DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1901.

VOL. 55 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1901. NO. 30

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.

Members New York and Baltimore Stock Exchanges and Chicago Board of Trade.

SECURITIES FOR INVESTMENT AND CARRIED ON MARGINS.

CLINTON P. PAINE & CO.

Bankers and Brokers,

217 E. GERMAN ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

We invite correspondence. Send for our Daily Market Letter. Direct private wires to principal cities of the country.

Long Distance Telephone No. 1464.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

☞ Fruits and Vegetables; Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes

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.

Farmers and Housekeepers.

DON'T FORGET, while you are trying to find out how to please your wife, that a sack or barrel of TWO JOHNS FLOUR will do this very thing. Ask for "High Life" or "White Rose," and don't be afraid to go home, like some who buy a cheaper, "just-as-good" kind. Remember, a good wife is the "handiest thing in the house," and needs to be always made bright and happy. We are selling

Lots of Wall Paper.

It's cheaper than whitewash and way ahead in looks. Why not paper, even if you do rent? Remember, I furnish the paper for an ordinary sized room for $2.03. Some as low as $1 90 for a room. Almost anybody can put on wall paper. This fall we expect to put in an engine and build another warehouse at the wharf and furnish

All Kinds of Feed, Meal, Hay, Flour, &c.,

at prices about like our flour, which is the cheapest on the Shore. We are here to help the farmer, and if the farmer help us all hands will be happy. We want the coming week chickens, eggs, and corn, and will pay city quotations. Butter is off, and no demand for it. Anyone wanting new

Strawberry Baskets

can get them of us at $1.75 per thousand. Come early. Two Johns has been painted all up and we will be glad to show our friends around who wish to paint, and give them prices, &c. If you don't want to paint, come anyhow. We are very thankful for the liberal patronage shown us. Trusting it may continue, we beg to be

Yours truly,

C. L. BOEHM, Manager.

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.

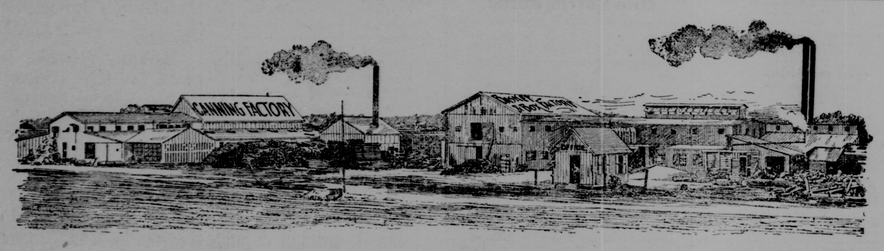
JAMES T. COOPER,

Undertaker and

Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters intrusted to his care. All calls either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite the new drug store.



T. L. DAY, SWING & COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BERRY CRATES, BERRY CUPS, PEACH AND TOMATO BASKETS,

CANTALOUPE BASKETS, CANNED GOODS BOXES, ETC.

☞ Order now and take advantage of the Low Prices.

W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH, Agent at Greensboro.

T. L. DAY, SWING & COMPANY,

RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

HOW THE BROWN HAIRED GIRL THWARTED THE JUNIOR MULES.

By MARY LOUISE DALTON.

The Junior Mules are much in evidence at Lacumbia. They are the juniors in the law department. Every university has its traditions, and the escapades of the Junior Mules at Lacumbia would fill a volume of the college annals. To the waggish Junior Mules is attributed every piece of concerted student mischief. Lacumbia has grown used to their pranks. They are daring and often foolhardy. They are thought to be the authors of a prank that tried the faculty's patience sorely—that of daubing red paint on the handsome stone lions that keep guard over the campus.

The Junior Mules do not confine their attentions to the long suffering faculty. The other students, in whatever department, are not allowed to go their various ways in peace. So it has come about that there is much rivalry between the Sophomore Academics and the Junior Mules. The Junior Academics give little heed to the doings of their prospective successors, but not so the Junior Mules.

When the class president of the Sophomore Academics was kidnaped on the evening of the intended sophomore reception a few years ago by those mischievous Junior Mules, many of whom are now dignified practitioners at the state bar, the sophomores made a stern resolve. The Junior Mules should be ignored. The fiat went forth.

University training is excellent training for the serious business of living. Loyalty, first of all, to the big institution which is to be their alma mater, and, second, loyalty to their class and its representatives is one of the developments of college experience. Obedience to authority as it is expressed in the president and his official family, the faculty, is another lesson that is not mentioned in the curriculum. The good American spirit of fair play sheds its enlightened rays over a university campus.

