DENTON JOURNAL.

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VISIT J. C. GODWIN COMPANY'S

New Department Store.

Every department is now loaded with newest goods, lowest prices and latest styles, and the freshest groceries in town.

Our Domestic Department has many bargains for you. Ask to see our 37½c. all linen-table linen for 29c.; 75c. all linen table linen for 55c. $1.25 satin damask, 72 inches wide, for 85c.

Our Dress Goods Department is now loaded with all new goods at lowest prices. Remember, we make a specialty of black dress goods, 25c. up to $1.25. Entirely new line of finer flannels for waists, 29c. to 75c. yd. Silks, velvets, etc., all new.

Our Notion Department. Try our Eclipse shirts both in white and colored bosoms, best in the world for $1.00. Try one and you will buy more. Try our 10, 15 and 25c. hosiery for men, women and children. Call on us for your underwear. 10c. to $1.25, for heavy winter goods. Special bargains in ladies' and gent's handkerchiefs, all linen for 5c. Special 50c. handkerchiefs for 25c., and 25c. handkerchiefs for 12½c.

Hat and Cap Department. This Department has all new goods, latest styles and lowest prices. Ask to see our 50 cent caps for 25 cents, etc.

Our Shoe Department. Our shoe sell from $1 to $3.75. Why pay $1.25 to $5 for same. Sole agent for the Hess shoe at $3.75, and Queen Quality shoes at for ladies $3. Try our shoes and save money.

Our Clothing Department. This has been the biggest season we have ever had. Why? Because we have the largest stock, latest styles and the lowest prices. We have suits and overcoats for men, boys and children. Our suits run from $1 to $15. Our overcoats from $2 to $15. Our pants from 25c. to $7.50. We simply ask you to give us a look at our clothing.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, window shades, art squares, etc. Our carpets run from 28c. to $1.25. Special bargains in window shades, etc. See us on rugs.

Grocery and Queensware Department. We have just opened up the room the late A. D. Cook occupied, with an entire new line of fresh and staple groceries, tobacco, cigars, etc. Lovers of good coffee and teas should give us a call. Special inducements. An entire new stock of staple and fancy queensware. Special inducements to parties wishing to buy a fine white or decorated tea or dinner set. Trade taken in exchange for dry goods, clothing, carpets, etc. Give us a call at our

NEW DEPARTMENT STORES, 26 AND 28 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET, EASTON, MD.

WE HAVE

AIR TIGHT STOVES

from $2.75 up. Also Cook Stoves and Ranges of all the finest makes, from $8 to $30.

FURNITURE.

Solid Oak Bedroom Suits, complete, from $15 to $27.

Poplar Suits, from $12 to $14.

Bedsteads, from $1.95 to $3.75.

Bureaus,	$5.00 to	$10.00
Couches,	4.75	11.00
Lounges,	2.75	4.00
Dining Chairs	2.50	8.50
(Per Half-Dozen)		
F'cy Rockers,	1.00	3.75
Willow "	2.25	4.75
Child's "	.50	1.45
White Enameled Iron Beds at $3.75.		
Mattresses,	1.50	6.00

$2.75. **CARPETS, MATTINGS, RUGS.**

All-Wool Ingrains at 60c per yard; half-wool Ingrains at 38c.; Granite Ingrains at 28c.; Rag Carpet at 25c.; Step Carpet, 25 and 32c.; Step Oil Cloth at 8c.; Carpet Padding at 4 and 6c.; Step Pads at 8c each; Matting, from 12 to 25c.

Moquet and Smyrna Rugs in very pretty patterns. Oil Cloths and Oil Cloth Patterns. Linoleum, two yards wide, at 90c and $1. Blankets and Robes in different styles, from 95c to $7.75. Building Hardware a specialty. Heath & Milligan Paints always in stock.

NUTTLE HARDWARE COMPANY.

LOOK THROUGH

—THE—

DEPARTMENT

—OF—

LADIES' WINTER WEAR

—AT—

J. H. NICHOLS,

WEST DENTON.

There are some very comfortable and pretty Dotted and Striped Flannels for Waists in different colors. Fine line of Ladies' Black Dress Goods. Excellent Skirtings are of Homespuns, Cheviots, Serges, and so forth, and there are the rainy-day Skirtings in popular shades. Capes, Coats, Furs and Fascinators, Ice Wool Shawls, so pleasant in cool weather. Union Suits of Underwear for Ladies and Misses, and separate Vests and Pants in Gray and Red Flannel.

