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SWINNEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

WEST DENTON.

WALKING Skirts, the latest styles and shades in broadcloth, English tweeds, oxfords and many other goods have just arrived. Come in and look them over.

Underwear—A large line to select from of heavy-weights just in.

Stockings—our stock is large and complete, which consists of all new goods for winter wear.

Black Sateen, the best you ever saw for the money, in mercerized and silk finish.

Furs—if you are in need of them look over our assortment, the very latest styles, from 98c up.

See our new stock of up-to-date Shoes. We have them for young and old.

Window Blinds, assorted shades with deep fringe and spring rollers, made expressly for us, at 29c. Other without fringe, 24c.

SHIRTS, we have something new for our customers in Shirts. Call and see the reversible collar, and our stock of blue flannel—heavy-weights—single and double breasted. TABLE DAMASK, ENGLISH OUTING, FLANNELETTE, SHEETING, and many other articles too numerous to mention in our stock.

BRING YOUR TRADE. Keep your eye on this space for Christmas goods.

SWINNEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE,
at the Bridge, West Denton.

WINTER WEATHER

Is Fast Coming On. Prepare to Meet It.

WE HAVE one of the best lines of STOVES we have ever had for coal and wood. There have been many most excellent improvements in the stove-making in the past few years and it is easy to secure just the one to suit. The Oak Heater, for one instance, we will gladly guarantee to give very best of satisfaction. In quality, looks and price it would be very hard to duplicate. There is comfort in the house with the Oak Heater. We cheerfully render assistance in setting up stoves.

COOK STOVES, Cast and Steel RANGES

always in stock, and miscellaneous stove and kitchen utensils in great numbers.

Those who have driving to do should examine our stock of Plush and Chase Robes; with them cool weather driving is a pleasure. Square Blankets from 90 cents to $8. Good lot of Stable Blankets. Prices, 50 cents to $2.75.

HOUSEKEEPERS are asked to examine our Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleum, and Squares for Stoves.

GUNS AND GUN GOODS.

Hunting season begins November 15th, and we have a good supply of GUNS, a heavy stock of AMMUNITION. DOUBLE BARREL-BREECH-LOADING GUNS $8 to $25. SINGLE, $3.75.

HOUSEKEEPERS are advised that our QUEENSWARE SHELVES present attractions in quality and quantity of stock, and the prices.

SMITH & WALLS,
LAW BUILDING, DENTON, MD.

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.

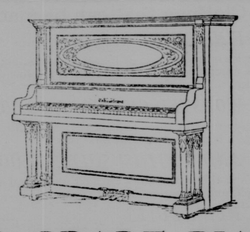
First-Class Square Berry Cups,
Berry Crates,
Trays, Boxes, Baskets,

are manufactured and are on sale at reasonable prices at our works.

WE SELL: Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles, Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal, Hay, and all kinds of

BOX SHOOKS.

The Hughes Lumber and Coal Co.,
DENTON, MARYLAND.



HIGH-GRADE PIANOS

At the Right Price and on Easy Terms

Confidence in the dealer and the reputation of the instrument are two essential points in buying a Piano.

Our stock includes several of the finest Pianos on the market, such as SOHMER, STULTZ & BAUER, DAVENPORT & TRACY, and many others.

Special bargains in used Pianos always on hand. Write for bargain list and catalogues.

J. P. CAULFIELD & CO.

222 North Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE'S BEST STORE

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.

"If I Had My Way About Gifts"

I would give to all people just what they want.

If I couldn't tell what they want, from their tastes, I would ask them.

I would never give a cigar-clip to a man who doesn't use tobacco, nor a stop watch to one who never saw a horserace.

I would give clothes, shoes, hats, if I thought people needed them—without the slightest hesitation.

I would measure his old coat around the chest and pick out a "house coat." And I would look at the number inside his shoes, so that his slippers woud fit when they come home.

I would stuff the stockings of the children with warm wraps and dresses and underwear, rather than with sweets. Santa Claus attends to the toys and candies.

