DENTON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1899.

VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1900. NO. 9.

E ARCADE STORE.

E ARE STILL ON THE FRONT RAIL.

Cook Stoves, No. 8, at $10.00.
Cook Stoves, No. 8, at $11.00.
Cook Stoves, No. 8, at $13.00.

gest Bargains Ever Offered in Caroline County.

eceived a new consignment of each of the above priced goods which e last we can sell at those prices. These goods were bought last rices, delivered now under our contract with the manufac- g a cook stove, now is your opportunity to get one before e prices. These goods were considered immense bargains st goods in all respects and have given entire satisfaction

and Parlor Stoves we are selling at old prices yet, as ith the cook stoves. They have moved rapidly and have sold more this reason than ever before. Our $3 gains and economy, and reach the place every time. one at once, for when we get our next line we will

c and 50c and only have a few dozen left, so come

adies' and Gents' at all prices and the biggest BAR-

Congress Gaiter, latest style, for only $2.00 per pair. to $2.00, a Moody's genuine Dongola, button or lace. Misses and Misses.

ardware business, and don't forget that our prices lks in our business as in all others. We need it, h or more for it, than any one else on this side of Galvanized Pipe for 15 cents per foot. We have h pipe, it is worth at the factory 42 cents per foot, any one who will take the lot.

FOLLOWING PRICES:

Air-tight Stove $3; Oline Soap 4c, Lall & Porter up. Best Ground Pepper 10c lb; an Ames Spade or cooking 35c gallon; an Ames Shovel $1.00, a 50c; Maccaroni 6c package, a Set of Knives and per lb, Riveting Machine and box Copper Rivets will reduce prices on all Lap Robes and Square ts 40c lb, 20c cake. Lamp Chimneys 3c, 4c, and 5c. d. Soft Hats from 40c up. A N. Y. Mills Laun- or only 50c each. We wish to call special attention to is as Gambrill's and we only ask 28c and 56c for yourself, if it is not correct. ed at in one of the biggest stores in the county, here all keep and prices to same.

AF BROTHERS,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

ANTED,
R CORN.

See O nts, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

P. H. G	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
W. H. DENNY,	Willoughby,	"
S. T. RHODES,		"
W.	Hillsboro,	"
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
J. CULVER,	ton,	"
E. W. INGRAM,	ves,	"

Grain also receiv rage in Elevator, Queens- town, and negotiable R ssued, covered by Insur- ance. Particulars furnis on application to

WILLIAM N. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. } Manager For { WM. HOPPS & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

THE YORK
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,
102-104 E. E STREET,
BALTIMOR ARYLAND.

Has been for ma as it is now—one of the mo g Houses

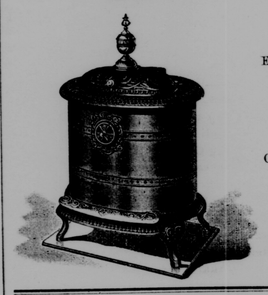
I have been eng sma in this relia- ble establishment, an notify all my friends on the Peninsula that invited to call to see me before all and winter clothing. I can sa The stock is immense; the quali ful or deceiving. It pays re WAY.

D. R. OWENS, VICE-PRESIDENT.
HIER.
000.00.
ONAL BANK,
YLAND.
e Prompt and Careful Attention.
With Us!
reston.

THE B. C. BIBB STOVE CO.,
107 & 109 LIGHT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HEATING STOVES,
Cook Stoves, Gas, Oil and Gasoline Stoves. Hollow Ware, &c.

FIRE-PLACE HEATERS, FURNACES, RANGES.



Manufacturers of the celebrated EMERALD, STONEWALL, AND VIRGINIA

COOK STOVES.

ALSO

Of the popular Sheet-iron Air-Tight Stoves

TRILBY AND WILDFIRE.

FOR SALE BY

Stewart Bros.,
DENTON, MD.

J. O. TAYLOR WITH
J. C. LEIB & COMPANY,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
14 East Camden St. - BALTIMORE

REFERENCES: Traders' National Bank of Baltimore; First National Bank of Stewartstown, Pa. Branch at Stewartstown, Pa.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland,
Fruits and Vegetables; Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

For Rent.

