DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1900. NO. 26.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

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W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
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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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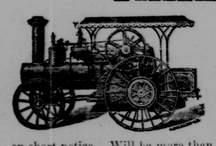

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I am in a position to get repairs for all makes of

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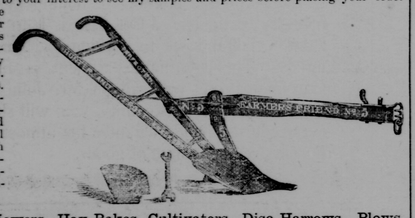
and it will be to your interest to see my samples and prices before placing your order elsewhere. We guarantee our prices to be as low as the lowest, and quality unexcelled. Call and see us. I have at present my Implement Shed pretty well filled up with strictly up-to-date Farm Implements including



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Steel Axle AUBURN Farm Wagons,

in fact any implement needed on the farm. If not found in stock, can be gotten on twenty-four hours' notice. Come and tell me your needs.

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George A. McDaniel,

4-28] Over the Bridge, Denton, Md.

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KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847.

Amount of Insurance now in force	$8,505,626.00
Paid for Expired Policies	79,455.92
Returned members on Reduction of Annual Payments	312,342.55
Losses paid	481,277.72
Remaining to Credit of Members	102,766.90

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Quality? { I represent the largest Boiler and Engine builders in the world and give a Hartford Inspection Insurance Policy every boiler sold FREE.

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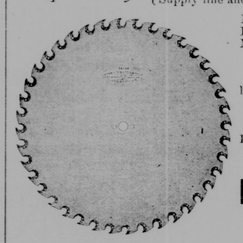

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Please write for one of our 200 page illustrated catalogues; sent free.

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Fully equipped to do all kinds of work.

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SALISBURY. - - MARYLAND.

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Owing to the advance in the prices of machines at the factory I am compelled to increase my prices, I shall handle nothing but the best.

Blackiston Drop-Head, $40 *on time.*

Blackiston 5-Drawer, $35 *on time.*

Blackiston 3-Drawer, $30 *on time.*

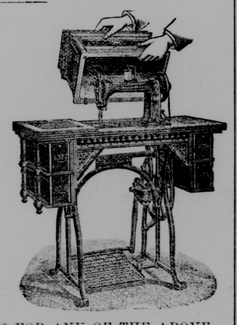
Singer D. H. $40 *on time.*

Domestic D. H. $40 *on time.*

Wheeler & Wilson $40 *on time.*

Standard Rotary $45 *on time.*

Seamstress $40 *on time.*



AGENTS WILL CHARGE YOU $60 FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE.

Western machines not worth my selling or your buying.

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CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, AND HARNESS.

I have a very large stock on hand in all grades, consisting of Surreys, Daytons, Carriages, Spindle Buggies, and Runabouts.

D. M. OSBORNE & CO'S MACHINERY.

This is undoubtedly the best line of farm implements and machinery manufactured, and consists of Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Tedders, Spring Tooth, Disc, and Peg-Tooth Harrows, all sizes and kinds.

TONS OF BINDER TWINE.

CORN PLANTERS.

The Bradley All Steel is the only Force-Feed Planter made and guaranteed to plant an entire crop without misdropping a hill. Drills in rows. Phosphate attachment if desired.

BUCKEYE DRILLS

Had the largest sale last season and proved entirely satisfactory with all purchasers. The Improved Glass Feed is the most correct distribution of phosphate, and will positively not gum, clog or corrode.

FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS

Car load of Farm Wagons in all sizes. One-Horse Wagons and Duplex Spring Dearborns just received. Are the best in quality and low in price.

LAND ROLLERS, WOOD AND STEEL RIM. All sizes.

Remember my prices are the lowest and my dealing square. I solicit your patronage.

H. M. THOMPSON,

3-31,4m] Hillsboro, Md.

The Peerless Rigs.

"'Tis a name of echo in the Speaking Trump of Fame."

