DENTON JOURNAL.

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SWINNEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

WEST DENTON,

WE HAVE just received the following new and up to date dry goods, which are in demand at this present time, and to get the best selected we would advise you to call early for first pick of:

ENGLISH OUTINGS, GINGHAM, FLANNELETTES, SHEETINGS, TABLE DAMASK, SHIRTINGS, DARK CALICOS, LIGHT CALICOS

and many other dry goods, which our space will not permit us to mention.

HAMBURGS AND INSERTIONS — Our assortment is complete and consists of beautiful patterns.

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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.

We handle a full line of SYRACUSE PLOWS and repairs, and we guarantee everyone of these plows. They will run in the hardest kind of ground, and several of our customers say the shares will outwear any plows they have ever tried.

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.

We handle a full line of picture moulding and cardboard, and we frame pictures promptly.

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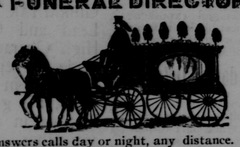
UNDERTAKER FUNERAL DIRECTOR EMBALMER



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Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

50 cts. of druggists or R P Hall & Co., Nashua, N H

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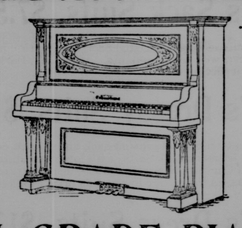

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TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					CALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday			Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	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.	Queen-town.. 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	Daily Ex. Mon. 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.
10.10	8.00	4.40	9.25	Lv...	Love Point... Ar.	9.50	8.20	7.20	8.00	8.20
.....	8.30	5.10	9.55	....	Queenstown....	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	....	Centreville....	8.53	7.21	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.46	f5.21	f10.08	....	Wye Mills.....	f8.05	f7.27	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.35	10.22	....	Queen Anne...	8.53	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	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32	....	Ellendale	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.48	....	Milton.....	7.23	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.

W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

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

Write For Prices.

Prompt delivery made on any quantity.

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Order of Publication.

John F. Trice vs. Roxy Trice.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in equity.

The object of this suit is to procure a divorce a vinculo matrimonii by the plaintiff from the defendant.

The bill states that about seven years ago he was married to his wife, Roxy Morgan, in Denton, Maryland; and that he resided with her about two years. That although his conduct toward his wife, the said Roxy Trice, has always been kind, affectionate and dutiful, the said Roxy Trice has without any just cause or reason, abandoned and deserted him, and has declared her intentention to live with him no longer, and that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for three years, and is deliberate and final, and that the separation of the said parties is beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

That the said Roxy Trice is a non-resident of the State of Maryland, and the plaintiff is informed that she resides in the State of Delaware, near Oak Grove.

That the complainant is informed that he is entitled to be divorced a vinculo matrimonii from the said defendant.

It is, thereupon, this 21 day of September 1904, ordered by the Circuit Court for Caroline County in equity, that the complainant, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 24th day of October, 1904, giving notice to the absent defendant of the object and substance of this bill, warning her to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 9th day, of November, 1904, to show cause, if any she has why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test: THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

(9-27-5t.)

Goods at Cost

George H. Berry & Son, At the Depot, Denton, Md.,

Are selling off their stock of

Dry Goods, Furnishings, Shoes, Notions, Etc.

at cost, affording the public a fine opportunity to obtain bargains in many lines.

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We make a specialty of each student. Proprietor teaches. Catalogue for the asking.

W. H. BEACOM, Principal, 1 E. 8th Street, Wilmington, Del.

Harry N. Hackett,

Easton, Maryland,

Practical Piano and Reed Organ Tuning and Repairing,

☞Will continue his regular visits to Denton, and will extend his list of patrons. Calls may be addressed to him, care of DENTON JOURNAL.

Satisfaction Guaranteed, Good Reference. (9-24-1y)

The Major's Story

"Yes, my hair is white for a man of my years," said he, running his shapely fingers through the snow white locks. "But, then, I have seen a great deal of the world, you know. Sometimes I think it would have been better if I had not."

