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, AUGUST, 3 1901. NO. 39

BIG REDUCTION SALE.

Remember you can find the clothing to make you comfortable at J. Ed. Nichols' store. Neat and durable Summer Clothing is essential. There is no comfort without it in this climate. Mr. Nichols has clothing for Men, Youths and Boys. There is no out-of-date clothing in the lot, and Summer Furnishing Goods, and a fine line of

STYLISH HATS

ARE HERE.

MEN'S SHIRTS AND SHIRT WAISTS

Consisting of very fine Madras in Stripes and Checks. These have been selected—not bought regardless of their appearance—and you will appreciate how important this fact is when you go to wear them. Any size you want—from 14 to 18. You need not hesitate about wearing this new invention for man's comfort. The highest authorities in the land have approved it—are wearing it.

Any shoe needed—for Men, Women and Children, at Nichols' store. See his Patent Leather Vici Oxfords.

J. ED. NICHOLS,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

AT COST! AT COST!

H. H. GASKINS ...ESTABLISHED 1869... GEO. BATTEE

Members of Chamber of Commerce.

JAS. J. REES,
—WITH—
GASKINS & BATTEE,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
13 E. Camden Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES: Merchants' National Bank, People's Bank, Mercantile Savings Bank, Nat. Union Bank.

Specialties Maryland Fruits and Grain; Grain Bags, Wool Sacks. Stencils and Cards furnished on application. [8-6

WANTED, YOUR WHEAT

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

W. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
J. E. MERRIKEN,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	"
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
D. F. KING,	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,	"

WILLIAM M. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. } MANAGER FOR { H. L. POPE & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

From Winter to Summer,
From bad weather to nice—
TOWERS, the Hummer,
Is now selling Ice!

Place your orders early, and let the wagon stop at your door and fill your refrigerator.

LAWRENCE B. TOWERS,
DENTON, MD.

Walter H. Lord,

Undertaker and Funeral Embalmer Director.

RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

Mr Lord offers his services to the people of the town and surrounding county.

☞ *Embalming a SPECIALTY.*

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.

JULY SALE.

HOLD ON, WAIT A MOMENT!

AND READ J. C. GODWIN CO'S. MID-SUMMER CLEARING OUT SALE

This mammoth Stock of new goods has been marked down to the lowest prices ever known in the Easton Clothing Trade.

Read these few prices carefully.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

$15.00 and $12 00 Suits, in fact your choice of any Suit in the house, for

$10.00.

The best $10.00 Suit, for

$7.50.

Men's all-wool Suits as low as

$4.50.

Our $5.00 and $6 00 tailor-made Pants, all go for

$3.50.

Pants will sell for 15c up to $3 50.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

25 suits to be sold at $1.00 each.

Best all-wool $5.00 and $6 00 suits for

$3.75.

Wash Suits from 29c to 85c.

The best $3.50 Suit for

$2.50.

Boys' $10.00 and $12.00 Suits for

$7,50.

We are sole agents for the QUEEN QUALITY SHOES for Ladies.

The greatest Shoe Sale ever offered in Easton, and all new goods.

A few more pairs of those $3 50 Shoes that we have been selling at $1.75 will be sold until gone, for

$1.45.

All of our $3 50 Shoes for

$2.50.

All of our $2 50 Shoes for

$1.95.

$2 00 Canvas Shoes for $1.25.

Boys' Canvas Shoes, 13 to 2, regular $1.40 Shoes for $1.00.

3 to 5½ regular $1 50 Shoes for

$1.10.

Ask to see our $1.00 Shoes.

Big stock of Low Shoes, pat. Vici, etc., at lowest prices.

Try our $3.75 Hess Shoe. None better at $5 00. Why pay $5.00.

MID-SUMMER STRAW HAT SALE.

35c and 25c goods all go for 19c.
75c goods for 50c.
$1 25 " " 90c.
$2 50 " " $2.00.
Hats from 5c up to $2.00. All must be sold.

Mid-Summer Negligee Shirt Sale.

$1 50 and $1 25 Shirts all go for $1.

We have the greatest bargains in Shirts ever offered at 25c. 50c & $1

In our 25c line some solid for 50c and 75c. Best go first.

