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. 1903.

VOL. 57. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1903. NO. 26

SWINNEY & COMPANY

THE ONE PRICE MERCHANTS. **Successors to J. H. NICHOLS.**

The buying public anywhere within miles of Denton will be interested in these announcements, for we have advantages to offer. We purchase in great quantities, and therefore purchase the more cheaply,—therefore sell the more cheaply. Look at the figures. Then we have a half-dozen departments—and you can find what you want.

Economy in time is like economy in the use of money.

About SHOES

You have the best stock to select from in the West Denton Store. New goods are coming from the factory constantly. Here are broken lots and odd sizes. You can get if you are here in the next few days:

Shoes for Men.....were $2. to $3...NOW $1.50
Shoes " Youths... " $2 " $3... " $1.50
Shoes " Ladies... " $1.25 $3... " .65
Shoes " Misses.... " $1.25 $3... " .65
Shoes " Children " $1.25 $3... " .65

As to HATS

You have the head—we have the hat. We always have it, it seems. Our Hat Department is studied in order that requirements of every customer may be met. A man may be uncomfortable, in some degree, all season if he gets the hat that doesn't suit him. Observe the newest line of French Felt Hats, both stiff and soft, and we especially ask your attention to the new shades of otter, azure, nutria, pearl, and black in Alpines, and all the latest shapes. Look at the latest Fadderby Medium Crown, with broad quarter round D, Orsay curl. Many staple styles and snapes. Our hat workbench is ready for business. We shape hats to the head; also block, scour and trim them right in the Hat Department. Malaga straw and felt hats.

FURNISHINGS

They are too numerous to mention. We will say this: We have the best value in a 25-cent Neckwear we have ever had, and we have the prettiest line of Shirts of the season. For instance, the Garland, in full pleated bosoms, open back and front, laundered, 75 cents. In all sizes. Negligee Shirts, White Wing Collars, etc.

DRESS GOODS

The Dress Goods Department embraces what is needed for the home, for ordinary purposes, or for elaborate and beautiful gowns—or even for a bride's outfit.

Clothing Clothing

Serge and Cheviot Suits in blue and black. You never grow tired of them, even if they do last so well. $6 up. Boys' Suits 1.50 up.

Shirt Waists

And Ready-Made Dresses.

☞Farmers are again invited to TRY THE CLIPPER PLOWS FREE. The Best Prices Given for Country Produce.☜

Swinney & Co., West Denton.

DO YOU KNOW

We Build Wagons, Carts and Dearborns?

COME AND SEE

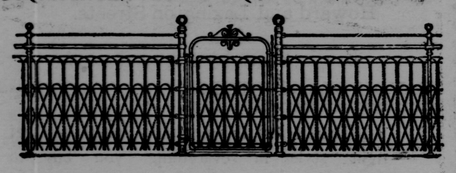
ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES REPAIRED

GOOD WORK, GOOD MATERIAL AND AT HONEST PRICES

ANKLAM MFG CO.

AT THE DEPOT

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCING.



Ornamental Iron Fencing for Yards, Lawns and Cemeteries. A large lot of Stoves and Steel Ranges, Blacksmith, Wheelwright and Building Hardware, Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Straw Mattings, Furniture, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines,

PUMP AND DRIVE WELL SUPPLIES

Carriage and Wagon Harness, Paints, Oils, Galvanized Steel and Tarred Felt Roofing, Oliver and South Bend Chilled Plows, Grub Plows, Fence Wire, Poultry Netting.

14 ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS.

TILGHMAN HARVEY.
a-23] BURRSVILLE, MD.

LUMBER COAL AND LIME

WE HAVE IT

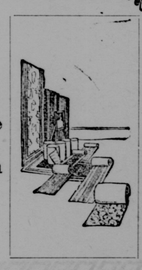
Hughes Lumber & Coal Co.

J. HARRY ROSE,

—With—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO., 10-12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Baltimore, Md.

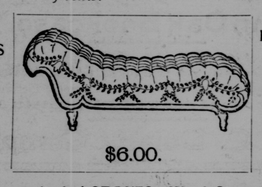
Clothiers, Tailors, Furnishers.