Two new houses in Ridgely. Possession given at once. Apply to
DR. H. N. RICKARDS, Ridgely, Md
d9,3m]

Wanted,

A tenant for small house, for 1900, who will work on farm by the month. Apply with references to
WILLARD C. TODD, Williston, Md.
d9,3t]

For Sale,

Farms, Town Property, with or without improvements, Timber Lands, Mercantile and Manufacturing establishments—Have several bargains to offer. Correspondence solicited.
E. H. ROE, Agent, Queen Anne, Md.
12,2,1]

WANTED.—Several persons for District Office Managers in this State to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly $600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
S. A. PARK, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.
12,2,4m,2p]

GEO. K. McGAW & CO.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
220 AND 222 N. CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

LOWEST PRICES, PUREST & BEST GOODS.

Orders of $10 and over, Freight Paid, with the exception of Sugars.

When in the city call to see us and be convinced. Mail Orders promptly attended to. Write for price-list.

Mr. D. H. Maulsdale, of McGaw & Co. visits Denton every month and takes orders from families for groceries. Drop the firm a card, and he will call to see you on his next trip.

1837 **THE SUN** 1900
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE and WITH THE PEOPLE

HONEST IN MOTIVE
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE

A newspaper is an educator; there are all kinds of educators, but the man who spends money judiciously and liberally is better able to impart his knowledge than the man who has little or nothing to spend.

THE SUN is the highest type of a newspaper.

THE SUN'S reports from all parts of the United States are unsurpassed.

THE SUN'S Cable Service is the finest known; the troubles in the Philippines and in South Africa demand competent correspondents and vast expenditure of money and labor in getting the news. When you get THE SUN you get news and intelligent presentation of facts with it, as well as carefully prepared articles of editorial writers of highest standing. When you read a daily paper, whose principal recommendation is its cheapness, you get the dregs—generally very poor dregs at that.

By mail Fifty Cents a month; 6 months, $3; one year, $6.

THE **BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN**

THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

All the news of the world in attractive form; an agricultural department second to none in the country; market reports which are recognized authority; short stories, complete in each number; an interesting woman's column, and a varied and attractive department of household interest.

One Dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs for THE WEEKLY SUN. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address
A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
Baltimore, Md.

Thomas Carmine,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Ridgely, Maryland.

Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully [illegible] Best of references from Can- [illegible]

SCRIBNER'S
+FOR 1900 INCLUDES+

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "OLIVER CROMWELL" (serial)

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of to-day

Articles by WALTER A. WYCOFF, author of "The Workers"

SHORT STORIES by
Thomas Nelson Page
Henry James
Henry van Dyke
Ernest Seton-Thompson
Edith Wharton
Octave Thanet
William Allen White

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition

FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar

NOTABLE ART FEATURES, THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, by JOHN LA FARGE (illustrations in color)

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address

Charles Scribner's Sons
Publishers, New York

A. T. REICHMAN,
PLUMBING & METAL ROOFING,
TIN WORK and REPAIRING.

I have opened a shop on Third Street where I am now prepared to serve those having work in my line. Metal roofing of all kinds, stove repairing, etc., at reasonable prices. I make a specialty of putting in BATH TUBS, and guarantee satisfaction.
A. T. REICHMAN,
11-18-1y] Denton, Md.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro; R J. Colston, Ridgely; W. E. Brown, Denton, will refund your money if you are not satisfied using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy now in use for bowel complaint and the only one that never fails. [illegible] safe and reliable

THE HIDDEN PAGE.

She stooped and on her sister's grave
Laid blossoms white as snow;
Then lifting up a fair young face,
With happiness aglow,
She softly said, "How much I grieve
Because you never knew
The blessedness of being loved
By one so good and true."
She kissed the jewel on her hand,
She felt that life was sweet,
And shed a pitying tear for her
Who slumbered at her feet.

A breeze came up from life's great sea.
The angel of the book
Saw it turn some pages up,
And, as with rapid look,
He pressed them to their place to wait
Their proper hour and day.
He could but read a word or line
Which on the margin lay.
Then, looking on the head that bent
Above the cross and wreath,
He whispered that the favored one
Was she who slept beneath.
—Detroit Free Press.

AN ACCIDENT TO PONSONBY

A Story of A War Correspondent.

