready for the color and polish in six streams. The coloring is done with liquid dyes, after which the pencils are sent through the varnishing machine.—School and Home.

She Lost Her Shoe.

While in Samoa Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did—that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis' custom to lie abed late of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill, clad in light pyjamas, the dress of the native Kanaka.

With his wife it was the same. Stays were unknown to her and a curling iron a dim recollection of a shady past. It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed consul there for this country.

Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the community that they might meet him in his official capacity and he them as "citizens of Samoa."

Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson sent by courier. The note read as follows:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure and assure him that they will be present on the evening of the 23d, if by that time Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Ever thine,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE TRUNK JUGGLER

SILLY SKAGGLY'S BAGGAGE SMASHING AT PRAIRIE JUNCTION.

How a Broken Handle on One Big Trunk Caused an Accident That Ended His "Shooting Them Over" Transfer System at That Station.

"It has always seemed to me that about the slickest thing in the way of trunk juggling that I ever saw," said an old railroad man, "was something that a baggage man named Billy Skaggly used to do at a place called Prairie Junction on the M. N. and T. road. Billy was running then on the old G., X. and Q., which was at that time an independent line, but practically a branch of the M. N. and T. coming in at Prairie Junction, running along back of the station at an angle and striking the M. N. track 100 feet or more to the west. This inclosed a sort of a V-shaped open space, like a V lying down flat, between their track on one side and the station and the M. N. track on the other, the widest part being back of the station. This part was planked over from the station to the G. X. track, making a broad platform there, and when trains came in on the G., X. and Q. a man used to roll a baggage truck across this platform to the baggage car, and they'd get the baggage out on it, and then he'd roll it back across the broad platform to the station.

"That's the way they were doing there before Billy came—the way they do it under like circumstances everywhere. But Billy said that was all a waste of time, labor and trouble, and he soon put into operation here a transfer system of his own by which he easily put the trunks over alone.

"The trains on the G. X. used to halt with the baggage car right back of the rear door of the station. From the door of the station to the door of the car was maybe 50 feet. Billy could throw a trunk as far as any other man I ever knew—I don't know but what farther. But he couldn't throw a loaded Saratoga that distance, and what he used to do was to bound 'em over. He made fast in the middle of the platform a thick rubber cushion about as big as a doormat.

"Where he learned how to do this or how he got the skill he had I don't know. He may have had a run somewhere before where there was a platform like that to cover, or it may be that he invented the system to meet this situation and then practiced up somewhere with a blank till he could hit the mark, but certain it is that he could stand in the door of his baggage car and throw a trunk in such a manner that it would land with one corner on the bouncing pad and bound up and on plumb through the back door of the station every time.

"I was running then on the M. N. on a train that stopped at Prairie Junction, and we used to meet Billy's train on the branch, and often I've looked out down back of the station, where the branch came in, to see Billy bouncing the trunks. After he'd got 'em started he'd keep two in the air all the time, starting one on its arched course through the air from the car door to the pad before the trunk ahead had disappeared through the door of the baggage room. And this went along just as nice and comfortable as could be till, as usual, something happened.

"Billy pulled down from the stack in the car one day and rolled along on its end to the car door a big, massive trunk, marked 'Snakes; Handle With Care.' Billy had seen the words 'Handle With Care' before, and he had also heard of trunks being marked 'Snakes,' 'Dynamite' and that sort of thing, and so the marks on this massive trunk did not impress him strongly. He hustled it along to the doorway, seized it by the handle, lifted it and launched it through the air.

"Very likely this was the first trunk that Billy ever missed the mark with, and I don't suppose he'd have missed with this one if the handle hadn't broken just as he let go of it, but it missed the pad by about an inch and a half and came down on the hard platform with a bang that busted that corner wide open. Even as it was, the trunk bounded well up into the air. It had rubber knobs on its corners to protect it and the plank it struck on was springy, but it didn't bound toward the station door. It was deflected at another angle, and as it rose snakes began dropping out of its busted lower corner.

"A man, who could easily have got out of the way but for the fact that he was sort of fascinated by the sight of the falling snakes, was knocked down by the flying trunk and had his leg broken. This accident broke up Billy's transfer system at Prairie Junction. The super said they were proud of Billy as a baggage tosser, but that that one mishap had cost 'em in one way and another more than the hire of a man to carry the baggage across would cost them for five years, and the first thing I knew the bouncing pad had been taken up and the man was back with the baggage truck, rolled up in front of the baggage car door in the old familiar way."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Queer Snake.

Where I was raised, in north Louisiana, coach whipsnakes were common, and I have frequently watched them. When not alarmed, the snake glides along with about two-thirds of its body extended on the ground and the head and neck raised in a graceful curve, like the prow of a ship. There is something indescribably smooth and swanlike in its progress, and all the motion perceptible is a slight ripple along the spine. But the moment the coach whip is frightened it presents quite a different picture. The head is instantly lowered, and the whole body stretches out as straight as a ramrod. Everything about it suggests speed, and it skims over the ground like an arrow from a bow. How it does it is a mystery. I suppose, as a matter of fact, that the operation is immensely subtle and complicated and that the motion is derived from a series of writhing and contractions, but if so they are so slight and so swift that the human eye cannot follow them. I have studied the snakes in flight time and again, and I could never see that they deviated a fraction of an inch from a straight line.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

INCIDENTS OF ONE THAT "OLD HUTCH" MANIPULATED.

