DENTON JOURNAL.

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Big Bargains
On Our Bargain Counter

Toilet Soap, perfumed—1c a cake.
Pearl Buttons—4c a dozen.
Torchon Lace, 2 inches wide—3c a yard.
Florodora Combs—10c each.
Shaving Brushes, job lot—4c.
Safety Pins, large size—5c. a dozen; small size—4c.
Feather-Edge Finishing Braid—4c a package, nice assortment.
Collar Button, plated, with celluloid backs—two for 5c.
A regular $3 Razor, one that you can shave with—$1.00.
Fine-Tooth Combs, assorted colors—the kind that you can bend; won't break—10c.
Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs—4c each.
Spool Silk—4c.
Linen Collars, laundered—5c. each.
Suspenders, the kind you pay 25c for—on our Bargain Counter, 15c
Working Shirts, 14½ to 17, assorted colors; regular 25c and 35c shirts, 15c.
☞You had better come at once, as there are only a few of these left.
Envelopes, full-sized packages—3c a package.
☞There are many other bargains on this counter. They are too numerous to mention, and will be advertised from time to time.

Dress Goods and New Shirt Waist Patterns

Full line of Shirt Waists for Easter.
Splendid stock of Shoes.
More bargains in Underwear.

N. B.—The holder of Check No. 513 will please call at our Store (with the check) and receive, FREE OF CHARGE, ½ dozen Desert Plates, decorated.

Swinney's Department Store
West Denton

HARNESS! HARNESS!

We have the finest line of these goods that was ever offered in Denton. Anything in single carriage harness you can call for from $6.50 up to $20. Double carriage harness from $25 to $35. Now is the time to buy your wagon harness—we have both leather and chain.

AND OUR LINE OF COLLARS cannot be beat, anything from 65 cents to $2.85. Collar pads, all sizes.

POTATOES! POTATOES!

Most any kind you want and the prices are cheap. A full line of garden seed, such as pea, bean, corn, watermelon, tomato, and a full line of small seed.

OLIVER PLOW

as you know from experience are the best on the market. We keep a full line of plows and repairs. We have just received a car load of NAILS and WIRE which we expect to sell at very low prices.

THE AMERICAN STEEL WIRE FENCE, which is the best fence you can buy for the money. We are handling it in large quantities this season.

We have a full line of builders' hardware. We are carrying a full line of paints at all prices. FELTON & SIBLEY is one of the oldest and best paints on the market.

SMITH & WALLS
LAW BUILDING, DENTON, MD.

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

The H. M. Vosmus Company

RIDGELY, MARYLAND

Heating and Ventilating Engineers and Sanitary Plumbers

WE ARE READY to do all work in our line promptly. Our facilities are ample for the quick completion of any contracts entrusted to us, large or small. We know our business. We will mind our business. Estimates and information cheerfully and promptly furnished. Call or write us. Prices will always be right. We are in a position to guarantee lowest cost for best services. We have no theories to demonstrate and no experiments to try, but know from a long practical experience just what results we can guarantee.

Clothing and Notions.

I have opened, in connection with my other business, a Clothing and Notion Department. I am offering clothing at the lowest possible price, and have Bargains in many lines of Notions

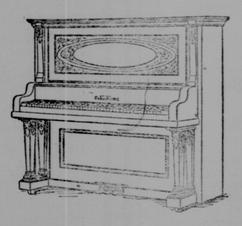
Clothing Children's Suits, 65c up; Youths' Suits, $1.00 up; Men's Suits, $1.50 up; A Fine Serge Suit for $7.00 to $9.00. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS—White Laundried Shirts, 50c; Linen Collars, 12c; Black Hose, 10c up; Men's Ties, 15c to 25c; Handkerchiefs, 2c up; Suspenders, 10c up; Soft Bosom Shirts, 35c. Bargains in Towels, Napkins, Rugs, Umbrellas, Etc.

A Good Sewing Machine for $25.

JOURNAL BUILDING. C. H. BULLOCK, Denton, Maryland.

A FEW BARGAINS IN

PIANOS AND ORGANS



We have a few slightly used upright pianos of good makes which will be sold at a low price to immediate buyers. While remodeling our wareroom we find it necessary to clear the floors as much as possible; hence these instruments will have to be sacrificed. Every instrument is in good order. Write at once for prices.

