J H George Jan 95

DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL 54. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1900. NO. 48.

WANTED,
WHEAT **WHEAT** WHEAT

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

P. H. GOLT, W. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
J. E. MERRIKEN,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
R. T. CARTER,	Tuckahoe,	"
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,	Milton,	"
E. W. INGRAM,	Lewes,	"

Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

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LUMBER and COAL COMPANY,
OF
DENTON, MARYLAND.
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THE MUSIC DEALER, 38 DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.,

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T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN
Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

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

Eyes Examined Free of Charge. T. W. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.

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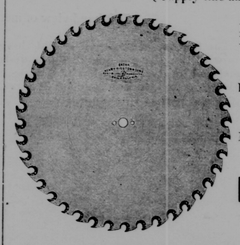
Price? I will cheerfully quote prices on any kind of Machinery, and prices guaranteed to be as low as any one in the United States on same class of machinery.

Prompt Delivery? I carry in stock everything in the Machinery and Mill Supply line and can fill orders same day received.



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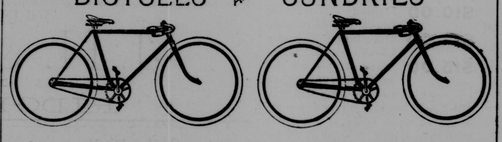
BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES



Having reduced the prices of Bicycles, of which I have a large stock, I am now offering the greatest bargains to be had for the prices. $25 Wheels, strictly high-grade, tires and equipment reduced to $20; $20 Wheels now $17.50; 1900 Keatings, with noiseless roller chain and all latest improvements, $40. Full line Bicycle Sundries, Carriage Hardware, Specialties, Paints, Oils, Varnishee, etc., for carriages and buildings

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Very truly yours,

J. N. RICKARDS,
RIDGELY, MD.

HON. JOHN W. CAUSEY, PRES. WM. DENNEY, SEC'Y AND TREAS

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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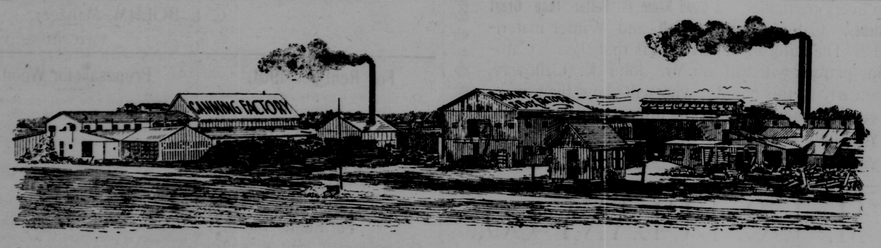
CRATES.



BASKETS.

T. L. DAY, SWING & COMPANY,
‡ MANUFACTURERS OF ‡
BERRY CRATES, CUPS, PEACH AND TOMATO BASKETS AND COVERS,

are now ready to supply in any quantity, Crates and Baskets, made in a strong and substantial manner. Order early and take advantage of the extra inducements we offer for orders placed now.

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RIDGELY, MARYLAND

BORROWING THE BABY.

Good mornin. My ma sent me
To ast you how you was,
An hope you're well. You know 'at is
Th' way she allus does.
My ma, she sez, you're strangers,
But then she kind of thought
She'd like to borry th' baby
'At you folkses 'as got.

My ma sets by th' winder
An watches you an him
An kind of smiles an cries to wunst,
'Cause he's like baby Jim.
Who's Jim? He was our baby.
We named him after pa.
Say, c'n we borry your baby
A little while fer ma?

My ma, she sez she wouldn't
Mind if your baby cried.
She sez 't 'd be like music,
Since little Jim has died.
She sez she'll be good to him,
An she'd like a whole lot
If we c'n borry the baby
'At you folkses 'as got.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

The Russian Cigarettes.

A TALE OF A ROYAL VISIT.

The visit of Prince Sergius Mendelejeff to England is still a matter of recent history—to most people but a proof of the safety enjoyed by all nations, without discrimination, under the shadow of the British flag; to myself and a few others an anxious nightmare in which we prevented as if by miracle the attacks of the nihilists on the august person of his imperial highness.

