# DENTON JOURNAL.

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## Swinney's Department Store,

WEST DENTON

**Mattings**

Many fancy patterns to select from. Prices from 12c. up. We also have plain white in Jap and China.

**Straw Hats**

For everyday, to the nobby English Split Yacht—Sennet, Porto Rico, Milan and Mackinaw.

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We have a large stock to show you—also some broken lots to close out at bargain prices.

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Ready-made from 39c. to $1.25.

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See the new stock and new price which means a big saving to you.

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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.

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## A HORSE

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

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**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.**

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

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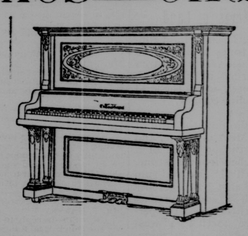
A FEW BARGAINS IN

## 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.

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222 N. Howard Street

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



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## Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Howard and Lexington Streets

We Prepay Freight Charges to all Points Within 125 Miles of Baltimore on All Purchases Amounting to $5.00 or More.

## Sale of Summer Curtains

At Lowest Prices Ever Known

A manufacturer, whose salesmen started out "on the road" a little late, missed quite an amount of business that he had confidently counted on, and found himself with a lot of stock on hand. He came to us and offered the curtains—on condition that we take every pair he had—at such a reduction from his regular prices that we accepted his proposition.

The curtains are here—several thousand pairs. And they are the best bargains in summer curtains that you or we have ever seen. And whether you wish to make the city home cool looking, or are preparing a cottage in the country, at seashore or mountains, you owe it to yourself to come and see these pretty drapings.

**49c for 69c Swiss Curtains**

White Swiss Curtains, with deep ruffle; 2½ yards long.

**$1.05 for $2.00 Swiss Curtains**

Scotch Swiss Curtains, with deep hemstitched ruffle; 3 yards long.

**59c for 75c Swiss Curtains**

White Swiss Curtains, with hemstitched ruffle; 2½ yards long.

**80c for $1.25 Swiss Curtains**

White Swiss Curtains, in coin spots, figures and stripes; with deep ruffle; 3 yards long

**$1.25 for $2.00 Mull Curtains**

Plain White Mull Curtains, with tucks and deep ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$1.35 for $2.25 Net Curtains**

Brussels Net Curtains, with battenberg edging and insertion; deep ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$2.05 for $3.00 Swiss Curtains**

Scotch Swiss Curtains, with fluted ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$1.50 for $2.50 Mull Curtains**

Scotch Mull Curtains—plain white—with lace edging and insertion; deep ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$2.75 for $4.00 Mull Curtains**

French Mull Curtains, with fine lace edging and insertion; deep fluted ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$2.50 for $3.50 Net Curtains**

Point d'Esprit and Brussels Net Curtains, with lace edging and insertion; deep ruffle; 3 yards long.

**$3.75 for $5.00 Swiss Curtains**

French Swiss and Brussels Net Curtains, with lace edging and insertion; deep ruffle.

**$1.95 for $3.00 Net Curtains**

Superior Brussels Net Curtains, with lace edging and insertion; 3 yards long. 2 or 3 pairs of a kind.

## Very Pretty Fans and Belts

The Assortments are Complete

The little additions to women's costumes that artists might call the attributes—stocks are complete.

Cool, bright and attractive are those we have. They are different. More artistic. They have *Chic*

And the prices are modest.

Japanese Fans—black, white and colored. 5c to 50c.
Black Silk Fans—the silk will not split. 25c and 50c.
Black Gauze Fans, with lace applique and jet spangles. $1.00.
White Gauze Fans, with lace applique; elaborately spangled. $1.00.
Belts of silk and washable materials; tailormade, crushable or with buckle and backpiece. 25c to $5.00.
Buster Brown Belts. 25c to 50c.

*Our Mail Order Department is equipped to give prompt and accurate service.*

*Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics and so on will be cheerfully sent on request.*

**Hochschild, Kohn & Co.**

Howard and Lexington Sts. BALTIMORE.



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Don't forget the "Old Reliable" place.

SPECIAL—Iron Bed, Springs and Mattress, $4.00

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## BEFORE THE CAMERA.

**How the Most Satisfactory Pictures May Be Secured.**

"The sort of clothes worn by a person when posing for a photograph has a great deal to do with the success or failure of the photographer in securing a good picture," said a photographer.