J. P. CAULFIELD & CO.
222 N. Howard Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Nuttle Hardware Co.,

CARPETS and RUGS

We have a new line of Carpets—Body Brussels, Allwool Ingrains, Granites, Rag, &c., from 25c to 85c. Hall Carpet, with stair to match. Mattings, 12c to 25c. Rugs, 50c to $4.50 each. Art Squares, 9x9, 9x11, 9x12 feet, in pretty patterns.

FURNITURE

3-Piece BEDROOM SUITS,	BUFFETS,	COUCHES,
	$ 5.75	$4.75
$12.00	9.50	5.00
16.00	12.00	6.25
18.00	14.00	8.00
20.00 22.00	17.00	9.00
25.00 30.00	23.00	11.25 15.50

Extension Tables, 70c to $1.50 per foot. Bedsteads, Cribs, Dining Chairs, Rockers—oak and reed—from $1 to 7.50 each. White Enameled iron Beds, from $4.50 to 8.50.

STOVES Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges, double and single Coal Stoves, Wood Air-Tights, &c., from $1.75 to $40.00.

A New Lot of Wall-Paper

Paints and Oils in any color you may want, and a full and up-to-date line of Building Hardware. Harness, Robes and Blankets.

Go to

WASKEY
THE FURNITURE MAN

221-223 N. Howard St., Baltimore,

FOR YOUR

FURNITURE, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, RUGS, REFRIGERATORS, MATTINGS, &c.

EVERYTHING in the furniture line. It is the place where you get a little more than your money's worth.

Don't forget the "Old Reliable" place.

SPECIAL—Iron Bed, Springs and Mattress, $4.00

CHAS. CHRISTIAN WASKEY

We Give Every BUYER, FREE OF CHARGE

A HORSE

Blanket for shipping purposes, during the months of January, February and March. Try the power of cash at the

Largest Horse and Carriage Establishment, Manufacturing Plant, Livery and Sale Barn in the World.

Public Auction Sales, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS throughout the year. Private sales going on from Monday morning 6 o'clock till Saturday evening 6 o'clock. All cars transfer direct to King's, and have 350 Horses and Mules, 600 Buggies and Carriages, 200 Wagons and Trucks, a full line of Harness to select from, more than you ever saw under our management, and more than offered by all Maryland dealers combined.

King's Mammoth Horse, Carriage and Wagon Combination,

HIGH ST., NEAR BALTIMORE, BALTIMORE, MD.

$10 to $15 in your pocket on every purchase.

☞Cut this out for future reference.

A Bit of Real Life

In 1845 the inhabitants of the city of C. in Ohio were amazed to learn that Mr. Warner, an old and respected citizen, had gone off and married Margaret Dorn, a woman very much his inferior, with nothing to recommend her but a bright complexion, blue eyes and a pretty, Irish face.

One winter's eve when the wind was blowing a perfect gale and hailstones were beating against the pavement Margaret Dorn and Mr. Warner drove off to the sheriff's house, situated in a beautiful park, where the courthouse stood.

After knocking and knocking, but all in vain, Mr. Warner was about to turn away and go home, when Margaret, weeping pitifully, pleaded with him to rap again.

This last frantic knock succeeded in arousing the sheriff, who gruffly demanded, "Who's there?" "I am, Mr. Williams, and I want you to marry me to this woman."

The sheriff lighted a lamp, unbarred the door and admitted the couple. A gold piece slipped into the magistrate's palm silenced his tongue, and he sullenly and sleepily performed the ceremony, pronouncing them husband and wife.

Mr. Warner had made Margaret his wife and then cruelly left her on that awful wedding night, he to make his abode, as usual, with his aunt, and she to care for herself in her own little home.

As Margaret became less able to work Mr. Warner sent her checks from time to time, which enabled her to employ a middle aged woman as nurse and housekeeper, and when, a few months later, a little girl was born Margaret felt that at least now she had a daughter to work for and to love even if her husband had deserted her.

The mother regained her strength, caring for and nourishing her little girl, who was such a comfort and a joy in the little home.

