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SWINNEY & COMPANY

THE LEADING HEAD-TO-FOOT FURNISHERS FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

Successors to J. H. NICHOLS, WEST DENTON STORE

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We are closing out the remainder of our Summer Stock, to make room for the

Largest Stock of Fall and Winter Goods

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Highest prices for country produce.

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As every farmer knows, is an investment that yields large returns. It is not Nature's plan that man should take plant-food elements from the soil and return none to it.

Armour's Animal Fertilizers,

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COLORS IN OILS and GRAINING COLORS.
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Paint at 85c., $1.25 and $1.50 per Gallon. Buggy and Wagon Paints, all Colors and different qualities.

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HARNESS, DIFFERENT STYLES.

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MORE BUSINESS—LOWER PRICES.

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Trimmings, Applique and Medallions, which we are offering at popular prices, as long as they last.

We have the largest assortment of PFARL BUTTONS and WAIST SETS that can be found. Pearl Buttons, 6c dozen; Waist Sets, 15c.

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GENTS' FURNISHINGS—Shirts and Suspenders, Collars and Ties, Hosiery and Gloves, Clothing and Hats. We can please you and your pocket-book.

F. C. and AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSETS—or a Wrapper that will fit you without the corsets.

A fresh supply of Groceries is received at our store every week.

We will gladly refund you the money on anything purchased at our store that does not please you.

W. R. WRIGHT, - - - DENTON.

A BOWERIE GHOST

Very Old Story of New Amsterdam.

YOUNG HANS DRIVEN AWAY

The Mystery Which Followed and The Attempt to Unravel It—The Outcome.

More than two centuries agone, when old Petrus Stuyvesant and his silver banded wooden leg ruled the destinies of New Amsterdam, there was a well known place of refreshment in that colonial town known by the worthy burghers as the Wursthaus. It stood upon the east side of the old post or Bowerie road, not far from the present point of junction with Division street.

The then suburban location of the Wursthaus made it and its jovial host, Hans von Schneist, well known and patronized by the townsmen and their families.

But a change came o'er the smiling features and jocund laugh of the host of the Wursthaus when his only son was proclaimed an outlaw. Some boyish indiscretion of speech had been magnified by the hearers and, coming to the ears of the suspicious old director general, had resulted in the decree. Young Hans had received timely warning, however, and was supposed to have reached the Swedish colony in safety.

Several months passed away, and one evening young Jacob Twiller related the following weird adventure to the wondering crowd gathered around the central table in the Wursthaus garden:

"I was eel spearing in the Freshwater pond last evening and by the time the moon was overhead had filled my creel. I started to walk home. I had but passed the Wursthaus when just ahead of me I spied a tall figure wrapped in a long gray cloak. Thinking that no one except the watch could be abroad at that hour of the night, except with some evil purpose in view, I suited my pace to his, meaning to let him precede me toward the city wall. But scarce had we progressed in this manner for a few hundred yards or so when the figure turned and, holding its hands aloft, made menacing gestures, as if forbidding me to approach.

"Overburdened with my fishing traps, I felt powerless and so knelt on the ground so as to more easily remove the strap of the creel from off my shoulders. But as I kneeled the ghost, for such it surely was, had vanished from sight, and, though I hunted well about, I could find no trace except mayhap a smoke smelling strongly of sulphur, which I breathed in my nostrils as I came near to that part of the ground from which it had vanished."

Nothing could shake the valiant Jacob's circumstantial details of the encounter, and, though the town cynic sneered, the group gathered closer together around the central table and made haste home in good season.

Within a week Roelof Jans, the popular butt and scapegrace, added still more to the mysterious tale of his predecessor. While agreeing with Jacob in the general appearance of the gray cloaked figure, he furnished additional details by which it would seem that a long barbed tail was a feature in the phantom and that it walked amid belching clouds of smoke.

And then came the climax. Adam Roelandsen stated to the captain of the watch that he had encountered the gray cloaked phantom; that it came out from the Wursthaus, but hastily turned and re-entered the door ere he could summon up courage to advance or retreat.

Here was a pretty condition of affairs! The habitues of old Hans von Schneist's place quaked in their very shoes at the bare supposition that they had been drinking the brewings of one who was seemingly in league with the evil one.