As we make a specialty of Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Oil Cloths and Window Shades, we shall include this Department in this Sale at these astonishingly low prices.

All of our 35c Mattings go for 25c. You pay 50c for no better goods.

All of our 25c goods go for 20c; 20c goods for 16c; 15c goods for 12½c; 12½c goods for 10c.

35c Curtains for 25c; 15c Curtains for 10c; 15c Curtain Poles and all fixtures for 10c.

Special prices on all Rugs. 35c Oil Cloth, 4 4 wide for 25c.

These are the lowest prices that the same quality goods have ever been offered to you.

Your money back if you are not satisfied with anything you buy at this Sale. These goods must be sold as we must have room for our Fall Stock.

Godwin's

Go to Tolchester Monday, August 5th. Train leaves Easton 8.08 A. M., B. C. & A. R. R. Boat leaves Claiborne 9 A. M. Fare, 75c; Children, 40c.

THE FOUR GUESTS.

A knock at the door—but he
Was dreaming a dream of fame,
And the one who knocked drew softly back,
And never again he came.
A knock at the door—as soft—
As soft—as shy—as a dove,
But the dreamer dreamed till the guest was gone,
And the guest was love.

A knock at the door; again
The dreamer dreamed away
Unheeding—deaf to the gentle call
Of the one who came that day.
A knock at the door; no more
The guest to that door came,
Yet the dreamer dreamed of the one who called,
For the guest was fame.

A knock at the door—but still
He gave it no reply,
And the waiting guest gave a cheery hail
Ere he slowly wandered by.
A knock at the door—in dreams
The dreamer fain would grope
Till the guest stole on, with a humbled sigh,
And the guest was hope.

A knock at the door; 'twas loud,
With might in every stroke,
And the dreamer stopped in his dreaming thought
And suddenly awoke.
A knock at the door; he ran
With the swiftness of a breath,
And the door swung wide, and the guest came in,
And the guest was death.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

In the Bridal Chamber.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GHOST STORY.

By Claude Roberts.

It was a strange coincidence that brought into my office that copy of The Sunny South containing the article "True Stories of Ghosts In Southern Homes" and our little weekly paper with this notice down among the personals, "For Sale—The Brown lot on Main street," for the only real ghosts, we claim, have their headquarters in a handsome old fashioned mahogany wardrobe in a certain chamber of that house.

And now the place was doomed. I laid the paper down with a sigh and strolled up to look at the familiar spot. I found "one of the boys" of other days, a gray headed man now, leaning on the gate with a far-away look in his eyes, and together we stood in silence listening to the chiming of the bells of memory.

A low, rambling house, standing far back from the street, shaded by tall magnolias and water oaks; the deep porch, back and front; the long, wide hall, where the young folks in the old days danced by the music of Uncle Eph's fiddle—the whole structure was on one floor. 'Neath the shade of the trees and the shadows of closing day the massive white pillars stood out like grim sentinels guarding the spot from all intruders, and the last rays of the setting sun pierced the gloom, and a softened light, as of fading glory, rested for a moment over all. Then we were standing in the twilight.

"To think of the colonel's home, with all its sweet associations, passing into the hands of strangers!" said my companion, breaking the silence. "I am glad that he cannot know it. Take alone that right hand front room. Why, almost every couple that have married here since the war have spent their honeymoon there. That was the way the colonel's widow kept the place together as long as she did—boarded the young folks until they were ready to set up housekeeping for themselves."

"And that is the room, too, that is haunted," said I.

"Yes, that is it, and strange, strange it is!"

"Of course you do not believe it?" I asked, surprised by his earnest tone.

"When have you slept there?" he replied, answering my question by another.

"Not since my honeymoon, 25 years ago."

"Go and try a night there now," he said.

"I will. I promise you that I will. But you have aroused my curiosity and must tell me what you mean."

"Only this—that I, too, thought of it as an idle tale until I had substantial proof to the contrary. One night during the year Captain Wade and his wife occupied that room we were down at Thomas' office, sitting around a big lightwood knot fire in the happy afterglow of a possum supper, when the captain, leaning over and dropping the ashes from his cigar, said: 'I tell you, you fellows are lucky to have a place in which to rest after we leave here tonight! As for me, I can have no peace for those darn noises, and last night they were worse than ever before!'