We have just received a carload of Furniture of all kinds, and are in a position to supply your needs at Bottom Prices.



Rockers, $1.25 up. In Carpets and Rugs have the best line that we have ever had. Rugs from 50 cents to $3.62. Brussels Rugs with fringe, 1 1-2 yard in size, $1.25. Mattings of all kinds, from 12 to 25 cents.

COUCHES from **$4.75** up.



$6.00.

BED-ROOM SUITES from **$14.00** up.

We have in a carload of STOVES—Wood Stoves from $2.00 to $10.00, Coal Stoves, and the celebrated Ivory Ranges; a crackerjack Cook Stove for $10.50. Lap Blankets and Robes in plenty, at popular prices.

Enameled Beds, $3.75 up. Stands, 70 cents up.

NUTTLE HARDWARE COMPANY,

Dowres Building.
DENTON.

W. R. Wright's Special Sale

OF WHITE MADRAS.

We presume no dress fabric is in greater demand just now than white madras—in fact, it would not be surprising if the demand should outrun the supply before the season is far advanced, for these goods have been selling like hot cakes since January. All the more interesting, therefore, is our SPECIAL SALE OF WHITE MADRAS, WHICH BEGINS TODAY.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR.

There is nothing cheaper than a "cheap shoe," and bargain shoes have become more unpopular in Denton since people have seen so much of them. We have no "cheap shoes"- they are not good enough for our customers—but we have at all times the GREATEST VALUES IN SHOES that are worthy and up to date. These kinds it pays to buy.

DRESS LININGS AND SKIRTING.

W seldom mention this department in print. Women who know never take chances on questionable linings. We have all the staples and every novelty worthy of our guarantee—at prices that please thrifty buyers.

WASHABLE FLANNELS at REDUCED PRICES.

A special offering this week of washable fancy flannels—a popular summer fabric suitable for waists, dresses, skirts, suits, and general outing wear. In the most wanted colors—blue, pink, gray, and black; combined with neat white cord stripe effects. Because of this limited color assortment we shall close out all the remainder of our 50c. grades at 35c. a yard.

MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS—A clean-up of the lots left from the past month's selling. They are made of madras and percales, in new, nobby patterns; open back and front. They have split neck-bands and all the little details that go to make comfortable. good-fitting and good wearing shirts. Detachable cuffs to match,

Extra Values in Summer Rugs at 80 Cents.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS—We have a few rolls left which we expect to make a good clean-up of in the next few days.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE.

☞COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED.

WINFIELD R. WRIGHT . . . DENTON

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

OUR JUSTIFICATION

We May Not Be Conscious of Any Sin.

REV. WM. T. RUSSELL'S TEXT

"I Am Not Conscious to Myself of Anything; Yet I Am Not Hereby Justified."

A Good Sermon.

These are the words of one who sincerely followed the promptings of his conscience all his life, of a man whose consuming zeal of God's interests was bounded by no country, of one who served God faithfully, "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from his own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils from false brethren," and to whom, no matter what may be our religious conviction, we must concede the credit of an honest purpose.

Readily can we understand that such a man could truthfully bear witness to his own sinlessness, that of himself he could say, "I am conscious of no evil," but his conclusion is, "I am not hereby justified."

This, then, is the judgment of St. Paul upon himself, as opposed to the conclusion generally reached by the majority of men whose lives are in striking contrast to that of the Apostle. We hear them say, "I am honest, temperate, truthful, just to my neighbor, faithful to my friends, a devoted husband and good father; therefore I am justified." Even should they not make this profession openly, it is not difficult to discover that it is the firmest of all their convictions.

How dissimilar, how contradictory, how antagonistic, even, must be the ideals of the saint and the worldling, when—even leaving aside the difference of grounds in these two instances for the same verdict of conscience—such opposite conclusions are reached.

The one compares himself as he is in reality, to his model Jesus Christ; and with the clear vision of that height to which he is to attain of the perfection of soul, symmetry of character, holiness of life which it is God's will for him to acquire, he sinks in terror from the vision of his imperfection and throws himself upon the mercy of God's judgment.

