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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

Fall Announcement

We wish to inform our friends and patrons that our stock of Fall Goods is arriving daily, and that we are in a position to give them the best values for the least money that were ever offered.

Our Shoe Department is stocked with the best goods at the lowest prices. The workmanship and quality cannot be excelled. Give us a call and you will be convinced that this line is complete and up-to-date, and that we lead in Shoes.

Large stock of Underwear just arrived.

Watch this space for our Special Opening Card.

Respectfully,

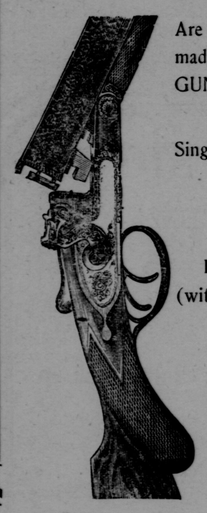
SWINNEY & COMPANY.

Highest prices for country produce.

SMITH & WALLS

LAW BUILDING

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE



Are selling handsome, well-made BREECH-LOADING GUNS at from

$10 to $16.

Single-Barrel Breech-Loading GUNS,

$4.50 to $6.50.

Large Stock of SHELLS (with Smokeless or Black Powder) always kept on hand.

Shells Specially Loaded for Rail-Birds are now ready.

FERTILIZING,

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,

the base of which is the DRIED BLOOD, TANKAGE and BONES accumulated by Armour & Co. in the heavy killing of live stock, contain ALL THE INGREDIENTS OF A PROPER PLANT FOOD, combined in the right proportion to suit the demands of the different crops to which they are to be applied.

The Farmer Grows the Blood and Bone, and Armour Makes the Fertilizer.

Co-operate with Armour to your advantage.

Our fertilizing ingredients come from your soil; give them back to it in their most available form.

Try our GRAIN GROWER (2-8-2) on your wheat, or our BONE MEAL on your grass. You will be surprised at the results.

ARMOUR'S FARM AND GARDEN LIBRARY, free at nearest agent.

Agents—C. F. Smith, Denton.
J. Calvin Smith, Greensboro.
John T. Stevenson, Ridgely.

The Armour Fertilizer Works,

CHICAGO, ILL. BALTIMORE, MD.

LUMBER COAL AND LIME

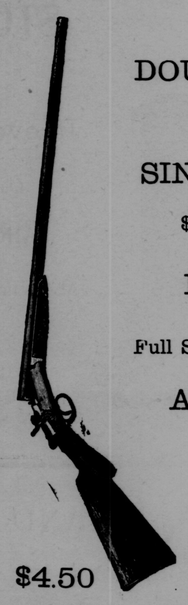
WE HAVE IT

Hughes Lumber & Coal Co.

Nuttle Hardware Co.,

NEW DOWNES BUILDING, Main and Fourth Sts., DENTON.

$9.75



DOUBLE GUNS,

$9.75 to $20.

SINGLE GUNS,

$4.50 to $5.50.

Rifles, &c.

Full Stock of

Ammunition.

COATS, 65c. to $150.

CAPS and LEGGINGS.

$4.50

Wright's Big Opening.

Fall and Winter Dress Goods

We wish to call your attention to our lines of Dress Goods and Trimmings, we are getting in this fall.

Among them are Homespun, in all colors; Flake Flannels, French Flannels, Camel's Hair, in blue and green; Cheviots and Serges, in blue and black: Covert Cloths, for walking skirts, etc., etc., etc.

Blankets and Comfortables

We have received this week a large line. All-Wool Blankets, $3.50; Cotton Blankets, 75c to $2.

Boots and Shoes

The Crossett Shoe always gives satisfaction.

A LARGE LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES Can always be found at our store.

ON GROCERIES we are at rock-bottom prices.

Call and examine our stock and compare it with others.

COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED.

W. R. WRIGHT, - - - DENTON.

A GOOD GOLF STORY

To Those Who Understand the Scotch Dialect.

OTHERS SHOULD NOT READ IT

John McLennan Was a Crank on the Subject, and Even Tried It on Sunday—The Consequences.

