DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 55 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1901. NO. 26

W. H. T. WILSON,

....WITH....

WASKEY THE FURNITURE MAN

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS,

MATTINGS, CARPETS AND REFRIGERATORS.

Agent for FAMOUS NEW IDEA MATTRESS

DUST SHIELD TO KEEP DUST OUT OF CORNERS.

OUR MOTTO: LOW PRICES AND GOODS AS REPRESENTED.

☞Prompt attention to Mail Orders.

C. C. WASKEY,

223 N. Howard St, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York,

December 31st, 1900.

Total income during the year		$ 60,582,812.31
Total disbursements		39,446,613.51
ASSETS.		
Value of Real Estate and Ground Rents owned by the Company unencumbered	$ 23,575,840.73	
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	77,235,867.38	
Loans secured by pledge of Bonds, Stocks or other collateral, per schedule C	12,170,000.00	
Loans made to Policy-holders on this Company's policies assigned as collateral	8,629,769.43	
Bonds and Stocks absolutely owned by the Company (book value)	162,573,496.34	
Cash in Company's Office and in Banks	13,299,312.32	
Interest due and accrued on Stocks, Bonds and other securities and Rents	2,813,261.15	
Net amount of uncollected and deferred premiums	4,726,602.84	
Agent's Debit balances	400,391.71	
Market value Stocks and Bonds over book value	20,793,128.87	
Total		$326,219,674.47
DEDUCT LEDGER LIABILITIES.		
Agent's Credit Balances $33,905.05		
All other $32,225.20	$ 66,130.25	$ 66,130.25
Total		$326,153,544.22
ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.		
Securities deposited in various States for the protection of Policy-holders in such States—market value $8,105,943.11		
Agents' Debit balances, not secured by bonds	$ 400,391.71	$ 400,391.71
Total		$325,753,152.51
LIABILITIES.		
Net Reserve	$266,502,266.00	
Net Policy claims	1,548,160.09	
Unpaid Dividends or other profits due Policy-holders	93,182.66	
Salaries, Rent, etc., due or accrued	35,310.85	
Premiums paid in advance	191,891.66	
Liability under "non forfeiture clause" lapsed policy	353,227.00	
Liability for mortuary bonds	470,092.00	
Total liabilities		$269,191,130.26
Surplus as regards Policy-holders		$ 56,562,022.25
439,440 Policies in force in United States on Dec. 31st, 1900	1,139,940,529.00	
702 Policies written in Maryland during the year 1900	2,553,107.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1900	483,511.28	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1900	231,232.19	
Losses incurred in Maryland during 1900	238,538.14	

STATE OF MARYLAND, Insurance Dept. Commissioner's Office.
Baltimore, Md., March 4, 1901.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the sworn statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, to December 31st, 1900, now on file in this department.

LLOYD WILKINSON,
INSURANCE COMMISSIONER.

HERBERT N. FELL, GENERAL AGENT,
Wilmington, Delaware.

...The Denton...

GRAIN AND FLOUR EXCHANGE,

S. E. COR. 3D and GAY STS.

DENTON, MARYLAND.

RETAIL WHOLE SALE

We will exchange Flour, Meal, etc., for Grain, same as at Mill. Oats and hay and other Feed always on hand.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR GRAIN.

T. FRED. GAREY, Manager. | J. H. MEDFORD, Proprietor.

T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN Ridgely, Md.

I have sold my Drug Store and will hereafter devote my time exclusively to the optical and jewelry business.

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.

The most careful attention given to watch, clock and jewelry repairs. Satisfaction in every instance is guaranteed to all my customers.

ENGRAVING. There is no further need to send your jewelry or silverware to the city to be engraved, but take it to Ridgely, where you can have inscriptions on watches spoons, hollowware, coffin plates, etc. In a word, everything you wish can be appropriately and attractively marked.

WM. J. C. DULANY CO.