Three years passed, and Julia, toddling about the house, playing with her little toys, was a familiar figure or prancing on the lawn with her pet dog. Passersby often halted to admire this bright, vivacious little girl who was so radiantly lovely, her little gingham frock and huge sunbonnet seeming only to add greater charm to her freshness and purity.

The child had inherited her mother's beauty, which had captured the father in years gone by.

Mr. Warner kept track of his daughter, and one morning when her mother had just stepped in the house for a moment he enticed the child to follow him.

Julia was installed in the kindergarten in connection with the young ladies' seminary in the town, and an extra amount was paid for tuition with the understanding that close vigil should be kept over her.

As for the mother, when she found that the only light of her life had been extinguished and fully realized her inability to recover her lost child, grief overpowered the poor woman and wrecked her health so materially that she was confined to a hospital for months and when convalescent was removed to a sanitarium.

The instructors learned to love the child, who was not only beautiful to look upon, but brilliant of intellect and an apt scholar.

As years advanced their charge steadily progressed.

It was Julia who was appointed to sing little songs or play upon the piano for the entertainment of the boy students who were invited from a neighboring college to attend the soiree given every Friday for the mutual improvement and amusement of the boys and girls.

These evening fetes would close with dancing and a collation, and the boys and girls brought together in this way formed stanch friendships.

Julia, like many other girls who were bright and witty, had a dash of diablerie in her makeup.

Her fancy inclined toward one of these boy visitors, a senior, when she was but a girl of fifteen, in one of the lower grades.

When out promenading she would steal away from the class to catch a glimpse of Howard at his study window, who, knowing the hour for recreation, was on the alert for the young ladies with their tutor.

Sundays, by special permission, the young ladies were allowed escorts to and from chapel, and on these walks Howard poured forth his ardent tale of love into the willing ears of pretty little Julia, who was just about to enter a new path of life full of adventures.

Howard corresponded with his sweethear by tying notes to the end of a weighted string that Julia would throw from her window.

One night, according to agreement, when all was still, Howard constructed a rope ladder, and, placing it under his beloved one's window, she escaped from the seminary, and the twain were made one by a minister in a neighboring town.

The midnight express carried the couple far away, safe from those who might be in pursuit of the fugitives.

Julia wrote to her father acknowledging her wrong and asking his forgiveness and blessing, but Mr. Warner was so wroth with his daughter for having acted so rashly that he vowed he would disinherit her.

Julia wrote persistently to her father, but after that first unfortunate epistle all other letters were returned with the seal unbroken.

When the young people found that financial assistance from Mr. Warner was not forthcoming they decided to begin their married life on a tiny scale, live frugally and manage to the best of their abilities.

After all, when love holds so large a place in one's heart economy is not such a dreary study, and an abundance of smiles and encouraging words go further toward making a happy home than do costly furnishings and extravagant surroundings.

The bright laugh of a beloved one has a truer silvery sound than has the chink of numerous dollars in the pockets of one whom we simply endure because of his wealth.

Howard and Julia worked hard, and as time rolled on we might have seen them any evening ensconced in their little room in a country boarding house, laying plans for the future.

The young husband knew that sooner or later his father would learn of his abrupt departure from college, so he and his wife wrote a joint letter explaining their situation in such a pathetic way that unless the man had a heart of stone he surely must relent.

Two days after this letter reached its destination paterfamilias was aboard the train which came steaming into the station, and in less than half an hour later the father, Howard and the new wife were chatting merrily, everything forgiven and all reconciled.

Mr. Williams, Howard's father, was none other than the sheriff who had married Margaret and Mr. Warner seventeen years ago.

Julia's striking resemblance to her mother caused her father-in-law to reflect, and soon the whole mystery of her life was an open secret.

Howard Williams found it comparatively easy practicing law with his father's assistance, and as he had always been petted and pampered he still found his path in life was smooth and sunshiny.

Mr. Williams, Sr., being a widower, was glad to establish a comfortable home and have his son's wife assume the responsibilities of the house.

Julia made a clever little housewife, and things were decidedly more comfortable than she had anticipated. Still her domestic happiness was shadowed by the knowledge of her father's guilt and the uncertainty as to her mother's whereabouts.