John McLennan had lain for many months on a bed of sickness. All summer he had been deprived of his walks in the green fields and up the banks of the Tay, but as the summer died and autumn reigned supreme he was sensible of a change for the better.

Now, let it be known that John was a crack golfer, and as he lay racked with pain his mind often wandered up the Inch, and he would count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole.

Early in August he had recovered so far as to be able to take a turn round the doors, but he soon got tired and was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.

It was therefore a surprise in more ways than one to his gude wife when one Sunday morning toward the end of August he rose between 5 and 6 o'clock and said he was going a round of the golf course.

"John McLennan," said his astonished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An' you an elder o' the kirk!"

"Nance," said John quietly as he got his sticks ready, "I'm weel aware o' what day this is, an' I ken I'm an elder o' the kirk; but, wumman, I'm deein' for a game, an' we may never hae anither mornin' like this. Besides, surely it'll no' be coontit a sin to play a bit hole or twa sae early in the mornin', when very few, if ony, folk 'll be aboot."

Mrs. McLennan said no more, and John awoke Bobbie, his eldest son, whose usual job was to carry the clubs. He was his father's only "caddie."

"Come awa, laddie. Oh, ye needna look that way. Yer faither's neither daft nor bad. Sae come awa."

And out they went. They reached the teeing ground as 6 o'clock chimed on St. John's.

"Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; no' owre high, ye ken. That's fine. Keep yer e'en on the ba' in case I dinna see'd. Nae flags the day, ye ken—Sabbath. Wheest!"

Whack!

"There ye are! No' a bad drive for ma an' newly aff a sick bed."

"Faither," said Bobbie as he looked timidly around, "what 'll ye dae if ye meet onybody?"

"Juist draw my bonnet doon like that. Wid ye ken yer ain faither noo if ye met him?"

And Bobbie acknowledged that he wouldn't.

"Very weel. Dinna speak ony mair aboot meetin' folk. But here we are. Gie's my cleek."

Crack!

"Ye're on the green, faither, in twa," said Bobbie proudly. "Ye'll dae that hole in three."

"I'll try, laddie; I'll try," said John, "but I doot I'm owre shaky. Hooever, gie's my putter. Steady! In! Mark that doon. Hiv ye a pencil an' paper? That's richt. First hole in three." And John McLennan mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, for beads of sweat found a habitation on his bald pate.

"Anither tee, Bobbie. That's fine. Noo the hole's aye up aside the big tree, I suppose."

"Aye," says Bobbie as he strains his eyes in the direction indicated.

"Weel, look oot an' see whaur I licht."

Whack!

"Nae sae gude's my first ane, but they canna a' be gude, eh, laddie?"

But Bobbie did not answer as he handed his father his cleek on coming up to the ball.

Crack!

But it was a bad shot, and John played again.

"It's on the green, faither," said Bobbie.

"Aye, laddie," replied his father, "but in three. I'll need four for this hole."

"It's no' here, faither," Bobbie said as he looked all over the green.

"Aye, it's here," replied the old man as he lifted it out of the hole. "That's a fluke; but, a' the same time, I'm in in three. Mark that doon; second hole in three."

"Anither tee. The hole's richt across at the road. Noo, I must gie this ane an awfu' crack."

Whack!

"By, faither, ye're near the green. D'ye think ye'll dae this ane in twa?" Bobbie ventured.

"Na, na, laddie; I'll need mair than that. Hooever, we'll see."

And so the two trudged on.

"Faither, here's a ba', an' it's no' your ane."

"Put it in yer pouch an' sae naething. But here we are. See a grip o' my iron; I maun lift this ane richt on to the green." And he did. "My putter noo. Bah, owre hard! Aye, that's four, ye see, an' it wis my best drive too! Put that doon; third hole in four. Noo, it's even owre to the Tay an' across the burn. There's some ane comin' alang the walk on ane o' thae bicycles. Lat's get awa' quick." Whack! "Come on, noo, for I think after I play up to the tap o' the peninsula I'll send ye hame wi' the sticks an' take a canny walk doon. Stand up on the road an' see if I gang into the burn. Watch yer heid." Crack!