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Day and Sunday School Libraries a Specialty. Agents for Milton Bradley Kindergarten Matrial. Send for catalogues

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—GENERAL—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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DENTON, MARYLAND.
OFFICE IN THE STEWART BUILDING.
OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 10 A. M. 1 to 3 P. M. 7 to 9 P. M.
Residence: Cor. 7th and Main Streets.

Eyes That See

With glasses from LUBIN'S are comfortable and free from pain.

Our oculist, Dr. Downes, gives you free of charge the most careful attention, and his years of experience and skill ensures the correct glasses.

This is the only OPTICAL STORE in BALTIMORE offering such inducements free.

Dr. Downes is well known and acquainted with many subscribers of this paper; he will be pleased to see you.

LUBIN'S.
22 W. Lexington St. Baltimore, Md.
☞Look for the lens-grinding machine in the window.

Jarrell & Hollingsworth,

EASTON, MD.

THE LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTERS

WHY GO TO THE CITY TO DO YOUR SHOPPING when you can get anything you want within driving distance of home? We believe we can save you money on your purchases and give you more prompt and careful attention.

SPECIAL OFFER.

For the next two weeks we will offer special bargains in Woolen Dress Goods, Wash and White Goods. This will be another great white season, but nothing will take the place of the beautiful Dimities, Batistes, and Foulards; they are prettier than ever this season. We have two hundred styles to select from.

Silk Foulard

In dress patterns, perfect beauties. Many styles and shades to select from at 50c, 65c, 75c and $1.00 per yard.

Men's Clothing

Special prices in Men's and Boys' Clothing for two weeks. We have never offered such extraordinary bargains in clothing before. It will pay you to drive a long distance if you'll need clothing this season to get some of these wonderful bargains.

MILLINERY

This Department we are especially proud of. For Artistic Millinery we are headquarters, and will save you at least 25 per cent. on your purchases.

When in Easton make our store your headquarters. We want you to feel perfectly at home—plenty of space for you. Comfortable waiting room for ladies and children.

We want your trade, and in order to get it we will make a special effort to please you in Quality and Price. We have the largest stock on the Shore to select from, and our prices as low, quality considered, as can be found anywhere.

Jarrell & Hollingsworth,

(SUCCESSORS TO M. B. NICHOLS)

EASTON, MARYLAND.

GRAND

SPRING OPENING

I have just returned from the city with a complete line of all the latest goods for this season, and hereby extend to you a hearty invitation to come and make your selection of as choice goods as any market might offer. You will find our

STOCK OF CLOTHING

comptete and up-to-date for the season. In

DRY GOODS

I carry all novelties worthy of your attention. In

SHOES AND OXFORD TIES

we have got the style and variety to suit both fashion and durability.

THE NECKWEAR

you will find the nobbiest ever got in this town. Everything the latest in

HATS, CAPS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

A complete line of Oil Cloth, Matting, Window Shades, Trunks, and Valises, at prices that will tempt you to

BUY AT ONCE!

You are all cordially invited to come and try us. We guarantee prices and quality against anything sold on the market. Thanking you for past patronage and hoping to please you in the future, I am

Respectfully yours,
BALTIMORE BARGAIN STORE,
D. KLINE, Prop. Ridgely, Maryland.

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

KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

Insurance in Force, $3,877,176.00

JOHN T. CARTER, JR., AGENT, Denton, Md.
R. PLUMMER, AGENT, Greensboro, Md.
ALEX. NOBLE, AGENT, Preston, Md.

A BALSAM PILLOW.

Story of the First of Its Kind.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Now that fir needles and hemlock needles have become recognized articles of commerce and every other shop boasts its row of fragrant cushions, with their inevitable motto, "Give Me of Thy Balm, O Fir Tree," I am reminded of the first pillow of the sort I ever saw and of what it meant to the girl who made it. I should like to tell you the little story, simple as it is. It belongs to the time, eight or nine years since, before pine pillows became popular. Perhaps Chateaubriand Dorset may be said, for once in her life, to have set a fashion.