He Let Up on All the "Good Fellows" That He Knew, but He Made the Smart Guys That Had Been Trying to Down Him Howl Out Loud.

Two days before settling day wheat touched $1.25. The pit was wild with excitement, but "Old Hutch" remained in his favorite chair, tilted back against one of the posts, calm and indifferent. Frenzied men crowded about him and implored, begged and demanded to know where the advance would stop. For all of them Mr. Hutchinson had the same answer:

"Come in and settle, boys. September wheat will bring $1.50 tomorrow and $2 on settling day."

"Tomorrow" came, and wheat was bid up to $1.50, with speculators tumbling over one another to get it at that price. Through the tumult Mr. Hutchinson sat unmoved. He was the only man in all that howling crowd who had grain to sell, and he didn't see fit to let go of it. The closing bell found brokers clamoring about him with offers to buy at $1.50, but he ignored them.

"It will be $2 tomorrow, boys," was all he would say.

And it was. The mark the old man had set was reached, and he settled at that figure with such of the losers as were obstinate and had not already come into camp. Reports vary as to what he cleared on the squeeze, the figures generally accepted being between $2,500,000 and $3,750,000. At the same time Mr. Hutchinson was careful to avoid severe pressure on any of the "good fellows." Among his close friends at that time was Columbus A. Orvis. During the last days of the corner Mr. Orvis heard of a number of their mutual friends who had been caught in the squeeze. In every instance he would go to "Old Hutch" and say:

"Old —— is short about 50,000, and is hit hard. Let up on him, Hutchinson, for old times' sake."

"Sure. Make any kind of settlement you please with him. I don't want to hurt anybody."

In other instances old friends who scented a safe profit in the squeeze wanted to get into the market, but were unable to get buying orders accepted. Nobody but Hutchinson had wheat for sale. Every man of this class who applied directly to Mr. Hutchinson was accommodated. In a number of cases he let them have wheat at $1 and $1.25 in 25,000 and 50,000 bushel lots, and they turned it over within a couple of days at $1.50 and $2.

"I'm not after the lame ducks," Hutchinson said. "I hope every one of 'em will make money. The chaps I'm gunning for are those smart guys who have been trying to down me, and I'm going to get them. Lord, how I'll make them howl!"

He did. The losers howled so loud that the echoes of their cries were heard in the board of trade corridors for months. Unlike most corners, the bottom did not drop out of the market when the September deal was settled. Prices held up away into October, and weeks after Mr. Hutchinson had taken his profits and pulled out traders were afraid to sell short lest the ghost of "Old Hutch" should pop up as a buyer.

Under the stern exterior, the appearance of which was increased by his rugged hook nose, sharp features and severely plain clothes, "Old Hutch" had a warm, kindly heart. He was devoted to children and was never so happy as when entertaining a party of little ones, which he frequently did at his office or club. People in financial distress always found in him a generous friend, especially those who were caught in the maelstrom of speculation. Nor were his charities in this line confined to his immediate associates. He assisted even those who were opposed to him in trade. It is told of him that on one occasion a friend found him stamping about his office in a great rage. The news had just reached him of the impending failure of a trader for whom he had a strong dislike.

"——'s going under," said Hutchinson as his friend inquired the cause of his excitement. "He's a rascal and ought to suffer, but he's got good people depending upon him for support. Besides that, his failure would wreck a whole lot of innocent firms. Go over and see how he stands and draw on me for what money is needed to put him on his feet again."

Mr. Hutchinson furnished the money, the failure was averted and the trader kept on in business. And yet he was a man that Hutchinson would not trust with an order for a 5,000 bushel trade.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beavers Train Their Young.

Naturalists have placed the beaver a long way down in the list of vertebrates, but it undoubtedly stands next to man in the variety of occupations in which it engages. All cats are hunters, while foxes that are not thieves may be included also among the Nimrods. All canaries are prima donnas, and monkeys make clever comedians, but it is only the beaver parent that educates its children to take up several trades. In a single colony among them you will find civil and marine engineers, wood choppers, raftsmen, laborers, quarrymen, miners, plasterers, masons, carpenters, hod carriers and fishermen. All beavers take contracts for building dams, but when the work is undertaken the task is so divided that each member of the colony has its own particular work to look after. In this way they make some wonderful excavations and construct their dams in an incredibly short time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Late Preparation For Wedded Life.

A rural schoolmaster had among his scholars three whose ages were respectively 72, 64 and 55 years.

"You don't mean to say," said an astonished visitor, "that those old men are going to school for the first time in their lives?"

