DENTON JOURNAL.

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Shirts for Men, Shirts for Boys.
Window blinds, new lot.
Insertion at reduced price.
Neckwear, new and nobby.
Notions, all new and attractive.
Embroideries—closing out.
Youths' Suits—the kind that will wear.
Stockings for Men, Women and Children.

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Every article must be satisfactory or money refunded.

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To Farmers and Others.

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$1.75 Fly Net at		$1.35
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We have something right new in harness which we know is the best on the market for $10.00; also for $15.00, lined saddle with half-round reins, either black or yellow.

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The canning season is now upon you. This is the place to get your GLASS JARS, Tops and Rubbers.

Peach Ladders and Peach Pickers.

Oil Stoves at lowest prices.

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DENTON, MARYLAND.
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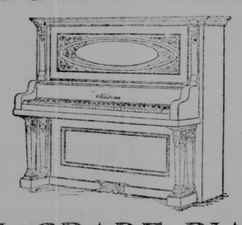

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TIME TABLE—in Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD				BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	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	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily 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.	P.M.
10.00	8.00	4.40	9.25	lv... Love Point ...Ar.	9.25	7.30	8.00	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
.....	f8.21	f5.21	f10.08	.... Wye Mills	f9.05	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.35	10.22	.... Queen Anne	8.50	7.25	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	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32	..... Ellendale	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45	..... Milton	7.28	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	12.20	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.
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The college offers three courses of study—Classical, Latin-Scientific, and Scientific—each leading to the Bachelor's Degree. The elective system, introduced in the new curriculum, enables each student to select those branches he especially needs. Two sub-freshman classes are maintained for the benefit of those who desire a thorough preparation for college.

The Normal Department is now recognized by the State as a part of the public system of education, and stands on the same footing as the other Normal Schools of the State.

Here students may pursue their work in a highly moral community, amid beautiful and healthful surroundings, under careful supervision of health and habits, in comfortable quarters, at very low rates. For catalogue and information address, JAS. W. CAIN, LL. D.,
7-30-04] President.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Taxes for 1903, now in my hands for collection, must be paid promptly. All persons indebted are earnestly requested to respond without delay.
W. T. HIGNUTT or E.,
Sheriff of Caroline county.
Aug. 20, 1904.

Partner Wanted,

in a good paying business. Small cash capital required. Young man preferred, but no cigarette fiend need apply. Address
8-20-3t] "S," care of this office.

The Maryland Agricultural College,
COLLEGE PARK, MD.

MARYLAND'S SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.
THREE COURSES OF INSTRUCTION,
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Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified to enter at once upon life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; bathrooms, closets, steam heat and gas.

New building, with every modern improvement, and old building thoroughly renovated by opening of first session. Tuition, books, heat, light, washing, board and medical attendance, with annual deposit, ($159) one hundred and fifty-nine dollars, for scholastic year. Daily visit by physician to College. Catalog giving full particulars sent on application. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Write for particulars.

TERM COMMENCES, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.
Early application necessary for admittance. R. W. SILVESTER, Pres.
7-30-8t] College Park, Md.

For Rent.

I offer my Fruit and Truck farm for rent on very favorable terms, to a good and competent tenant; one that has had experience in the care and management of orchards and the handling of all kinds of fruit, also the culture of vegetables for market. Not less than four horses required to till and cultivate orchards, etc. Apply to J. W. KERR,
Denton, Md.

For Sale.

Two dwelling houses at Tuckahoe. One containing five rooms and the other six rooms. D. F. KING,
7-16-2m] Tuckahoe, Md.

IN THE SPRING

North Glascow had never taken Mabel Farham seriously nor known her to take life seriously, yet there had been lingering hope in the minds of the gossips that when it came to the question of matrimony the pretty daughter of the big mill owner might be sensible for once.

But, then, North Glascow did not understand Mabel, who cared precious little whether it did or not. She did not feel called upon to detail her daily life nor analyze her motives for the edification of town gossips. That was why the sharp tongued women of the manufacturing town did not know that when Mabel went tearing through the main street on her little mare or trotted past in her dogcart she was pretty sure to drop into her father's dingy office with a kiss and a merry greeting. Nor could they dream that the young girl who danced whenever opportunity offered until almost morning tripped downstairs in the most bewitching negligees to pour her father's coffee and smiled sleepily, but good humoredly, across the table at him. What they did hear was that Mabel lay abed till 11 o'clock (which was quite true, for she went directly back to bed when her father had driven away) and sent to Boston for wrappers and coffee jackets of lace and silk, such as no respectable, hard-working woman in all North Glascow ever dreamed of wearing. They did not dream either that she wore cherry ribbons in those same negligees, when she loved blue best, just because her adoring father had once remarked that red was the only color in the rainbow worth considering.