Yes, that was really her name! Her mother met with it in a newspaper and, without the least idea as to whether it appertained to man or woman, adopted it for her baby. The many syllables fascinated her, I suppose, and there was, besides, that odd joy in a piece of extravagance that costs nothing which appeals to the thrifty New England nature and is one of its wholesome outlets and indulgences.

So the Methodist elder baptized the child Chateaubriand Aramintha, making very queer work of the unfamiliar accents, and then, so far as practical purposes are concerned, the name ceased to be. How can a busy household, with milk to set and milk to skim and pans to scald and butter to make and pigs to feed find time for a name like that? "Baby" the little girl was called till she was well settled on her feet and in the use of her little tongue. Then she became "Brie," and Brie Dorset she remained to the end. Few people recollected that she possessed any other name unless the marriage, birth and death pages of the family Bible happened to be under discussion.

The Dorsets' was one of those picturesque, lonely, outlying farms past which people drive in the summer saying: "How retired! How peaceful!" but past which almost no one drives in winter. It stood, with its environment of red barns and apple orchards, at the foot of a low granite cliff whose top was crowned with a fir wood and two enormous elm trees met over its roof and made a checker work of light and shade on its closely blinded front.

No sign of life appeared to the city people who drew their horses in to admire the situation except perhaps a hen scratching in the vegetable beds or a lazy cat basking on the doorstep, and they would drive on unconscious that behind the slats of the green blinds above a pair of eyes watched them go and a hungry young heart contrasted their lot with its own.

Hungry! There never was anything like the starvation which goes on sometimes in those shut up farmhouses. Boys and girls feel it alike, but the boys are less to be pitied, for they can usually devise means to get away.

How could Brie get away? She was the only child. Her parents had not married young. When she was 19, they seemed almost elderly people, so badly does life on a bleak New England farm deal with human beings. Her mother, a frail little woman, grew year by year less fit for hard labor. The farm was not productive.

The fir wood on the upper hill was the temple where she worshiped. There she went with her Bible on Sunday afternoons, with her patching and stocking mending on other days. There she dreamed her dreams and prayed her prayers, and while there she was content. But all too soon would come the sound of the horn blown from below or a call from the house: "Brie, Brie, the men are coming to supper. Make haste!" And she would be forced to hurry back to the workaday world. When she was just 20, her father fell from his loaded hay wagon and fractured his thigh. There was no cure for the hurt, and after six months of hopeless attendance he died. Brie and her mother were left together on the lonely farm, with the added burden of a large bill for doctoring and medicines, which pressed like a heavy weight on their honorable hearts.

The hired man, Reuben Hall, was well disposed and honest, but before Mr. Dorset's death he had begun to talk of going to the west, and Brie foreboded that he might not be willing to stay with them. Mrs. Dorset, broken down by nursing and sorrow, had become an invalid, unable to assist save in the lightest ways. The burden was sore for one pair of shoulders to bear. Brie kept up a brave face by day, but at night horrors of helplessness and apprehension seized her. The heavens seemed as brass, against which her feeble prayers beat in vain; the future was barred, as it were, with an impassable gate.

What could they do? Sell the farm? That would take time, for no one in particular wanted to buy it. If Reuben would stand by them, they might be able to fight it out for another year and what with butter and eggs and the corn crop make enough for his wages and a bare living. But would Reuben stay?

Our virtues sometimes treat us as investments do and return a dividend when we least expect it. It was at this hard crisis that certain good deeds of Brie's in the past stood her friend. She had always been good to Reuben, and her sweet ways and consideration for his comfort had gradually won a passage into his rather stolid affections. Now, seeing the emergency she was in and the courage with which she met it, he could not quite find the heart to "leave the little gal to make out by herself." Fully purposing to go, he staid, putting off the idea of departure from month to month, and, though true to his idea of proper caution, he kept his good intentions to himself, so that relief of having him there was constantly tempered by the dread lest he might go at any time. Still it was relief.