It was hot, villainously hot. So was the firing. So were transport mules, Chinese stretcher coolies, advancing troops and the poor bleeding wretches who were being put into the ambulances. So was all the available water. So were the little knot of correspondents who drummed their heels on the sides of a stack of biscuit boxes on the side of the railway embankment and anathematized the war, editors in general and the press censor in particular. But the very hottest thing of all was Ponsonby. And Ponsonby, the usually calm and urbane Ponsonby, the well tried representative of The Daily Gadfly, was now swearing like a trooper, or, for the matter of that, like a thousand troopers. Had he not lost his pony and smashed his camera? Had not a staff officer ordered him, "Fifteen pa s behind the staff if you please, gent men?" And had he not fallen headlong into a buffalo wallow, thereby befouling his usually neat attire and twisting his ankle?

Around us was nothing but smoke and dust through which the midday sun glowed in a crimson ball. A few hundred yards to the northward on either side of the line of railroad lay a long line of blue and brown clad humanity, from which came a rattling sound as though millions of crackers were being ignited in one continuous stream. Then, cutting the dust laden air with their sobbing screams, the bullets of the foe came flying overhead, occasionally alighting on the brown sun baked ground with dull thuds or clanging loudly on the iron roof of the station in whose rear we were, dust begrimed and smoke stained, taking shelter. A queer looking trio we, booted and spurred, belted and revolvered. And the worst of it was we had none of us broken our fast that day. As Agden of the San Francisco Screamer remarked, "While we are waiting here we might as well investigate the hard tack anyhow."

To this proposition I assented. A big stone and a jackknife soon had a case opened and our teeth busy, and when I unearthed a tin of sardines from my hip pocket even Ponsonby forgot to swear further. While thus engaged the firing ceased, there were a couple of bugle calls, a series of "yells" from the American troops as they rose from their rice ridge shelters and dashed forward in pursuit of the fleeing foe. Speedily we were following in their wake, pausing only now or then to look at a wounded man being borne rearward on a stretcher. The advance line is soon overtaken. They have lost all sight of the fleet footed Filipinos and are now resting and awaiting a well earned meal. Our notes are soon jotted down, and we proceed to investigate a neighboring hamlet which, after firing, the insurgents have vacated.

"Looks like hot work here," said Agden, pointing to the church, from which a shell had gently removed a corner.

We acquiesce and proceed to investigate the interior. After leaving the church we enter the adjacent priest's quarters and, finding them comfortable, proceed to camp there for the night. Your humble servant is installed as chef, while Agden and Ponsonby sally forth to annex a chicken or anything edible which comes handy. By this time a number of the victorious troops have entered the village and are looking about the place, taking sections of nipa with which to make camping "shacks," collecting firewood, seeking water, eggs, etc. Time passes. Agden returns, but no Ponsonby. It gets dark, but the village is ablaze with the light of one or two blazing buildings. We ramble about, looking here, making inquiries there. Still no sign of our friend. Anyhow, it is no use seeking him further tonight. He is sure to turn up all right. So after a pleasant little meal we "turn in."

I must have been asleep some hours when something disturbed me. What on earth is that? There, standing at the foot of my bed, is a young native woman. Naturally I spring to my feet, awaking Agden as I do so. The mysterious damsel says something in Spanish. What it means neither Agden nor myself can comprehend, but how on earth did she get there? The insurgents have carried off all their women with them, and how our present visitor can have remained behind is a mystery. She is evidently anxious about something, for see how she is beckoning.

After a brief consultation as to what to do we follow the lady through the door and into the church. She trips along the floor and goes right up to the altar, seizing some drapery at its side as she reaches it. There right in the thick wall of the church is a doorway from which descends a flight of steps. Taking a candle from some lying scattered about the floor, she lights it and proceeds to descend. Round and round we wind, and there at the bottom, his head bound in a blood stained bandage, is Ponsonby, evidently very seriously hurt, looking deathly pale, but now peacefully sleeping.