And so it came to pass that the stout old captain of the watch, at the head of his little squad, came to investigate the Wursthaus. For some reason old Hans did not come to the door, and when the captain of the watch entered the big taproom he found mine host tightening the hoops of an enormous butt that stood in the darkest corner. The crowd of sightseers, at first fearful of forked tongues of flame and other chronicled attributes of the evil one, were timorous of entering the house. But gathering courage from the assembled military and particularly impressed by the gallant bearing of the commandant they gradually inched forward until very soon almost every available space was occupied.

"Good morning, Herr von Schneist," spoke the captain.

"Good morning to you, herr captain, and to you, soldiers and fellow citizens," answered the sturdy old tavern keeper. "What means this array? Am I accused of treason or are you merely come to test the malt in my brewing?"

"It is neither of false brewing nor of treason you are accused, Herr von Schneist, nor yet of anything coming within the civil or military law. Some there be who say that you are in league with the evil one. Step forward, Adam Roelandsen, and tell your tale again, so that this worthy man will know our business."

Then came shambling forward the pedagogue, who, with many pauses and apologetic utterances, spoke as follows:

"You have all heard, and some few have seen, the gray cloaked figure that walks the Bowerie road at night time. Some there are who say it hath a tail like unto the evil one, and divers others aver that it is surrounded by clouds of rolling brimstone smoke. I spent last evening with John Verlocht up at his gristmill the other side of Corlears Hook, teaching and explaining to him the new method of multiplication. We had scarce half a score mugs of ale, and my head was clear as a bell when I saw a gray cloaked figure hastily enter the door of the Wursthaus."

"You will agree, Herr von Schneist, that it is my bounden duty to search your premises?" quoth the captain.

"Assuredly, herr captain," he replied, "but before you begin I will serve you and your men with some of my new ale." Without giving them time to answer he hustled toward the big butt in the dark corner and straightway dispensed a generous measure of the beverage to them. Not having such high opinions of the power of his Satanic majesty as the citizens, they quaffed it down, but pronounced it stale and flat.

Then began a scene of turmoil and confusion enough to make the vrouw's heart break with anguish. But though the iron bound linen chest was turned upside down and emptied of its contents in an unseemly manner, and though closets were upturned, beds overthrown and the whole house pulled out at corners, she never murmured or complained.

But nothing was found, and, though the taproom was lightly passed over, there was no place in it that a man could hide, except possibly the big butt in the dark corner. That, however, was full of ale, for had they not drunk some of it?

And so the watch marched away empty handed and left to the host and his vrouw the task of putting things to rights.

The gray cloaked demon was seen several times thereafter, but no concerted attempt was made to follow it up. About two months from the time of the fruitless search the few faithful adherents of the Wursthaus noted that both Hans and his wife wore very grave faces. In a few days they announced that a young traveler from Boston was dangerously ill in the darkened bedroom upstairs, and the Dutch physician, who had but just arrived from Holland, was sent for. He came again and again, and the faces of the worthy couple showed a deep sympathy for the youthful guest. Finally the doctor came in the middle of the night and stayed till morning, but the soul of his patient fled before the dawn.

Heavy grief o'erhung the Schneist household, and the Wursthaus was closed till after the funeral. Even then old Hans showed a settled grief in his altered demeanor.

Observant neighbors noted that the big butt in the corner was never used after the soldiers drank from it, and when a few months had sped and comparisons came to be made it was found that the gray cloaked phantom had never been seen since the young stranger was taken sick. It was also commented upon that no one came from Boston to inquire about him. But there was a many who believed till their dying day that it was a genuine ghost that had been seen by Jacob Twiller et al. gliding along the old Bowerie road.

Wanted Them Lumped.

At the first commencement of Washington college after General Lee was elected its president sixteen young men delivered orations, many of which abounded in flattering allusions to the president general.

General Lee became more and more restive, and finally asked Professor Allen how many more of them were to speak.

"Only four, if you need it, general," replied the professor.

The general drew up his chair and whispered: "Could not you arrange it, professor, for all four to speak at once? I can't stand quite so much praise to the face when it's spun out."

Bright.

"Her children are very bright."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, very! The youngest, even, a boy of four, has already mastered the rudimentary principles of scientific play and is about to enter on the study of the more abstruse forms. The teachers at the kindergarten frankly confess they never met with equal precocity. Often children reach the age of ten without having learned to play scientifically."—Exchange.