On the afternoon of April 25 I sat in my chambers putting the final touches to a draft of the route which was to be taken by the royal visitor. The prince was to arrive at Portsmouth in his yacht in the early morning of the 26th, to land incognito and to entrain at once in the "special" that would be awaiting to convey him to London. On the journey the train was to halt at Grayford, a small rural station, for an hour while the prince breakfasted in the open air, this being his usual custom while traveling in Russia. He was then to proceed to Waterloo, being met there by several members of the English royal family. Such was the programme arranged by the foreign office, and I was the official intrusted with the supervision of the arrangements and held responsible for Prince Sergius' safety, a post that promised to be little of a sinecure.

I had finished annotating the draft and was stretching out my hand for a cigarette when the page entered and said that a lady was waiting below and insisted on seeing me.

In my capacity of chief in the secret service I have many unconventional visitors, but on this occasion I felt some annoyance, for I was very busy.

"Can she call again?" I began when the lady herself appeared in the doorway and dissipated the text of my remonstrance.

She was a stylish, well dressed girl of 19, with clustering curls of dark brown hair peeping out from beneath her picture hat and radiant violet eyes, which looked pleadingly toward me.

My chagrin vanished with the pathetic little smile on her face, and I found myself shutting the door and placing a chair for the fair stranger.

She sat down and played nervously with her gold muff chain while mustering up courage to speak. "You will forgive me for interrupting you, sir, when I tell you that my errand is very closely connected with the safety of his imperial highness Prince Sergius Mendelejeff," she said after a few minutes had elapsed.

"Indeed!" I remarked.

"My name is Muriel Clough. You know Captain Clough, I suppose," she continued, "the officer who has been appointed to the prince's suit during his visit to England?"

I signified my assent.

"He is my stepbrother. It is for his sake that I have come here today—for his sake and that of the family honor. I know nothing definite, you understand, but I fear the danger all the more for its obscurity.

"He has fallen under the spell of Princess Olga Skobensky, a nihilist refugee in London, who is as beautiful as she is cruel and unscrupulous. My brother is merely wax in her hands, and from certain hints that he has let fall I feel convinced that she is urging him to attempt, or, at all events, connive at, the murder of Prince Sergius during his visit to England, a crime for which his appointment offers such fatal facilities. Oh, sir"—

She rose from her chair and stretched out her hands appealingly.

"I beseech you to frustrate the princess' schemes and to save Rupert from the consequences of his fatal fascination."

"You may rest assured that I shall do my best, Miss Clough, both for the prince's sake and your own," I replied. "It would be dangerous to have your brother removed from the position to which he was gazetted last night. Such a step would probably precipitate some horrible outrage on the part of the nihilists. I think I may promise, though, without boasting, that Captain Clough will have little opportunity for injuring his royal highness with the circumspect watch that the detectives and I will keep over him."

"Thank you! thank you, a thousand times," she said gratefully. "That is just what I wanted."

"The obligation is on our side," I answered, smiling, as I ushered her to the door.

I stood watching her drive off in her smart little victoria, and then began to laugh at myself for the sentimental day dreams that were weaving in my matter of fact brain.

But the laugh died out on my lips as I considered the serious news that Miss Clough had brought me. Her impressions of Princess Olga Skobensky closely tallied with my own experience, as I knew that for years the princess had been the terror and bugbear of the Russian police.

I knew the princess in society, and a sudden idea came into my mind that I would call on her and see as much as possible how the land lay.

I found her in her blue and silver boudoir smoking Russian cigarettes. She was surprised and I fancied for a moment alarmed at my entrance.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Sir George," she said, smiling. "You have not been to see me for ages."

"Business, my dear princess; business," I responded, taking the cup of coffee that she had poured out for me. "I am worked to death on account of your compatriot's visit. I only hope that you nihilists will refrain from troubling the poor chap while he is over here."

The princess arched her dark eyebrows in well affected surprise.

"Nihilist!" she repeated. "Oh, I am only a nihilist so far as it furnishes a fashionable excuse for living in England. You know quite well that I would not hurt a fly, much less a prince of my own nation."