"But what caused your hair to turn so white? It cannot be age, for, if I am a judge, you are not over forty." The major laughed.

"No. I was forty on my last birthday, and my hair has been its present shade for the last ten years."

"Come, major, I'm sure there is a story here. Let's have it."

Again the major smiled, but this time a perceptible tremor shook his frame.

"I never like to think of that time," he said. "But be it as you will.

"When I was thirty years old I was employed by Uncle Sam to scour the country for moonshiners. My territory lay mostly in the southern states. It was in 1881 that I received an order from the chief of the division to go into the Tennessee region and locate several stills that were turning out kegs of illicit liquor near Little Tucksoe. I was of a light hearted, daredevil disposition, and usually such an order would have spurred me to my best, but on this September morning, when, leaving civilization behind, I struck the trail leading up the side of Little Tucksoe, a strange feeling of foreboding came over me. The birds twittered over my head, and the purling brook rippled beneath my feet. All nature was at her best, and yet a feeling of indescribable dread oppressed me.

"On I stumbled, deep in my gloomy meditations, when suddenly I nearly fell over a girl, clad in a single calico garment, who was kneeling beside a hawberry bush filling a pail with the fruit. The surprise was mutual, and she started up like a frightened fawn. Without disparagement of the sex I can safely say that no plainer women exist on the continent than the average female moonshiner. As the girl turned, however, she displayed a face in pleasing contrast with the characteristic high cheek bones and 'ague' complexion of that section. Her oval features, brown as a berry, but regular in outline, set off by a pair of ruby lips and jet black eyes, would compare favorably with those of any fashionable belle.

"'Wha' be you goin'?' she asked, with a startled air.

"'I am an artist,' I replied, 'come to sketch some bits of scenery. I am looking for Jerry Bowman.'

"'Wha' you want wi' him?'

"'I am going to board at his house.'

"'Huh! Then you un wants Ole Hoss?'

"I was uncertain, but nodded. By this time I had drawn a packet from my pocket and begun making hurried marks on it. The girl peered over my shoulder and asked:

"'How long be you un goin' ter stay?'

"'Just overnight,' I replied.

"She gazed at the scrawl and said:

"'Waal, I guess you un can come on.'

"Up the tortuous path, twisting now to the right and now to the left, we went till suddenly the girl pushed aside the thick undergrowth and darted along a trail leading directly into the heart of the forest. I said not a word, but did considerable thinking as now and then a protruding hawberry brier tore its way into my flesh or a stiff twig, bent forward by my guide, with a 'zip' flew back, striking me across the face. Suddenly I heard a howling shriek. The girl gave a low, peculiar whistle, and the next instant four large curs were pawing at her feet and in a most uncomfortable manner sniffing at my heels.

"'This is pap,' the girl whispered. 'This is Ole Hoss, the man you un is a-lookin' fur.'

"Whence he came and how he got there I was never able to explain to myself, but there he was, armed to the teeth, a large hunting knife in his belt, a shotgun on his shoulder and the mountaineer's grin on his face.

"'Wha' do you un want?' he demanded.

"'I am an artist,' I replied, 'and Jim Bludsoe, whom I met in the village, thought I could get board with you for a day or so.'

"'Jim's friends are mine,' he said, with a sidelong glance. 'Come on.'

"This was much easier than I had expected. Jerry, or Ole Hoss, was none other than the man I was after.

"As we emerged from the wood into the clearing a lank, slabsided specimen of humanity approached. He was about to speak to Jerry when his eye fell upon me, and he suddenly turned away. There was something familiar in his features, but I could not place him.

"Ole Hoss passed on, and I followed him into his cabin. It was a small affair with two rooms.

"'One we uns lives in,' he explained, 'an' the wimmen sleeps in t'other.'

"'Where do the men sleep?' I inquired.

"'Oh, we uns bunks down thar in ther corner!'