Uncle Sam outthrashed the Spaniards, but the Peerless Thresher can thresh more grain than any machine on the market.

The PEERLESS ENGINES have the latest improvements, mounted on springs and rides as easy as an automobile.

Imperial Stackers—we have a car load, with prices to meet all comers.

The Quintis Self Feeder will feed any kind of grain wet or dry. It is a "Feeder that Feeds."

Send us your name and address and receive one of our 1900 illustrated catalogues containing the latest improved machinery.

Yours truly,

PEERLESS MACHINE SHOPS,

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5-5-3m] *EASTON, MARYLAND.*

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.

Oh, ye who bow at Mammon's shrine,
Whose hearts with greed are growing cold,
Who turn your backs on things divine
And worship but the god of gold,
What will it profit you when death
Lays low the head so kingly proud
And robs the wasted form of breath?
There are no pockets in a shroud.

Your thoughts by day, your dreams by night,
Are but of grasping golden gain;
Your guide is but the beacon light
Of riches burning in your brain.
You cast all nobler aims behind
And struggle as a maddling crowd
To clutch the dollars, but you'll find
There are no pockets in a shroud.

Ye usurers who grind the poor
Beneath a cold, relentless heel,
Who overshadow many a door
With cloud of misery and feel
No sympathy to see them lie
Beneath the hand of sorrow cowed,
Remember when you come to die
There are no pockets in a shroud.

What is the profit to the man
Whose life to Mammon has been given?
A bridge of gold can never span
The gulf between the earth and heaven!
What will it be to him to find
The wealth with which he is endowed
At death's gate must be left behind?
There are no pockets in a shroud.

This life is but a span; today
We're here, tomorrow we are gone,
Have faded from the earth away
Into eternity's strange dawn;
Yet in the hungry greed for gains
Too many at the gold shrine bowed
Forget that when the life spark wanes
There are no pockets in a shroud.

—Denver Post.

THE MOSS TROOPERS.

How a Body of Canadian Troops Unintentionally Invaded the United States

BY PERCIE W. HART.

Copyright, 1900, by Ervin Wardman.

Not far from a certain point on the long boundary line which divides the territories of American Jonathan from those of British John is a fair Canadian town which contributes a squadron of cavalry to that small but remarkably efficient little protective army known as the active militia. The major commanding this squadron is a fine fellow, take him by and large, but he has one small fault. He is a "little set in his ways," and "little" used in this connection is merely a qualification suggested by courtesy, for when he makes up his mind you could not convince him that he is not right with anything less than a Maxim at close range.

A few months ago the major commanding completed the cavalry school course necessary for the confirmation of his provisional commission and returned home with brain pan brimming with military enthusiasm. Of course the squadron enjoyed the benefit of his new ideas.

After various minor innovations came a deluge. Nothing would satisfy him but that the light dragoons must take a practice raid instead of camping at the town race course and enjoying dress parades, sham fights and flirtations with the young women visitors like any volunteer corps. In spite of a semimutiny, which was not entirely confined to the rank and file, he carried his point and proudly read off the department of militia's "permission" to his assembled troopers.

The whole town turned out to witness the start and cheered them nobly. Even old John Gribbs, who can show service medals for half a dozen regular army campaigns in foreign lands, declared that it "looked like the real thing this time, sure enough." Every scarlet coated trooper, in addition to usual equipment, had a bag of oats, three days' food rations for himself, blankets and extra kit strapped to his saddle. There were camp kettles, coffeepots, frying pans and what not. The small boys ran alongside of the departing cavalcade and screamed with glee. The general crowd voiced noisy wishes for the success of the outing. The troopers felt the martial blood stirring. All was joy and happiness, excepting perhaps among the well laden horses. But that is a detail. Amid noisy jingle of accouterments, applause from the onlookers and much raising of dust from the clumping hoofs away went the Light dragoons.

So long as they kept to the highways all was conventionally well, but of course the major commanding did not feel satisfied with this. He was out for the most realistic imitation possible of a wartime cavalry raid. And so on the morning of the second day, while the men were sleepily and reluctantly making ready to abandon their bivouac, he called his officers around him and laid down the law.