I would give gloves and neckwear and collars and shirts, and I would see that everyone got a dress pattern or two, of cotton, wool or silk—for they can be made up whenever wanted.

I would give to anyone at least one book.

I would give jewelry to those who can afford to wear it, and watches to those who are habitually behind time.

To that golf fiend—I mean friend—of mine, I would send one of those Angora Jackets—and get it now before they are gone.

I would, in all my giving, apply the principles I have laid down above. I would make Christmas a time of real heartfeltness—a time that should last forever, for I would repeat my style of giving from year to year, and so never give opportunity for forgetting.

And I would be happiest of all.

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

The McCall Bazar of Fashions mailed free every month on request.

Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics and so on will be cheerfully sent if you will write for them.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Howard and Lexington Streets BALTIMORE

J. Harry Rose

—with—

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO. 319 W. Lexington St. Baltimore. Md.

Clothers Tailors Furnishers

Likes, Berwanger & Co. are Foremost Clothiers of Baltimore.

Hypnotized

"There isn't anybody living who can hypnotize me."

"Don't be too sure, Leonora," said her husband. "You cannot afford to run a tilt against science."

"But I deny that it is science. What has ever been proved by hypnotism? It is foolish to argue about it, for I will not even admit that there is such a thing. The shrewd people who go about the country giving exhibitions of their power are always in collusion with some one in the audience—you know that yourself, Ned."

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Ned, as Mrs. Darl called her husband. "It is a science that is yet in its infancy, and there are only a few individuals who have the hypnotic power and are able to throw less positive subjects into a trance. But I have seen it done, and it is wonderful—wonderful."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a young man climb walls like a cat, drink milk out of a saucer, catch a mouse and then wash his face and hands as a cat does. And when he came out of the trance he had no idea that he had done any of these things or that he had even lost consciousness."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Darl incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. If he did all that you said he did he was simply a conspirator. And what good can such a faculty bring to science, I should like to know? Where is the scientific value in acting like a cat or a monkey?"

"Why, don't you see, dear, it is the verification of a theory?"

"No, I do not see. And I am not sure that I would believe it if I did see it. The whole stock in trade of these hypnotizers is the power of producing an illusion. I defy any of them to hypnotize me."

"I had intended asking you to go with me to the exhibition tonight."

"And be transmogrified into a cat? No, indeed! If I make a sacrifice of myself in the cause of science it must be for something worth while."

"I have an idea," said Mr. Darl suddenly. "Suppose, since Mohammed won't go to the mountain, that the mountain comes to Mohammed. The hypnotist can come here after the entertainment, and we will invite a few neighbors in, and he can give an exhibition of his powers. How does that idea strike you?"

"Favorably, Ned. There are the Rusts and the Pebbles and Dr. Smithly and his wife and Cousin Fanny and her husband. You can let them know, and I will order refreshments, and we will have an evening of hypnotism. It will begin late, but we can find other amusement until your hypnotic operator comes."

Mrs. Darl had everything arranged—her house in beautiful order and herself gorgeous in a dress of ruby velvet, which was far too fine for the occasion, but was worn as a piece de resistance, she having read that velvet resisted hypnotic influence.

The neighbors and relatives came, a merry company, and the time passed in an animated discussion upon the power of hypnotism, one friend going so far in research as to visit the library and look up that wonderful story, "The House of the Seven Gables," and read aloud to attentive listeners a passage from the weird history of Alice Pyncheon.

"He spoke, and Alice responded with a soft, subdued inward acquiescence and a bending of her form toward him, like the flame of a torch when it indicates a gentle draft of air. He beckoned with his hand, and, rising from her chair, the proud Alice approached him. He waved her back, and, retreating, Alice sunk again into her seat.

"'She is mine,' said Matthew Maule. 'Mine by the right of the strongest spirit.'"

"Oh, that was mesmerism," said Mrs. Darl as the reading ceased.

"And what is mesmerism?" asked one of the company. "I think that it is as unexplainable as hypnotism, if it is not the same thing. Oh, here they are now! Let us hold on to our chairs or we may be spirited away to China. I for one am afraid."