FOR MEN

Wright's Health Underwear is always of first-class quality and will last for years. There has been at this store a considerable reduction in the price of heavy fleece underwear, on account of heavy stock. Fifty cent shirts reduced to forty-five cents; forty-five cent shirts to thirty-nine cents. Same reduction in drawers.

HATS—Full Fall Stock Derbys and Stetsons.

Good stock of Ingrain Carpets, and Blankets in abundance. See the various lines of new goods now displayed.

REMEMBER,

When you are making preparations for festivals and entertainments you can find the

BEST FOREIGN FRUITS

Lemons, Oranges, Bananas, Pine Apples, etc. Fine Cakes for the table such as Vanilla Wafers, Honey Cakes, Spiced Cakes, Uneeda Biscuits, etc., etc., and such delicacies, fresh, at J. H. Spence's grocery store.

Full supply of Canned Goods, Pickles, Meats, etc.

BEST COFFEES

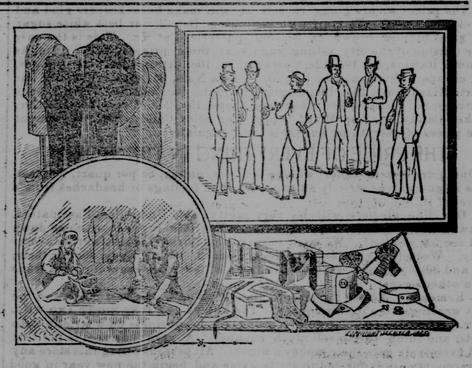
JAVA and MOCA, LEVERING'S BEST, TEAS, COCOA, CHOCOLATES, ETC.

All staple groceries at lowest prices.

☞ Highest prices paid for country produce, especially for fresh eggs brought to the grocery store of

J. H. Spence.

DENTON, MARYLAND.



OVERCOATS

—AT—

J. L. EVERNGAM'S

—IN—

GRAY, BLACK, BLUE, BROWN AND TINTED GREEN.

You should suit yourself in the matter of an Overcoat. Make a careful selection from the large stock here and you will be sure to make a choice that accords with your taste.

New line of Boys' Knee Pants Suits in the popular shades for our little men—grays, blues and browns. For the boys, also, we have dainty little Overcoats in light and dark grays. Equipped with these the youth will be ready for his trips to and from school during the cold weather.

Gentlemen's Hats, Gloves, Shirts and Neckwear. Shirts are in various colors—blue, oxblood and lavender, in addition to white, and the qualities and the prices will interest you if you need these things.

Underwear now sells rapidly—the cold weather ahead and the prices makes the demand general. Boys' Extra Heavy, Fleece-lined, 25 cents. They will fit a boy 15 or 18 years old. Same qualities in men's, at 39c. These values are noteworthy. We invite attention to a fine consignment of Douglass Shoes which has arrived.

In the department of Ladies' Wear—Furs and Scarfs and Coats are conspicuous now. Children's Coats. Particularly noticeable are the beautiful furs at five and six dollars. Attention is directed to our stock of Cloth Dress Goods so popular this season, namely: Venetian, Melrose, Henrietta, Venetian Mixture, Storm Serge, Poplin, and a line of Broadcloths, light and dark, tan, steel and black.

...The Denton...

GRAIN AND FLOUR EXCHANGE,

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

DENTON, MARYLAND.

RETAIL WHOLESALE

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.

WM. J. C. DULANY CO.

PUBLISHERS,

Booksellers, Stationers, and Printers.

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

No 8 Baltimore St., East, Baltimore.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE FIREFLIES' WEDDING

By Catulle Mendes....

One evening as I was returning from the village fete I noticed in the light of a moonbeam a child sleeping against a tree in the roadway alongside of a miniature cathedral in plaster. I have often wondered who buys these hideous productions of ecclesiastical architecture, with such square, ungraceful outlines, surmounted by a tall steeple and illuminated with a candle end placed on the altar. A sensation of pity seized me when I gazed upon the poor little merchant, who must have spent the entire evening trying to sell his church, and, finding no purchaser, had fallen asleep to dream, perhaps, of the beating which awaited him at home.

Ragged, dusty and tanned, he was as picturesque as he was dirty. I awakened the lad, gave him some money and, to avoid the semblance of almsgiving, I accepted the plaster cathedral.

It bothered me a good deal as I carried it off under my arm. I walked faster, being anxious to relieve myself of the burden, which I intended to leave in a corner of the garden where it would serve as a scarecrow for the sparrows which were already beginning to steal my cherries.

I must have looked like one of those personages you see in religious paintings bearing the resemblance in miniature of the chapel which they have dedicated to St. Timoleon or St. Ildevert in expiation of their sins.