I thought this pretty good from a woman who had stabbed with her own hand the chief of the Ninth section in her palace at St. Petersburg. However, I only smiled and took out my cigarette case.

"Won't you try some of these? I got them from Moscow this morning," interrupted the princess, handing me her own case.

I took a gold tipped cigarette and lighted it. It proved a delicious smoke.

"You like them," said she, watching me intently.

"They are fit for the gods, princess."

"Give me your case, and I will fill it for you."

I handed over my silver case and submitted myself to her generosity.

"Where is your gold case," she asked when the other was filled—"the one you keep for grand occasions?"

"No, no, princess, you have been quite liberal enough," I replied.

"Not at all," she said. "You may have the chance of presenting it to the prince, and I am sure he would appreciate these cigarettes."

And while I drank some more coffee she filled the gold case also. We chatted on indifferent topics for some time, and then I took my leave, having just said enough to Princess Olga to show that I was on my guard against her.

After leaving Princess Olga's house I had just time for dinner and to take a hansom to Waterloo. Here I joined the company who were to proceed by special train to meet Prince Sergius. They included the Russian embassador, with several of his attaches, 15 detectives and officials of the secret service, and several English officers, among whom was Captain Rupert Clough.

During our journey down I took an opportunity of rallying Clough on his evidently low spirits.

"My word, Fraser," he replied bitterly, "I have enough to make me miserable. I see no alternative between crime and dishonor and blowing my brains out. The latter appears the more enviable course to pursue."

He gave a hollow laugh and stared moodily out of the window of the saloon.

"Come, come," I said, "don't let yourself get into this morbid state of mind. If you tell me your troubles, perhaps I can see a way out of them."

But he only shook his head, so I smoked on in silence until our arrival at Portsmouth.

Prince Surgius Mendelejeff landed at the pier at 6:30 on the following morning, where we were waiting to receive him.

His imperial highness is of middle height, dark complexioned, with clear, well cut features and a heavy black beard and mustache. On this occasion he wore a blue undress uniform and seemed much pleased with his informal reception. I was included in the presentations that were made to him and had the honor of leading the way to the "special," which began to move from the platform as soon as the last of the party had entered the train. The railway arrangements were perfectly carried out, and we reached our one stopping place without a hitch. Grayford is very picturesque. The little platform, with its wooden shed, is one of the most unassuming of rural stations, and the stolid villagers betrayed no inquisitive interest in the arrival of the royal train. Lord Selven's park is just opposite the railway station. Here, under the spreading oak trees, his lordship's servants had prepared a sumptuous breakfast for the prince and company, to which we all did justice, with appetites whetted by the fresh morning air.

When the prince had finished eating, the company rose and, dispersing into groups, strolled about on the greensward chatting gayly.

I was speaking to Captain Clough when Prince Sergius, accompanied by the Russian embassador, approached us. "Talk without smoke, gentlemen, is like a service without music—unsatisfactory," he remarked. "Will you have a cigarette?"

He opened his case to hand it to me and then burst out laughing. It was empty.

"I could have sworn Paul filled it for me this morning. However, I must be abstemious for a little," he said.

Immediately the embassador and I presented our cases.

His imperial highness chose a cigarette from each. "I will smoke the embassador's first and then yours, Sir George." And, nodding his thanks, he sauntered off with his companion.

"Have a cigarette and act up to the prince's maxim," said Clough. I helped myself from his case and reciprocated by giving him one from the gold case that Princess Olga had filled for me.

We walked along in silence for a few minutes, when Clough suddenly surprised me by saying: "I have noticed the careful watch that you and the detectives have kept on my movements ever since the prince landed and have drawn my own conclusions as to what you know or guess. You need not be afraid of me, though, Fraser. I told Olga yesterday that I refused to be a party to assassination. She wanted me to offer cigarettes containing a powerful explosive to the prince."

Fortunately a small stream runs through Lord Selven's grounds. Without stopping to explain, I snatched the half smoked cigarette from Clough's mouth and flung it into the water; then I tore off to where I had left the prince, cursing my folly as I ran.