"Take a waist of silk, with a glistening or polished surface. Such a garment cannot be made to take well in a photograph, and will give a peculiar effect to it that nine out of ten women will not like; yet, when the fact is pointed out to them, they may refuse to believe it. Another thing that does not lend itself well to photographic purposes when made up into garments are goods of a positive pattern, such as large plaids, wide stripes, and so forth. Dresses of these goods may look well on the wearer, and perhaps in a few cases not detract from the effect in a photograph, but as a general proposition they ought to be tabooed by women when having their pictures taken by any photographic process. Sharp contrasts in pronounced colors ought also to be strictly avoided, and jet or other glistening or glittering jewelry should not be worn, for the light is reflected from them sometimes in such a way as to spoil almost completely the picture.

"Stiff materials in dresses are also apt to act as a contributing cause to an unsatisfactory photograph. Goods that will fall into soft and graceful folds are the best for a dress to be photographed in, for the artistic possibilities in their arrangement are well nigh limitless. Sharp, harsh lines at the neck and wrist are bad as well. Did you ever notice that when a woman wears some soft chiffon or something of that sort about her neck the photograph is always more pleasing than when she wears a stiff collar or stock?

"All of these things I have mentioned help to give a photograph that quality which causes a woman to say it isn't entirely satisfactory, even though the features may be excellent. Skilled photographers know these things, and try to have their customers avoid them, but oftentimes persuasion is useless, and then comes the 'kick' when proofs are shown that 'there is something about it I don't like.' "—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**He Shaved For Greece.**

In the old days of Bangor there was a negro barber named Hansom, who was full of patriotism and love of liberty and who warmly espoused the cause of the Greeks in their struggle with Turkey. His enthusiasm at last grew to such a pitch that he announced that he would devote a day to shaving for the benefit of the Greeks. The idea took, and customers flocked in by the scores, but when they offered payment the barber declined. He had given notice he would shave for the benefit of the Greeks, he said, and "d'yer s'pose I will take pay when I shave for de benefit of de Greeks?" So he shaved all day for nothing and probably felt comforted afterward with the thought that he had done something handsome in aid of the Greeks.—Lewiston Journal.

**Carried Out His Threat.**

An Irishman who had committed the theft of an eight day clock and several watches was much annoyed at night by the clock's persistent "tick, tick, tick," which his distorted imagination made him believe was, "Pat, Pat, it was you that stole the watches."

Pat threatened that he would break its back unless it desisted, but the clock continued its steady "tick, tick, tick."

In a rage he leaped out of bed, seized the clock and hurled it out of the window. The clock in its descent struck a policeman, who in his agony yelled out:

"Oh, you've broke my back!"

"Och, sure," says Pat, "Oi tould you Oi would!"—Dublin Journal.

**What They Thought of Him.**

A member of a professional dramatic company tells this story about a fellow actor:

It seems that during a tour which the company made through the British provinces a performance was given one night in the native town of this actor. In a discussion of the fact, not long after, it was asked if the audience had given their fellow townsman a proper reception.

"Yes," was the answer, "he was greeted with round after round of silence."—Harper's Weekly.

**Home at Nights.**

Mr. Widdle—Well, my dear, you've made so much fuss because I don't spend my evenings at home like a good husband and father that I have resigned from the club. Does that suit you?

Mrs. Widdle—It's just splendid. Now hurry through dinner and get dressed so we can go to Mrs. Highup's ball, and tomorrow night we'll go to Mrs. Tiptop's party, and the next night, you know, Mrs. Wayup has a musicale, and we mustn't forget the Globe Trotters' reception the night after.

**Prophetic Words.**

"There I was forty days on that boat," he exclaimed, "and I never thought of saying, 'Don't give up the ship!' "

Seeing that Lawrence would get in ahead of him, he took it out in kicking about the coffee.—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Stone Fighting Is the National Pastime In Korea.**

Every country has its national game. With Americans it is baseball. The Koreans prefer stone fighting or throwing. Travelers soon learn of the art acquired by some fighters, though there is but one day in the year given over to it. If any one offend a Korean, he answers with a stone. All classes indulge the habit. It is said of a Korean woman that she never fails to throw a stone straight. Within bounds she is as expert as a man. The childhood pleasure of skipping stones along the surface of streams is as well known to the Korean as to the Yankee. On stone throwing day, however, she is restricted to curfew time for her pleasure as upon other days. In the Land of the Morning Calm women are allowed on the streets only during curfew time, between twilight and early forenoon. During the day they are in seclusion.

In anticipation of the stone throwing fete the natives save all shapes and kinds of rocks. Even the smallest child has his stone pile and takes pride in it. They practice diligently, aiming at different targets. Often a hemp man like a scarecrow is rigged up, and the entire family use him for a fake enemy to be demolished by stones. Other targets are mandarin ducks, good luck geese and foreign soldiers made of cotton wool paper.