"The 'wimmen folks' retired early that night, and I sought rest on a blanket that had evidently seen several summers and innumerable hard frosts. I was very tired, and, though I intended to rise when all was quiet and take a view of the premises, I fell asleep.

"I was awakened by the pressure of something cold against my forehead and, opening my eyes, looked into the muzzle of a revolver, while the voice of my host said:

"'Ef you un moves a hand, off goes yer topknot!'

"'What does this mean?' I demanded in my sternest tones.

"'It means that we uns are onter you un. That's all.'

"Several other figures now stood over my couch, and my genial host said:

"'Waal, shall we uns finish him now or wait?'

"'Let's take him outside,' one suggested.

"After they had bound me hand and foot I was carried into the open air. A short consultation was held, and I caught the words, 'down ter the hut.'

"'Naw,' said one brawny fellow, 'he ain't bad ez that. Besides Pete may be mistaken.'

"His objections were received with murmurs of disapproval.

"'It ain't too much,' asserted my host. 'It's jest what he deserves, an' it'll prove an example to the others.'

"There was some more discussion. Then I was informed that on my arrival Pete Sandford, a member of the gang, whose still I had aided in destroying some time previously, but who had escaped from the officers, had recognized me as a detective who had come under the guise of friendship to land them all in prison and that I was to be left in the hut.

"This failed to strike terror to my soul, however, as I supposed they would merely leave me there overnight, and I should then have a possible chance of escape. Had I known the true nature of my punishment I would have begged my captors to mercifully put a bullet through my brain.

"They carried me to the hut, and one of the men carefully opened the door and peered in. He took a torch and thoroughly inspected every nook before entering. Finally, bound hand and foot, I was laid on a pile of husks in one corner. Then the men departed without even closing the door. I was highly elated at this oversight and lay endeavoring to muster strength to break my bonds when I heard a rustling, gliding sound in one corner of the room. Could it be that some other human creature was imprisoned with me? No, it must be the wind outside. Then from the long, dark opening used as a fireplace came a similar sound, another and another. What was it? What could this mean?

"Suddenly I felt something glide across my legs as they lay bound on the foot of the bed, and the awful horror of the situation that my persecutors had devised dawned on me. I was in a den of snakes. If I moved, I was a dead man. Sick with terror I became unconscious.

"I awoke lying beside the road. The moon was shining full in my face, and bending over me was the girl I had met in the afternoon.

"'T'war a clus call for you un,' she said. 'I heered pap an' the fellers a-talkin' ez haeow they left yer here, an' when I got er chance I come to you un.'

"'How did you do it?' I gasped.

"'Huh! I'm used to snakes, but—but'—

"The girl began to sob.

"'What is it?' I asked, moved by her distress.

"'I—I dassent go hum, fur dad will kill me.'

"That's how my hair got white," said the major.

"But the girl?" said I.

"Oh, she is in the next room with the children! She's my wife."

A Cheerful View.

"But, my dear Mr. Meekins, you can't go home while it's raining so," insisted Mr. Wilson. He was known as a poor provider and his wife as about the worst cook in the community. "Really, now, you can't go home in this downpour. Stay, do, now, and have dinner with us."

"Oh, no, thank you!" protested the guest. "It doesn't look very inviting outside, that's a fact, but I don't think I'll stay. I guess it isn't as bad as all that."—Youth's Companion.

The Thirst For Gold.

The Kidder Independent printed a "Hand Me That Dollar" editorial the other day which covered a column and a half. The writer first announced that the Independent is "it" as a news medium and then said: "We are not aware on just what isogonic, isocrymic, isohysetose or isogeothermal line our officium hath for its habitation, but we do know that to all animalia with the expedition perhaps of the lepidosauria, the lepidotera and the lamellibrancluata it is a self evident fact our paper (Egyptian papyrus) is the greatest disseminator of thought since the kritarchy. We do not claim, gentle reader, that its contents are isapostolic, but we do maintain that it is impossible to find on the globe an isodynamic sheet."—Kansas City Star.

