DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 58 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1904. NO. 35

Swinney's Department Store,

WEST DENTON

Shoe Department.

Just received a new lot of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes. Also new lot of Misses and Children's Tan Oxfords and a pretty line of Men's Patent Colt Oxfords; they are nobby and made to fit. We have a few more Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes to close out at bargain prices.

Hat Department.

50c Canton Yachts 39c.
50c Canton Soft Braid 39c.
$1.00 Shansi Sailors at 75c, with plain blue and white bands.
50c Sailors 39c. 25c Sailors 19c.
75c Rough and Ready Yachts 50c.
Duck Sailors 25c.
Boys' Golf Caps, new lot, 24c.
Also one lot of Straw Hats to be sold below cost.

Mattings, all new and prices from 9 1-2c up.

Tinware and Glassware, New lot just put in stock.

Dress Goods and Notions.

You can do no better than here, as we have a full line and new goods. Lawns from 5c up.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce. Our 'Phone number is 41. Call us up and we will deliver goods free of charge promptly.

Please return Check No. 189 and receive free of charge one Celluloid Comb and one Hair Brush.

Swinney's Department Store
West Denton

Summer Is Here and Harvest Is Coming!

And we are prepared to furnish you with **Standard Manilla Binder Twine** at the very lowest cash price. As we have bought a very large quantity, we are selling it at **11** cents a pound.

Hot weather necessities are Screen Doors and Windows, and we have them in all sizes. Screen wire, too.

The hammock is a summer-time luxury enjoyed by rich and poor alike. Here in many different styles at prices from **60** cents to **$4.50.** Come and get your choice before they are picked over.

We are handling the **Syracuse Plows** and fixtures, and we guarantee every implement to do the work right, or the plow can be returned to us. **Two-Horse Plow Complete for $9.00.**

Glass Jars and Jelly Glasses are in demand, and our line is complete.

Buy one of our **Wickless Oil Stoves** and make hot-weather cooking a pleasure.

SMITH & WALLS,
LAW BUILDING, DENTON, MD,

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.

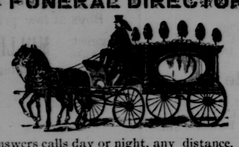
HIGH ST., NEAR BALTIMORE,
BALTIMORE, MD.

10 to $15 in your pocket on every purchase.

☞Cut this out for future reference.

WILLOUGHBY NOWELL,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

UNDERTAKER **FUNERAL DIRECTOR** EMBALMER



Mr. Nowell answers calls day or night, any distance. Meets the remains of deceased at any railroad station. Furnishes any supplies that go to make a first-class funeral.

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

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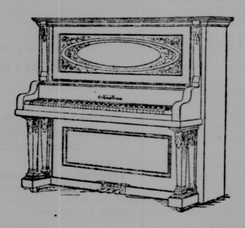
All kinds of Job Printing executed promptly and neatly at this office. Write for estimates.

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

WRIGHT'S

This Week the Biggest Bargain Week of the Year.

59c. for $1 to $2 white Lawn Shirtwaists, beautiful styles.

Shoe Bargains.
85c. for Women's $1.50 Oxfords; $1.25 for Women's $2.00 Shoes; $3.00 for Men's $3.50 Russets and Oxfords.

Bargains in Mattings.
10c. per yard for our 15c mattings. 16c. per yard for our 25c mattings.

49c. for $1 to $2 Boy's blouse suits, several colors.

Bargains in Negligee Shirts.
48c for our 75c Shirts. This is absolutely the best bargain that has ever been shown in a negligee Shirt.

Hamburg Bargains.
5c. per yard for our 10c. Hamburg. Don't fail to see these.

Bargain Counter.

We have added a bargain counter to our store, on which you may find anything that you need such as Kitchen Untensil.

Our 10-Cent Counter.
Rolling Pins.
Wash Boards.
Frying Pans.
Brooms.
Sauce Pans.
Enameledware.
Etc., Etc.

Our 5-Cent Counter.
Comb Cases.
Milk Pails.
Potato Mashes.
Butter Printers.
Tumblers.
Strainers.
Etc., Etc.

Come and get what you need for your kitchen before they are gone.

