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DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1899. NO. 4.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

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EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
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M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
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Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

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STATE AGENTS FOR

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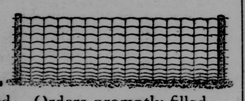

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Do You Want to Save Money? Of course you do. Then buy your DRUGS, PAINTS, STATIONERY, ETC., AT W. E. BROWN'S DRUG STORE.

You pay Cash but you don't have to pay somebody else's bad bills. All prescriptions given careful attention, and nothing but pure drugs used in compounding them. We have something special in toilet soap at 5c. Come and see it. It is worth trying.

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We take no back seat but propose to sit in the front row or stand up; that is the motto of the Old Denton Hardware Store. Take notice all consumers, from today we sell a Red Warrior Axe at 50 cents, Granulated Sugar 5c. Choppers' Price Axe 45 cents. Arbuckle's, Levering's, and Enterprise Coffee 10 cents. Wire Nails from 6 penny to 60 penny, 3¾ cents, and by the keg 3½c. Garrett's Snuff 10 cents package.

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HATS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In soft hats we have Wool and Fur Hats in all qualities, styles and colors from 40c upward.

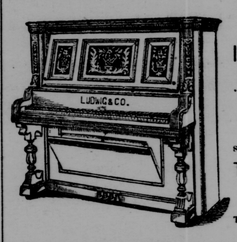
Our Shoe Stock is unsurpassed in Men's and Women's Shoes, and at prices that we wont miss a sale. The highest priced woman's shoe we sell is only $2, Moody's make, heel and spring heel. In men's we have Black and Russets for winter weather, handsome goods and they will go if you only come and look at them, we can't describe them here, space is insufficient.

Men's White Dress Shirts N. Y. Mills Muslin, Laundered and unlaundered 50c. We have Ladies' Vaneys from 15c to 25c apiece; Men's in all prices and Drawers to match. The best Children's hose in the county, 10c a pair.

Come and see us. We are getting fixed after lots of hard work and will be polite if you don't buy. Everything we sell is cut way down in prices. Try our new flour.

STEWART BROTHERS,

DENTON, MARYLAND.



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Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Clumsily adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses safely and correctly is beyond question

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RED BRONCHO MARE'S DEATH.

Savage Indians of Mexico Who, Popular Tradition Says, Are Able to Run Down Deer—Race Between a Horse and a Human Greyhound

"Of course you have all seen that old circus fake of the man running against a horse on the quarter mile hippodrome track," said a man recently returned from Mexico. "I want to tell you that less than a month ago I saw a race of a man on foot against a wild horse, where the man won, and the race was on the dead level, too. It was down in Mexico on the edge of the Yaqui country, where they are just now pulling off their semiannual bargain counter insurrection. I was down there looking after the interests of some people who had money in the Yaqui placers, and I wandered over to the northwest to the edge of the Seri Indian country, where I happened to see the man who could beat a running horse.

"The Seri country is about 50 miles northwest of Hermosillo, the capital of the state of Sonora. The Seris are probably the most peculiar Indians in the western hemisphere. They do not seem to be related by language, customs or physical make up to any other known tribe. They are a race of big, black giants for the most part, some of them measuring 6 feet 7 and nearly all of them one or two inches over six feet. The women will average taller than white men, so that the tribe as a whole is a formidable proposition. They have the pleasant habit of killing off all weakling children, as well as the members of the tribe who are too old and feeble to shift for themselves, and the country they live in is so inhospitable that the tribe is a fine type of the survival of the fittest. In color and features they are more like negroes than Indians, and some of their rites and superstitions seem to have a distinctly African tinge. It is a capital offense for one of them to marry outside of the tribe, and the principal tenet of their religion, according to the neighboring Mexicans, is to kill every one they meet who is not of their own blood.

