Mrs I. E Arringdale 1 5

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. 1904

VOL. 58 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1904. NO. 27

Swinney's Department Store,

WEST DENTON.

Our Bargain Counter

Needles, per package,	3c	Toilet Soap, per box,	12c
Spool Silk	4c	Lever Collar Buttons	2 for 5c
Lace, per yard,	3c	Aluminum Hairpins, per doz.,	5c
Basting Cotton	2c	Fancy Belt Buckles	15c
Men's Suspenders	10c and 15c	Leather Belts	10c
Boys' Suspenders	9c	Thimbles	3c
Envelope, per package,	3c	Finishing Braid	4c
Braid, all shades, per yard,	3c	Safety Pins	4c
Fine Tooth Combs	4c	Pearl Buttons, per doz.,	4c
Bone Hairpins, per doz ,	5c	Hat Pin, per doz.,	5c
Men's Gray-mixed Stockings, 6 pair for	25cc	Men's Fancy Garters	5c
		Elastic Gartering, per yard,	6c
Shaving Brushes	4c	Bone Collar Button, per doz.,	3c
Puff Combs	10c	Large ass't of Combs, only,	10c

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Children's Straw Sailors in Canton, Shansi and Milan straws with blue, white and red bands from 25c up, with combination and row and rows crowns.

DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS.

See the new line of Voiles, English, Tweeds, Mohair, Silk Mulles, and Madras.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Our stock of Shoes is large and to convince you that for values they cannot be excelled, drop in and look them over.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We have a stock for Men, Youth and Little Gents. Every garment to fit. Bring the boys in to look at them Try them on and if they don't please you no harm is done. Prices and quality are big inducements always.

Please return check number 31 and receive as a reward for your trouble a half-a-dozen Goblets.

Bring your trade—we are ready for you. About twenty designs of Mattings in the spring stock now open.

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.

Clothing Children's Suits, 95c up; Youths' Suits, $1.00 up; Men's Suits, $4 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.

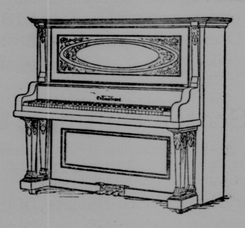
I have opened, in connection with my other business, a Clothing and Notion Department. I am offering clothing at the lowest possible price, and have Bargains in many lines of Notions

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 priees.

J. P. CAULFIELD & CO.

222 N. Howard Street

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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 one 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.

KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847.

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

Insurance in Force, $9,553,216.00

JOHN T. CARTER, JR., AGENT, Denton, Md. L. IRVING JONES, AGENT, Greensboro, Md. ALEX. NOBLE, AGENT, Preston, Md.

Denton National Bank Savings Department

The Denton National Bank has opened a Savings Department, to be operated in connection with the general banking business of the institution. We will allow

Interest at the Rate of 3 per cent.

per annum on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor for a full

Interest period of four months.

The terms of this Department are similar to those of Savings Banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency. *The advantages of a regular Savings Bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.*

For full particulars inquire at or address the Bank. By order of the Board of Directors.

THOS. W. JONES, President.

First Grade Flour

"White Dove" Brand,

Buckwheat and Hominy in season; Meal, Middlings, Horse Feed, Horse and Cattle Powders, Chicken Powders, Rock Salt, etc.

For sale at the

DENTON FEED STORE,

SAMUEL LEWIS,

(Successor to T. Fred Garey), Proprietor.

BOLTON BROTHERS,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Glass,

Engineers' and Machinists Supplies.

Prize Medal Ready-Mixed Paints.

830 South Bond Street,

4-2-6m] BALTIMORE, MD.

Albert T. Reichman,

DENTON, MD.

Heating, Plumbing and Tinning Work of all Kinds.

FRANK E. & HENRY R. DAVIS.

ARCHITECTS,

220 ST. PAUL STREET,

C. & P. Phone Mt. Vernon 2937

Md. Phone Courtland 1809.

BALTIMORE, MD.

T. Alan Goldsborough,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

(State's Attorney for Caroline County.)

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Real Estate and Investments.

ELMER W. DEEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

☞Money to loan on first mortgage

PROF. R. ROE RICKARDS,

Denton, Maryland.

Practical Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music Class or private lessons given. All instruments and branches of theory taught.

[3-19-04, 1y]

F. P. COVEY,

AUCTIONEER,

AGNER, MD

Satisfaction guaranteed. In Denton Tuesdays.

TIM and BEAUTY

She was at once the wildest, most daring and most reckless little soubrette to be found in any of the bohemian studios of Paris. No gathering was complete without the music of her laughter, the light of her black eyes. Scarce a picture was deemed complete until she had passed upon it her own merciless criticism, for Tim, with all the boldness of vulgarity that was yet her greatest charm, was still an apostle of the beautiful and the true and the dramatic in the highest and best sense of the words.