At regular intervals what was known as the social set of Glascow went in its best array and as many carriages as the town could support to be entertained in state at the mill owner's brick and stone pile on the hill and came away to discourse on the shocking waste of electricity, the absurdly massive decorations of American Beauty roses, the dreadful expense of caterers from Boston when Miss Louise Crocker could have managed the whole thing for half the price. And Mabel's gown! The brocade had surely come from Paris, and it was too elaborately trimmed for so young a girl. Well, it was a pity that Mrs. Farnham had not lived to steady down this frolicsome daughter and keep a restraining hand on the household expenses of of Donald Farnham.

Little they knew how hateful the display was to Mabel, how she longed sometimes to close down the house, with its gilt furniture and plush hangings, and to join some of the girls she had met at college in their trips aboard, where the world was old and rich in art and book lore. But this was her father's life for which he had longed in those early days when her pinafores were short and his working hours long. He was master of North Glascow today, and he reveled in his sense of greatness and power.

It was just when Mabel was hungering for a broader life, when North Glascow seemed unbearably narrow and when she had dazed its gossips by some particularly unconventional frolics, that Harold Brandt came into their life.

For reasons not stated the elder Brandt wished his son well out of New York, for the winter at least. One of them was a certain pretty chorus girl who had settled herself in a little flat unpleasantly close to the great apartment house wherein dwelt the Brandt family. Mr. Farnham was indebted—or imagined he was—to Mr. Barndt and a position for the younger Barndt was made somehow on the clerical staff at the mills. And quite as natural young Brandt made for himself a place in the Farnham home. 'Twas the only fit place in the town, he explained to himself.

Mabel had always been accustomed to admiration, but now she woke up to the fact that there was keen rivalry for her hand. Young Brandt fretted a week or so for the pretty actress, and then decided that, averaging up points, Mabel had a trifle the best of it, to say nothing of her financial prospects, as the only child of the mill owner. Jimmy Crawford had loved her since he had opened the big mill gate for Mabel, a dainty vision in white and cherry sash. Jimmy had been a bobbin boy that day. Now he was superintendent, and a better superintendent did not boss a mill in all new England, said Mr. Farnham, which went to show that the owner of the mill judged the young superintendent by his ability to get work out of employees and not by the state of his affections. The latter would certainly have given the self-made man much concern. He meant, when he had accumulated money enough, to marry Mabel into a family of blood.

Mabel had never taken Jimmy's devotion seriously until young Brandt appeared on the scene. Then something in the misery which she read in the face of her long devoted and much tried admirer appealed to her womanly nature, and, though North Glascow never dreamed of it, Mabel was really thinking deeply of the future.

Matters came to a head on Hallowe'en night. With young Brandt at her side, Mabel had driven through the crisp autumn air to the Hallowe'en frolic at Myrtle Graham's home. Brandt's roses were fastened under her cloak, and on the table at home the box of bonbons he had ordered sent to her each Saturday lay unopened. He had tucked her into the carriage, but now he sulked openly.

"These country social affairs are such a bore, don't you know. I suppose we shall bob for apples and ruin our clothes, and come home deucedly tired. I'd much rather have the evening at home, with you at the piano and the lamplight falling on your hair."

Mabel smiled in the dark. Would he always be satisfied with the domestic picture? she wondered.

* * * * * *

"Now each girl must walk down to the spring, quite alone, and look into it for the face of her husband to be," announced the hostess in tones of an oracle. She held up a white fascinator, for the night was cool, and Mabel's hand was the first to reach for it.

"I hope you are not going to endanger your health by such nonsense."

Mabel turned to look into young Brandt's scowling face. He had been greatly bored, as he had predicted, and this was the last straw in his load of misery.

"I thought you had too much sense to be superstitious."

"Perhaps," answered Mabel, with an odd laugh. And then she was gone. While the merry party awaited her return Mabel walked slowly through the moonlit garden to the spring. She was thinking of them both—Jimmy Crawford who, though the life of the party, had seemed somehow to be watching her all the evening, and Brandt, with his polished manners and his sulky eyes. Then she bent over the spring and smiled. She had felt it all along—that his face would look over her shoulder and their reflections would be side by side.