"That's right," replied the schoolmaster. "They hain't had time till now! An they wouldn't be at it now only they've made up their minds to git married, an as the gals they air to marry air all good readers and writers they don't want to 'pear ignorant when they settles down for life!"—Atlanta Constitution.

ECCENTRIC REMENYI.

THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST USED TO HIDE FOR YEARS AT A TIME.

The Delightful Fairy Story That the Genius Told a Little Girl After One of His Periodical Retirements From the Haunts of Men.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, was an eccentric genius in more ways than one, and many odd stories are told of his peculiarities. He was passionately fond of children and would give to them many hours at times when he might have employed himself to greater profit. One of the eccentricities of his nature was to lose himself about once so often, and when the world had concluded that he was dead from shipwreck or had been eaten by cannibals he would reappear, unchanged, smiling, fiddling. It was after the story had been current for three years that he and his ship had gone down one stormy night off the Australian coast that he came back to America and visited old Chicago friends, among them the very dear ones that he held at the Virginia hotel.

In this circle of friends was a little girl who had grieved over the supposed drowning of the fiddler because he had once played for her. When he returned, she was delighted, and at their first meeting she begged of Remenyi that he tell her of his adventures, where he had been, what he had suffered and how he had escaped. This is the story that he told her:

"My little friend," he said, "I was not shipwrecked. I was standing on the deck of my ship with my dear fiddle under my arm—you know I always keep it there, even when I sleep—and a big wind came up, and I was blown off the ship into the air. I thought I was going to drop into the ocean and would thereafter have to fiddle for the fishes, but the wind was so strong that I was carried right along until I came over Wirrawilla land. You don't know where that is, but I will tell you that it is in Australia, and my ship was off the coast of the island when I was taken by the wind. Over Wirrawilla land I went in a great hurry, still hugging my fiddle and thinking of you and the many friends who would wonder what became of me. I blew past Arundel plain and the Turret mountains and came into a great place of mountains and desert.

"The wind suddenly stopped, but not so quick but what I came gently down to earth right among a lot of people who were black and who were so tall that I could scarcely see their faces when I looked up. They did not understand my language, although I spoke to them in every tongue I knew, but when I took up my fiddle and drew the bow across the strings they all smiled. I thought I would try the 'Miller of the Dee' on them, so I gave them a few bars, and they were quite tickled. I was quite sure they would not kill me or eat me up. Anyway such a little, old, bald headed man as I am would not make good eating. They made signs to me, and I followed them up into the mountains until we came to a high place on which there was a throne, and on this throne sat a black man, who, I afterward learned, was 18 feet and 10 inches in height.

"By the side of this man stood a fiddle which was ten feet high and which had a bow nine feet and eight inches long. The strings on this fiddle were as thick as your wrist, and the bridge was made of pure ivory—so pure that the sunlight came through it in all colors. The big fellow sitting on the throne was a king, and I was placed before him. We could not talk to each other, but he motioned that I should play on my fiddle, and I did the best I knew how. Never did any one ever hear me play so sweetly or so well. I was very proud of my playing, and you know I have a right to think that I am the best fiddler even that you ever heard. When I had done, the big king said nothing, but he got out of his throne and, stooping down, picked me up and put me in it. Then he picked up his bow and struck a chord on his fiddle—the great fiddle so monstrous that its like exists nowhere else.

"Ah, I thought I could fiddle! But that fellow. He made the mountains tremble, the clouds stopped moving, the sun wiggled in its course, animals made no noise, and all the land was filled with music. When he touched softly, you could hear the summer rain falling on the leaves, smell the flowers in the forest, hear brooks laugh, feel the gentle wind. He was a monstrous player, and I, Remenyi, knew that I was not a fiddler—not as he.

"Well, he kept me there 3 years and 2 days, and we came to understand each other, and if he didn't enjoy my fiddling I did his and learned many little tricks, which I have brought back with me and which you shall see in time. When I left him, I told him that I would come back some day, and I will, but not for many years, I fear, many years. But such a fiddle as he had and such a bow and such music. I'm glad the rest of the world does not know of him, dear, else they would never care to hear me fiddle again."

"Is it true?" asked the little girl, her eyes almost popping out of her head.

"Just as true," said Remenyi, "as that I was shipwrecked, eaten up, burned at the stake or hung."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A nurse was dragging a headstrong boy of four years away from in front of a rapidly approaching car, when the little fellow dropped a toy he carried. He struggled to get back and rescue the toy, and the frightened nurse screamed at him as she yanked him away from the tracks. With a smile that would not have disgraced the face of a saint the motorman brought the car to a sudden stop within a foot of the toy, refusing to run over and crush it.

"Now, my little man," he said, "we'll wait for you."

While the boy caught up his plaything and scampered away with it a woman on one of the front seats said to the conductor standing on the footboard: "That was a kind act. Would a report of it to the company have any effect?"

"Yes," said the conductor, with a broad grin, "if you want to have the man discharged!" And he rang the bell to go ahead.—New York Tribune.