The above facts are axiomatic. They are self evident truths. None the less valuable, if more complicated, is the lesson of the rubbed elbow. The university is a community all to itself, and its members must learn not to walk about with arms akimbo. If they do, the elbows get some hard knocks. By the time commencement day arrives even a rubbed elbow is unusual in the senior class. All the give and take of the relations of the schoolroom and college intercourse has developed in the students that aplomb, that self possession, that is the cornerstone of character and good manners. The student who can hold his own among his fellows is usually the man who can take a position in the world and maintain it.

The student who holds himself well in hand, who can respond quickly to the challenge of temper and wit and who can retaliate by turning his enemy's flank neatly, but fairly, wins the respect of his class and his class opponents at Lacumbia. The Junior Mules are responsible for many tests of this kind, but their rivals in the academic courses have learned that to be anything but good humored is only to give the adversary a longer lever with which to move them.

The rivalry between the Sophomore Academics and the Junior Mules crystallized when not very long ago the Junior Mules, made merrily adventurous by a series of small successes, kidnaped the sophomore president. It was the evening of the reception to be given by the Sophomore Academics to—themselves. Since the Junior Mules were not to go they resolved that their opponent, the head of this haughty band of sophomores, should not be present.

They waited until he was dressed and on his way to the abode of the fair sophomore who was to receive with him. Then a carriage full of Mules drove rapidly past him, stopped suddenly, and the door opened. Before he realized what was being done he was unceremoniously bundled into the carriage.

That was the last of the president of the Sophomore Academics, for one evening at least. The invited guests were at the reception, but the president was not there to preside over the social gathering. It was a great mortification.

Next day strange stories were told. The Junior Mules had taken the class president five miles out into the country. In a secluded wood they had made a bonfire. With no gentle hands they had laid hold of that unfortunate sophomore and had compelled him to dance, patent leather shoes and all, around the fire. When the flames had died down, he was commanded to make strange figures among the embers. He danced and danced.

It was an eerie scene. In the center of the circle of dark trees which half hid the stalwart figures of the Junior Mules was the captive sophomore. The dying fire told him of the passage of time, and he realized that the class reception would pass into history made memorable by his absence. He must dance to celebrate his enemies' joy and his own defeat. His captors decreed it, and obedience to authority is necessary. To him authority lived in the stern body of Junior Mules surrounding him. Being a wise sophomore, he danced.

Another year the Junior Mules permitted the sophomore president to arrive safely at the home of the feminine member of his class who was to be honored by his company for the evening. He found her all ready to go to the handsome parlors in Academic hall. Attempting to leave the house, they made the terrible discovery that they were prisoners. They made a frantic rush to the back door, hoping to escape through the rear and, by a roundabout way, make their way to the campus. The Junior Mules were there, warning them to go indoors and stay there. Prisoners they remained all that evening while their comrades made merry at the reception.

This year the sophomores resolved not to be caught napping. The campaign was carefully planned.

Ting-a-ling! rang the telephone bell at the Randolph home. It was 7 o'clock in the evening, the evening of the sophomore reception. A small boy answered the telephone.

"Is this Mr. Randolph?" asked a voice at the other end of the line.

"Yes," said the small boy.

"Is Miss Virginia there?"

Miss Virginia was there, and she went to the telephone.

"This is Will Blake. I'm out in the country"—

"Oh, have they got you after all?" wailed Virginia Randolph. She would have wrung her hands, but she couldn't, because one held the telephone carpiece.

"That's all right. Don't worry," came the reassuring voice. "I came out here to Jim Harris', my old chum, you know. I've been here all afternoon. I'm awfully sorry, but the committee of safety won't let me come to your house. They think it's too dangerous"—

"Oh, yes!" cried Virginia.

"So they want you to meet me at Jack Marsh's. It's just across the street from the campus, you know, and"—

"Yes, yes; I'll go. When shall I go?"

"That's good of you, for 'the honor of the class,' you know. You'd better go over there in the next half hour and be ready. The boys are going to mount guard, and if we don't beat the Junior Mules—well, we'll be sorry, won't we?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll be there. Good-by."

"Goodby."

A mile out of town a carriage driver was receiving instructions. So many excited voices spoke to him that he quite forgot the chief caution of all—that he was not to stop until he arrived at the Marsh home, no matter who hailed him.

The class president, with his committee of safety, climbed into the carriage and was rapidly whirled toward the scene of the conflict of wit and daring.

No lawyer hurrying to court to file an important affidavit just in time, no railroad manager rushing a gang of workmen to a particular point to get a track laid before the rival appeared, no newspaper man racing to the telegraph office to send in a "scoop," ever felt more excitement than did these Sophomore Academics as they drove to a Waterloo—theirs or their opponents'.

"Whoa, there! Who's that?" was the cry that made the sophomore president shrink back into the friendly shadow of his seat mate's arm.

The carriage stopped. There was a whispered consultation among the Junior Mules in the street.