"I am not," said the queenly hostess as she swept forward in velvet and diamonds to meet her husband and his guest.

A pale, composed looking man accompanied Mr. Darl, and he did not seem surprised by the elegance of his hostess or flushed by the critical gaze of the company.

After the introductions were made and conversation became general Mrs. Darl slipped into the hall and beckoned to her husband, who immediately joined her. Then she whispered in his ear:

"If—if—by any possibility he should be able to hypnotize me you will not let him make me do anything ridiculous?"

"My dear Leona, how can you imagine such a possibility? But if you have any fear"—

"Fear!" echoed his wife scornfully in a stage whisper. "You will see that he cannot make the slightest impression on me." And she went back to the parlor and found one of her guests climbing the piano to escape an imaginary bear that was pursuing him. A few passes and he was restored to his normal condition, looking very foolish.

There were some amusing and some perplexing exhibitions of the professor's power; then the company followed host and hostess to the dining room, where a generous spread awaited them. Mrs. Darl was rather silent. Her test would be the next one, and she watched the wiry hands of the young professor as if his secret lay in them. But they were harmlessly busy with the sandwiches. His face was quite noncommittal too. What was the power he held of reducing the will to a mere blank? She would soon know.

Back in the parlor, Mrs. Darl seated herself under the brilliant chandelier.

"Not there," said the professor. But she did not intend to yield to any command of his and said quietly:

"I prefer to sit here."

"Then I cannot hypnotize you."

"Oh, you acknowledge that it is only under certain conditions that this great power can be displayed?"

"Certainly, there are conditions that must be complied with. I am positive, and you are negative, but you are a very difficult subject because you are resisting me with all your might."

Mrs. Darl looked reproachfully at her husband and said in the dumb alphabet of the married, "You have told him."

He flashed back in the same language, "I have not," and she moved in accordance with the wish of the professor and sat with her back to the light. Some of the company were removed to remote parts of the room, but a few, including Mr. Darl, stood near.

"Look into my eyes," said the professor. "Permit me." And he took her hands and pressed the thumbs gently.

"It is like being in a dentist's chair," said Mrs. Darl, with a little forced laugh. Then she attempted to rise, struggling slightly, but continued to look into the eyes of the hypnotizer until in the place of two eyes she saw twenty. Then she asserted her will and shook herself free.

"I—told—you—I—could—not be—hypnotized," she said. Her voice sounded strange and far away. "How queer I feel! Staring so long has made me dizzy."

"Drink this," said Mr. Darl, giving his wife a glass of water.

She drank it, then rose to her feet and said she felt as well as ever.

"Where is the professor?" she asked. "I expect he has lost faith in his science."

"He was here a moment ago," said her Cousin Fanny anxiously. "He thought he had succeeded in hypnotizing you, Leona. Were you not unconscious?"

"Not for one moment," said Mrs. Darl triumphantly. "He held my thumbs until they were numb—why—where—Ned!"

"What is it, Leona?" he asked in surprise at her peculiar tone.

"Where are my diamonds?"

There was a startled exclamation from every one present. Mrs. Darl stood there bereft of every jewel she possessed. Not a single one of her gems which had flashed on her fingers, at her throat, in her ears, was now visible. Dazed, she held up her ringless hands and said:

"Is this a joke? What does it mean? Where are my diamonds?"

"Where is the professor?"

"Search the house!"

"Send for the police!"

But the professor had left for parts unknown, and with him went Mrs. Darl's diamonds, and neither the police nor the Darls ever saw or heard of them or him again. But one thing was in his favor. Not only had he successfully hypnotized Mrs. Darl, but, as Mr. Darl admitted, he must have hypnotized the whole company in order to bring his hypnotic scheme to such a climax.

And Mrs. Darl is at last a convert to both the theory and practice of the occult science and a firm believer in the power of the hypnotic will.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Free Press.

In Search of the Unusual.

Donald's ten-year-old idea of what may properly be offered one's guests was well formed. He knew exactly what he had a right to expect. So at the first party which his youthful eyes had looked upon save under the watchful gaze of the maternal chaperon he never hesitated a moment when they passed him some sliced boiled ham.