In preparing for the fete towns and villages put aside a goodly sum of money for the wounded and to buy prizes for the champions. Queer bands, composed of strange instruments, mostly drums and moon fiddles, announce the opening of the festival. The participants are drawn up in two sides like an army in battle. At the signal stone throwing begins, and soon the rules are laid aside, and the game becomes hot and furious. It is called off by some member of the squire noble class, a village elder or a court official.—New York Times.

**Fair Warning.**

At one time Horace Greeley lived in a pleasant estate on the Hudson river. It was approached by a narrow lane from the street, says a writer in the Springfield Republican, and was four miles out from the city hall on the Harlem road.

The ground from the house on one side sloped down to the river. On the other was a garden which bore fruit, accessible to boys. On Sunday, their day of freedom as well as Mr. Greeley's, the boys sought the orchard.

Mr. Greeley never saw or heard them. But Mrs. Greeley always saw them, and from her place on the piazza she would call to Mr. Greeley to put on his hat and "deal with them."

Mr. Greeley would never have disturbed them, but he always complied with his wife's wish—in his own time and way. As he slowly reached for his hat he shouted:

"I'm coming after you, boys!"

Of course not many captures were made.

**Eat Food Slowly.**

Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to 98 degrees; hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication the better. The precipitation of a large quantity of cold food into the stomach by fast eating may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive functions. Ice water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, chocolate, etc.—will on the contrary help to prevent it. But eat slowly anyway.

**Their Many Children.**

Two young women sat together in a Euclid car. "How many children have you?" asked one.

"Twenty-two," was the reply. "How many have you?"

"Thirty-one," replied the other.

This attracted the attention of a motherly appearing woman. "Did I understand you to say that one of you had twenty-two children and you thirty-one?" she said. "Why, you don't look to be more than twenty-five years old apiece."

"We're schoolteachers," said one of the young women.—Cleveland Leader.

**A Little Late.**

Lawrence, the artist, was a very slow worker. Over his portrait of Lady Mexborough and her child he took an unconscionable time. Promise after promise was made, and at last Lord Mexborough insisted on fulfillment.

"Well," said Lawrence, "if Lady Mexborough will kindly bring the baby once more I will really finish."

"Well, Sir Thomas," answered the patron, "my wife will be happy to give you another sitting whenever you like, but the baby's in the guards!"—London Telegraph.

**Fine Distinction.**

"Do I look like that picture?" asked the mortified customer, examining the first print from the negative.

"I would hardly go so far as to say you look like that," replied the photographer, hesitating between his desire not to offend a patron and his regard for truth and the artistic perfection of his work. "But it—er—certainly looks like you."—Chicago Tribune.

## CONDENSED STORIES.

**Good and Sufficient Reason For the Cessation of Hostilities.**

President E. A. Alderman of Tulane university, when he was in New York the other day, was telling some friends about what he considered the queerest reason he ever heard for the suspension of hostilities. His nephew, who is a cadet at West Point, had a fight not long ago with another cadet. Each of them weighs about 200 pounds and is very muscular and athletic.

"How long did you fight?" inquired President Alderman of the nephew.

"About two hours and a half," was the reply.

"They tell me that it was the fiercest fight that ever took place at the academy. Were you very badly hurt?"

"I only hope the other fellow was hurt half as much."

"Which got the worst of it?"

"Both."

"Anybody separate you?"

"No."

"What made you stop, then?" asked Dr. Alderman.

"Well, you see, we heard the dinner bell ring."

**Senator Fairbanks' Ancestors.**

There was a celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town of Lancaster, Pa., recently, and Senator Fairbanks of Indiana delivered the principal address. When it came time for the senator to speak, the presiding officer did not rise to introduce him.

"Are you not going to introduce me?" asked Fairbanks.

"Oh, no," the presiding officer replied complacently. There was

"ARE THEY DEAD?"

nothing for it but to talk, and the senator arose and made his oration. After he had finished the presiding officer said:

"Senator Fairbanks asked me if I intended to introduce him. I told him I would not. The senator needs no introduction to a Lancaster audience. Some of his ancestors have been resting in our churchyards for 200 years."

"Are they dead?" asked a little girl who sat on a front seat in an awed voice.

**Dan Daly and Literature.**

In his younger days Dan Daly, the tall comedian, essayed to write fiction and went to the editor of a Boston paper with his first effusion. The editor criticised the work severely and advised the future comedian to study Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The vein of humor peculiar to Daly had developed even at that early date. He said reflectively:

"If my story were printed it would measure about half a column, would it not?"

"About that," replied the editor, wondering what that had to do with it.

"Your rate of payment is $5 per column, I believe?" pursued the young man.

"Yes."