Nature had endowed Mr. Warner with a cold heart and a relentless disposition, and while he mourned his daughter's loss he never sought to repair the damage done by once again taking her to his heart and forgiving her.

Providence deals with his creatures sternly, and one day, without the slightest warning, when en route to his old homestead at C., Mr. Warner was stricken with apoplexy, and when the train arrived at the station he was carried into the waiting room, where he died soon afterward.

Mr. Williams, the sheriff and coroner of the town, was sent to inspect the body and put a seal upon the effects.

Upon investigation it was found that Mr. Warner had died intestate, so Julia, his only child and heir, came into possession of his entire estate.

With the money Julia's father had left she was enabled to employ detectives, advertise in all the newspapers, and after a diligent search had been instituted, when the girl was beginning to lose heart and despair of ever seeing her mother, Mrs. Warner came to life, for it truly seemed like a resurrection day.

The poor woman who had been so cruelly buffeted about was very glad to respond to the inquiries regarding her whereabouts. When she heard that her daughter was actually unhappy because of her disappearance she argued with herself till all thoughts of her life's imprudence were wiped out in the anxiety to once again behold her daughter's face.

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Warner, Julia and her husband were ever happy and contented to let the dead past bury itself and live for one another and the little ones who came to widen the home circle.—New York Telegram.

An Apt Illustration.

Wife—What is meant, John, by the phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle?" Husband—It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary. Wife—I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one. Husband—Well, if I was to bring you home a book entitled "How to Talk," that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

Sure Thing.

"Rather a clever poem," said the editor, handing back the manuscript. "Do you know who is the author of those lines?"

"Of course," replied the proud father. "Didn't I tell you my son wrote 'em?"

"But are you sure he did?"

"Sure! Don't you suppose I know his handwriting?"

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S.

In San Francisco It Is Rather an Important Event.

Chinese New Year's in San Francisco is almost as important an event as the regular Christian New Year's. The Chinese in San Francisco form the largest colony of their people in any Christian city. Their New Year's comes on variable dates between the middle of January and February.

On that date the citizens of Chinatown in San Francisco celebrate joyously and have regular white men's parades. The narrow streets are thronged with whites and Mongolians, the latter dressed in their best silks.

It is part of the Chinaman's religion to pay up all debts on New Year's day and square his accounts. Not only that, but it is incumbent upon him to be as generous as his means will allow. Were he to pass a beggar without giving something he would find no peace for his conscience until the following New Year's day gave him the opportunity to atone.

The white beggars, organ grinders and loafers of San Francisco have learned this, and they observe the day more religiously than they observe the Christian holidays. On the morning of the great Chinese festival they go down to Chinatown and invade the narrow streets in battalions, wearing their most doleful expressions.

The Chinese, passing up and down the sidewalks, throw them coins, sometimes by handfuls. In California, it must be remembered, there are no pennies.

Sometimes a big merchant, a "first chop" man, comes along and gives to each mendicant he meets no less than half a dollar. Then there is a scramble of the lame and the blind, some of them collecting half a dozen times.—Exchange.

A Preferred Creditor.

A member of the commercial swindling fraternity lately called his creditors together and offered them in settlement his note for 2 shillings in the pound on their claims, payable in four months. His brother, one of the largest creditors, rather kicked, but the debtor took him aside and said:

"Do not make any objections, and I will make you a preferred creditor."

So the proposal was accepted by all.

Presently the preferred brother said:

"Well, I should like what is coming to me."

"Oh," was the reply, "you won't get anything; they won't any of them get anything."

"But I thought I was a preferred creditor?"

"So you are. These notes will not be paid when they come due, but it will take them four months to find out that they are not going to get anything. But you know it now. You see, you are preferred."—London Standard.

In a Hurry.

Henry Seton Merriman—his real name was Hugh Scott—was one of the swiftest writers the world has ever seen. Mr. Merriman only wrote at long intervals, but when he once sat down at his desk he would produce two or three chapters of 5,000 words each in an evening.

Once he argued with Walter Pater at Oxford on this matter. "Nothing," Mr. Pater reiterated—"nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Merriman.

"Nothing," said Mr. Pater.

"How about making a train?"

Modern.