To say that we were thunderstruck would be to put it faintly. As neither Agden ne[illegible] a lady she evidently is, judging by her manner, her dress and jewels. She sat on some pieces of wood, her face resting on her hands, occasionally giving vent to a sob. How the weary hours passed that night with Agden and myself attending on our injured friend I could hardly tell. At length came the dawn, and I went off in search of a surgeon, after having assisted Agden to get Ponsonby up the steps leading from the crypt into the church. A doctor was soon found and came with all speed with me to the church. His diagnosis was to the effect that Ponsonby must have discovered the staircase by some accident, had fallen down it in the darkness and injured his head. It was impossible to say how severe such injury might be, and, although he had every hope of a rapid recovery, he would not try to give us any false impressions. An ambulance was soon on the spot, our wounded friend placed inside and we started for town, Agden having kindly volunteered to do my work in the field during my brief absence. The journey to town was speedily accomplished, and I left Ponsonby in the hands of the good sisters of the San Juan de Dios hospital. Meanwhile I had completely forgotten the senorita, and it was not until I met Agden at Malolos some three days after that I gave her a thought. Then I learned that she had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the campaign went on. Weeks passed. The insurgents were day by day being driven back. Ponsonby had got out of the hospital and was recuperating in town, and as the rainy season was in full swing and nothing of importance was taking place in the country Agden and myself were also "resting." We were one evening sitting on the hotel veranda when Ponsonby walked up. After a few words of greeting he said: "Well, boys, I'm sorry to leave you, but am off tomorrow. My wife joins me in 'chinchins.' Am bound for Calcutta and thence by P. and O. home."

"Your wife!" Agden and myself exclaimed simultaneously.

"Yes, my wife."

"But we didn't know you were married."

"No, I don't suppose you did. But you remember the lady who found me in the church at Malinto."

"Well, I'm hanged!" It was Agden who spoke. I was practically dumfounded and stood staring at Ponsonby with all my eyes. Then I managed to blurt out:

"But how did she get into town?"

"I really couldn't tell you. But she came and saw me in the hospital. How she ever found me in the church I don't know and have not yet mustered up sufficient Spanish to inquire."

We were sorry to lose Ponsonby, who was always a decent fellow. But Agden will have it that his brain was affected by the fall into that curious crypt. And Agden is probably right, for, if not, why didn't Ponsonby invite us to his wedding?—Hongkong Telegraph.

The Sense of Taste.

That the intensity of one sense is increased by the action of other senses is a fact which is well illustrated by the sense of taste. A cold coin feels heavier than one that has been slightly warmed by being carried in the pocket, and what is true here of touch is just as true of taste. Warm vinegar, warm sugar, warm solutions of salt taste less sour, sweet or salty than when cold. If you put a slight solution of salt or quinine into a sugar solution of a certain sweetness, the sweetness will seem much greater. Cooks and confectioners are well aware of this fact, for they always add to sweet confections some bitter substance, just as the perfumers put into perfumes of all kinds at least a little musk.

The cook tries to "lift" or "fill" the taste, as they say, just as the perfumer tries to do with the sense of smell, and as in acoustics the bass drum or bass viol forms a kind of background for the tone of coloring. On the other hand, if a mixture is made too sweet, without any contrasting elements, the quality of sweetness is lost, something like Milton's "darkness from excess of light." The effect of cold in reducing the intensity of sweetness is well known to any one who has manufactured ice cream at home. If you don't make the cream a little too sweet before freezing, it will not be sweet enough after the freezing process.

A Coward.

Frau Hingstermeier, the wife of Herr Hingstermeier, the lion tamer, was what may be termed—to put it mildly—a virago and held Hingstermeier in absolute subjection.

The lion tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters.

The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little jollification and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return.

"Where did you sleep?" she demanded.

"In the cage with the lions," he replied meekly.

"Coward!" hissed Mrs. Hingstermeier, with a look as of one robbed of her just dues.—Life.

News and Notes.

Experiments made at the New York and Connecticut stations with fungicides on seed potatoes for the prevention of scab show that soaking the seed for 1½ hours in a solution of zinc sulphate (white vitriol), an ounce to a gallon of water, gave apparently the greatest freedom from scab, over copper sulphate (blue vitriol), copperas (iron sulphate) or corrosive sublimate.

Only One Fault.

"There's only one fault to be found with your comedy work, old man," said the dramatic critic.

"What's that?" asked the aspiring young actor.

"It's tragic."—Chicago Post.

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

The Parsees expose their dead [illegible]

The Advantage In Gambling.

"In all gambling games," said an old time sport, "there is a percentage in favor of the 'house.' Anybody, except a born fool, knows that a man couldn't afford to equip an establishment, hire help, pay rent and defray all the hundred and one incidental expenses unless he derived a profit that was based on some fixed principle and not dependent on mere luck or chance. Just where the profit comes in, however, is something that very few people understand. Most of them imagine it is derived from some slight advantage in the arrangement of the game, such as the 'zero' numbers in roulette or the 'splits' in faro, but they are very much mistaken. It really depends on a principle that applies to all games alike and might be termed the 'percentage of capital.'