"We were in that happy mood when we were willing to humor any whim or listen to any tale, so we looked at him indulgently through the blue mist curling upward from our cigars and cried to him to tell us about it; that it was just the night for a ghost story.

"'There is nothing to tell that you have not already heard,' said he—'just the same loud, distinct rapping on that wardrobe door and nothing after the usual desperate search to account for it. I am not going to stand it much longer and have given warning that we must be moved into new quarters.'

"Although we listened so politely, we believed no more in the ghosts than we had before, and it was with no misgivings that I accepted an invitation to keep the captain company during the absence of his wife a few nights later.

"'You see, I am in my same quarters,' said he. 'The landlady asked us to give the room one more trial, and, strange to say, since that night of which I told you the ghosts have been quiet. It is my honest opinion that they exhausted their powers and have gone for good.'

"It was my honest opinion that the wise landlady had put out rat poison, but I held my peace and settled down for a long night's rest. Suddenly I wheeled over. I must have been napping and sat half up in bed. 'So,' said the captain, with much satisfaction, 'I was wondering if you could sleep through it.' 'Through what?' I asked. But the question was useless, for I caught the sound which I now knew had awakened me—rap, rap, rap! No rat could ever have made that noise, and for hours I lay listening, thoroughly convinced at last that the room was haunted. Now, I cannot explain it, and therefore I have never before spoken of it. I do not care in my old age to be called a crank. But you go and see for yourself."

And go I did that very night. How familiar the old room looked! Not a piece of furniture had been changed. Even the carpet, it seemed to me, was the very same on which I entered as a bridegroom a quarter of a century ago.

The influence of the place was magical. In a moment time had turned back in its flight, and I was a boy again, full of strength and hope and happiness. That grave up in the old cemetery, by a merciful delusion, disappeared, and my wife returned in her youth and beauty, just as she left me that first year of our married life. I forgot the long, lonely years of my bereavement. I forgot the present, with its never ceasing regrets and heartaches; but, soothed by the sweet dreams of my early manhood, "I drew the drapery of my couch around me" and was soon lost in pleasant dreams.

Suddenly a sound disturbed me. Some one was rapping at my door. Without a moment's hesitation I reached for a match, lighted the lamp and called out hospitably, "Come in!" Then I waited, sitting half way up in bed and watching expectantly my chamber door. A slight noise caused me to turn my head, and this is what I saw: The wardrobe door swung slowly open, and there stepped out into the room a tall and strikingly handsome man. He was immediately followed by a beautiful girl and she, in her turn, by another. Then another actor in the drama appeared and another until the room was filled with a party of the most distinguished people, taken as a whole, I had ever seen together. There was not one inferior or homely person among them. But the thing which impressed me most forcibly was not so much the perfect physical beauty of each one of my unknown guests as the unmistakable signs on each of a true nobility of soul, of a nature so much less human than divine.

As soon as they entered there was a perceptible change in the atmosphere. It was as if I had been transported to a purer, higher region, where crime and vice, selfish aims and sordid cares were unknown.

The first man came directly to the bed and, leaning on the footboard, spoke to me: "Sir, I thank you for your invitation. We have been rapping here for years to the different occupants, but not one except yourself has ever bidden us enter."

I looked out at him with much interest from over the edge of the cover, which I had drawn close up to my nose at sight of my female visitors. He was such a perfect man in every way that the mere sight of him was a treat.

"If all the ghosts were like you and your companions," said I, "man would soon lose his natural horror of them."

"But we are not ghosts," replied he. "Ghosts are the spirits of people who are dead. We have never lived; therefore we could not have died."

"Neither living nor dead!" cried I. "Then who or what are you?"

"We are lost ideals, the inhabitants of a dream world. Our homes are those far famed castles in the air. We are the ideal husbands and wives whom the men and women married and lived with here in this room during their honeymoons. Needless to say, they left us behind when they emerged, enlightened beings, from this 'paradise of fools.'"