"Ye're owre, faither, an' at the hole!" cried Bobbie. "Ye're sure to dae this ane in three. Come across by the brig. Ye're lyin' fine."

"There ye are, then, laddie, there. Put that doon; fourth hole in three. Noo, back owre the burn to yon hole at the tap o' the Inch." Whack! "D'ye see, Bobbie?"

"Aye, faither; ye're up near the road." And Bobbie ran to see exactly where the ball lay.

"This is a tricky hole; ye see, there's a brae to coont wi'. Stand there on the road an' see whaur I gang. That's twa."

"No' hard enough, faither," said Bobbie as his father came up. "But I've seen ye put in a waur ane than that."

"Weel, we'll try; another inch wid hae din't. That's four again. Fifth hole in four. Doon wi'd! Noo, here's the burn again, an' see that I dinna gang into the burn or the Tay. But there's that bicycle chap again."

"Faither, faither, it's Mester Moir, oor helper, oor kirk helper!" Bobbie said excitedly.

"Wheest, ye dee—ye dear laddie! He'll hear ye." And, whack, away went the ball again.

"Into the bunker, faither. What a peety!" said Bobby, but his father was silent. He was wondering if Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and landed him on the green in two, and he got the hole in three.

"Is that three, faither?" asked Bobbie.

"Aye," said his father.

"Are ye turnin' no' weel again, faither?" Bobbie asked, surprised at the change in his manner.

"No, no; I'm weel enough, only angry at no' daeing that hole in twa. Never mind. Richt up to the tap noo."

Whack!

"A gude shot, but it's in the whins. Look, Bobbie; lyin' on the tap like a bird's nest. There ye are, juist at the hole; wid ye! That's richt—in in three. Put that doon; seventh hole in three. Weel, I feel tired, so we'll hae a bit rest. Coont up hoo mony I've ta'en for the seven holes—3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23. Twenty-three! Losh! I never did that afore. Noo gang ye awa home an' see an' hurry. Dinna stop to speak to onybody on the road, an' I'll come canny doon. Twenty-three! It's awfu' gude."

Four Sundays later John McLennan stood at the church plate. No one had ever referred to the game he had a month previous, and he was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached that day, and his text was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

As the preacher progressed John grew more and more convinced that the sermon had been specially prepared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vestry and asked the half unrobed minister, "Did ye see me yon mornin'?"

"I did," replied the minister.

"Weel, an' I saw you across yon iron cuddy, sae nane o's had better mention sic maitters again."

"We won't," replied the minister as he donned his coat and made for the door. And they didn't.

Undesired Lodgings.

The patronage which in times past great princes were in the habit of bestowing upon men of letters had two sides. What the other side might well be is illustrated by an anecdote of Voltaire.

In the early days of his literary efforts the regent of France was much displeased by the tone of Voltaire's remarks about public affairs and had him locked up in the Bastille. But later, when his tragedy of "Œdipus" was represented, the prince relented and released the author.

Happening to meet Voltaire soon after, the regent went so far as to say:

"Be prudent, and I will take care of you."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said the poet, "but I beg your highness not to charge yourself further with my lodging."

Curious Facts About Eggs.

It is rather curious to know just how much pressure an egg will stand. The following tests, given in a scientific journal, may surprise readers. Eight ordinary hens' eggs were found only to give way under a pressure applied all round of between 400 pounds and 675 pounds on the square inch of surface. When the tests were applied internally to twelve eggs they yielded at pressures of thirty-two pounds to sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required merely to crush the eggs was between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds per square inch. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thousandths of an inch.—Chicago Journal.

The Fall of American Rivers.

Generally speaking, the slope of rivers flowing into the Mississippi from the east is on an average about three inches per mile. Those entering it from the west have an average descent of about six inches per mile. The average descent per mile of the Missouri after it leaves the mountains is reckoned at about a foot; the Des Moines, from its source to its conjunction with the Mississippi, about 7.3 inches. The entire length of the Ohio shows a fall of even five inches. The Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio to the gulf, has a fall of but two and a half inches.