W. R. WRIGHT, Denton, Md.

FRANK EHLEN, Receiver

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Sunday			Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
8.00	3.15	2.30	7.15	lv..	Baltimore...	Ar. 12.00	10.30	9.30	10.30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15	Ar..	Love Point..	lv. 10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....	Ar..	Queenstown..	lv.	7.30	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday Ex. Sat. and Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	9.25	lv... Love Point...	Ar. 9.50	8.20	7.20	8.00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55	.... Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	.... Centreville.....	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.48	f5.21	f10.03	... Wye Mills.....	f8.05	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.35	10.22	.... Queen Anne ...	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39	..... Denton	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55	..... Hickman ...	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10	.... Greenwood. ...	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.35	10.20	6.45	11.32	..... Ellendale.....	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45	..... Milton.....	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05	..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30	Ar... Rehoboth...	lv. 6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth.

JOHN C. BOSLEY, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.

W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRICKS

From Maker to Consumer.
No Middlemen.

We respectfully invite inquiry from contractors and the building trade generally.

The best quality of brick manufactured on the lower Delaware-Maryland Peninsula.

Write For Prices.

Prompt delivery made on any quantity.

Conwell & Company,
MILTON, DELAWARE.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

✳ THE PRAYER OF REHOBOAM ✳

THE scrub oaks were in tassel when Warren Ford came to the valley; the Chamiso Hills billowed towards the north in acres of snowy bloom.

Ford set to work at clearing his section. He chopped, and burned, and whistled from the time the first bird sang her matins till the sun slipped lazily behind the mountain. Twice a week he rode into town. There was always a letter waiting for him. He read it over and over, and whistled again, more softly.

By and by a freight team trundled up through the valley. It brought lumber, and several mysterious boxes. Ford was watching for it by the stage road. At last his ears caught the faint distant jingle of mule bells, and a cloud of dust, no larger than a man's hand, rose up against the horizon. The fulfillment of his dream was near.

When the skeleton of the three-roomed house had been erected, he was overwhelmed with a longing to know—to talk to some one of his neighbors. He needed a human and present sympathy in happiness.

It was a good three miles to the nearest cabin by way of the road; but the chamiso was yet green, and he cut a path through it that lessened the distance by half. He appeared, unheralded, one afternoon, upon the next home clearing.

The fragments of bottlerock about the house were clutching the rays of the departing sun; a thin curl of smoke rose from the adobe chimney, and the breath of coffee was in the air. Ford made his way to the open door. The place was tidy enough, but a lank, mongrel dog appeared to be its only occupant. He got up, surveyed the stranger, and growled defiance.

"Jeffie," called a voice from the inner room, "you're always o——" There was a shuffling step, the rythmic thump of a crutch, and a boy appeared on the threshold.

Ford took off his hat. The other stared at him. The man made the first advance. "How do you do?" he began, holding out his hand. "I'm Warren Ford, from the next clearing."

The boy nodded. He pushed forward a chair, and then turned upon the dog.—"Keep still, Jefferson!" he said, "Where's your manners? He ain't used to folks," he added in apology.

There was an awkward silence, then Ford made another attempt: "And your name is——?" he began.

"Rehoboam," was the quiet reply.

Ford with difficulty held his face grave. "And your mother," he questioned—"is she here?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "There ain't no one but dad, and he's hunting jack rabbits. He's 'most generally trailin' something'."

"Then who keeps the house?" Ford ventured. He looked pityingly at the crutch and the shriveled leg.

"Why, Jefferson and me! Dad says the two of us is 'most as good as a woman. You see," the boy went on, "Jeff drives the hens, and he keeps things cheerful. There's a awful lot of company in that dog!" He gazed admiringly at the long scraggy tail and course black coat. "We think he's good lookin'," he continued.

Ford smiled. "And what do you do?" he questioned.

"Me?" Rehoboam drew himself up as straight as the crooked body would let him. "Oh I cook the victuals, and patch the clothes. Sometimes I wash," he said. Then he asked abruptly: "Who keeps your house?"

Ford got suddenly red, the question came so near to him. "My house isn't finished yet," he replied. "When it is, my—wife will keep it." He had not called her that before to any one. His heart beat more quickly; there was a mistiness in his eyes.