A CHINESE FUNNY STORY.

Typical Example of the Humor of the Flowery Kingdom.

Here is a typical example of a Chinese funny story: A passenger boat full of people was on the point of pushing off from the shore when a man came running up in hot haste and asked to be taken on board. "There's no room. We can't take you," answered the boatman. But he was not to be put off so easily. "If you will let me come," he cried, "I will tell you a tale!" The passengers began to discuss the situation. "We have nothing to do," they said to each other, "and it's very tedious. If he were to tell us a story it would while away the time." Accordingly (regulations as to the number of passengers being by no means strict in the flowery land) the applicant was allowed to come on board. The passengers squeezed closer and so managed to make room for him, proving the truth of the German adage, "Many patient sheep go into a small fold."

After giving the newcomer a little breathing time they asked for the promised story. Without hesitation he began: "Ch'ao Ch'ao once led 830,000 men (infantry and cavalry) to the south of the Yangtse." Ch'ao Ch'ao was a famous Chinese general who lived in the time of the Han dynasty, about the beginning of the Christian era, and whose deeds of prowess are still related with great gusto among his fellow countrymen. "On their way," went on the story teller, "they had to cross a river by a bridge which consisted of a single plank. They crossed over one by one." Here the narrator began to make noises which were supposed to represent the trampling of the steeds, "Teh-teh-teh." This went on till his audience grew rather tired of it.

At last some one said, "Please go on with the story." "You must wait for them to cross the bridge," was the answer. "When 830,000 men and horses have to cross a one plank bridge it won't do to hurry them. They must be careful or they might fall into the water," and he calmly resumed his "teh-teh-teh." Again his audience pleaded for a continuation of the story, but again he declined to be hurried. "They can't cross the bridge in a short time," he said. "They must go slowly and carefully." So he went on with his "teh-teh-teh," and, however much he was urged, he would say nothing else. So the boat reached its destination, and the story was never finished because Ch'ao Ch'ao's army had not yet had time to cross the bridge.

A Touching Tribute.

In a tiny country village in New England a woman died recently, and her relatives, friends and neighbors decided that a woman who had been so popular in life deserved something out of the ordinary in the way of a funeral.

The village did not boast of a band, but it had a drum corps, which was hired to do honor to the occasion. Solemnly it played on the way to the cemetery, but on the return it was asked to play something livelier as a sort of quickstep home.

But the drum corps had made a specialty of serious music and knew only one lively air. However, it was perfectly willing to play the only cheerful bit of music it knew, and the funeral procession went cheerily home to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."—New York Times.

Consistency.

"What have you been doing all day, dearest?" said his wife on his return home.

"Working like a dog."

At that moment the family pet got up from the sofa pillow on which he had been sleeping behind the stove, stretched from his long afternoon nap, whined at the door to be let out and after his request was granted stood in the yard for an hour or two and barked at the moon.—Cleveland Leader.

His Prominence.

"I thought you told me," she complained, when he had taken her home to his people, "that your father was one of this town's most prominent citizens."

"Well, that's what he is. How could a man who stands 6 feet 4 in his socks and weighs 280 pounds be anything but prominent in a place containing less than 5,000 inhabitants?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Artful.

"Frank," said a girl to her lover, "here's a piece in the paper headed Kismet. What does Kismet mean?"

"The word must be pronounced with the 't' silent, Nettie," replied Frank.

"Why, that would be 'Kiss me!'" said Nettie.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Frank as he did so.

He Was Going to Be Something.

A colored man in Philadelphia requested his employer to release him so that he could go south.

"What do you want to go for, Lafayette?"

"Cos I's called to a church down dar."

"Called to a church? What are you going to be?"

"I's goin' to be sumfin. I dunno whedder I be de pasture or de sextant or de vestureman, but I's goin' to be sumfin."—Success.

BONES KEPT SEPARATE.