"This is horrible!" I cried. "Do you mean to say that every person who married is deluded and disappointed?"

"Your question worded differently would be, 'Is marriage a failure?' But surely you do not expect a being like myself to discuss with you in this fresh young century that old, threadbare subject?"

The speaker's eyes twinkled merrily, and he laughed amusedly. Evidently this ideal had plenty of humor in his make up, and somehow it shocked me. For the first time since his appearance "that creepy feeling" passed over me, and I sank deeper into the cover.

"Seriously speaking," he continued, "I could not if I would discuss that subject with you, for I can see only one and that the ideal side of the question. From this standpoint and taking the present case as an example marriage is a complete and utter failure. Of the 20 couples who spent their honeymoons in this room there is here tonight a representative of their disappointment. From an earthly standpoint, I suppose, several of these marriages have been accounted happy and successful, even the parties themselves being deluded with this belief. Some of them have forgotten the very likeness and nature of their first pure and lofty ideals and are content with common clay, which has had power 'to drag them down.' These are called the common sense, practical ones of earth, but to us it seems that they are lost because the material has been allowed to crush out all the beautiful, spiritual part of their natures. The saddest faces you see here tonight were at one time the ideals of these matter of fact people."

"But a few of us remember," said I, "and if those first sweet dreams seem buried, and are buried, from profane eyes they are not dead. Often and often they are with us, as near as a real presence. Tonight, for instance"— I paused. Not even to this pure being could I speak of that most sacred memory.

"Yes, yes," he said; "I know." And there was a note of almost divine sympathy in his tone. "A few cling to their first ideals. These the world calls dreamers, idealists. Very often they steal away alone, sometimes come to this very room and hold sweet communion with the companions of their better nature, from whom fate has divided them. We have heard them say that to take this little rest helps them to go on down the path they must tread—that path so different from what their first youthful fancy pictured it."

"There is something very familiar about you," said I. "It really seems that somewhere, perhaps in another world, I have known you."

"You should know me," he said, with a sad smile. "I am the first ideal bridegroom who floated in a gilded castle above and around and within this room. In the physical make up of the real man and myself there was very little difference, and so I thought perhaps you would recognize me, though, of course, I had the advantage over him even in this respect, as I represent the man she alone saw through the glamour of 'love's young dream.'"

"Why, you — you are — John Smith!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, I am he, or, rather, his representative."

"And do you know how low he has fallen? Do you know where he is tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, I know."

For a moment after this neither of us spoke, and then he said: "He was a better man than you gave him credit for, and at one time he came very near being all that is embodied in me because she believed so strongly in him. You see, it flatters a man for some fine woman to believe in him and adore him as a superior being. I have known a few cases where the man actually lived up to what the woman believed him to be simply because he did not have the moral courage to let her see him as he really was. In this particular case the man fell because the woman forgot her ideal, lost sight of it amid the glare and glitter of earth's baubles. These seemed to her brighter and better than all things besides, and he who could win them for her became her highest ideal of a perfect man, and that is the reason that he who came so near being my counterpart is serving out a term tonight in a certain state prison for embezzlement."

Softly the first light of day stole into the room, the figures of my guests faded slowly into the shadows of the fast dying night, and I was left alone with my thoughts and my memories.—Sunny South.

Treatment For Gas Poisoning.

Loosen the clothing at the neck.

Slap the face and the chest with the wet end of a towel.

Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.

Take the man at once into the fresh air. Don't crowd around him.

Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side.

If the breathing is feeble or irregular, artificial respiration should be used and kept up until there is no doubt that it can no longer be of use.

Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all, aromatic ammonia, to 16 parts of water) in small quantities at short intervals—a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.—Journal of Health.

Derivation of Hurrah.

One familiar English word of ours — hurrah — says Sarah Orne Jewett in her work on the Normans, is said to date from Rolf's reign. "Rou," the Frenchmen called our Rolf, and there was a law that if a man was in danger himself or caught his enemy doing any damage he could raise the cry of "Ha Rou!" and so invoke justice in Duke Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry everybody was bound on the instant to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond to the cry of "Ha Rou!" must pay a heavy fine to Rolf himself. Thus began the old English fashion of "hue and cry," as well as our custom of shouting "Hurrah!" when we are pleased and excited.