The boy edged closer. "A woman," he asked eagerly. Then he added:—"I've never known 'em to speak to. Marm she died, or somethin', years and years ago, and dad, he wont talk of her over much. But once, on the Fourth of July"—his voice grew confidential—"we went to the show, over at Red Rock." He paused for a moment, and seemed to lose him self in the memory. "There was lots of 'em there, and I liked 'em better'n all the fireerackers!"

A great pity was rising up in the heart of Ford. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from its case a tinted photograph, and held it out. "She is coming to keep my house," he said simply.

The boy gazed at the smiling, girlish face, and the color mounted to his temples. "She's beautiful!" he said, solemnly, and he and Ford were friends.

The new home on the clearing grew towards completion; the path through the chamiso became well defined. Ford, sure of his welcome, made frequent visits to the neighboring section. He and the boy and Jefferson would sit in the doorway till the outline of the mountain grew inky black against the copper sky.

To the man it was good to have someone to listen when he spoke of her. To the boy—he slipped his arms around the dog in the gathering twilight and drew him close. A strange loneliness had come over him. "There's just you, and dad, and me," he whispered.

Summer had grown old. The chamiso, gray with dust, had matted itself into impenetrable fastness. The clefts into the mountain showed red through the dizzy haze of heat.

Ford came over the trail one morning and swung himself lightly from the saddle. "Well," he said, "the last nail is in! It's waiting approval. Can you come?" he asked.

The boy was just finishing the breakfast dishes. He dropped a tin plate, and it rolled noisily behind the stove. "Me?" he questioned incredulously. "Did you mean me—me and Jefferson?"

"Of course," Ford laughed. "The freight team came through yesterday—You can help me unpack the boxes."

Rehoboam drew in his breath sharply, his hand shook, and the blood burned his cheeks.

When they were ready, Ford lifted him into the saddle, and strode beside the mare, swinging the pine crutch pendulum fashion. Jefferson trotted in the background. The trail stretched yellow through the brush. The broken bottlerock along its edge shimmered in the sun till the path seemed dwindling to a narrow thread of light.

Ford narrowed his eyes and looked critically at the sky. "We're going to have some blistering hot days," he announced.

The boy was following in thought. "And she's comin' on Wednesday," he answered.

They went on again in silence. Suddenly the outlines of the unpainted cabin rose up from the chamiso. Ford quickened his steps; he began to talk rapidly.

"That's home," he said, "our home. The window this way's in the kitchen. There are geraniums set out in front." He jerked the bridle. "Hurry up!" he continued. "That's the barn—over there. The water tank's half way between." He kicked through the browned grass on the clearing. "This all came up since the brush was cut," he said, "but it's dry—dead dry."

He took the key from his pocket and fitted it proudly into the lock.

Rehoboam tugged at his collar band. He swallowed once or twice with an effort; there was a great awe in his eyes. The dog stood panting on the threshold, his legs a plaster of tarweed and cinnamon colored dust. The boy turned on him.

"Jefferson," he said, slowly, "you don't look fit for this. You' better keep out."

He wiped his shoes and instinctively took off his hat.

Ford displayed the conveniences of the three tiny rooms; then he placed a chair and began to unpack the boxes.

"This is the china," he said. "We've a dozen cups and saucers and plates.—That's so there'll be plenty when you come to see us. These—let me think!—These are the pictures. And this——" he turned the box and vainly looked for a clue to its contents "Well, it won't take us long to find out," he said. He slipped the chisel under the lid and began to pry upwards. The breath of lavender bloom floated out to them.

Rehoboam slid from his chair. He bent curiously over the packing case.

Ford lifted the folds of brown paper. There were piles of muslin beneath, and some glimpses of ginghams. The man drew in his breath. "Oh!" he exclaimed reverently.

The boy extended a slim finger and touched the dainty lace and ribbons. "It's the gewgaws!" he said in an awed whisper.

"The what?" and Ford's face was a study.

"The gewgaws!" Rehoboam confidently repeated. "Dad said that Fourth of July that women wore lots of them."

The man threw back his head, then he suddenly checked the laugh that had risen. "Perhaps," he said.

The days lagged, on the neighboring section, after Ford went to the county seat. The boy numbered off each one at its close. At last, they were coming "tomorrow."

He and Jefferson sat in the doorway that evening. The sky was ablaze with crimson, shredded with lurid amber lights. The profile of the mountain was silhouetted against it; the chamiso stretched like a black quilt to its base.