So April passed and May and June. The crops were planted, the vegetables in. Brie strained every nerve. She petted her hens and coaxed every possible egg out of them; she studied the tastes of the two cows; she maintained a brave show of cheer for her ailing mother, but all the time she was sick at heart. Everything seemed closing in. How long could she keep it up?

The balsam firs of the hill grove could have told tales in those days. They were Brie's sole confidants. The consolation they gave, the counsel they communicated, were mute, indeed, but none the less real to the anxious girl who sat beneath them or laid her cheek on their rough stems. June passed, and with early July came the answer to Brie's many prayers. It came, as answers to prayers often do, in a shape of which she had never dreamed.

Miss Mary Morgan, teacher in Grammar School No. 3, Ward 19, of the good city of Boston, came, tired out from her winter's work, to spend a few days with Farmer Allen's wife, her second cousin, stopped one day at the Dorsets' door while driving to ask for a drink of water, took a fancy to the old house and to Brie and next day came over to propose herself as a boarder for three months.

"I can only afford to pay $7 a week," she said. "But, on the other hand, I will try not to make much trouble if you will take me."

"Seven dollars a week! Only think!" cried Brie gleefully to her mother after the bargain was completed and Miss Morgan gone. "Doesn't it seem like a fortune? It'll pay Reuben's wages and leave ever so much over! And she doesn't eat much meat, she says, and she likes baked potatoes and cream and sweet baked apples better than anything. And there's the keeping room chamber all cleaned and ready. Doesn't it seem as if she was sent to us, mother?"

"Your poor father never felt like keepin boarders," said Mrs. Dorset. "I used to kind of fancy the idea of it, but he wasn't willin. I thought it would be company to have one in the house if they was nice folks. It does seem as if this was the Lord's will for us, her comin in so unexpected and all."

Two days later Miss Morgan, with a hammock, a folding canvas chair and a trunkful of light reading, arrived and took possession of her new quarters. For the first week or two she did little but rest, sleeping for hours at a time in the hammock, swung beneath the shadowing elms. Then, as the color came back to her thin face and the light to her eyes, she began to walk a little, to sit with Brie in the fir grove or read aloud to her on the doorstep while she mended, shelled peas or picked over berries, and all life seemed to grow easier and pleasanter for the dwellers in the solitary farmhouse. The guest gave little trouble, she paid her weekly due punctually, and the steady income, small as it was, made all the difference in the world to Brie.

As the summer went by and she grew at home with her new friend she found much relief in confiding to her the perplexities of her position.

"I see," Miss Morgan said; "it is the winter that is the puzzle. I will engage to come back next summer, as I have this, and that will help along, but the time between now and then is the difficulty."

"Yes," replied Brie, "the winter is the puzzle, and Reuben's money. We have plenty of potatoes and corn and vegetables to take us through, and there's the pig to kill, and the chickens will lay some. If only there were any way in which I could make enough for Reuben's wages, we could manage."

"I must think it over," said Miss Morgan.

She pulled a long branch of the balsam fir nearer as she spoke and buried her nose in it. It was the first week of September, and she and Brie were sitting in the hill grove.

"I love this smell so," she said. "It is delicious. It makes me dream."

Brie broke off a bough.

"I shall hang it over your bed," she said, "and you'll smell it all night."

So the fir bough hung upon the wall till it gradually yellowed and the needles began to drop.

"Why, they are as sweet as ever—sweeter!" declared Brie, smelling a handful which she had swept from the floor. Then an idea came into her head.

She gathered a great fagot of the branches and laid them to dry in the sun on the floor of a little used piazza. When partly dried, she stripped off the needles, stuffed with them a square cotton bag and made for that a cover of soft sage green silk with an odd shot pattern over it. It was a piece of what had been her great-grandmother's wedding gown.

Brie had made the first of all the many balsam pillows. It was meant for a goodby gift to Miss Morgan.