"All this don't bear on the horse race particularly, but it will give you some idea of the sort of people the Seris are and lend a color of probability to an otherwise rather strong story. I kept hearing all sorts of pipe stories of the Seris as soon as we got anywhere near their country. The Mexicans are afraid of them and endow them with almost fabulous powers of endurance and desert cunning. We were told that a Seri could trail a man across country by starlight and that they never used horses except to kill and eat and that they could run down a deer on foot. The deer story was repeated by everybody, but I never met a man who pretended to have actually seen it till we stopped at the Costa Rica ranch, owned by old Pasqual Encinas, right on the edge of the Seri country. Encinas is the Daniel Boone of Mexico, and the man who solved the Seri problem for Sonora. He got a grant of land from the government and settled down right in Seri territory, surrounded himself with a small army of vaqueros and Papago Indians, as armed retainers, and fought the Seris to a standstill. Now they are thoroughly afraid of him, and never kill his stock if they can find any other brand on the range and never shoot his vaqueros from ambush with their poisoned arrows unless they happen to have some personal score to settle. As the old man and his followers have planted some 300 Seris in that part of the country it may be inferred that there are still some scores of that sort outstanding.

"Old Encinas is very fond of talking over his coffee and cigarettes after dinner out under the brick floored veranda of the ranchhouse, and he assured me that he had several times seen Seris run down deer on foot. His explanation was that they trail almost as well as dogs, running by eye, of course, instead of by nose, and that they can go at a lope and keep a deer's trail through the brush, no matter what sort of ground he crosses. One of them will start out and scare up a deer in the mesquite and keep after it at a swift wolf trot all day if necessary, never giving it a chance to stop for food or water. In the course of a day he will run it off its feet and kill it with a knife.

"'The first time,' said the old man, 'that I ever saw a deer run down in that way was soon after I got well settled here. The Seris were nominally at peace with us for the time, and I had a lot of them working for me, as I have off and on all the time. One afternoon one of them came to me and asked to get off to go hunting. It was well on in the afternoon then, and I said to him: "Valga, you do not want to hunt. You want to get drunk on Antonio Meguile's mescale and not go to work tomorrow." But he sulked around and said I wanted to starve his sorrowing family and that there were deer out in the mesquite yearning to be killed. So I told him to go, knowing well enough he would go anyhow and probably take the whole lot of his fellows along with him if he were crossed. I did not think anything more about him till after sunset, when he came up, just as we were stopping work for the day. I said to him: "Well, you have had a good sleep in the brush. I hope you are satisfied." Said he: "Yes, I did have a good sleep, and I dreamed that I killed a deer. If the senor will look over there he will see my son bringing him in." I looked, and there sure enough was a boy staggering in with a doe on his back with her throat freshly cut. The Seri had nothing with him but a knife, and I examined the doe all over, and there was not a mark on her except the slit in her throat. I noticed that all four of her hoofs were off, and the Papagos noticing this said: "Yes, it is true that he ran her down. A deer always casts its hoofs when run to death by a man." I find that that belief holds good among all the Indians, but I have since noticed that in summer time, when the ground is very hot and the deer are fat and heavy, the same thing often happens if you run them down with horses.'

"That was Encinas' story of the Seri running power, but the next day I happened to get an exhibition of it myself that satisfied me even better. Just before we were going to bed the major domo came up and reported that the verba colorado had come into the troughs. It seems the verba colorado was a little red mare, the incarnation of a devil in the wild range horse. She had a reputation among all the 3,000 head of stock on the ranch, having been a maverick so long that when she was finally caught up and branded she was too wild to be of any use for either work or breeding. She had nearly killed an Indian and a Mexican who had undertaken to break her and had been turned loose again. She never came into the ranch except in the driest weather, when all the outlying water holes had gone dry and she was forced to steal in at night for a drink from the big tanks in the corral. It had passed into a saying on the Costa Rica and other ranches around when a particularly bad spell of drought occurred, that it was bad enough to bring the red mare home.

"Old Encinas told the foreman to keep the verba penned up for the night and, then chuckling, rubbed his dry hands and said we would have some sport in the morning. Then he sent a peon off to the Seri rancheria to see if Pablo was there. While the messenger was gone he explained to me that Pablo was one of the most noted runners of the tribe, and as the red mare was fit for nothing but killing anyhow he was going to match her in a sprint race with the Indian.

"When Pablo came up, it struck me that if any man could run down a broncho horse he probably was the one. He was 6 feet 4 and weighed about 180, all bone and whipcord. He was black as a lead idol, and as nearly naked as the law allowed. He was barefooted, too, but the old don explained to me that none of the Seris ever wore anything on his feet, which was the way their trail was always to be distinguished from a Papago's. Encinas explained to Pablo that he was going to turn the red mare loose in the morning, and that if Pablo could give her ten feet start and catch her in 300 varas, approximately 300 yards, he could have her.