Until Clough's speech the bare possibility of such an atrocious and cowardly method of assassination had never occurred to me. Now I did not doubt that the cigarettes in my gold case (as was afterward proved) contained an explosive substance calculated to cause instant death to the smoker as soon as the burning ash touched it. Princess Olga's cunning in placing harmless cigarettes in my silver case, well knowing that I would smoke these first, had duped me completely, and her plot would have been only too successful if Captain Clough had not been induced to confess to me the secret under which he labored.

I shall never forget that two minutes' race along the turf of Selven park. The life of Prince Sergius and the honor of Great Britain depended on my speed, while a sickening horror clutched at my heart, telling me that perhaps I was already too late. At that moment the prince might be lying dead under the oak trees, killed, unwittingly, by the hand of him who had been appointed his guardian and protector.

How that fiend of a woman must have chuckled when she made me the unconscious instrument of her wicked design.

These thoughts lent wings to my feet, and I arrived, panting and breathless, before his imperial highness just as he was putting a match to the paper tube of death.

"Stop, your highness, stop!" I cried, and relieved at the prevention of the catastrophe, I stammered out an explanation of my seeming impertinence.

"You came just in time, Sir George," remarked Prince Sergius, patting me affectionately on the back as I concluded. "Another three minutes and I should have smoked Princess Olga's cigarette.

* * * * * * *

Both the Russian and the English secret service authorities maintain a discreet silence as to the whereabouts of the beautiful Olga Skobensky. I have heard of a story which tells of a nihilist princess being immured at Cronstadt, who was made every day to smoke from a box containing 99 ordinary cigarettes and one that she had placed, on a former occasion, in my gold case. A day came on which she chose this particular cigarette, and the memory of the chief of the Ninth section was avenged. Instead of being blamed for my imprudence, I was rewarded far beyond my deserts. Prince Sergius gave me the Order of St. Andrew and Captain Clough a greater gift still.

For his sister Muriel, after thanking me for rescuing her brother, she consented to be my wife. Need I say more to tell you of my happiness?—

He Lifted the Ticker.

A London detective visiting Glasgow met a Scotch police official on the street and in the talk that followed spoke contemptuously of the ability of Scotch thieves as compared with the English experts.

Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow detective was nettled and thirsted for revenge. Looking around, he espied a little fellow who had been dogging them and who was known as an expert pickpocket. Crossing the street he addressed the boy, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the English detective, he asked if he would know him again.

"Aye," replied the boy. "What aboot it?"

"I want you to lift his ticker. He says no one in Glasgow can relieve him of it."

"Ah, it's a' richt. See ony green?"

"Honor bright, Tommy! I'll give you half a crown when you deliver up the watch to me."

"Ye will? An what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Let's see, then. I'm to lift the ticker, an you're to pay half a crown for't on the spot?"

"Yes, that's it."

"An wad ye ken it if ye seen it?"

"I would among a thousand."

"Is that it, then?" And the boy, diving into his trousers pocket, displayed the identical watch and explained that he had secured it "while the gent was chaffin aboot the prigs."

A Weapon of Defense.

All visitors are required to surrender their guns upon entering Yellowstone park, and attempts to conceal firearms from the police are severely punished.

The other day an old frontiersman drove in behind a lean pair of mules that hauled a dilapidated old prairie schooner. Under its tattered canvas were a hungry looking woman and three children, the eldest being a boy about 14 years old. He got out of his wagon at the guardhouse to register his name and address, according to the regulations, and when questioned by the sergeant in charge produced an old smoothbore, muzzle loading gun, the like of which has not been seen in this locality for at least half a century.

When questioned, the farmer said he was no sportsman, nor was his wife or children. The gun was brought for defensive purposes only and to allay the fears of his wife, who had been told that the woods were full of bears and was anxious for the safety of the children.

"I didn't calculate to pesterate the b'ars," said the old gentleman, "but I didn't calculate to let the b'ars pesterate me."—Chicago Record.

Willing to Quit.

Some convicts were pulverizing stone at the time of the official visit and the governor of the prison was inspecting the work.