"Let us suppose that we are ordered to cut the enemy's line of communication at Blankville," explained the major commanding, at the same time pointing to the topographical map spread out at his feet.

"Bang up idea! Splendid! 'Pon honor!" chirped a junior lieutenant who was known to receive square envelopes bearing the postmark of the place.

"All the main roads are strongly patrolled," went on the major commanding impressively, "and it will be necessary to make a cross country trip. Here's where we are now," pointing to the map, "and here is Blankville. It's a fine chance for us to get in our rough riding."

"I should imagine so," remarked the veterinary lieutenant grimly. "All virgin country apparently. No settlers, but plenty of stiff hills, thick woods and broad swamps. If the horses can stand it, I'm sure I don't care."

"But how in the mischief will we find our way?" asked the senior captain, who was of a practical turn of mind. "Don't believe any of us know much about that section."

"Here's the map, and I'll plot our route by compass," declared the major commanding sternly, producing the latter article from his dispatch box. "It's one of the last things we took up at the cavalry school. The topographical instructor complimented me on the rapid progress I made in this branch of the voluntary studies."

The senior captain continued to look dubious, but it is hard to reason with even a fractious commanding officer. And the major—

So the light dragoons deserted the broad though winding road leading to known places and blindly followed their commandant in his bee line cross country trail.

It was prosaic field and pasture riding for the first few miles. Then came trees so close together that it was difficult to find passage wide enough for man and beast. The column had to wriggle its way along much after the fashion of a snake. Regions of rocky bowlders and impassable streams diverted them still further. Yet they held onward right lustily and traveled many miles, with occasional halts for rest and refreshment of chargers and men. About midnight, as they waded knee deep in muck, leading their worn out steeds by the bridles, striving to extricate themselves from an apparently interminable quagmire (which somebody had forgotten to show on the official map), all the rank and file and twelve-thirteenths of the officers made up their minds that the commandant guide was at fault. He, however, continued calm and serene, with sublime confidence in his new acquirement.

Early on the following morning, after as good a night's repose as it was possible to obtain in a mosquito infested vale, the squadron met new trouble. The air became full of smoke and wood ashes. The breeze brought along with it a sound of roaring and crackling which set the poor beasts to quivering and made the men impatient of delay. A forest fire evidently was raging in the neighborhood and speeding in their direction. It was a poor place for human beings, mounted or unmounted, to find themselves. Even the major commanding deemed it advisable to change their course temporarily, and they plugged along for several hours in an opposite direction to that from which the smoke seemed to be coming. Nevertheless the fire drew nearer, and with true pleasure they emerged out upon a promising road.

"Which way now, sir?" asked the senior captain, riding up to the commandant and casting sheep's eyes at the dusty thoroughfare, across which the members of the squadron were slowly urging their horses.

"Pass the word to halt, dismount and slacken girths for a short rest," replied the major, "but don't let either of the trumpeters sound a call or I'll strangle them."

"Eh? What?" ejaculated the subordinate.

"I'm afraid that I've made a confounded mess of it!" groaned the superior.

"Oh, we're all right now!" cried the other cheerfully. "We can make quick time by sticking to this road, and it's bound to bring us out somewhere."

"What do we look like?" demanded the major, with apparent irrelevancy.

"Er—I beg your pardon, sir," replied the senior captain, opening his eyes in astonishment at the question.

"What with faces and clothes scratched and torn from brambles and branches and plenty of dirt from soot and mud caked all over horses and men we are a pretty tough looking lot of soldiers of the queen! More like guerrillas or train robbers!"

"Why, my dear fellow," began the senior captain remonstratingly.

"Hush!" interrupted the major commanding. "I think I hear wheels coming along the road! Quick! Get the men to cover! Everybody hide! We must not be seen!"