VERY SHABBY TRICK

A Story of a Yacht Race—A Timely Yarn.

THE RUSE OF A RIVAL SKIPPER

But the Wronged Captain Was Generous to a Fault—He Forgave and Then Defeated Him.

The stake was $1,000. The Phebe, belonging to Captain James Warbone, having the larger sail, must give the Pilgrim, Captain Burt's boat, a small time allowance.

Everything on board the Phebe was taut and trim, and Captain Warbone had finished his supper and was puffing away at his cigar. The new moon was setting beyond the hills, and the chirping of the crickets and the sharp grating of the katydids from the shore could be distinctly heard on board the yacht.

"Well, Charlie, I don't see why we can't beat the Pilgrim in good shape, do you?" said the captain.

"Well, cap'n, we'll have to work hard to beat her, but I think we can do it if we have plenty of wind. We must put some other rigging on that jib than them sister hooks. They can't never be depended on, and we don't want no break down tomorrow."

"All right, Charlie. We will do that in the morning. You call me as soon as you get the decks scrubbed down. Good night. I'm going to turn in."

"Good night, cap'n," returned Charlie as he went forward to keep anchor watch. Charles, as you doubtless have surmised, was the right hand man on the Phebe.

On board the Pilgrim everything was different. The captain, Franklin Burt, was holding a low conversation with a rough looking man of the longshore type. Every few minutes he would push a bottle across the table so that Dan, as he called him, could fill his glass.

"You are sure you can do it, Dan? It won't do to have any breaks made and the trick discovered, you know."

"I can stay under water for a minute and a half, and that ought to do the business, cap'n, 'cause I can drive two nails in that time if I take a seam, sure."

"Well," said Burt suddenly, after a silence, "stop drink and go ashore. When you get the job done come back and report."

"Aye, aye, sir. I'll do it." So saying Dan pushed off in the dingey and with strong, noiseless strokes rowed the boat down the river with the current to where the Phebe was anchored. He then beached his boat, and, going into the bushes, soon brought back a life preserver, hammer, nails and an empty flour bag. He carefully put the last mentioned articles on the life preserver, and, after divesting himself of his clothes, started to swim to the Phebe, pushing the life preserver before him.

Swimming around under the stern, he tied the preserver to the rudder post and, taking the bag, hammer and nails, dived down under the keel and nailed the bag to the bottom of the sloop. The noise aroused Charlie, for the slightest sound of anything rubbing against a boat suggests danger and puts a seaman on the alert.

Dan had risen to the top of the water for breath and, hanging to the rudder post, remained quiet for some time. After looking around Charlie thought the noise must have been caused by a log or piece of driftwood striking the bobstay, and, seeing nothing amiss, he went below and slept till daybreak.

Dan pushed off and slowly guided the life preserver to the shore. Then, putting it in the dingey, he rowed to the Pilgrim, where Burt was waiting for him. He climbed on board and after another vigorous attack on the bottle turned in for a nap.

When the day broke, both crews were hard at work washing decks, and plenty of water soon made everything as neat as a whistle. All the ropes were coiled down and in their proper places. Warbone was the first captain to make his appearance on deck, and it was signalized by the hoisting of the mainsail. The big club topsail was the next to go up. The sails shone white and dazzling through the morning mist, which was rising in small clouds from the water.

Captain Burt was soon on deck, and then his mainsail and topsails were hoisted. The sun rose over the long sandy point on the Nautawket side of the river, and everything began to warm and dry in its rays. On the Phebe the sister hooks were soon changed for a strong shackle which satisfied even the extremely particular Charlie.

The race was set for 10 o'clock, and every necessary thing was done long before that time. At about 8 o'clock the Pilgrim slipped her moorings and went for a short spin up the river. Captain Warbone, however, was contented to wait until nearly time for the first gun before he slipped moorings.