On the other hand the man of the world, with his low ideals, petty ambitions, false standards, with no conception of the real meaning of life and insensibly saturated through with sin from earliest youth—compares his conduct with that of other men—taking care to summon to that self-constituted tribunal only such as will place him in a favorable light, and leave his self-love unwounded.

When forced to compare himself with his superiors in all that stands for what is genuinely good he is apt to contend that some favorable circumstances make the practice of virtue an easier task to these others than to himself.

The little that has been revealed of what is to take place on the day of final reckoning does not warrant the supposition that the last judgment will be based upon comparisons.

The good will not enter into the joy of their Lord because they are better than the wicked, nor will the wicked be punished because they have fallen short of the high plane of perfection attained by the just, but reward and punishment will be meted out to each, accordingly as each has, in his mortal life, fulfilled the will of God in his particular regard.

As He has created each soul separately, individually and placed it in the body, He has sent each one of us here for an essential purpose of His own. He deigns to need even our insignificance and helplessness, and whether our lives are rich and full, or poor and meager, our faculties strong and wonderful or pitifully weak and all inadequate for any great attainment, whether ten talents have been given us, or only one intrusted to our care; if we have striven earnestly and with all our strength have fought the good fight, ours will be the reward of the faithful servant.

Will the man to whom the Lord gives five talents, and gains three in addition, receive a greater reward than he into whose hands are placed three talents only and who returns them to his Master with three more that he has labored for? The former, it is true, possesses greater virtue, but has he as much right to merit as the latter?

While listening to those who attempt to still the voice of conscience by indulging in this sort of self-justification one's thoughts go back irresistibly to a certain occasion recorded in the Gospel when the "Pharisee standing prayed thus with himsef: 'O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican.'"

Oftentimes in the course of a single day we meet with this striking contrast. On one hand we see a man gifted with naturally good instincts and who finds that habits of honesty and truth are more profitable from a worldly standpoint, but who neglects or disdains the aids of religion to better his spiritual condition, because, forsooth, some who practice religion are apparently less virtuous than himself. On the other hand, we see a man who has been less richly endowed by God with natural gifts, but who has struggled with his natural inclinations and has made use of the aids which God through religion has afforded him, who has indeed fallen often, as often to rise again through repentance. Which of these two shall receive the more favorable sentence?

How can any man presume to judge, to compare himself with others? Who, indeed, can know the intricate complexities of his own nature, the countless subtle influences that act upon him, modified by circumstances that change with every passing hour? Who can trace his firmest convictions, his strongest hates and hopes and mightest desires back to the sources from which they sprang, trace the impact of thought upon thought, lay bare the principles that govern all the vital issues of his life? Who can legislate for "the feverish, questioning spirit that travails and yearns," tabulate its intricate flights, answer its questionings, fulfill its desires and its longings; or to whom is it given to penetrate the dim underlands of his own heart, to unveil its mysteries, to fathom its great deeps, explore its strange, measureless caverns or foretell its unlooked-for upheavals?

"Then why dost thou judge thy brother?" says St. Paul. One alone can judge us, the Lord who created us, who knows the secret springs of every thought, who beholds us as we are; "who can bring to light the hidden things of darkness and make manifest the counsels of the heart."

We need not fear man's judgment, nor be elated by his praise. The world praises where little praise is due and oftentimes condemns when the best motive inspires our actions. "It looked into the eyes of Him who came to save it from its sins, and said that He was mad and had a devil." One thing alone is necessary, one question only must we ask ourselves and answer honestly. Are our lives such as God would have them, such as He intended them to be; are we making the best use possible of all our faculties, bending all our energies toward the fulfillment of His will? If so, then all is well.

On Calvary's height we see the futility of all man's judgments of himself and of his fellow-man. There, torn and bruised and bleeding, a scourged and thorn-crowned victim is hanging on a cross. Around Him stand the Pharisees, self-satisfied, self-justified, professors of religion; the Sadducees, self-satisfied, intellectual and scoffing, while nearer to the crosss have pressed His own beloved ones, His mother Mary and the holy women, with John, "the deciple, whom Jesus loved." And of them all which one is nearest heaven? Which one shall be the first fruit of the awful sacrifice? The one that seems to be least likely to them all, the poor thief dying on the cross. "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

There is one lawgiver and judge that is able to destroy and to deliver, "for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and every one of us shall render account to God for himself. Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more." "Man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred."