Thunderstruck at the incoherent speeches of the commandant and beginning to suspect that his brain was affected, the senior captain did not make proper haste in executing the strange order, especially as it struck him that over a hundred troopers, with saddles half off their sweating steeds, could not find close ambush in a hurry. So the bulk of the squadron was on the road in plain view when the mysterious cause of their commandant's perturbation appeared at the bend.

It was a rattletrap of a buggy drawn by a similar specimen of a nag and holding a single individual, apparently a well to do farmer.

At sight of the soldiery the newcomer pulled the poor horse up on its haunches and without pausing for a second glance turned his vehicle so short that the off wheels went high off the ground and, lashing cruelly at the plunging quadruped, scurried out of sight again as if fiends were after him.

"Now, we've done it!" growled the major commanding. "At least I've done it," he added in a semiapologetic tone. "I've lost my way and brought you over the border. We're in the United States now."

"Hey!" snorted the captain.

"Yes, and that fellow in the buggy has gone off to report us to the authorities most likely," went on the other gloomily. "I suppose you can imagine what that means. With all due deference to the great republic, they are mighty touchy about such things as finding an armed body of British soldiery on their territory. They're not likely to listen to explanations for awhile. Shouldn't wonder if they made an international affair out of it. Our government will have to reprimand us anyway. I'll be broke, of course, and probably the squadron disbanded."

"What can we do?" voiced the senior captain pensively.

"Do? Nothing," replied the major commanding concisely. "But, as we're in for a lamb, we might as well take the whole sheep and start back home by this road."

"Well, that's better than it might be," put in the other philosophically.

"I don't know," went on the major relentlessly. "We will have to pass through Dashtown and maybe get arrested by the civil authorities and be jailed as suspicious characters."

"It'll have to be a pretty smart Yankee constable that can serve a warrant on us while we're galloping," affirmed the senior captain.

Just at this moment a shower of blazing sticks, hot coals and wood ashes set the horses to prancing, while the approaching clouds of smoke and increasing heat gave warning that it was no time to linger. The little mounted column was formed up in ranks and moved ahead at a brisk trot. But word of their predicament had been passed among them, and the faces of the troopers wore a by no means happy expression. Debouching from the thickest part of the forest about half an hour later, they came upon the outlying white houses and red barns of the American village of Dashtown. The road which they were traveling formed the main and only street of the hamlet, the buildings lining it upon either hand for a mile or more. At the crest of a little hill near the center of the place a lot of farm wagons, some of them loaded with hay and grain, were drawn across the roadway.

The Canadians were not left in doubt long as to the intentions of the people on whose domains they were trespassing. Several villagers stepped boldly out in front of the barricade and opened fire with rifles and long barreled ducking guns. The first bullet cut a gash in the plump cheek of Trumpeter Ned, and the healthy young fellow started in to bleed like a stuck pig.

"Steady, men! Halt!" cried the major commanding, with tears of anguish pouring down his cheeks, although his voice was like a rock.

The troopers reined in their chargers. Several bullets came pinging through the air, but luckily the distance was too great for accurate aim, and all the missiles after the first chance shot went wide or fell short of the mark.

"I want to acknowledge to you that it's all my fault getting you into this mess," bellowed the major wildly, "but for the honor of the service, we must take the medicine together. Right about face! Slow and easy! That's it. Retire at a walk!"

As if on parade, the Light dragoons had pivoted their chargers in the narrow roadway, and they fell back at the slowest pace possible to their tightly reined steeds. As soon as they were again in the shelter of the woods the column halted. The surgeon lieutenant proceeded to bind up the trivial wound of the elated young field musician. The major commanding swore roundly and in the intervals held forth to his assembled officers.

"I can't understand such a hostile reception," he rattled away indignantly. "Our nations are not at war, nor is there any danger of such a catastrophe just now, so far as I know. It's bad enough to be liable to civil arrest here and disciplining at home, without running the risk of being shot down on sight. I don't think there can be any more miserable feeling than this of being under fire without hope of retaliation. Those fellows"—

"If you will pardon me, sir," interrupted the senior captain, "I would point out that something must be done, and that very quickly. We have this forest fire drawing up rapidly on our rear and these armed villagers in front. Retreat by either flank I take to be out of the question, considering the trouble we've already had in navigating through the woods."