"Next morning everybody who could spare the time assembled at the corral. The wild mare was inside, circling uneasily and sniffing at every corner for an outlet. Encinas drew a line ten paces from the corral gate and told Pablo he must let the mare get over that before he started for her. Then a vaquero was sent inside to get the broncho started and the bars were let down.

"Pablo was waiting just at the opening, guiltless of any adornment except a breechclout and a big butcher knife strapped to his hip. It would be straining the term to call him a bronze Adonis or Apollo or any other old Greek deity, for he wasn't. But such another human greyhound I have never seen. Standing 6 feet 4 and lean as Pharaoh's kine, he hardly gave promise of the power that was really in him. Dark as a negro, but with long, straight hair falling almost to his shoulders, and his white teeth gleaming as he occasionally moistened his lips, he had a sinister look like one of the old Ethiopian stranglers out of the 'Arabian Nights.' His powerful neck and great race horse chest were his most striking features, and if it had not been for those and his broad hips, his wasplike waist and sunken abdomen would have made him look almost delicate.

"As the vaquero rode into the corral the broncho mare started for the open gate. She shied from the little crowd outside and swept around the inclosure again. Pablo was waiting at the gate, his foot braced against the post, and stooping forward with his hands on his knees, every muscle like a spring coiled up ready to be released.

"The red mare came round again at a gallop, and, as the vaquero made a feint at her with his rope, she swerved and dashed through the gate like a Futurity winner at the wire. Almost the instant she flashed by Pablo was in the dust at her heels, but it was a standing start against a flying one, and by the time he had got into his stride she had increased her lead to 15 or 20 feet. She headed straight across the wide, dusty clearing like a deer seeking cover, and the Seri at her flank going her jump for jump. It was a race for blood, a case of beast against beast, for the big, black, naked figure looked like a wolf more than a man, and bounded free like a wolf at full stretch.

"Half way across the clearing he had closed up the gap again. Then a long black arm shot out, and in a single spring he had the mare by the tail. With a powerful twist he threw her, and both of them disappeared for a minute in a cloud of dust. As it cleared away we saw the knife flash at her throat, and when we came up Pablo was complacently catching the warm blood in his hand and drinking it.

"The distance was measured, a scant 250 yards. No one held a stop watch on the performance, but I believe it would have cut considerably under any existing record."—New York Sun.

Not What He Wanted.

An exchange tells of the sad disappointment which came to an indigent young man at the hands of his sweetheart's stern parent.

"So you love my daughter, do you?" inquired this discouraging person. "Can you support her if I consent to the marriage?"

"I hoped," was the cheerful response, "that if you considered my suit favorably you could give me a situation where it would be possible for me to rise."

"I could," was the brief reply.

"Oh, thank you!" said the hopeful young man. "I"—

"I can give you a situation where you will have to rise about 5 o'clock every morning," was the disheartening announcement.

People Who Sharpen Their Teeth.

Recent studies of the Kaders, a race of short, dark skinned, curly haired natives living in the Anamalai hills of southern India, show that they possess a remarkable custom not elsewhere known in India—viz. the sharpening of the incisor teeth. This they accomplish by chipping the teeth to a point, giving them the form of cones.

A PATIENT CONVICT.

HOW HE EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND JAIL.

The Only Prisoner Who Ever Managed to Get Out of the Great English Prison Tells How He Accomplished the Difficult Feat.

William Bartlett, a well known English burglar, is the only man who ever effected his escape from Portland prison, an escape which is the original of that described in Hawley Smart's novel, "Broken Bounds." Bartlett told the story of his escape to a reporter as follows:

"The correct details of my escape have never been told," he said. "I'll tell you what actually happened. In 1868 I received a sentence of ten years' penal servitude. From Pentonville I was taken to Portland. It was awful. I made up my mind to escape—a feat never before accomplished. One day I managed to pick up a small piece of hoop iron. That seemed like a godsend. Every time I had the chance I took that iron hooping with me, and worked like a nigger to make it into a saw. I did it in fear and trembling, for the slightest sound would have betrayed me. A stroke of luck awaited me. I found a convict who had got a little bit of a file. He had no ambition and said the file was no good to him. I gave him my dinner for it, and with the file I was able to complete the saw. Then I managed, by working stealthily every evening after I had been locked up for the night, to saw through the wood flooring of my cell. Every night I had to replace the boards, so that the warders should not see what I had done. Then an awful disappointment awaited me. The space beneath my cell was lined with sheet iron; but, nothing daunted, I eventually got through that. Then I got into an airshaft, and after three months' hard work saw my way clear to liberty.