Even After Death and Decay Caste Line Is Drawn In Mexico.

In Mexico the ground devoted to cemeteries is usually very limited; consequently the interment of a new body involves the digging up of the bones of some one buried many years before. In a corner of such cemeteries is an open pit into which these exhumed bones are thrown. At Saitillo, where I practiced some years ago, the pit in one of the cemeteries had been more than filled and quite a mound of bones showed up above the ground. In following one of my patients to this cemetery I had noticed the dumping pile and with a doctor's love of bones resolved to try to get some.

I approached the old sexton, who lived on the ground. I explained to him that I was a doctor and wanted the bones to study the makeup of my patients and offered to pay him a fair price for such as I should select. He denied my request, telling me that that was a private cemetery and for no consideration could he permit a single bone to be taken therefrom.

He informed me, however, that if I would go on about a half mile farther I would come to a public burial ground where there was also an overflowing pit, from which there would be no objection to my helping myself. "But," he added soberly, "they may not be the kind of bones you need in your business. Only poor people are buried out there." I looked at the old fellow closely, but his face was sphinxlike. To this day I can't say whether he was guying me or expressing an honest opinion.—Mexican Letter in Galveston News.

Mr. Hillyer's Burglar Alarm.

Mr. Hillyer was a heavy sleeper. He was a man also with a chronic fear of burglars. It was these two things that led him to have the window of his sleeping room equipped with a burglar alarm of the latest and most approved description.

A few mornings after the device had been installed he came down to breakfast with a grin on his face.

"I had a funny dream last night," he said. "I dreamed that a burglar raised my window and the alarm went off, but he didn't seem to mind it. He rummaged the bureau drawers, found my watch and pocketbook and slipped out the way he came in. By the way," he added, "I forgot to bring down my watch and pocketbook. I'll go and get them."

He went upstairs and returned in a moment with an entirely different look on his face. The watch and pocketbook were gone. It had not been a dream.

Happily Located.

Rastus—Am yo' lost cast in pleasant places ermongst yo' new neighbors, deacon?

Deacon Snowball—'Deed, yes, sah, Brudder Rastus. De fambly what lives naixt me on de lef' hab got a watermillion patch, an' de fambly on de right done got 400 chickens. Mah neighbor on de right am deaf, an' de brudder on mah lef' goes to chu'ch six nights out ob de week an' lose so much sleep he sleep like er log de seventh night. Yes, sah, yo' mout' say mah neighborly surroundin's was mos' obsequious, sah, mos' obsequious, foh a fact!—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Woman's Revenge.

Nellie—When I got to the ticket window there was a woman ahead of me, and I did think she never would get through. She kept me waiting half an hour, I should think.

Bessie—What a nuisance it is!

Nellie—Well, I should say! But I got my revenge. I stayed at the window a good deal longer than she had stayed, and kept not one, but a whole line of people, waiting.—Boston Transcript.

Rest For a Weary Pair.

A Baltimore avenue boy, aged six years, seems to have an imaginative mind as well as a humane disposition.

Recently his mother noticed that at bedtime every night he laid his little boots together upon their sides instead of setting them upright.

"Please tell me why you always place your boots in that way," she said.

"Why," answered the little boy, "it's because they must be tired walking so much all day. I lay them sideways so they can rest."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Fear.

"Judge," pleaded the convicted man, "do what you like with me, but don't send my wife to prison too. Let 'er go."

"Impossible," replied the judge sternly. "You go to the penitentiary, and she goes to the house of correction."

"Oh, that's all right! I was afraid you was goin' to put us in the same cell."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Imitation Only.

Miss Inez Sent—It's an opal ring Mr. Cheeply gave me.

Miss Sharpe (examining it)—H'm! Do you—er—like it?

Miss Inez Sent—Oh, yes, but you know the old superstition. I'm afraid it will bring me bad luck.

Miss Sharpe—I wouldn't worry. This can't bring you anything worse than an imitation of bad luck.