The fairy godmother was about to touch the pumpkin with her wand.

"Oh, dear firstcausemother," interposed Cinderella, who had become imbued with sundry modern ideas, "no coach, if you please. The prince is only a man, after all, and the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Turn the pumpkin into a pie and leave me to pretend I made it all myself."

But hereupon it transpired that the forces of magic were not without their limitations.—Puck.

What the Jars Mean.

A stranger on walking through the streets of Chinese towns for the first time is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of the houses. On inquiry he learns that a jar placed with its bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street, and when the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy colored, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dergorvil, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

An Incident of a Stirring Monkey Hunt In Africa.

The German naturalist, Herr Brehm, tells this story of his adventure with baboons in Africa:

"Our dogs, beautiful, slender greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons, which from a distance looked more like beasts of prey than like monkeys, and drove them hastily up the precipices to right and left. But only the females took flight. The males turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide, showed their glittering teeth and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, battle hardened and usually bold, shrank back discomfited and almost timidly sought safety beside us.

"Before we had succeeded in stirring them up to show fight the position of the monkeys had changed considerably, and when the dogs charged a second time nearly all the herd were in safety.

"But one little monkey, about half a year old, had been left behind. It shrieked loudly as the dogs rushed toward it, but succeeded in gaining the top of a rock before they had arrived. Our dogs placed themselves cleverly, so as to cut off its retreat, and then we thought that they would catch it.

"That was not to be. Proudly and with dignity, without hurrying in the least or paying any heed to us, an old male stepped down from the security of the rocks toward the hard pressed little one, walked toward the dogs without betraying the slightest fear, held them in check with glances, gestures and sounds that seemed almost like intelligible speech, slowly climbed the rock, picked up the baby monkey and retreated with it before we could reach the spot and without the slightest attempt to prevent him on the part of the dogs.

"While the patriarch of the troop performed this brave and unselfish deed the other members, densely crowded on the cliff, uttered sounds which I had never before heard from baboons. Old and young, males and females, roared, screeched, snarled and bellowed all together, so that one would have thought that they were struggling with leopards or other dangerous beasts.

"I learned later that this was the monkeys' battle cry. It was intended to intimidate us and the dogs; possibly also to encourage the brave old giant who was running into such evident danger before their eyes."—Youth's Companion.

Acids and Water.

Acids have a strong affinity for water, which they will even extract from any substance containing it with which they are brought in contact; hence when an acid comes in contact with the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat the watery secretion which keeps these parts moist and flexible is so far absorbed as to give rise to that dry, harsh and stringent sensation which is commonly spoken of as "drawing" the mouth, and so as a result a copious supply of fresh saliva is produced.

Mineral acids, by their chemical action, not only draw the mouth and set the teeth on edge as they are taken, but also injure the enamel of the teeth, unless the precaution is taken to suck them in through a glass tube or quill.

His Punishment.

Father (who has gone into the pantry unexpectedly and finds William, aged ten, stealing biscuits)—Now, William, what do you mean by this? Do you know that the law punishes people for small offenses?

"Well, you stole once and did not get punished."

"I?"

"Yes, father. You stole mother's heart."

"Right, my son, but, remember, I got severe punishment for that. I got a life sentence and am at it still."

Quite Another Matter.

Uncle George—Instead of wearing diamonds, don't you think it would be more becoming to pay your tailor's bills?

Harry—But if I paid my tailor's bills how could I afford to wear diamonds? And if people didn't buy diamonds what would keep the diamond merchants from starving to death?

Uncle George—But you don't pay for your diamonds either.

Harry—Ah, now you are wandering from the point.

Two Professionals.

When Professor Rokitanski of Vienna was asked if he had any sons he answered, "Four."

"And what professions have they chosen?"

"Two howl and two heal," was the laconic reply.

A couple of his sons were preachers and the other two were doctors.

What Did She Mean?

"Yes," said Johnson, reading, "it's a great pity that certain animals are becoming extinct. Even some of our domesticated animals are dying off. Now, there's the donkey, for instance. I very seldom drop across one now."

"Don't you?" said Mrs. J. "That is strange. Why, I see one nearly every day."

Johnson is still wondering if she meant anything personal.