THE OLD STORY.

Alas, the balmy weather that so lately
was prevailing
Has given place to chilling wind and
eager, nipping frost.
And from the rural districts comes the
customary wailing
That tells us that all hope of peaches
for this year is lost,
And we ourselves must Weep,
For prices will be steep;
The thing is most calamitous; sincerely
we deplore
The quite expected tidings that the peach
crop's spoiled once more.

The trustful little blossoms at the sun's
deceitful smiling
Unfurl their tender petals to a softly
wooing breeze.
They never seem to learn a thing from
any past beguiling;
Experience should teach them it most
certainly will freeze,
And then the sudden chill
Will blight and nip and kill.
And come the doleful tidings we've so
often heard before,
"Last night it dropped to zero and the
peach crop's spoiled once more."

No doubt the sad intelligence we would
find quite alarming;
We dearly love our shortcake, and we
do not like it short.
We know, of course, the fruit cannot survive the frost king's harming
And would not cast a doubt upon the
truth of the report.
But then we also know
Somehow the peaches grow.
Next fall they'll come in bushels, as they've
ever come of yore,
So we don't feel discouraged, though the
peach crop's spoiled once more.

—*Chicago News.*

RESPONSIBILITIES

Every Child Should Be Trained For Them.

THEN FAILURES WILL BE FEW

The Woeful Result of Carelessness and Neglect of the Little Ones—From the Public Ledger.

Jeremy Taylor, in one of his eloquent passages, remarks that fathers and mothers handle their children in a very different manner. Mothers, it seems, soften their children with endearments and rescue them from discipline, so that they "prove fools and troublesome so long as the feminine republic does endure." Fathers are not so lenient, having rubbed against the world:

"But fathers, because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or arms, send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labors and afflictive contingencies. * * * Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox or a servant; * * * but the man that designs his son for nobler employments—to honors and triumphs—loves to see him pale with study or panting with labor, hardened with sufferings."

We shall not attempt to say whether Jeremy Taylor's characterization of the respective attitudes of mother and father be correct or not, but in his day, as now, the object in education is so to train a youth that he will eventually be able to meet the responsibilites of life and stand alone in handling them. And there are two "schools" of opinion, not well defined, perhaps, but none the less in existence, about the proper method of training youth to sustain the shock of battle in life and escape strong and victorious. Some people are for the hardening process; throw the young man, they say, into the stream of life and let him swim for it; the way to teach a man to bear hard knocks is by experience with hard blows, and if he is ever to amount to anything he must fight for his life.

The fondness of parents, however, is usually potent enough to make this method distrusted somewhat; but still the great question is, How shall youth be trained to have self-reliance and the strength which shall justify it? The defender of the hardening process can point to the fact that the oversolicitous parent who follows the child's footsteps endlessly, and takes care that the breath of heaven does not too sharply blow on him, who stands between him and all responsibility, and acts and does his thinking for him, finds to his astonishment that the most carefully nurtured and closely guarded young man is without the capacity to act alone because some one else has been acting for him; and fails lamentably to stand up under the weight of responsibility and care when finally he meets it, as every man sooner or later must meet it in some guise or other.

On the other hand, the newsboy, who was thrown into the street, aged 4, to battle for fortune and later became a college President, is cited; attention is called to the bootblack who is a railroad President, and owes thanks alone to his stout heart and quick wit; the homeless young country boy, left destitute and friendless in his tenderest years, who succeeds in winning fame and fortune. These, if not familiar examples in our life, are talked about enough to give one the impression that the proper way to become great is to forego all the advantages of home training. But let no wise parent be deluded or misguided by these things. The boy who achieves success under such discouraging circumstances is a remarkable young man—one in hundred thousand or perhaps in a million. His career is a glorious thing, and is an encouragement and inspiration to all the nation. If, however, that were the best way to train youth—that is to say, give them no training at all—the home and the family might be dispensed with—which is sheer nonsense. One boy in a million who has been thrown into the street reaches great heights; he is the kind of boy who would have succeeded, as his career shows, under any circumstances; the other side of the picture is not open to the casual gaze of the world nor blazoned in the current news of the day, but may be studied to advantage in every house of correction, reformatory and jail. Boys who have lacked parental guidance and care and have fallen by the wayside into criminal paths is the usual story to be learnt from these institutions.