Midnight sounded; I was still awake in my bed, with eyes half closed. But it was an insomnia without fever, vague and delicious, refreshed by the soft moonlight entering through the wide open window close by, which also bathed the winding paths of the garden below, the beds of flowers and the velvet grass in the pale enchantment of fairyland.

Perfectly happy in my semiconscious state, without the sensation of existence, yet enraptured with the joy of living, I was rather a thing ecstatic than a man. And the vast silence, the absolute calm, so suggestive of solitary wastes, drowsy nooks, of leaves unstirred by any breeze, were deepened by the almost arrested throbbings of my heart, by the dispersion in a dreamless peace of all my dead desires.

Suddenly a sight noise startled me. One might have called it the contact scarcely sensible of some delicate object with a feebly resisting surface. The sound was rhythmical, too, at equal intervals, suggesting the idea of a bell infinitely distant among the clouds.

The noise continued hardly audible, yet seeming to gently importune me. I arose and looked out of the window.

Fancy my surprise!

The cathedral, which on entering I had placed near the door in a narrow path, like a church at the end of an avenue—the cathedral, whose candle end inside had long been extinguished—now radiated illumination through all its tiny red windows, and as I leaned forward to examine more closely I perceived that the inclination of an adjacent woodbine caused the steeple to be capped by an oscillating bellflower in which a bee performed the office of clapper or ringer. What was going on, then, in my garden beneath the mystic light of the moon?

I softly stepped over the window sill and knelt in the shade of an acacia. In the wall of the little church, just behind the choir, was a crevice, through which I now peeped. More than a hundred fireflies, attached either to the shafts of the columns or perched before the altar in lieu of candles, filled the edifice with light, and in the top of the steeple the industrious bee tolled his bell in the woodbine, as if calling the devout to some important ceremony.

A constantly increasing and innumerable throng of insects was entering the portals. Crickets and grasshoppers from the fields jostled each other eagerly in the van; a ladybug, to avoid being pushed in the crowd, was posted on the wing of a dragon fly; tiny insects vested in black and white, presumably the clergy, followed a gorgeous cochineal in purple. The whole seemed a strange confusion of murmurings from countless creeping things of every color.

When at length the entire company had taken their places in proper order, a large fly flew up to the organ loft and presently a humming sort of music, joyous, yet religious, fairly filled the little basilica so brightly illuminated by the fireflies.

A ceremony, indeed, of some sort was on the point of commencing.

When I beheld two minute creatures proceed toward the choir, the one with confident air beating its wings victoriously, the other hesitating and timid, I supposed there was a wedding afoot.

And of this I was sure when I saw at the high altar a magnificent beetle with green and gold chasuble, assisted by two lesser bugs as acolytes, approach the bridal party with gesture seemingly of benediction.

My eyes glued the crevice; I lost not a single detail of the august ceremony. With eager curiosity I watched the crowd as it gradually dispersed, while the fireflies extinguished their lights one by one. Then noiselessly I turned to trace on the moonlit path the course of the newly wedded couple after extricating themselves from the tumultuous throng.

Where would they go? Would they fly away for their honeymoon toward some distant nuptial flower, under a warmer azure, beneath more ardent stars? Or would they content themselves with the first convenient corolla invitingly open under the discreet curtain of a leaf?

"Wherever fancy leads you, oh, gentle bride and bridegroom, may the god of insects ephemeral and flowers quickly fading to you be kind! May you have much happiness in the few hours of your brief springtime!

"Never may the sabot of a peasant or the slipper of a woman who perchance seeks repose under a tree cause you fear as you wing your flight so close one to the other, over moss clad bank, from bush to bush! May the dewdrops that you sip together be ever perfumed to your taste! May the chalice proffered never refuse an odorous lodging! And if you should fall into the clutches of some cruel child may it be the same little hand that seizes you both so that you may suffer and die together!"

While I was breathing these heartfelt wishes for their happiness the two insects had not flown away; they had climbed up the length of a Bengal rose bush, the topmost rose of which surmounted the ledge of my window, and I saw them disappear inside the flower, whose petals, half gone, closed softly over the tender pair.

Not for one instant would I have thought of returning to my room by the window as I had left—a rustling of the leaves would have disturbed the rapt lovers in their first intimacy. I started, therefore, toward the door, where I happened to observe on the stone ledge another bug, which I had not perceived before and who without doubt had followed the others.

What was its business here? Why had it come? Was it a relative of the bride or—who knows—a rival of the bridegroom?

Many a man has suffered under the windows of a nuptial chamber, and among insects, perhaps, as with us, it is the misfortune of some that becomes the happiness of others.