The course was ten miles long, out of the river, around a buoy three miles out, and back across a line from the clubhouse to the commodore's yacht anchored opposite. The Pilgrim had returned from her spin and was sailing near the clubhouse. There were five minutes to spare before the first gun, when the Phebe cast off and moved gracefully out into the stream. She attained a good rate of speed, notwithstanding the fact that a large flour bag was holding her back. The bag retarded her only when she was going ahead, so she still retained her noted quality of quickness in stays. Both boats were bearing down toward the line. The wind was fair to go out of the river to the buoy and a dead beat home.

"Charlie, we don't seem to go very well this morning," said Warbone as they neared the line for the start.

Bang went the first gun, and the yachts leaped toward the line as if they heard the signal and realized its meaning. All was excitement. The people on both sides cheered, and every available horn was blown.

Bang went the second gun, and the yachts crossed the line, with the Phebe slightly ahead.

Notwithstanding the flour bag the Phebe managed to keep her position, though each boat would at intervals drop slightly astern of the other and then slowly forge ahead. They kept together until the stake boat was rounded, and then the Pilgrim slowly but surely gained the lead. She was soon splitting tacks with the Phebe, when the startling cry of "Man overboard!" was heard from the Pilgrim.

Looking ahead, the Phebe's crew saw something bobbing up and down in the waves behind the leading yacht, and all possible speed was made, as the Pilgrim seemed to have become unmanageable. The Phebe was soon on the spot, but the man, who was recognized as Captain Burt, had already sunk twice.

As soon as they were near enough Captain Warbone jumped overboard and swam to the drowning man, who had come to the surface for the third time. He caught him by the collar, and, with the aid of a ring buoy which Charlie had thrown him, managed to keep Captain Burt afloat until the small boat, which immediately put out from the Phebe, arrived. The captain of the Pilgrim was insensible when they carried him on deck, but after fifteen minutes' hard work by Captain Warbone he opened his eyes and gasped. He did not seem to realize where he was and lay in a stupor for some minutes.

By this time the Pilgrim was alongside, and it was learned that he had been sitting on the windward rail and steering when he had lost his hold of the tiller and fallen overboard. Having been hurt in a railroad accident some time before, he was unable to swim, and had it not been for the quick work of the captain and crew of the Phebe he would certainly have been drowned.

When he had recovered and was able to sit up and recollect what had happened, he turned to Captain Warbone and said:

"Captain Warbone, I have played a mean trick on you, and you have in return saved my life. If you had known of the dastardly act you would not have felt like rescuing me."

Then he frankly related the whole matter to the surprised captain.

"I have never done such a thing before, nor would I have thought of doing it now," he confessed, "had it not been that I am very pinched for money and could not afford to keep my boat if I lost the thousand dollars."

Captain Warbone, who had always regarded his rival as an honorable man, said:

"Never mind, old man. We will keep it quiet, and tomorrow we will race for glory and nothing else."

The flour bag was removed from the keel, and the next day the Phebe won by a length. The two captains were fast friends from that day, and Warbone has never mentioned the incident to any one, though Burt tells it often to illustrate what a friend he has in the captain of the Phebe.

Preceptresses of Etiquette.

Sometimes the etiquette of European countries sorely puzzles the American woman of means when she contemplates a foreign tour or is about to receive in her home some distinguished foreigner. Other women of superior social station, but less wealth, profit by instructing them in the various points. These instructresses are usually women who have lived abroad in former days of affluence. Their position is analogous to that of Dickens' celebrated Mrs. General.

They Knew the Answer.

The teacher was telling her class things not found in the textbooks.

"When anything is repeated by many persons it gets to be called a 'saying'," she said. "Now, when a thing is repeated and accepted as a fact by everybody what do we call it?"

The intelligent pupils answered in chorus, "A chestnut!"—New York Press.

Beyond Help.

One of the street philanthropists who always have an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations.

"What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked solicitously.

"M-my b-brother's got a vacation, and—and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.

"What a shame!" said his comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school, of course."

"I—I d-don't go to school an-anywhere yet!" came from the little boy, with a fresh burst of sorrow.