* * * * * *

"It was dreadfully silly, Jimmy," she said softly as they walked slowly back to the house. "And you must not think that it is just because I trusted my decision to a foolish superstition. But it's because the little things make up our lives—at least they make a woman happy. Some men" — she delicately mentioned Brandt—"would have stayed in the house and let me look into the empty pool. I want some one who understands me, who thinks of the little things for me. I've been thinking for other people so long—"

Jimmy held her trembling hand tight in his big, strong one.

"I think I understand, dear."

"I know you do," she whispered softly. "I've known it for ever so long, only I couldn't quite—"

And again he put his seal on the uncertain words. But all North Glascow thinks to this day that it was just because of the Hallowe'en superstition that Mabel accepted Jimmy and fought the good fight against her father's pride and disappointment.—By A. S. McClure.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The oyster will soon be in our midst.

Money always goes faster than it comes.

The summer girl isn't such a warm proposition.

Even the laundryman may rail at the irony of fate.

There are few things less common than common sense.

A pretty girl doesn't object to being taken at her face value.

Higher education is all right if it isn't purely ornamental.

Keep your troubles to yourself and they won't be magnified.

Many a man is a pessimist who has never even been married.

The average man is apt to feel that he is a little above the average.

People who say mean things don't always mean things they say.

The fat man doesn't rejoice to find himself in reduced circumstances.

The rich man doesn't need a large vocabulary so long as money talks.

Lots of old soldiers have come to realize that the pension is mightier than the sword.

Blobbs—"Did you ever meet a woman who didn't know what to say, who seemed absolutely at a loss for words?"

Slobbs—"Only when I have given up my seat to one in a crowded car."

"There is safety in numbers," remarked the Wise Guy. "Humph! Did you ever play policy?" asked the Simple Mug.

ON THE FARM

Eastern Shore farmers complain that the scarcity of farm labor is a serious menace to agriculture, says a correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald*. This is the midst of fodder-saving season, formerly one of the most important working periods on the farm when the "tops" of the cornstalks were cut off and the "blades" pulled, the tops stacked and the blades carefully cured and stored in barns to furnish provender for horses and cattle during the winter.

For some years, however, the lack of labor has wrought a change in farming methods, and now, instead of saving fodder, many farmers either leave it for the winds of autumn to blow away or cut the stalk off close to the ground and make "long fodder" for the use of cattle. The prevalence of epidemic diseases among farm stock has been claimed, however, to be due to the use of "long fodder," and this is not now in favor for feeding purposes. Most farmers use hay largely for feeding stock, either raising it themselves or buying it during the winter, and the tomato crop has taken the place of the fodder season.

The most noticeable change in farming methods which has taken place on the Eastern Shore, particularly in the middle section, is the abandonment of large farms. The impossibility of securing efficient and dependable labor at the busiest seasons of the year has led land holders to sell out entirely and seek other means of making a livelihood, or to retain only so much land as they can profitably and properly cultivate with the help of their own households. The Dunkards, Germans and other immigrants to the Eastern Shore have created a demand for small tracts, most of these engaging in small fruit and vegetable raising, and few of them caring for more than fifty to a hundred acres.

The negroes, upon whom the chief dependence of the farmers used to be placed, have become so utterly unreliable and shiftless as to be of little or no value. They deserted the farms for the packing house when these were first started, but their proneness to take a vacation whenever they felt like it and their entire lack of responsibility has led to their being dropped from this employment and now the canners rely upon labor brought from Baltimore. There are several thousand "Bohemians," as they are known, from that city now at work in the canneries of Caroline and Queen Anne's counties. They live during the packing season in houses and sheds near the canneries, and are always at hand and as willing to work at night as in the day.

As a result of the labor situation, the native Eastern Shore farmers are gradually moving into the towns or to the cities and disposing of their farms and stock. This fall there will be hundreds of sales of personal property by those who "intend to discontinue farming," and the number now advertised in a half-dozen counties is larger than ever before during August. Plans for importing white labor by establishing colonies of Italians, Germans and other nationalities have been talked of, the isolation of farm life not appealing to gregarious peoples in a new country; but it has been suggested that if some such schems of agriculture were to be put into effect as in France, where the farm laborers live in villages, plenty of able and effective white laborers might be had.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Hero worship never extends to our intimate friends.

There is no rest cure for the fellow who gets tired doing nothing.