"Don't you see Blake isn't in there?" said one voice. "If he were in that carriage, do you suppose they'd stop right here, so near the campus? No, sirree!"

"All right! Drive on!" cried the Mules, and the committee of safety breathed again.

A few minutes later the doorbell at the Marsh home rang. The group of sophomores within looked at each other. "That's the carriage," whispered one, looking across his companions' heads toward Virginia Randolph.

"Is Miss Randolph here? Tell her to come quickly—quickly!"

"Miss Randolph!" And a dozen pairs of hands strove to pull her cloak over her shoulders and push her to the door. She was as ardent a sophomore as any one of them, and she needed no hurrying.

With eyes shining with excitement and ribbons flying in the air, she ran to the carriage, was lifted in and whirled down the intervening space to the west door of Academy hall. It was but half a block, but every foot of ground was dangerous. It was a battlefield.

The university's president had dined. He had strolled leisurely across the campus to Academy hall, where were the offices of the big institution which called him chief. It was a pleasant evening, cool and sharp, and the president rubbed his ungloved hands together as his mind went over the business of the evening. There was that letter from New York. He would make a note that it should be returned to him and leave it at the co-operative store. He passed out into the corridor, absorbed in a second reading of the letter.

It was from Virginia Randolph's cousin, it said. The writer had been informed by her that the students' co-operative store at Lacumbia was well established and in successful operation. Would the president kindly give him certain information?

Yes, the president would. The figures were to be supplied by the head of the co-operative store. That was the reason the president was in the corridor near the west door that evening at five minutes to 8 o'clock.

Ah, brown haired Virginia Randolph, with your heart all a-flutter and your blue eyes sparkling, little did you dream that the success of the sophomore reception would ultimately be owing to you. When you wrote to Cousin John about the co-operative store, merely to tell all the interesting things about the university, you did not foresee the far-reaching results of that innocent missive.

* * * * * * *

The fortunes of the sophomore reception were hanging in the balance. It was nearly 8 o'clock. The Junior Mules had not yet waylaid the sophomore president. They had not even been able to discover his whereabouts. Made desperate by failure, they gathered, 20 strong, in two groups, one at the east and one at the west entrance of the big corridor. Upon the threshold of his triumph they would intercept their rival.

The carriage containing the president of the class, the chief hostess of the evening and the committee of safety drove up to the west door.

The situation was dramatic. At the foot of the stone stairway was the little group of sophomores, the brown haired girl among them. At the head of the steps and well within the doors were the Junior Mules. Down the corridor walked the university's president, the supreme authority.

"Well, gentlemen?" was the pleasant but interrogative greeting from the president.

The Junior Mules were game. They were defeated. The laughing and triumphant voices of the sophomores floated up the stairs. The Mules accepted their overthrow gracefully.

"Good evening, doctor; good evening, doctor," they said, taking off their hats to the president. "We're just going up to the library."

Exit Mules.

Enter the flushed and animated sophomores.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Ah, Miss Randolph, I did not see you. On your way to the reception?" And the president smiled and disappeared within the co-operative store.

The Sophomore Academics had justified their boast that they would outwit the Junior Mules. But a brown haired girl had a hand in their triumph.—St. Louis Republic.

COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH.

There are no points in Europe where the cold records of America are eclipsed, but in Asia our lowest records are thrown completely in the shade. Siberia has the coldest weather known anywhere in the world. At Werchojansk, Siberia, 90.4 degrees below zero was observed in January, 1888, which gets away below anything ever known in the world before or since. At that point the average temperature for January is nearly 64 degrees below. This town is situated at an elevation of 330 feet above the level of the sea, and during the entire winter the weather is nearly always calm and clear. Perhaps the majority of people suppose that the coldest weather in the world is at the north pole, but reliable observation made by explorers disproves this theory completely.

SYMPATHETIC ORGANS.

Nature often shows her kind helpfulness by bringing healthy organs to the relief of diseased ones.

If one kidney loses its functional power, the other will enlarge and do the work of both. If both are more or less affected, the vessels of the skin may come to their aid and pour out on the surface what would otherwise cause fatal blood poisoning. On the other hand, when the pores are stopped by a chill the kidneys come to the rescue and do a large part of the skin's work. This explains why it is so dangerous for the sufferer from diseased kidneys to take cold.

HOW A BUTTERFLY SLEEPS.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmos The effect is to reduce its size an shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and colo from the seed heads on thousands o stems around. The butterfly als sleeps on the top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these gray pied sleepers on the grass tops open their wings, and the colorless bonnets are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

Once upon a time Charles VI of France gave a masquerade ball, and he and five courtiers took the part of satyrs. To do this artistically they were clothed in loose linen habits, besmeared with rosin and then stuck all over with down. One of the company, in a frolic, lighted one of the satyrs with a torch, and in consequence four of them were burned to death. This is supposed to be the origin of the tar and feather custom.