Perchance there came a time when her moral and social being underwent a change, and the change came with the advent of the Beauty.

There, in a society where all received a nickname, he had been dubbed the "Beauty" from the first moment of his appearance among them, and the name, by reason of its appropriateness, clung to him.

Certainly there was no satire in it. Tall and well proportioned, with long, straight features and clustering brown curls about his well shaped head, the man they dubbed the Beauty was handsome indeed.

He had come to Paris to work—Paris, the wonderful, the great, wherein life was life indeed and art was art. His name was Cecil Brandt, and he came from some remote town in the west of England.

She was very silent when she first saw him. She seemed to gaze at him wonderingly, as at some rare creature that was different from anything else she knew. They twitted her afterward about it, saying she was unnaturally quiet. One was even audacious enough to suggest laughingly that it was a case of love at first sight and that the mighty Tim's wings were singed at last. But she broke away from them and shut herself in her room and flung herself on the floor there and cried the night away, weeping perchance the first bitter tears that her reckless life had known, tears born of an undefined feeling in her breast that there was something wanting in her, some womanly attribute that she had never caught and perhaps might never reach now.

Thereafter came the change in her. She was in all things the same reckless, merry hearted Tim of old days, yet with all this there was a subtle alteration. Her dress was neater and quieter, her tousled hair was smoothed more often. She would creep up to his studio sometimes and stand there timidly watching him. He painted as well as he did everything else. There were a power and a dramatic force about it that were lacking in the work of most of the men of the schools.

"You love your work?" she asked suddenly one day as she stood near him.

"Love it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, indeed. What would my life be without it, Tim?"

"You paint well," she said, with a decisive nod of the head.

He laughed quickly.

"Who made you a critic, little one?" he asked, turning to her.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"They all show me their work. I know the style of each one of them. Some will never paint, poor boys! Some take to it as a baby to its mother's milk. But they all ask me. I am no critic, but I know when trees are trees and when figures and faces live. My father was an artist here in the Quartier."

"An artist? Have you never painted?"

She laughed, showing all her white teeth.

"Painted? Never. I have all my work to do to live. There is no time for that, even if I could. I assist madame, I run errands, I—I am many things. But my father was clever. He would have been a great artist had he lived."

"How long has he been dead?" he asked idly, still painting steadily.

"Soon after I was born. It was absinth that killed him. I do not remember him. I was a baby. But they told me, and he was very clever. Since"—she shrugged her shoulders carelessly again—"I have been here as long as I can remember. Every one has been good to me."

He felt a vague and tender pity for the girl and showed it perhaps in many little ways, and Tim's grateful heart went out to him in a love and loyalty that she had never felt for any man yet.

He was engaged at that time upon a picture for the Salon—the picture that afterward appeared upon its walls and drew all artistic Paris, all the artistic world, in fact, to gaze upon it in wonder and admiration—the picture that brought fame and fortune to the Beauty in one short, glad, triumphant hour. It has scarcely been forgotten even now. It was called "Hunted" and represented a slave girl, with wild, haggard eyes and affrighted face, tearing through the thorns that had torn her flesh and clothes and stumbling over the broken ground of a dreary landscape.

The lurid light of the setting sun was behind her, topping the dark line of hills, and the figures of her pursuers could be discerned far away, black against the flaming sky.

The Beauty was very poor at that time and was working with redoubled energy at the picture, for it must be finished by a certain date, and there was much yet to do. Perhaps insufficient nourishment and want of exercise and hard work all told upon a frame that was never of the strongest. Certainly the Beauty fell ill one evening, fainting as he laid aside his brushes, and was in the torments of a high fever for many weeks. The friends who heard of it and came to see him found Tim, with a white face, installed as nurse. She promptly ordered them away.

"Get to your work, boys," she said as she thrust them out of the door. "He wants a woman here. I've nursed some of you before; leave me to it now. I'll tell you if I want help. But it is a little thing."

Surely man was never watched and tended on this sorrowful earth before or since as Tim watched and tended the Beauty. In all his worst ravings she never left him. To the kindly doctor who suggested that she must rest she held out a firm young hand, and with all her eyes in the appeal begged that he would test her pulse.

"I am firm and quiet and strong," she said steadily. "What more would you want?"

And the doctor looked perplexed, but patted her cheek and left her with the Beauty.

She found that all her patient's ravings took but one turn. Wheresoever they might begin they came back always to one point, and that one point was his unfinished picture. Now it was finished, he thought, and had been accepted. Again he would cry bitterly that the days were passing and that they were holding him back from it and that it would never be completed in time, and he would struggle to get out of bed, even in his awful weakness, to reach the picture.