"At last the opportunity came. It was a dark night, and all was still. With my sheets I had made a rope, and, as luck would have it, I had picked up a piece of wood, called a 'dog,' with iron hooks at each end. I put my stool underneath the quilt, to look as much like my body as possible in case the warders should look in, and then went down the passage it had taken me three months' hard labor to make. After lifting an iron grating I found myself in the open air and managed to throw the hooks on my linen ladder over a wall. By this means I got on to the roof of the officers' quarters. There was no one about, and the only sound I could hear was that made by my beating heart. From the roof I had to jump on to the boundary wall, about 10 or 12 feet distant. I dare say it was a bold leap, but you don't stick at trifles when you are escaping from Portland. I made the leap and was successful in reaching the boundary wall. Then I got to the ground by means of my linen ladder.

"Unfortunately the hooks were so secure that I had to leave the ladder where it was, and if it had not been for that I might have been in London in three or four days. As it was, I had an awful experience. While making a desperate tug at the ladder I heard footsteps approaching, and I rushed into the garden of the grove public house. I turned round and saw a guard looking at the ladder. A few minutes afterward shots were fired, and a bell was rung. My escape had been discovered. Guards were running by in all directions; but, unperceived, I got through the window of the Roman Catholic chapel and concealed myself beneath the communion table, which proved to be something very much like a box. I could hear the sound of hurrying footsteps all night, but no one came into the chapel until the next morning, when service was held there.

"It was not a pleasant position to be in, I can assure you. A sneeze or a cough would have betrayed me, but fortunately all went well. But I got very hungry. So at the end of about 33 hours I stole out and broke into the Clifton hotel. I there found some bread and meat, cheese and tobacco. What was of more consequence, I was able to steal a hat and some clothes. With the clothing and the food—the sweetest food I ever tasted—I returned to my hiding place in the chapel. Out of a black coat I made a pair of trousers, and put on another of the stolen coats, which happened to be made of velvet. The food I divided into six portions, and for six days I was concealed beneath that communion table. There were frequent services, and, what was still worse, the priest used to come in at night for private devotions.

"At last I had more than enough of it and broke into the priest's house with the object of obtaining some money. I could find none, however. There was some silver plate, but that was of no use to me. I obtained a white stole, however, and with that made something resembling a shirt. Feeling now fairly confident as to my appearance, I walked down the road and saw a milkman, who I afterward found gave information about me. At a little place 19 miles from Portland I concealed myself in a field. Two men came in blackberrying, and I had to get out. They asked me where I was going. I said to Blandford.

"They volunteered to show me the way, but we had not gone very far before we met two police inspectors. They asked me to go into a public house and give an account of myself. They were particularly anxious to know if I had a mark on my right arm. Seeing the game was almost up, I tried to dash through the public house, but it was no good, and I was collared. I was afterward sentenced to eight years' penal servitude for the burglary at the Clifton hotel." — London Telegraph.

"Some men," said the corn fed philosopher, "can't stand prosperity, and other men can't get the chance to stand it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sure He Was Irish.

"Why do you think this man who almost drove over you was Irish?"

"Because I threatened to lick him."

"Well?"

"Well, instead of driving on about his business, he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MANY USES FOR JUNK

HOW WORNOUT AND DISCARDED METAL IS UTILIZED.

Old Horseshoes May Reappear as Razors, and Battered Kitchen Stoves May Go Up in Skyscrapers—Lucky Finds in the Junkshops.