"Your cushion is the joy of my life," wrote that lady to her a month after she went home. "Every one who sees it falls in love with it. Half a dozen people have asked me how they could get one like it, and, Brie, this has given me an idea. Why should you not make them for sale? I will send you up some pretty silk for the covers, and you might cross stitch a little motto if you like. I'll copy some for you. Two people have given me an order already. They will pay $4 apiece if you like to try."

This suggestion was the small wedge of the new industry. Brie lost no time in making the two pillows, grandmother's gown fortunately holding out for their covers. Then came some pretty red silk from Miss Morgan, with yellow filoselle for the mottoes, and more orders. Brie worked busily that winter, for her balsam pillows had to be made in spare moments when other work permitted. The grove on the hill was her unfailing treasury of supply. The thickset twigs bent them to her will, the upper branches seemed to her to rustle as with satisfaction at the aid they were giving. In the spring the old trees renewed their foliage with vigorous purpose, as if resolved not to balk her in her work.

The fir grove paid Reuben's wages that winter. Miss Morgan came back the following June, and by that time balsam pillows were established as articles of commerce, and Brie had a munificent offer from a recently established decorative art society for a supply of the needles at $3 a pound. It was hard, dirty work to prepare such a quantity, but she did not mind.

As I have said, this was some years ago. Brie no longer lives in the old home. Her mother died the third year after Miss Morgan came to them, the farm is sold and Brie married. She lives now on a ranch in Colorado, but she has never forgotten the fir grove, and the memory of it is a help often in the desponding moments that come at times to all lives.

USING DOGS AS TURNSPITS.

The turnspit dogs, writes Alice Morse Earle in "Stagecoach and Tavern Days," were little, patient creatures whose lives were spent in the exquisite tantalization of helping to cook meat, the appetizing odors of which they sniffed for hours without so much as a taste to reward them at the end of their labors.

The summary and inhuman mode of teaching these turnspits their humble duties is described in a book of anecdotes published at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1809. The dog was put into the wheel. A burning coal was placed with him. If he stopped, his legs were burned. That was all. He soon learned his lesson.

It was hard work, for often the great piece of beef was twice the weight of the dog and took at least three hours' roasting. I am glad to know that these hardworking turn broaches usually grew shrewd with age and learned to vanish at the approach of the cook or the appearance of the wheel.

At one old time tavern in New York little brown Jesse listened daily at the kitchen doorstep while the orders were detailed to the kitchenmaids, and he could never be found till nightfall on roast meat days.

PERPETUAL MOTION A DELUSION.

Arkwright, the celebrated English inventor, in his younger days, and even Sir Isaac Newton believed perpetual motion might be discovered. All so called perpetual motion machines that have run have been impositions, with secret clockwork or some other hidden source of propulsion.

Men have presumed, by the aid of levers, balls rolling on an inclined plane, the wheel and axle, the Archimedean screw, the pump, the siphon, the hydrostatic bellows, the hydraulic ram, etc., to have discovered perpetual motion. An authority in the study declares: "From the infant machine projected in the thirteenth century to the last hydraulic, pneumatic, weighted and lever worked pretensions patented as motions, no motion whatever has resulted from the one or the other to the present day. Not a solitary discovery is on record, not one absolutely ingenious scheme projected or one simple self motive model accomplished."

BLOWN OUT BY ONE PUFF.

A party of American tourists were doing Italy, and in the course of their peregrinations they found themselves in a very old and very quaint cathedral. One of the principal objects of interest there was a lamp which, as the guide declared, had been burning incessantly for 600 years. For a minute or two the sightseers gazed at it in silence, and then one of the number drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks and gave a mighty puff. "Well, I guess it's out now," he said as he turned for the applause of his friends.—San Francisco News Letter.

THE GOODLY COMPANY.