The poor little creature remained motionless, close by the rosebush. I touched it with the end of my finger very gently. It stirred not. Alas! I knew, then, that it was dead.—Translated From the French For Commercial Advertiser.

"What's In a Name?"

The southern part of New Zealand has been colonized in the main by Scots and their descendants, and, as a result of Caledonian clannishness, a man without a Scotch sounding name has no chance of getting a contract from the municipal councils there.

At a meeting of one of these bodies it was announced from the chair that Sandy McPherson was the successful seeker of a contract, and he was requested to come forward and enter into the necessary bonds for its due fulfillment.

In response to the invitation an almond eyed, pig tailed, bland and smiling heathen Chinee rose from the rear of the hall and stood before the speechless councilors with the brief exclamation:

"Me Sandy McPherson!"

After a few moments of silent agony the meeting adjourned in confusion.

How to Skin an Eel.

When hooked, an eel will tie a line into many thousand intricate knots without any apparent difficulty. He is slippery and should be seized near the middle, with the middle finger over, the rest under his body. In this position he can only wind himself around your wrist and cover your sleeve with slime. Said slime often, if dried, is nearly as adhesive as the skin.

If skinned before his demise, he is as lively as ever, and half cooked four inch pieces will wriggle freely.

To remove the eel's outer garment grasp firmly with a mittened hand, cut through the back of the neck till the spinal column is broken, then through to the skin in front, seize the exposed meat with a bit of paper to prevent slipping and steadily pull the hide toward the tail, turning it wrong side out.

A Bold "Ad."

As may be supposed, the largest advertisement in the world is that of an American firm. But the giant "ad." is not in America. Far off across the rolling deep it is spread along the face of a cliff on one of the islets of the Canary group, so that all passing steamers may sight it and their passengers have the benefit of its advice. The whole sentence is 750 feet long and is painted on the cliff at a height of 300 feet from the waves. There are four words in letters each 30 feet high and 75 feet wide. The huge sign can be seen for miles at sea on a clear day. The boldness of the thing almost takes away any anger which one may feel at the disfigurement of the islet by this bit of commercial enterprise.

THE DANNEMORA MINES.

They Yield the Purest Iron Ore Produced In the World.

For centuries the Dannemora iron ore mines in Sweden have been to the ironmaker what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. It is there that the purest iron ore commercially known to man exists. The operating company is a close corporation and the ore is sold to no one outside of it—that is, the owners all possess iron or steel producing plants and obtain from these mines part of their supplies. They limit the production to 50,000 tons per annum and place it at a price which might seem prohibitory, but from its quality they can afford to so charge themselves.

The ore, which now comes from entirely underground operation, is magnetite, with an average of 50 per cent of metallic iron and from .0025 to .005 per cent phosphorus. It requires very little flux in the blast furnace, as the gauges is principally limestone, and the phosphorus is of that minute quantity which generally leads one to doubt the chemists' reputed results.

The mine has been operated for at least 400 years. At first it was owned by private parties, but later reverted to the government. In 1863 it was again taken by individuals, and has been successfully worked ever since. Up to 1829 the ore was disrupted by fire setting. In that year the use of gunpowder was introduced. As the present working depth is 846 feet, visiting the works seems like penetrating the bowels of the earth, and when we reflect on the great age of the mine and the primitive character of its first exploiting we could not help feeling that from some dark corner might come the spirit of the ancient Norseman to ask why we were intruding upon its original home.—Robert W. Hunt in Cassier's Magazine.

An Operation That Came Near Being Too Successful.

A surgical operation performed under necessity by an amateur in the Maine woods was quite as remarkable as the operations of city specialists, who are provided with almost perfect implements and elaborate conveniences. The accident was a dislocated shoulder, and the extempore surgeon's outfit was of a kind hitherto unused in professional practice. It was described by a writer in the Lewiston Journal:

Old Sabattus was not an Indian, as the nickname implies, but a Yankee guide. One autumn he was left on a steamboat at one of the upper landings on Moosehead lake while the engineer went ashore with some guests.

A man named Meservey came aboard, and in fooling around the boat managed to fall into the fire pit and put his shoulder out of joint. Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for half an hour and the injured man was in great pain.

The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and fastened the loose end of it to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam and the pulley began to wind up the rope.

It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. Then Sabattus jumped around to shut off steam, while the pulley kept on winding.

"How does it go? I don't know where it is!" gasped the guide excitedly. "I can't stop the blamed thing!" And the pulley meanwhile was slowly but surely pulling the patient to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets, and he screamed and gasped for breath.