The boy watched it dreamily. "It must be the sun," he soliloquized. "He's keepin' watch of the new house for'm, I guess."

The day broke breathless. Rehoboam was late in rising; he felt weak, languid. Dad had already gone out. The boy made himself some coffee and took it to his accustomed seat on the step.

There was a hazy look towards the west of the valley. The deep blue of the sky grew tawny at the horizon. The heat danced dizzily in the air. Suddenly he limped down and stood bareheaded in the open. The chickens, with drooping, distended wings, had gathered in the shade of the house. A hot wind began to stir. It puffed into the boy's face as it passed by. He threw back his head; his nostrils quivered; he scented the air as an animal does, then looked excitedly about.

"Dad! dad!" he called. Then louder, "Dad" but there was no answer. A buzzard winged himself up and wheeled lazily in the fathomless blue.

The boy made a trumpet of his hands. "Dad! Dad!" he shouted.

His voice died echoless. He thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out a bit of paper, and tossed it into the air. It blew a little way towards the place of sunrise, then sank to the ground, fluttered a moment and lay quiet.

Rehoboam put his arm up across his eyes. "The wind's from the west," he cried. "Oh, daddy, why must you be always a huntin'?"

He sank limply on the step. Jefferson came up. He shoved his muzzle into his master's face and caressed him with his hot red tongue. The boy placed his arms about him in a spasm of distress.

"Oh, Jeffie," he cried, "it's the chamiso! It's a burning'!" His voice was high, shrill. "It'll catch the new house—and the pictures—and the dishes—and the gewgaws!" He stood suddenly erect; his voice rose, "Daddy! Daddy!"

His cry hung for a second on the quiet air, seeming to dissolve reluctantly. The boy then turned slowly about; his face was positive.

"Jefferson," he said, "we've got to go over there, me and you. We've got to do it! We've got to!" He limped into the house, found his hat, and drew it over his eyes; then he closed the door quietly behind him. All traces of excitement had gone. He seemed suddenly old and determined.

The haze in the west had thickened; it looked opalescent.

Rehoboam swung himself jerkily forward. His veins throbbed with strange, new force. Each beat of the crutch measured two or more feet of his journey. His shoe was burst at the side; a jagged bit of bottle rock cut his foot, but the boy did not know it. The pungent smell of burning chamiso was in the air, and Ford's clearing half a mile away.

The cabin was in sight now. Behind it curled a tortuous cloud of smoke. Rehoboam had reached the home clearing, but his strength was beginning to fail. Suddenly the crutch slipped; he lunged forward and lay quiet. The dog nosed him gently. All at once the boy drew himself together. He sat erect and turned his face up to the brown overcast sky. He stretched out his arms; his voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Oh, God," he began, "you're up there, somewheres. Don't let the new house burn! Don't you do it! Me and Jefferson ain't good for much, but we're all there was to come. And there's the furniture, and the gewgaws! Don't you let 'em burn, God! Oh, don't you—please don't you do it!"

He got up, righted his crutch, and stumbled forward. Two grain sacks lay by the water tank. Rehoboam submerged them and dragged them dripping behind him. The fire had almost reached the short grass where the brush had been cut. The sap in the wreathing chamiso beyond whined like a human thing. Rehoboam steadied himself and waited.

The first flame licked into the stubble. The sack struck it; a black, smoking scar showed where it had been. Now they were darting along the brush line, eager, thirsty little tongues of flame. The sack descended with automatic persistency.

Rehoboam scarcely felt the weight of his own body. Sweat started from every pore; his face was seared, grimy, but he did not know. Smoke blinded his eyes; his ears were keen.

Wherever there was the crackling of the grass the quenching weapon fell.

When the stage came up through the valley, it wound between smoldering blankets of burned chamiso. A man and a girl with white, set faces were on the front seat with the driver. An abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of the cabin. The man rose to his feet.

"It's standing!" he cried incredulously. "The house—it's standing!"

They stopped at the home clearing. Jefferson bounded to meet them, and then turned towards a little heap by the brush line.

Warren sprang forward. "God!" he cried. "It's—the boy."

It was late when Rehoboam opened his eyes. At first they smiled unbelievingly up in the girlish face that bent over him. Then came a look of wistful eagerness, which settled at last into happy content. His father and Ford were there but the boy did not see them.