News and Notes.

A fine promise for wheat and a generally good hay outlook was American Agriculturist's summary at the beginning of May.

Favorite varieties with New Jersey celery growers are Perfection, Heart well and Golden Self Bleaching.

HATCHING OSTRICHES.

The Male and Female Take Turns In Sitting on the Eggs.

Early in the year, just as spring dawns, a pair will begin to build a nest, or, rather, to scrape one out of the ground. The male bird rests his breastbone on the ground and kicks the sand behind him. When one side is sufficiently deep, he turns around and operates in a like manner until a round hole about three feet in diameter and one foot deep is the result of his exertions. Occasionally he intimates to the female that help is required, and they take turns.

The hen forthwith begins to lay an egg every day until 12 or 15 are located side by side in this hole in the ground. They scatter a little sand over the eggs to protect them from the fierce rays of the California sun. This habit has doubtless led to the supposition printed in many ancient natural histories that the eggs of the ostrich are hatched by the sun unaided by the birds.

As soon as the full number of eggs are laid the couple share the labor of hatching, the male bird sitting on the eggs from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 o'clock the following morning, and it may be understood with what skill this is performed when it is remembered that 250 pounds of ostrich are bearing down upon 14 eggs. At 9 o'clock the hen takes his place. The male ostrich, however, with remarkable intelligence, relieves the female for an hour in the middle of the day while she goes in search of necessary nourishment.

A pair will follow this regime with the greatest regularity for about 40 days, when the eggs are hatched. — Colorado Springs Gazette.

Curious Test For Ability.

A well known New York contractor has a peculiar theory. It is necessary for him to employ a great number of men in his business, and they must possess certain qualifications in order to give satisfaction. First and foremost, a quickness of thought and action is indispensable. Everything else is subordinate to this.

"And the best place in the world to find the very men I want is in a restaurant," said the man to a reporter.

The reporter did not see why this should be so, and the man went on to explain.

"When in a restaurant," said he, "you see a man take up the bill of fare and spend half an hour looking through its contents you can put that person down as a man with no decision of character. The man who goes into a restaurant, throws his hat at a peg and gives the waiter his order as soon as he is seated is the man for me. You can depend upon it that that man can be trusted to know what he is doing and is the proper man to put in a position where decision of character is an essential qualification."

The Butcher Bird.

Says a prominent horticulturist: "The butcher bird is the most sagacious and at the same time the most cruel of birds. A pair will follow you while plowing, and if you overturn a rats' nest they will immediately pounce upon the wretched creatures, kill them or drag them away and spike them on the sharp thorns of an orange tree, to be devoured at leisure. One morning I saw a butcher bird with a snake fully a foot long. He had it by the back of the neck, and with it flew up into an orange tree. He then nailed the reptile on to a thorn and sat and watched it. He let the snake almost wriggle off, when he flew at it and fixed it more firmly.

"They kill their game by the wholesale and treat it in this fashion. For that reason, because they are destructive to gophers and rats, they are considered the friend of the orange grower. These innocent looking little gophers are very destructive to the orange."

Opportunity Lacking Nowadays.

"There is no such chivalry as there was in olden times," said the woman with a romantic disposition. "In those days men went out and fought and did great deeds for the sake of a fair lady."

"Well," answered her husband, "we don't have the opportunities those people enjoyed. There are a whole lot of men nowadays who wouldn't like anything better than to do as those people did and let their wives live with relations while they go around the country looking for excitement."—Washington Star.

In the Depths of the Sea.

At a depth of 3,500 feet the temperature of the sea is uniform, varying but a trifle between the poles and the equator. In many of the deep bays on the coast of Norway and other arctic countries the water often begins to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface. At the same depth (3,500 feet) waves are not felt. Waves do not travel—that is, the water does not move forward, although it seems to do so; it remains stationary. It is the rising and falling that move on.

The pressure of the water increases rapidly with the depth. At a distance of one mile the pressure is reckoned as about one ton to the square inch, or more than 133 times the pressure of the atmosphere.