Her Dearest Wish.

"Mamma," asked little Florence, the only sister of five older brothers, "when am I going to be a boy?"

"Why, never, dear. You are mamma's little girl."

"Ain't I ever going to be a boy?"

"No, dear; girls can't be boys."

"Can't God make me a boy?"

"No; God will never make you a boy."

Florence walked away thoughtfully, and that night when she said her prayer she added this petition: "If you can't make me a boy then make me a billygoat."—Woman's Home Companion.

JIMMIE THOMPSON

Was Certainly Not a Very Manly Man

HAD A RESOLUTE HELPMATE

Today There is No Happier Couple in the Country Than Jimmie and His Wife.

The first beams of a June sun were shining upon a world of dew and blossoms. Birds were singing everywhere, and which made the divinist music, the robins in the orchard or the bobolinks in the meadow, it was hard to choose.

So thought Jimmie Thompson as, hastily rising from his little bed under the eaves of Farmer Thompson's big farmhouse, he prepared himself for the duties of the day.

It was a busy season on the farm, for hay was to be cut, and the ring of the scythes as the women were grinding them to an edge on the old grindstone already rose upon the air.

"I wonder what mamma will say to find me late again?" murmured the youngster as he hurriedly donned his simple garments and tripped lightly down the stairs.

Breakfast was already laid in the big stone paved kitchen, and the delicious fragrance of coffee, mingled with that of frying ham, forecasted a tempting feast.

Somewhat timidly Jimmie stole into the room and took his place at the table. He was an only son, and, although loved by his stern mother and his yielding and more gentle spirited father with a love that shrank at no sacrifice in his behalf, there was that in the strict discipline ever maintained by his mother, combined with a naturally sensitive and docile nature, which had repressed our poor Jimmie and given him an air of quiet hardly consistent with his bright eyes and hair of willful shining gold.

"Late again, my son, and for the third morning!" remarked his mother as the young man took his seat and carefully tucked the napkin of snowy linen under his chin. "See that this offense is not repeated or you may go breakfastless."

A mutinous look darkened for a moment the eyes of the youth, and he was about to speak when a firm, quick step was heard entering the outer porch, and a sharp knock smote the panels of the wood shed door.

A wave of rosy color swept over Jimmie Thompson's sweet face as, hurriedly rising, he left the kitchen to answer the summons.

"Good morning, my darling—my rosebud boy in the garden of boys!" said a low voice as a hasty kiss was pressed upon the lips of the youth, and he felt himself strained to a womanly breast.

For only an instant could the lovers (for such they were) remain in the outer shed before the stern voice of Mrs. Thompson bade the visitor enter.

It was a grand young woman who stepped with uncovered head into the midst of the Thompson household and gave it courteous greeting. One had but to look on the high brow, the steadfast mouth and the firm poise of the statuesque chin to know that he stood in the presence of one of nature's noblewomen.

Her garments, although scrupulously neat, bespoke the working woman, and there was that in the clear, sunburnt tint of her face which told of outdoor toil.

There was a brief silence as Jimmie, with a pleading look in the direction of his mother, resumed his seat.

"Good morning, Nell," said Mrs. Thompson at last, somewhat grimly, laying aside her fork and reaching for a toothpick. "What brings you out so early?"

"Oh, I've been stirring since long before dawn," responded the young woman. "I have cut the swamp half acre and am going over on the beech meadow now. I dropped in on my way to see if I could get the loan of your horse rake this afternoon."

"I shall be using it myself," said Mrs. Thompson in tones of studied insolence, "and if I were not I don't know that I should care to lend it."

"Oh, mother!" cried Jimmie and his father in reproachful unison. "How can you?"

The young woman who had thus unexpectedly been subjected to Mrs. Thompson's rude speech shifted her position lightly and while a deep flush stole into her brown cheek remarked, with an apparent effort at self control:

"I do not understand you, madam. We have been in the habit of exchanging horse rakes and other courtesies. I fail to catch the drift of your meaning."

"Well, I'll explain myself so that you will catch my meaning, young woman, and I reckon it won't be my fault if we do not come to a complete understanding before I have finished," replied Mrs. Thompson, rising from her seat and confronting the undaunted girl with a countenance inflamed with excitement.

The silence had become intense and was only broken by a long drawn sigh, and poor Jimmie slipped his hand into that of his frightened father and waited for his mother to finish what she had to say.