"Jeffie!" he said faintly. In answer, a rough, black head was thrust up beside him. The boy weakly put out his hand. "Jeffie," he whispered, "she's lots better'n—those at the show—at Red Rock!"

THE EASTERN SHORE.

In visions fair, once more to me appear
Thy fertile fields enclosed by hedgerows green;
'Tis break of day, low in the east is seen
The rosy flush of dawn, and sound most dear
The murmur of the waves afar I hear
Upon thy shore. The leafy branches lean
Most tenderly their ripening fruit to screen,
While scent of roses tells me "June is near."
I see the waters blue of Chesapeake
Shine dimly forth through wooded lanes of pine,
Or nestled deep within some sheltered creek,
I feel the pull of perch upon the line.
Thy spell is o'er my soul, Oh Eastern Shore!
The years roll back, I am a child once more.

ADDENDA.

Once more I sit me down to feast divine,
Again I taste thy dainties as of yore;
Thy wild duck and thy reed bird fame have won,
And for thy oysters epicures do pine;
Thy crabs should need no praise, oh Eastern Shore!
Thy terrapin is known from sun to sun.
Earth's greatest Monarch bending from his throne
Would hail with joy a loaf of thy 'Corn Pone.'

Anna P. Walls, in Westminster Advocate.

TRUE MANLINESS.

Every boy longs to be a man. It may not be amiss to study the character of a true gentleman. What is a true gentleman? Manliness means virtue, virtue means purity, and purity means power. Never imagine that the swaggering braggart is a powerful man, or that such characters as Corbett, Fitzimmons, Sullivan or their tribe are ideal American citizens.

The braggart and bully is always a weak character. The true gentleman is strong. The man who endures and overcomes and lives to bless other lives is the true gentleman. The true gentleman is not made out of clothes. Fine feathers do not make fine birds. So no art of the tailor can make a man out of a tough by dressing him in a fine suit. Some of the men with roughest exterior possess the truest and tenderest spirits, while some dressed in the height of fashion are demons incarnate. We like the man with sunny smile and a loving heart, and honest voice, and a firm grip of the hand, a clear eye, keen witted, with boundless energy and a never failing smile, a man sincere, sublimely unselfish, inspired by a true warmth of heart. Give us a man, obedient to the claims of others, rather than the prim and pompous man whose heart has the frigidity of an iceburg. We believe what we need today in the home and in the church and in business is not an austere and unbending Puritanism, but a large-hearted, cheerful-spirited Christain brotherliness, inspired not by dollars and acres but by obedience to our highest and best natures. The man who encases his life in business claims, or wraps his being in a mantle woven out of selfish acts can never save the world. What we want is sympathy. There are many young men who have fallen in the tragedy of life; they are bleeding from some wound; what they need is a brother's hearty handshake, a loving voice saying, "God bless you, my boy, all's not lost; your life is not gone; there are yet unwasted days in which you can win back a good name and an honorable place in society. Be a man; I'll stand by you; you can count on me."

The Recollection Brought Joy.

The Baltimore *Sun* is responsible for this one: Several of the ministers who attended the reception tendered to Bishop Luther B. Wilson several weeks ago at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church were told an amusing story by Rev. Gustavus W. Hobbs.

It seems that from a spiritual point of view the reception proved as successful as it was socially. Among the more enthusiastic brethren was an elderly gentleman, who was evidently a visitor at the church. "It was toward the close of the service," said Rev. Mr. Hobbs, "while I was standing near one of the doorways, that the brother, clapping his hands and singing, walked up to me, grasped my hand and stopped singing long enough to ejaculate: 'My dear Brother Hobbs, I don't suppose you know me any more. I'm Brother ———. It was you who buried my first wife, hallelujah, and since then I have become married again.'"

Talbot County Fair Grounds

On July 4th there will be an all-day meeting, consisting of horse races, tournament, base ball game between two crack nines, bag races, running races, grand ball in the afternoon and night and a fine display of fire works and balloon ascension at night. There will be two or three nominal races, and one 2.30 trot or pace, and one running race. For further particulars about races write to M. B. Nichols, secretary. The ball game and tournament will be in the morning. Races in afternoon. All children under 12 years admitted free, adults admission 25c. Bring your friends and spend the whole day with us.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL and get all the county news.