"Strange as it may seem, I could take a capital of $1,000 and begin pitching nickels, in which the chances are perfectly even, letting the players guess either way they wanted to, and I would make a steady profit day in and day out. The secret is this: The average player has only a limited amount of money, and a slight run of bad luck wipes him out. He is obliged to quit, and somebody else takes his place, while the house keeps right on through good luck and bad, continually swelling its reserve with the cash of the broken players. That principle of the percentage of capital is at the bottom of the profits of every gaming house in the world from Monaco to Long Branch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Scored on Lin

In 1858 Abraham Stephen A. Douglas had on the college grounds o Galesburg. It was a and I shall never for dous enthusiasm that by the respective part these great men. Mr. opening and conclusio one shot on Mr. Line pat that even the a gentleman had to join Mr. Lincoln, in the marks, twitted his op ing only one speec which he delivered t ence, the suggestion incapable of chang dress.

In reply Mr. Doug mitted the charge, his rival knew in ad going to say. He w foretell with the s Mr. Lincoln was go that was impossib his argument to making a fierce a munities where strongly entertain but in southern I tion and standin old time Whig.

A Good

A very ordina harnessed to at the curb, and o for a seat lay mixed blood th made as to his As a delivery opposite side o apple fell off. ing the dog be picked it up tail wagging in front of w hind legs wh from his mou As the hor made the p horses make replied which had b he w sea

BOSSY.

Bossy is a kind old cow.
She dreams beneath the apple bough
And swings her tail and rings her bell
While roaming up and down the dell.

I see her through the pasture bars
Eat all the pretty daisy stars,
Then gently toss her head on high
To watch the clouds that dot the sky.

When night makes all the meadow black,
She lets the chickens on her back
Fall fast asleep, and sleep until
The sun comes peeping o'er the hill.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Woman's Home Companion.

THOSE BOER LADIES.

By Middle Life They Are Almost Too Fat to Walk.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutchwoman of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen outdoors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At

kis
uses
alr
he
baby c
dertaker
with all t
Jimmy receiv
One day Jimmy s
of one of his mother's custome
leave some milk. A little boy met him
at the door.
"We've got a new baby!" said the
little boy. "Would you like to see it?"
Jimmy nodded. The little boy's aunt
laughingly led Jimmy to the cradle
where the new baby was. Jimmy
gazed at the infant for some time,
speechless with admiration or some
such emotion.
"What do you think of it, Jimmy?"
asked the aunt.
Jimmy grinned.
"I guess I'll have to make a nice lit-
tle coffin when I go home," he said.—
New York Commercial Advertiser.

Boers Great Pioneers.

The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up countries hitherto unexplored by a white man. A great deal of fuss has been made of mighty travelers, English and foreign, who have traversed Africa, to the vast pecuniary benefit of their publishers and with no small meed of fame to themselves, but there was scarcely one of the old voortrekkers and hunters of the forties and fifties who did not accomplish feats of endurance, pluck and lengthy travel which were ten times as trying.—London Mail.

Successive Waves.

The following waif is going the rounds of the state press: We are told of a young lady in a neighboring town who waved her hand at a stra in three days they were ma days later the young lad flatiron at her husband, a evening he came home w vorce.—Nashville Banner.

Spanish Are C

The Spanish a charitable people poor [illegible]

w
out
conditions
than
you
that he is alw
ticed into play
himself he will tak
drop care for awhile
many might raise its
health by following the
by the instincts of the bru
ture.—Health Culture.

Queer Cards of Shrewd Lawyers.

Not all men of the legal profession are content with the severe inscription on their cards to which etiquette and custom usually confine them. An Ohio lawyer who makes a specialty of collections calls attention to this fact by a novel device printed on his cards and letter heads. On a great red splotch intended to represent a drop of blood are the words, "Claims collected in cold blood," the capital "C" for the three first letters of those words being of sufficient size to encircle the other words.

In Maryville, Mo., a lawyer presents his portrait on his card, with the suggestive motto: "He that is not with you is against you. See me early."

A Scotch Scheme.

The following appears in a Glasgow paper. It would be interesting to know whether it has led to business. If so, the supply of grand pianos in Scotland must be considerably in excess of the demand.

"Lady having large drawing room would gladly store grand pia in for use; rem [illegible] n Truth.