Tim well knew that the time was short, and she thought with despair of the uncompleted canvas and of all that it was to have done and of all that it would never do now. She had had a half formed hope in her mind at first that he might sometimes in his delirium cry her name, and she listened eagerly, but he spoke always of the picture.

At last one day, when it wanted but a week to the time when the pictures must be sent in, he suddenly cried her name, and she ran to him and bent over him.

"Tim—Tim," he whispered, scarcely knowing her, "the picture, the picture! Will it never be done—will it never be done? O God, how they hold me back! Will no one help me? It is my life—my life!"

He exhausted himself presently and lay quiet, and she stole away, with tear bedimmed eyes, into his studio and uncovered the great picture. So near and yet so far, she thought. If he could but start now the picture might be completed.

She went softly back into the room again and found him apparently sleeping. Gradually she slipped down beside the bed on her knees and raised her young face, and a prayer stole up out of her careless heart, the first that her abandoned life had known.

She knelt there for a long time, with her face hidden, then rose quietly and pressed her lips to his and went out to the studio, as one walks in a dream, with a new, strange light on her face, and took up the brushes and palette fearlessly and set to work.

Day after day she painted without hesitation, kissing his lips always before she started, telling no one, but keeping the studio locked from all eyes.

She grew thin and weak and ill. All the bright and buoyant young life of her seemed to be absorbed in her work. With a dreaming wonder, that was in itself the greatest wonder of all, she saw the picture grow under her hands until it was finished.

They had missed her a couple of days and, seeking her, found her lying peacefully at the foot of the easel. The Beauty was better and convalescent and knew them and inquired for her. At first they thought she was asleep from exhaustion, but on trying to rouse her they found that she was dead. The old doctor said that it was heart trouble, and she had died in her sleep.

The Beauty never knew. In his delirium he had joined so often the real and the unreal that he came to believe that he had completed the picture himself. At all events, it made him famous.—True Flag.

Animals and Rain.

It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike. Monkeys are miserable in wet and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so. "As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling in his 'Beast and Man In India,' "or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from a driving storm, they have the air of being very sorry for themselves." But even the orang outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when it is very wet it covers itself with the leaves of the pandamus, a large fern.

Andreano

"Halt! Close up there!"

The order rang out sharply, echoing from rock to rock and seeming to die away in hollow murmurs up the precipitous and bleak sides of the hills. The little band of Italian soldiery closed up rapidly as their grizzled old captain spoke and faced him silently with their carbines grounded and the look of dull and apathetic discipline on their faces that is characteristic of their class.

"My men," said the weather beaten and gray headed leader, regarding them sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, "the wolf is driven to his last lair. All or nearly all of his people have been killed off during the weeks that we have been following them over these dreary hills. He—the bandit, the robber, the Andreano of the hills—cannot last out longer now. His hour is come, if we are but watchful. Up and up he has been driven, often nearly falling into our hands, yet as often escaping. Now behind him rises the sheer straight line of the hills, on either side are two good companies of our men; we stand in the front. The great Andreano, terror of our hills"—the captain laughed softly in his throat—"is already as one dead. You know your orders. He is to be shot down like a dog by the first man who sights him. You understand?"

A low, deep murmur went up from the men, and then a single voice spoke, the speaker, who stood in the front rank, giving the salute rapidly.

"But, my captain, what of the child?"

The old man turned on him fiercely.

"The child! What child?"

The soldier, a little, lithe, swarthy man, with gleaming white teeth shining under his brown mustache, saluted again.

"The child, my captain, he brought from Massafino, below there in the valley—the child of the woman who had loved him."

The captain, interested in spite of himself, knitted his brows and bade the soldier proceed.

"What of the child? You may speak."

Thus encouraged, the little man with the gleaming teeth saluted once more and with many a gesture of fingers, shoulders and eyebrows rapidly told his story:

"'Twas but a year ago, my captain. The woman—I know not her name—had loved him in the days when he was a lad tilling the fields down there. She was alone. Her friends were dead or had left her. There was no one but the priest who could help her, and the priest was too poor. What would you?" with an appealing glance at his fellows and a rapid shrug of his shoulders. "She had been married, this woman who had loved the Andreano, and had a child, a girl child, but her man lay in the sandy graveyard over against the village church yonder, dead, a year before, of the fever. So she sent to Andreano."

He paused for a moment, spat quickly upon the ground and went on again:

"She sent a message to him up here in the hills, my captain, and he came to her. He came down in the night and saw her, came armed to the teeth and daring all or any to touch him. And in the morning, when the sun was coming up over the hills, he had gone, and the child with him, and the woman who had loved him lay dead, with a smile on her face. That is all, my captain."

The man saluted again and drew back.

"And the child—where is it now?" asked the captain slowly.

"The child is with him, my captain."

"What matters it?" muttered the captain. "Kill the child too. Kill off the whole brood. Come; we waste time. Forward!"