A loyal heart for a loyal friend,
And love for those that love you;
A fearless soul to the journey's end,
Whatever skies above you;
A laugh for luck in the dawn's glad light,
And a song where the night shall find you,
And the road you travel is brave and bright,
Though Fate ride fast behind you!

For loyal friends make a bold array,
And love is a charm to shield you,
And a fearless soul drives thoughts away
That to defeat would yield you,
And a laugh is a spell for gladness cast,
And a song so strong shall find you
That the coward Fate, from first to last,
Rides shivering far behind you!

—St. Louis Republic.

SHE WAS SARCASTIC.

Her Thanks Upon Getting a Seat In a Street Car.

Members of the smart set, going home from the theater, filled the Madison avenue car, and every one took the squeezing in the best possible humor. At one corner a fat young woman got on. She was dressed in fine style and evidently felt her own importance greatly. She managed to catch hold of a strap and hung almost suspended, as she was rather short. She swung right and left with every motion of the flying car and tried to bring herself into the genial company of people, who were nearly all friends, but all her advances toward an understanding with them bore no fruit, and she was left frigidly alone, and yet she did not seem to notice that her words were all addressed to the air.

At last, after she had stepped on everybody's feet and bumped up against everybody two or three times, a gentleman stood up from the seat where he had been reading with diligence all this time and said:

"Madam, you can have my seat."

Saying that, he lifted his hat and started out. She bowed and replied in a loud voice, so that every one heard her, and said:

"Oh, thank you, kind sir. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude—no one could—and all I can say is that I beg you to accept my most earnest thanks. I shall remember you in my prayers, for you are so generous."

By this time the man was red as a beet and could not escape until the car stopped. Nearly all the passengers were amused by the affair, but when he got to the door the woman had reached the seat and said loudly to everybody, "He might have taken it along, and it was so kind of him to leave it."—New York Herald.

AN ISLAND THAT CHANGES COLOR.

Think of an island that changes color every day—an island that vibrates between a bilious yellow and an apoplectic purple! Yet such an island exists in the gulf of Mexico a day's sail from New Orleans; only a small island, with the greater portion of it a broad, low beach, which for a long time was quite mysterious in its complexion.

But the mystery has been solved, and, like all mysteries after careful investigation, it turns out to be a simple, easily understood phenomenon. That the beach of this island should show the usual neutral sand color was to be expected, but why, after the tide had receded from it, it should begin to grow purple at its upper edge and continue to change to that color until the appearance of sand was entirely gone was the mystery, particularly to those who did not go near enough to see what made the change. It is all on account of millions of purple snails which crawl down the beach in the wake of the ebbing tide and again retreat as it begins to rise. Now this changeable bit of earth is known as Snail island.

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

The late George Bidder, at the age of 8, could answer almost instantly how many farthings there were in any sum under 868,424,121 pounds. Zerah Colburn was another lightning calculator of the same generation. Once he was asked to name the square of 999,999, which he instantly stated to be 999,998,000,001. He multiplied this by 49 and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by 25. He could raise the figure 8 to the sixteenth power almost instantly and with perfect ease. He once instantly named the factors of 941 and 263 and in five seconds calculated the cube root of 413,993,348,677.

THE PLAY HE DIDN'T READ.

David Belasco, the playwright, once said: "In my early days I used to be indefatigable in bringing plays of mine to managers. One manager I suspected of never reading any plays, so I tried a trick on him. One day I gave him a roll of blank paper tied with red ribbon. He received the roll politely and told me to call in two weeks. I called as he had requested, and he said he had read the play, but that unfortunately it wouldn't do. Then I slowly unrolled the blank paper before his eyes, held it up to him and enjoyed the comedy situation."

ABSURD.

Ostensible Head of the Family—Maria, there was a book agent around today who wanted to sell me a work on etiquette and good behavior; teaches it in six lessons. I told him I'd ask if you thought we wanted it.

Real Head—It's a humbug, John. It can't be taught in six lessons. I've been trying to teach it to you for 15 years and haven't succeeded yet.—Chicago Tribune.