A DISH OF PORPOISE.

WHOLESOME AND VERY SAVORY WHEN PROPERLY COOKED.

When One of These Sea Swine Is Landed In New York City, the Event Brings Joy to the Hearts of the Population of "Little Italy."

That playful mammal the porpoise, which gives so much joy to children on steamers, is not hunted anywhere in the vicinity of New York. But occasionally one of the fisher boats that bring their fares of fish to the great market at the foot of Fulton street on the East river finds in a net a drowned porpoise. The creature swam into the net and was not able to get out. Being a mammal, or warm blooded animal, it is compelled to rise for the purpose of breathing, which it does through its blowhole just behind the neck. But when entangled in a net it is unable to rise to the surface and is drowned in its own element.

The huge carcase, often weighing from 200 to 400 pounds, is dressed by the fishermen and put into the tank and brought to the market, where it is kept in the refrigerating tank until Friday morning, when it is sold to Italians by auction. The successful bidder always subdivides his fish. He keeps half for himself, and the rest is shared out among truck peddlers of Mulberry street, where the Italians congregate.

Then there is joy in Little Italy. The news is spread all over the colony, women going to their friends to tell the tidings. Very early in the morning a crowd gathers round the store of the padrone, who has the half porpoise displayed in all its hugeness upon a slab of wood. Fins, head, tail and insides had been removed by the fishing folk, and there is nothing save the solid meat and the great backbone. The color is a deep red, except the belly streaks, which are lighter and are streaked with fat and resemble pork very closely indeed. This is the meaning of the name, for porpoise is a corruption of the old London Latin, porc-pisce. In Roman Latin this would have been porcus piscis. The men of the north call these animals sea swine, and this is preserved in the French marsouin, which they undoubtedly learned from the Normans.

The Italian padrone begins business about 7 o'clock in the morning. His price is 4 cents a pound for all quantities, large or small. His scales are above his head. His customers surround him in an anxious ring, each provided with wrapping paper. His watchful and affectionate family take the money and bring from time to time a freshly sharpened knife. The padrone first cuts off a chunk of about 40 pounds and then proceeds rapidly to subdivide it according to the wants of the buyers. Slice after slice of the deep flesh falls before his knife and passes into the paper of the customers. The belly parts are put on one side; they are not for sale, having been ordered in advance by the restaurants of the quarter.

Italian cooking is so excellent, especially as regards fish, that amateurs of good living constantly visit them undeterred by their appearance, which is rather squalid, though some are neatness itself. Here the porpoise is sold as horse mackerel for some reason or other not on the surface and is served with various sauces of the most palatable character.

The women of the colony fry it usually in rancid olive oil, which somewhat more than offsets any fishy flavor that may exist, which is doubtful. For while an ancient and fishlike smell most undoubtedly does salute the nostrils in front of fish stores in this quarter there is no odor arising from the immense mass of flesh at which the padrone toils. In fact, there can be no doubt that the meat of the porpoise is flesh and not fish. And it may be added that this meat is wholesome and very savory when properly cooked.

The porpoise is not subject to the many diseases to which land swine are liable, and that the flesh is savory is certain from the affection the Italians have for it. Even the Sicilians admit cheerfully that it is as good as the swordfish cutlet, which is the great delicacy of Messina. And Italians from other parts believe it to be infinitely better. Porpoise was indeed once a royal dainty and was served at all state banquets. Sometimes it was boiled in vinegar or thin white wine—about the same thing—and sometimes great slices were covered with paste and baked and eaten with a sauce of prunes and spice.—New York Sun.

Attacking Ant Hills With Cannon.

In the forest of Guiana dwell some very large and exceedingly ferocious black ants, which throw up hills 15 and even 20 feet in height. They will not hesitate to attack man, and their headquarters are usually given a wide berth. The traveler Malouet speaks of having witnessed the destruction of one of these fortresses and its inhabitants in a way that was certainly extraordinary. A trench was dug entirely around it and filled with dry wood, which was set fire to simultaneously at all points. Then a train of artillery was brought to bear and the hill knocked to pieces with the cannon balls. The ants, seeking to escape, were all burned in their attempt to cross the fiery gutter.

The Earth's Interior.

Dr. John Milne of the seismic section of the Royal society declared that the velocity of the seismic vibrations proves that the earth's interior is neither a hollow space nor a molten mass; that vibrations travel through the earth more rapidly than from molecule to molecule of the densest mineral known; that the world, in a word, is much faster along its planetary existence than our earth dwellers have dreamed, and that the heat that appears at the surface, in geysers, hot springs and volcanoes, is not from a pent up store, but is manufactured, so to speak, on the spot by the converted force of stupendous contraction.