Sabattus danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he happened to spy a hatchet lying near, and, jumping for that, he cut the rope.

Some years afterward a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville. Sabattus was there too, and presently a distinguished looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said, with a meaning smile, "Aren't you the man who practices surgery by steam?"

Sabattus admitted that he was "that same feller."

The Earliest Yacht Race.

What is said to be the earliest of recorded yacht races took place on Oct. 1, 1661. John Evelyn in his diary of that date mentions that he sailed with his majesty Charles II. in one of his pleasure boats or yachts, "vessels not known among us until the Dutch East India company presented that curious piece to the king, being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a match between this and his other new boat," continued Evelyn, "built frigatelike, and one of the Duke of York's, the wager of £100, and the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, the king lost it going down, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning."

The word "yacht" is itself Dutch, but the vessels which the merry monarch sailed were little similar to the racers of the present day. Mention is made of other yachts and races, but the details are very meager.

ENGLISHMAN GOT A SHOCK.

Cultured Chinaman Made Him Lose His Sense of Superiority.

A writer in London M. A. P. tells of meeting Sir Chi Chen, afterward the Chinese embassador to London, in Tientsin when the latter was plain Mr. Lo Feng Luh, an undersecretary of state in the entourage of the viceroy of the province, Li Hung Chang. "My own mission was to the 'Bismarck of China,' as the one statesman in faroff Cathay was known at the time, which was before the fall," says the writer, "and Mr. Lo Feng Luh had been deputized to serve me in the double capacity of cicerone and interpreter.

"We sat sipping tea in the long wait which in Chinese court life follows the announcement of your name and precedes your reception, and is supposed to deepen your respect for the great man of whom you have sought an audience and to deaden in yourself any lingering consciousness of British superiority. Then it was that Mr. Lo Feng Luh suddenly opened up his battery of questions and criticism upon the leading men of letters, philosophers and theologians of Europe. His inquiries were not, indeed, of the alumni of one nation, but of many, and when he had done with Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, the Elizabethan poets, the theology of Dollinger, the writing of Comte, the plays of Moliere, he wafted his way to America and was promptly at home with Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell and the funny stories of Mr. Chauncey Depew."

The Sargasso Sea.

The Sargasso sea is a region in the Atlantic about midway between southern Europe and America, extending from 21 to 23 degrees north latitude and between 29 and 45 degrees west longitude. It derived its name from a Portuguese word signifying a grape, and was so called because the seaweeds characteristic of the region bear on their branches small air cells, which in shape are not unlike the grape clusters. The weeds themselves are among the most peculiar of vegetable productions, since they have no roots nor any signs of fructification and are propagated by division. They float in the water, sometimes in dense masses extending for miles.

This portion of the Atlantic is a great eddy, little affected by the currents which surround it on every side, and the stillness of the water, it is supposed, has contributed to the development of the weeds in the vast quantities in which they are found. The floating masses were noticed by Columbus and his men, to whom they were a source of uneasiness, as the sailors supposed they indicated shallow water. Detached masses of the weed are often seen in the gulf stream, and the long, yellow lines of floating weed are a sure indication of its close proximity.

Power and Nose.

A large nose is always an unfailing sign of a decided character. It belongs to the man of action, quick to see and to seize opportunity. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one less apt to act, although he may feel as deeply. He will have many theories, while the possessor of a large nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathizing, but their friendship is not the active kind.

A nose with the tip slightly tilted is the sign of the heartless flirt. A long nose shows dignity and repose. A short nose, pugnacity and a love of gayety. An arched nose—one projecting at the bridge—shows thought. A straight nose shows an inclination toward serious subjects. A nose that turns up slightly indicates eloquence, wit and imagination. If turned up much, it shows egotism and love of luxury. A nose that slopes out directly from the forehead, that shows no indenting between the eyes, indicates power. If the nose is indented deeply at the root, the subject will be weak and vacillating. A nose that turns down signifies that the possessor is miserly and sarcastic.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Knew His Man.

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally made up, the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several yards of foolscap, as the items enumerated the most minute details.

When the client came around to settle, he refused to enter the office, but stood in the door and, holding one end of the bill, unrolled the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he receipt it.

"Come in," said the lawyer in his most cordial tones.

"Not much," replied the client. "You'd charge me rent if I did."

Sick of Tigers.

A cynical old man once found himself in the company of a large number of Anglo-Indians, and he proceeded to ask each guest if he had shot a tiger. At last one gentleman declared he had never even seen the royal beast.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the questioner. "May I sit next to you at dinner? I am so weary of hearing about the deaths of tigers."