"Just so," put in the major commanding, his face slightly flushing as he spoke. "We will send a flag of truce forward. Have it made ready."

But something white that might serve for the signal of peace was hard to find among that flannel shirted squadron. The lint rolls of the surgeon lieutenant were the nearest thing to the color wanted, but they were a trifle too gray for the purpose. The major solved the problem by dismounting, unbuckling his sword and revolver belts and handing them and their attached weapons to an orderly. In spite of the protests of his confreres, he started to trudge along the road leading into the village.

"I've got you here, and I'm the one to get you out," he announced succinctly, if not grammatically. "They won't shoot a lone and unarmed man, even if he has no white flag. You know that as well as I do. But, of course, it is my duty to make provision even for the unexpected. If anything should happen to me," he went on, pausing a moment to turn and directly address the senior captain, "you will be in command. Surrender freely to the opposing forces and lay all the blame upon my amateur pilotage."

And he went on his way.

"Begorra! If anything does happen to the major, I don't intend to give myself up so easy," growled a quartermaster sergeant, resting carbine on the pommel of his saddle and proceeding to fill the magazine from his cartridge belt.

A dozen or more of the men at once followed his rash example. The officers were too intent upon the receding figure of their self appointed emissary to notice or check them.

The major strode along unharmed, although not unnoticed, as several gun barrels gleaming from behind piles of cordwood and other vantage points attested, until he was within 20 or 30 paces of the wagon barricade. Then a sturdy young farmer came forward and cried:

"How'dy, stranger? What might be your business?"

Although the major was puffing for breath by reason of combined excitement and walking exertion, he endeavored to shout an explanation of matters, but was interrupted by the other, who "cal'ated he'd best see Pop Smith." The officer was accordingly ushered in behind the barricade and brought before a tall and elderly man, who sat upon the top of an up ended cracker box, with his feet sprawled out in front. A long barreled rifle leaned against his left shoulder, while his two hands were employed in whittling thin slivers from a piece of clear pine with a keen edged hunting knife. All around him were grouped the men, women and children of the village.

Many were armed with rifles and guns, while the balance had cartridge belts, powder flasks and bullet pouches strung about them and evidently acted as a sort of ammunition reserve.

"Glad to meet yer, mister," remarked the elder after the major had been introduced by the young farmer. But he said this without so much as pausing or taking his eyes from off the whittling operations.

The major commanding told the tale of how they had all unknowingly strayed into the territories of the United States in as few words as possible and respectfully asked permission for his troop and himself to pass on to their own country unmolested.

"It sounds straight enough, stranger," replied Pop Smith as soon as the speaker had finished, "but I'll just cross question another witness. I've had my doubts about"— Stopping short in his evident misgivings and hurling the stick of wood upon which he had been whittling into an adjacent garden patch, he shut up the knife and called at the top of his lungs: "Seth! Seth Larkins! Where be you?"

"Here I be," a nasal voice replied, and a worthy whom the major commanding had little difficulty in recognizing as the occupant of the buggy which had so hastily retreated on catching sight of their array stepped forward.

"Naow, Seth, you told us that you saw a whole British army loaded down with plunder and looking like very devils, didn't you?" inquired the elder gravely.

"Well, there was a gang of them," answered the rustic surlily.

"And they fired a lot of cannon and rifles at you?" went on Pop relentlessly, with dry humor in his tone.

"No, I never said that," retorted the other quickly. "I said they was getting ready to when I dusted off so quick as not to give them any chance."

"But you saw in the papers that there was going to be war between England and Ameriky before long?"

"Yes, I've read that lots of times, and so've you."