Yet, for all that, as the captain marched at the head of his men with knitted brows he was very silent and very thoughtful and might almost have been thought to have been in doubt. Once or twice he shook his head slowly and muttered something beneath his breath. He, too, had heard the strange story at an earlier time—had heard how this terrible and sin stained man, with a price upon his head, had gone down into the valley, into the midst of men ready and willing to sell him, carrying his life in his hand, to see a peasant woman who had sent for him. He had heard, too, how the robber had carried the child into the hills and had carefully tended it there ever since.

It was late in the afternoon when the little company drew near the end of its quest and, with leveled carbines, crept silently on amid the rocks that lay strewn about the place. Suddenly one man, the little soldier with the gleaming teeth, who had spoken before, cried out sharply:

"See, my captain, he comes with the child!"

It was true. Even as they looked they saw an active, picturesque figure springing from rock to rock toward them, bearing on its shoulders a laughing, crowing, dark haired child. One hand of the man held the baby, the other grasped a carbine, and the late afternoon sun gleamed on the weapons in his belt. They saw, too, that the baby had, fastened lightly to one chubby fist, a fluttering white cloth. Seeing them, the man stood quite still, watching them, only the white cloth fluttering in the wind.

"A flag of truce!" grunted the captain, sharply calling a halt. He was too true a soldier not to regard such a sign. "What does he want, I wonder? Lower your arms there, men. There is plenty of time," he added grimly.

The robber came on again rapidly and finally halted a little distance above them, with the baby still perched upon his shoulder. Then he, too, lowered his carbine and stood there, with head upraised, looking at them defiantly.

"You have me!" he cried at last, his voice ringing out clearly through the still air. "You have tracked me up here—you, a hundred against one man. Yet even now you should not have taken me calmly thus, even though I stand alone—you should not have taken me thus, but for the little one."

He glanced up for a moment at the baby on his shoulder and drew one little hand down to his lips and then faced the soldiery again, speaking directly for the first time to the old officer.

"You are a brave man, captain," he added almost appealingly, "and such men do not make war on infants. What do you do with the little one, my captain?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "The child is nothing, Andreano," he said sternly. "She may die with you."

With a bound the bandit had sprung back from them, and in an instant the child was off his shoulder and behind him, and he knelt there with his carbine leveled, fiercely facing them.

"Beasts!" he cried. "I come to you under the white flag, well knowing that I must die and asking nothing for myself. I crave only that you should spare the innocent little one. Know this, then, since you will not, I will kill the child rather than she shall fall beneath your murderous blows, and will die such a death as few men have died, with a dozen cowards to bear me company. Now, what say you?"

He knelt there quite calmly, with his carbine leveled and with the child thrust behind him. But the old captain had stepped forward and raised his hand.

"Stop, Andreano!" he cried. "You are right. We make not war on babes. This hunting down of one man is but little to my liking, and I will not foul it more. The child is safe."

The man rose and laid down his carbine and took up the child again.

"And the little one shall go with you down into the valley in safety?" he asked slowly.

"I have given my word. No harm shall come to the little one. Give it to me."

The robber kissed the baby's soft face passionately once, twice, thrice, and then moved quickly toward the captain, down the rocks, and passed the child into his arms.

"I thank you, my captain," he said gravely. "And now you are to shoot me?"

"Such are our orders, Andreano."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "So be it," he said softly; "only cover the face of the little one that she may not see."

The captain passed the child into the hands of the little soldier of the swarthy face, and they took it quickly out of his sight. Then came an order rapidly given and another. A volley rang out, startling the echoes on those lonely hills for a moment. There was a half sobbing cry, and Andreano's course was run.

So it came about that when the soldiers marched down into the valley again one of them bore upon a light pole the head of the notorious bandit for all the wide eyed peasantry to gape at, and, strangest sight of all, upon the front of the captain's saddle, with the captain's arm about her, sat a laughing, crowing, dark haired baby.

Smuggling In Old England.

Smuggling was very generally practiced in England in former times. A London journal says: "Hardly a family upon our coast line has not a smuggling record. Lord Shaftesbury, father of the philanthropist, sat at dinner at Heron court with the last of the Hooper family, chairman of customs, when, with a great shouting and clatter, a cavalcade of smugglers with wagon loads of smuggled spirits dashed into view. Shaftesbury sprang to the window and called his host. The chairman of customs sat down resolutely with his back to the window, nor would he move until the last echo of the train had died away. When, ten minutes later, a troop of mounted excise men pulled up at his door, he was truthfully able to say that he had seen nothing of the lawless ones."

Paternal Advice.

Medical Student—I think, father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist.

Father—What sort of specialist?

"I think I will make a specialty of ear diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist. Man has only two ears, but he has thirty-two teeth that are always more or less out of order."—London Tit-Bits.