"Good day. I like to be pleasant and agreeable and popular with everybody. I am even willing to dethrone Hawthorne to please an editor, but not for $2, not for $2."

Whereupon he casually departed.—New York Times.

**The Seat of the Trouble.**

There is an old story of Queen Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales. Coming one day upon a very small boy who was weeping bitterly, the princess stopped to inquire the trouble from the youngster's fat comfortable grandmother. She received the laconic reply, "Well, ma'am, there ben't no trouble, as you might say, but no stomach can't stand nine buns."

If the family physician were equally frank he might explain as tersely a large proportion of the aches and pains and languor that keep his business lively.

**Not So Many.**

A clergyman, having performed the marriage ceremony of a couple, undertook to write out the usual certificate; but, being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked, "This is the ninth, is it not?" "Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the fourth."

**Pathetic Incidents of the Life of Miners In the Klondike.**

One of the most pathetic things in Jeremiah Lynch's "Three Years In the Klondike" is the story of the eagerness of the men in that land of exile for letters from home. When the postoffice was opened at Dawson the miners would crowd in from all over the country when they heard a mail had arrived. The ignorance of the postal clerks was exasperating, as may be judged from the following conversation:

"Is there not a letter for me—James Culverhouse?"

"No."

"But I am sure there must be one," said the explorer in an appealing voice.

"I tell you there ain't any. Move away and give another man a chance," said the official.

The miner started to leave with a dejected countenance, but as the clerk was putting a bunch of dirty letters back into the little receptacle marked "C" the man cried:

"Why, there it is—there it is, the first letter in your hand! Don't I know my wife's handwriting?" he almost shouted in his excitement. "Give it to me right away."

The employee, almost grudgingly and without excuse, gave the applicant the letter that otherwise he might never have seen again.

Still more picturesque is the incident that occurred the next day at the Dawson postoffice. The line remained unshortened, and the eagerness of the men could hardly be kept within bounds.

A heavily bearded giant from Dominion Creek called out to a slight man, the fifteenth ahead:

"What will you take for your place in line, pard?"

"Twenty dollars," was the prompt reply.

"All right; here's the cheese," and they exchanged places.

It brought the big man that much nearer home.

**Citing an Illustrious Example.**

The cook had left without giving warning, and in this emergency the mother of the family was washing the breakfast dishes herself, assisted by the small boy with the high forehead, the thoughtful mien and the deliberate manner of doing things.

"You will have to dry them a little faster, Kenton," she said, "or you will not get them done before it is time for you to start to school."

Kenton accelerated his motions a little.

"Mamma," he said after he had worked in silence several minutes, "when George Washington was the architect for Lord Fairfax he used to eat his meals off a shingle. What was good enough for George Washington is good enough for us."—Chicago Tribune.

**Solid Scholarship.**

At a political meeting an excited Irishman had risen to yell his satisfaction. "Sit down!" called the man behind him, twitching his coat tails. "Don't you know you're opaque?" "And that I'm not!" cried the other. "I'm O'Brien."

A London paper tells a story of Professor Huxley, which suggests that he may have heard of the Irishman. The professor had made a demonstration and asked a student:

"Did you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "except at one point, when you were between me and the blackboard."

"Well," said the professor, "I always try to be clear, but I can't make myself transparent."

**The Chemical Value of Fruits.**

Fruits are composed largely of water, with starches, sugars, a vegetable jelly called pectin, cellulose and organic acids. They have but little food value, but are important on account of their mineral properties, made up of the various acids in combination with potash. They lessen acidity, improve digestion, stimulate the appetite and give variety.

The banana, fig, date, prune and grape afford the most nutriment on account of the large amount of sugar which they contain.

Lemons, oranges, melons and grapes contain the most water and have no special food value. The effects are diuretic.

**Stolen Rides.**

A gentleman traveling under the seat on the Great Eastern railway had the bad luck to be in the same carriage as the ticket collector. Nor did his bad luck end here. He could not resist giving vent to a mighty sneeze, and, coming from no one knew where, his fellow travelers were almost frightened out of their wits. Result—case before the Beak.

This reminds us of a journey we once took from Doncaster. As the train was moving out of the station a man sprang into the carriage. Taking a hasty look around, he said, "Gentlemen, I rely upon your honor," and forthwith dived under the seat.—London Sporting Times.

**A Curious Example.**

A youth at Oxford, being examined in Paley, was asked if he could mention any instance of the divine goodness which he had found out for himself. "Yes, the conformation of the nose of the bulldog. Its nose is so retracted that it can hang on to the bull and yet breathe freely. But for this it would soon have to let go." The bull's point of view was not regarded at all.—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's."