"I think you were around here last evening, also two or three evenings last week, when you had no excuse to borrow a horse rake, were you not?" questioned the angry matron, confronting with a smile of fine yet withering scorn the unabashed girl so calmly facing her.

"I was," replied the young woman quietly, "and I did not come to borrow farming implements of any description."

"What did you come for, then?" shouted Mrs. Thompson. "Shall I tell you? No, seek not to silence me, Jimmie!" she exclaimed as the pale young man fell at her feet and, bursting into tears, implored her to speak no further. "You came, miss, to woo this young and innocent man! You came to whisper horrid words into his ear and gather unto yourself the fresh and guileless devotion of his unsophisticated heart! You, a farm laborer, a moneyless girl without any expectations—you would pluck this sweet bud of manhood and bear it away from the parent stem, where it has clung for twenty odd years, when you well know that you have not even so much as a delft pot or a pewter vase to put it into! You think the old woman's eyes have been blind, but I have watched you both, and the game is up! Jimmie shall go to his Aunt Susan's today and be closely guarded until this wild fancy is forgotten. As for you, take yourself from my presence and never darken my doors again. Horse rake indeed! Borrow them of the"—

"Hold, mamma! By the love I know you bear to me, speak not that profane word!" cried the fainting Jimmie as he drew himself to his mother's feet and clasped her knees. "Your commands, dear mamma, are too late. I cannot obey you and make my home with Aunt Susan, for my lot is already cast, and none but heaven can recast it."

"What mean you, boy?" cried the haughty mother as she bent and raised the sweet face of her son, looking long and piercingly into the streaming eyes.

"I mean,' faltered Jimmie, suddenly rising and hiding his blushing face upon the bosom of his weeping father, "I mean"—

"He means," interrupted the young woman, who until now had preserved her calm and courteous quiet, "that the laws of the state last night gave him into my keeping forever! Your son and I were married last evening by Judge Henry Grover Booth, and I stand here now to claim my lawful husband."

"Jimmie," shrieked the frenzied mother, snatching the man from his father's arms, where he clung, and turning his tear wet face to meet her gaze, "does this bold woman speak the truth?"

"She does!" cried Jimmie as with a bound he leaped into the strong arms held to receive him, and the young husband fainted upon the bosom of his young bride.

But little remains to be told. A reconciliation was effected late in the fall, and ere winter snow fell the noble wife was adopted into both home and hearts of her gentle husband's parents. Together they soothed the last days of the excellent but somewhat mercenary Widow Thompson, long after her gentle husband had been gathered to his rest, and there is no happier couple in broad and blossoming Crane county today than Jimmie Thompson and his manly wife.

Paying an Old Debt.

Mr. Davis' son, a stalwart young man, had returned from college.

"Father," he said, "when I was a boy mother used to make your old clothes over for me, didn't she?"

"I think she did, sometimes, Henry," answered Mr. Davis.

"Well, I am glad it is within my power to make some sort of recompense," said Henry, opening his suit case. "Here is an evening suit a tailor made for me a year or two ago. I have entirely outgrown it, but I think it will just fit you, and it's as good as new. Suppose you try it on."

Being a sensible man, Mr. Davis swallowed whatever pride may have been involved in the transaction and tried the garments on. They did fit him perfectly.

"They're yours, father," said Henry loftily.—Youth's Companion.

Wedding Announcement.

Every one admitted that Mrs. Thomson was an excellent disciplinarian. She was a widow with three boys, whom she had brought up to obedience and truthfulness, if not to joy.

"Children, I have something to tell you," she announced one Sunday on the return of the family from church. "On Thursday afternoon I shall marry Dr. Lane, whom you all know and respect."

There was a solemn pause, ended by the oldest boy. "Mother," he asked, "when are you going to tell Dr. Lane?"

The Pepper Plant.

The pepper plant (Piper nigrum) which produces the white and black pepper of commerce is a climbing, vinelike shrub found growing wild in the forests of Travamore and the Malabar coasts of India. It is entirely tropical in its requirements and seems to thrive best in a moist, hot climate, with an annual rainfall of at least 100 inches and a soil rich in leaf mold. The plant is a natural climber and will cling to almost any support by means of adventitious roots. It grows some twenty feet in height, but in cultivation is usually restricted to ten or twelve feet.