It seems quite natural that the burglar should take things for granted.

When a man's money is all gone he ceases to be known as "a good fellow."

A fellow may tell a girl she is a queen, but he still wants to be the ace.

Many a man has gone down to history as a hero because he was too scared to run.

You can't tell from the fatness of a pocketbook how many unreceipted bills it contains.

It often takes a woman an hour to make up her mind, but she can change it ten times a minute.

Wig—"A man's house is his castle." Wagg—"Yes; but he needn't get up in the air about it."

The actor believes that a good press notice while you are alive is worth a dozen orbituaries after you are dead.

"Appearances don't count," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "You can't size up a man's religion from the size of the family Bible.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is in reach of the humblest.

DANIEL LIVED BEFORE CIRCUSES.

"It all reminds me of the darkey meetings near my old Virginia home," said a Southern gentleman on visiting a colored campmeeting in Maryland recently.

"We had one old negro preacher there who got a young lawyer, to whose father he had been a slave before the war, to write him a sermon on 'The Sermon on the Mount.' It was a good sermon, too, and old Parson Tom preached it over and over again. In fact, it was the only one that he could preach. He would add a little here and cut a little there as time wore on, but it remained essentially the same sermon.

"At last his congregation became so tired of hearing the same thing each Sunday that a committee of the deacons was named to call on old Tom and request him to get another sermon.

"He said he would and announced that he would preach an entire new sermon on the next Sunday. People came from miles around out of sheer curiosity to see what the text would be. Tom announced in good time that he would preach about 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.' He launched out upon the subject with a great sweep from the start, and pictured the terrible predicament of Daniel with many words peculiar to the realist.

"Presently one old sister said, 'Brother Jones, wuz dem real live lions?'

"'That dey wuz,' replied old Tom.

"And he went on with his sermon.

"But the inquistive old sister was evidently not satisfied with the reality of the lions. It seemed to her out of the question that they could have been alive and able to eat.

"She broke forth again in a short time.

"'Brother Jones,' she said, 'wuz dem lions jest like dem lions what wuz in dat circus what wuz here at de cote house last week?'

"Tom hesitated, and it is very evident that he felt troubled. At length his face cleared, and he replied to the sister so completely that she remained quiet thereafter. The reply was:

"'Sister Sarah, de Good Book sez dis heah happ'ned B. C., 'an dat means before circuses.'"

PRE-EMPTED BY BIRDS.

Out in the Gulf of Mexico, sixty-five miles from Key West, toward the setting sun, rise half a dozen barren sand bars from the exquisite turquoise blue waters. One of these, Golden Key, is a Government fort and coaling station. Another is the Loggerhead Key, our last outpost toward Cuba and Central America. Other islets are untenanted save when the great sea turtles go upon it. One alone, Bird Key, is pre-empted by the birds. It would be hard to find a more desolate or isolated region. Though the climate is warm during the entire year, it is not until May that the feathered hosts arrive from the far south at this sandy rendezvous. In van come the noddy, a few about the 1st of May and the rest within a few days. A week later the sooty terns pour in, and it is said that within a week of their arrival both kinds begin to lay. At the time of our coming nearly all the birds had eggs and were devoting themselves to their family cares.

To reach the buildings of the little landing place we had to go through a tract of bushes, and here it was I saw the first nest of the noddy. Upon the tops or in the forks of the bushes each pair had built a rather rude yet fairly substantial platform of sticks, only slightly hollowed, and upon each sat a dark gray bird. There was something about these graceful creatures that instantly took me by storm, a case of love at first sight. The noddy is very much like a dove—except for its webbed feet—in size, in form, in softness of its plumage, the expression of its large dark eyes and its gentle, confiding ways. There is no wild affright as the stranger approaches. Just a shade of fear is evident, but the birds sit quietly on their nests, hoping and trusting, and do not fly unless approached almost within arm's length. Then they flit gently away, alighting upon a neighboring bush until the intruder has withdrawn, when they return directly to their charge. It seemed remarkable to find birds so very tame.

USEFUL HINTS.

The quickest and safest way to warm plates for the table, without danger of fire cracking, is to dip them in very hot water and wipe dry. Warm the handles of silver knives and forks in cold weather by inverting them in a pitcher of hot water.

If cotton batting be thoroughly dried in the oven (without scorching), it will not pauk after being placed in a pillow. Cut the batting in squares before placing in the oven.

To stoop to folly is stupid.