From all which we may perhaps learn the lesson that youth need all the best and most loving care which it is in the power of the wisest fathers and mothers to give them. There are two ways of giving it. One is by way of constant, palpable guidance and admonition, where no room is left for the youth's own individuality and initiative, which is the wrong way, and the other is to help youth to help itself until by insensible degrees, young men and women come to attain to such strength and self-confidence that they are ready and able to pass over the rough places on the highway. Young men and women, it is true, will never learn to be strong in character from hearing lectures on right living; they must have the practice and must learn by doing. They will never learn to be strong if some one else does anything for them, and wise parents will, therefore, throw the responsibilities of life on their children gradually, and let them act on their own initiative and according to their own judgment a little more and a little more, as they are found to grow in capacity and judgment. Some strong men have stood the terrible strain of being thrown into world as waifs, and have come out triumphant, but it is still as true of character as of physical strength that it is in general of slow and gradual growth. The sure way of winning an athletic contest is to train for it, and the best training possible for the business of life is none too good; for "living is fighting."

A Boy Again.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy
flight.
Make me a child again, just for to-night.

A soft mist came before the eyes of the middle-aged man as he read the familiar lines. Then he closed his eyes, and leaning back in his chair, indulged in reverie. Presently drowsiness overcame him; the reverie was merged in an actual dream, and he was a boy again—not a prattling little child, but a boy of twelve or fourteen coming home from school to meet his mother's welcoming smiles.

But the spirit of his dream had projected him forward some forty or fifty years. He was the schoolboy he used to be, but the schoolboy whom educational progress will evolve if its present tendencies continue unchecked.

"Did you have any trouble with your lessons today, Robert?" asked his mother somewhat anxiously.

"Quite a little," said the weary student. "I failed in paleontology, my tutor in biology reprimanded me severely for my comparative ignorance of the latest discoveries in physiology, and Professor Stone roasted me for my inability to classify the various fossiliferous strata, which he said was inexcusable in a boy of my age who had attended the public schools from his early childhood. The Professor of Aerodynamics—"

"Oh, Robert, what is that?"

"Why, really, mother, I don't know, exactly. We have had only three lessons in it, ten minutes each, at intervals of a week, and I have studied so many things in the interim that it is hard to keep everything in one's head."

"My poor boy! I fear your studies are injuring your health. You need fresh air. Go out and play."

"Go out and play? Mother, how can I go out and play? I must prepare my lessons for to-morrow. While you are sleeping peacefully I shall be burning the midnight electric light."

"And what lessons have you to prepare for to-morrow?"

"Why, to take them in alphabetical order, which I consider the most systematic, and, therefore, the most reliable method, I have astronomy, botany, chemistry, ethnology, mineralogy, philology, sociology and zoology."

"It is entirely too much," said his mother. "I thought twenty years ago that they were trying to teach children too many thing, and now—"

And the boy thought so, too. He heartily wished himself a middle aged man that he might be far beyond his present troubles. His wish was granted at once. He awoke to find himself a middle aged man with a somewhat diminished desire to be a boy again. At any rate, he was willing to admit that being a boy again might be attended with certain disadvantages.

Any Church

Or parsonage or institution supported by voluntary contribution will be given a liberal quantity of the Longman & Martinez Pure Paints whenever they paint.

NOTE: Have done so for twenty-seven years. Sales: tens of millions of gallons; painted nearly two million houses under guarantee to repaint if not satisfactory: The paint wears for periods up to eighteen years. Linseed Oil must be added to the paint (done in two minutes). Actual cost then about $1.25 a gallon. Samples free. Sold by our Agents, J. H. Nichols, Denton; R. M. Messick, Bethlehem; T. Harvey, Burrsville; J. Frank Lednum, Preston. 5-30

The tobacco-spitter's work shows up strongly at the advent of spring. The condition of the corners and other places where politics and business are discussed is evidence that grinders of the weed have been about.