"Seth Larkins," went on Pop Smith indignantly, "you've told some pretty tall hunting and fishing yarns in your day, but I vum if this last rigamarole don't lay over the whole biling of them." Then, turning suddenly upon the major commanding: "But, mister, there's one thing more needs to be cleared up. What's all that smoke behind you? If it hadn't been for that, we'd only laughed at Seth and his string of wild talk. It looks most tarnation like as if somebody had been setting fire to houses and barns and standing crops. I'm not going to take no"—

"The woods are blazing, and the fire is coming this way," hastily interrupted the officer. "There'll be houses and barns and standing crops burning in real earnest, and right around here, too, if something is not done in a hurry."

"Gosh all hemlocks!" ejaculated more than one of the male auditors.

"Have you any spare axes?" went on the Canadian.

"Hull gross new ones just come in," replied Pop, nodding across the street toward a store building which bore a sign reading, "Ebenezer J. Smith, Post-office."

"Then I can help you fight the fire with a hundred good men," cried the major commanding, at once stripping off his uniform coat and climbing on top of one of the wagons of the barricade in order to signal to his troopers to come on. "We'll try a match to see which side can set the chips flying the fastest."

It was a great day. The combined forces of the townsmen and Light dragoons soon cleared a broad strip of woodland to fence off the advancing flames. The women and children made such a fuss over the wounded trumpeter that the boy is nearly spoiled for ordinary life. The troopers were feasted and entertained to the verge of acute gastritis. Moreover, they were passed free and clear to their own borders and everybody sworn to silence concerning their mishap. A certain rural company of a certain state national guard has accepted an invitation to invade Canada secretly next summer, and, if all goes as it should, some of them will meet brothers in law as well as in arms among the Light dragoons. —New York Press.

The Critical Moment.

"Would you mind telling me how you became a successful man?" asked the visitor.

"Why, I couldn't talk about that now," answered the man with a worried look. "It's too early in life."

"But you have made a fortune and engineered great enterprises and secured the confidence and applause of your people and"—

"Oh, yes. But that's all in my regular work. Haven't you heard about what we're doing now?"

"Why—er—I can't say that I have."

"We're going to give a party. It'll be one of the biggest ever given, and you'll have to wait till my wife sees how I behave before it's decided whether I'm a success or not."—Washington Star.

The Lost Dear.

"The little dear is lost again," she said as soon as she got home.

"Oh, that pug!"

"Yes, that pug, if you must talk like a brute, and I want you to advertise for him."

And this is the advertisement as it appeared:

"Lost—A sausage shaped yellow dog, answering when hungry to the name of Baby. A reward will be paid for his return to 37 Blank street dead or alive."—Household Words.

Costly Wall Paper.

The most costly wall paper ever designed is metaled and lacquered, the lacquer preventing the metal from becoming tarnished by the atmosphere. The paper, which, unlike the cheaper wall papers, is hung horizontally, and not perpendicularly, is made in length of 12 yards and costs not less than $60 per piece.

Such a cost seems enormous when one considers that the cheap wall papers hung in cottages cost something like 6 to 8 cents apiece. The designs, however, for these expensive papers are by the leading artists of the day, who receive heavy fees, and the cost of metaling and lacquering is really enormous, so that the profit on a wall paper sold at $5 per yard is, after all, not very great.

Ordinary hand painted wall papers cost anything from $10 to $20 apiece. Of course, these patterns are very thick, and have to be affixed to the wall with a solution of glue and paste. It is interesting to note, however, that very often the papers are mounted on calico and placed upon the wall in such a way that when the tenant moves to another house or flat, he may take this costly wall paper with him.—Everybody's Magazine.

Her Papa's Stock In Trade.

The Rev. Joseph Whyte, a prominent Methodist divine, now stationed in northern California, has an exceptionally bright little daughter. One day himself and wife, with this little lassie, aged 4 years, were riding in the cars. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girls about their respective papas and what they did.

One little lad said, "My papa sells shoes," and the other said, "Mine sells paper, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?"

For a moment the child hesitated, but, not to be outdone by boys, she replied with the air of a duchess, "My papa sells talk."—Los Angeles Times.