After contemplating the proceedings a few minutes the governor remarked, "Here, my man, you are not pulverizing that stone fine enough; that sort of thing will never do."

The convict calmly rested his arms and said: "Guv'nor, I'm willing to be turned off and discharged if my work doesn't suit. I never applied for this job or the situation, and if my work ain't satisfactory I'm willing to go."—London Tit-Bits.

A Prehistoric Fish.

In the blue shales of a valley a few miles from Montclair, N. J., are found fossil fish of a kind which is almost extinct, only three specimens now surviving. They belong to the order of ganoids, which possessed no interior bony skeleton, but only an outside covering of bony or cartilaginous plates. They were the earliest known vertebrates. A number of excellent specimens show distinctly the shining, bony scales of this peculiar species of fish, which, according to geologists, must have existed ages ago.

Couldn't See the Joke.

Once Offenbach graciously accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them in Etretat. As his hosts were waiting for him at the hotel, one of them, who was very intimate with the composer, suggested:

"Let us give him a rousing welcome."

The idea was taken up and developed. One of the party possessed a collection of old weapons. This was ransacked, and some two dozen young fellows were soon equipped as halberdiers. Another mounted a donkey and waved the flag of the club.

When Offenbach's carriage came in sight, a drum beat, the halberdiers presented arms and fireworks were set off from the balcony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the composer stepped to the ground a venerable old man approached and presented to him the key of the hotel on a silver platter.

Offenbach, vain as a peacock and accustomed to all sorts of queer receptions, entirely failed to see the joke, though it was as broad as anything in "The Grand Duchess" or "La Belle Helene." He took it all seriously as a tribute to his genius, and, with tears in his eyes and in a voice that shook with emotion, he murmured:

"Gentlemen, this is too much, too much!"

A Unique River.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Piperi Assu river into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies 22 feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by the Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over 20 years among the Indians of Uruguay.

Oriental Punishments.

The heathen Chinee deems the desecration of graves one of the most unpardonable of crimes, and, according to law, any man finding another in the act of robbing a graveyard may legally kill the villain on the spot without fear of consequences.

If a Turkish baker palms off a loaf of bread on you that is proved to be of less weight than it is represented, you can instruct a policeman to nail the defaulter by one of his ears to the door of his shop so as to be in full view of the passersby. The poor wretch will then be provided with a sharp dagger or knife, with which he can cut himself fee so soon as he can summon up the necessary courage required for the operation of self maiming.

In many of the oriental countries, where precious stones are looked upon as well nigh sacred objects, it is no uncommon thing for a jewel robber to be punished with death. In Tibet the penalty for falling from your horse when taking part in any military operations or public athletics is death.

One writer recalls how he saw a man shot in Montenegro for appearing at a review wearing a stained uniform.

Sacrificed the Mustache.

Thomas B. Reed at one time wore a mustache of a few straggling hairs, so often seen on the upper lip of extremely fleshy men. How Mr. Reed parted with his hirsute apology can best be told by a certain barber in the house of representatives who attended the gentleman's wants:

"One day the big man from Maine settled himself in the barber's chair and requested a shave. When the operation was completed, Mr. Reed straightened himself and asked, 'Have you any of that old fashioned pomade to wax mustaches with?'

"The barber hustled among his pots and jars and produced a French preparation in vogue a quarter of a century ago and then proceeded to wax the ends of the Maine statesman's few wirelike hairs.

"When the man of snapshot sentences arose and contemplated himself in the glass, he turned to the astonished barber and said, 'Cut this blanked blank mustache off, for you have made me look like a confounded catfish.'"—New England Home Magazine.

Old Teeth Bought.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Old False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B. ——, of —— —— (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. ——, bankers, Ipswich."

Impression Correct.

"Dinguss, didn't I lend you $10 a month or two ago?"

"Shadbolt, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it."

Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

Easy Choice.

"Did you have any trouble in selecting a name for the baby?"

"None at all. There's only one rich uncle in the family."—Richmond Dispatch.

"Much learning maketh a man sad," says one proverb, and another says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." So what are you going to do about it?—Chicago News.