The other day I wandered into a large yard containing great heaps of scrap iron and old metals of different kinds. Workmen were sorting out the masses of rusty, misshapen and tangled metals, each of which evidently had its particular value in the market. I wondered what became of all the castaway metal and what peculiar transformations it underwent. In seeking some information on the point from the proprietor of the place he said:

"This business doesn't look as if it possessed any elements of interest, educational or romantic, and yet it has something of both of these. Now, there's an old horseshoe. It may shave a Mongolian in China, though what a Mongolian has to shave I don't clearly see. Of course it will be converted first into a razor. I ship large quantities of these wornout horseshoes and wagon tires to the Celestial kingdom to be worked up into razors, knives and other useful domestic articles. The Chinaman engaged in this particular industry gets 12 cents a day, for his labor. These horseshoes and wagon tires are wrought iron and are preferred to other forms of this metal, because they are the most conveniently handled.

"When you go across the bridge to the borough of Manhattan, you probably notice some of the new 20 or 30 story buildings going up there and the big iron columns and girders used in their construction. You probably think that those columns and girders are all new metal, but it is likely that they are not. They are scrap iron, pure and simple, or may be mixed with some new ore in the melting and recasting of the scrap metal in the foundry or rolling mill where all the scrap goes. Your discarded kitchen stove may reappear in one of the columns or girders of a skyscraper. The owners of these lofty buildings may think they are getting new iron material and may pay for it, but they are probably not getting it. Perhaps there isn't much difference in the durability of the recast metal and the new.

"When you are riding in a trolley car, you may reflect that the metal in the axles of the wheels and in the railroad tracks may have formerly served in stove grates. Such are some of the new forms and uses which scrap metal assumes.

"We dealers alight upon some strange finds among the old metal which we gather. I have at home six solid bronze plaques, as one of this class of finds, which I wouldn't take $75 for. I've also got at home an iron and bronze aquarium, another of these peculiar discoveries, which I wouldn't part with for $50.

"It is curious to think how such valuable articles get into such poor company as scrap iron. Perhaps the original owners carelessly permit them to get mixed up with some old junk which they disposed of to the junkman who brings his collection of stock to us, or perhaps they deliberately throw them away through simple weariness of their possesion. Then, again, the articles may possibly be stolen and sold to the junkman.

"There are other interesting finds we meet with in our business. Not only the common but the finer metals, such as jewelry and silverware, fall into our hands. Possibly you've heard your wife remark one day that there was a silver spoon missing, and she might suspect that the servant has stolen it. But the truth is the spoon has accidentally gone astray and passed unnoticed into the ash can or garbage tub and in the course of time, possibly, we pick it up out of the dumps. Many a spoon, knife and fork with Tiffany's or Benedict's stamp on it I have bought at Barren island after being taken out of these dumps. Other stray waifs in this class which I have gathered from the Barren island dumps are silver pocketknives and matchboxes, gold and silver thimbles and cuff buttons, gold rings and a ladies' gold purse which I sold for $20 as old gold. Some time ago a ring with a transparent stone was picked out of the dumps. A business rival of mine just got ahead of me in the purchase of the ring, which he got for $10. The stone proved to be a genuine diamond, and the purchaser got $250 for the ring. It looked like a ladies' engagement ring and the sympathetic thought struck me that its possibly fair owner was at that moment suffering unimaginable distress at its loss.

"So you see," continued the dealer, "there are a few interesting and somewhat romantic features associated with our very prosy looking business."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Curing a Cold.

To feed a cold and starve a fever is a dangerous maxim. At the first sign of a cold the patient ought to take a rapid hot bath in a warm, well ventilated room, then remain covered in bed, with hot water at the feet, for several hours. Darken the windows, court sleep, and fast, save only from drinking warm broth or gruel, until unpleasant symptoms subside. Nor should there be mental or physical exertion. Then all the vitality can go to restoring circulation and throwing off that waste material which, retained, is absolute poison. To eat in this condition is to add the proverbial straw to the camel's back.—Good Housekeeping.

Crushed Him.

At a children's charity entertainment a collection was being taken up, and little girl of 6 offered the plate to wealthy man well known for his parsimony. "I have nothing to give," was his surly response.

"Then take out something," said the little miss. "We are collecting for the poor."—Kansas City Star.

Hard to Understand.

"I can't understand Humpkin's German friend at all."

"Why?"

"Because I don't understand German."—Philadelphia North American.