"Naw," said he, with more of sincerity than polish. "I can get that to hum."

Satisfactory.

Little Ruth visited a large wholesale grocery store with her aunt. While there a clerk gave her a small sample bottle of catchup. That evening she tasted it and seemed much pleased.

"Oh, auntie," she exclaimed some time later, "when you go to that store again, please tell the clerk I would like another example of catchup!"—Little Chronicle.

The Family Circle.

A countryman and his bride applied at the box office for tickets. "Orchestra chairs, parquet or family circle?" asked the ticket seller. "Which'll it be, Maria?" asked the groom. "'Vell," she replied, with a blush, "as we're married now, p'raps it would be proper to sit in the family circle." — Nashville American.

HIS FAMILY BIBLE.

He Had a Use For It, Although He Could Not Read.

Stories of surprises in cross examination were exchanged in a small group of men the other day, and the following was sprung by an Illinois man: "Years ago one of the prominent lawyers of central Illinois was D. G. Tunnicliff, afterward justice of the state supreme court. Tunnicliff was a great wit and a very smooth article on cross examination. He did not often get the worst of it from anybody. He seldom attempted bulldozing in cross examination, but could back an unwary man into almost any admission. One day Tunnicliff had an old farmer named Dave Brown on the opposite side, and the value of the old man's testimony depended upon his claim that he could not read. It was believed that he could read a little, and Tunnicliff tried to trap him. After several efforts which old Dave neatly sidestepped the lawyer changed the subject and wandered away from the leading question. Suddenly he asked:

"'Have you a Bible in your home, Mr. Brown?'

"'Yes, sir, a family Bible. Had it for years.'

"'I'm glad to hear that. Every good man should have a Bible in his home. You use your Bible, I hope?'

"'Yes, sir. I use it regular.'

"'That's right. A good man should use his Bible often. About how often do you use your Bible?'

"'Every Sunday morning, sir,' said the old man, with apparent interest.

"'Every Sunday morning. That is commendable. There is no more appropriate time for using the Bible than on Sabbath morning. And what do you use your Bible for on Sabbath morning?'

"'To strop my razor, sir.'"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Wonderful Conductor.

One of the most noted of the early settlers of Detroit was named Campau, and many of the Detroit streets bear his name and the names of his children. Along Woodward avenue, one of the finest of the main streets, the cross streets near the center of the city, it is said, bear the first names of Campau's children—Elizabeth, Adelaide, etc. On a street car passing through Woodward the conductor nearing one of these cross streets called "Elizabeth!" and a woman got off. At the next cross street he called "Adelaide!" and another woman got off, whereupon a country woman in the car turned to her companion and said, "How is it that the conductor knows the first name of all the women who get off the cars?"

He Knew It "All."

Here is the exact answer of a New York schoolboy to the questions, "What is the meaning of the word 'hall,' how many other words are there that sound like 'hall' and what are their meanings?"

"Hall, were you open the dore and go in; hawl, hawling along a boy that won't go to skool; aul, what the shomakker chargis you 25 sents for to aul your shoe; all, all, everybody in the wurld."—Success.

The Gentleman From London.

At a meeting of dissatisfied workers not long ago an orator from the metropolis had delivered a lengthy and telling speech which made a great impression on his hearers. A strike appeared certain, when an old man who was well known to be in favor of pacific measures rose slowly to his feet. To the amazement of everybody he rolled out the words:

"Lads, I says strike!"

His mates could hardly believe their ears, and after a momentary silence somebody shouted, "Why?"

"Why?" echoed old John, with biting emphasis. "That's none o' my business an' none o' yourn! We pays a genelman frae London to tell us why!"

The speech, brief as it was, was sufficient to turn the scale, and there was no strike.—London Tit-Bits.

Identifying the Class.

"I don't recall seeing you at college. I guess you must have been before my time."

"Possibly, possibly. Who was at the head of the faculty when you were there?"

"Um! Let me see. I don't just recall his name, but I was there the year Bruce played halfback and kicked goal twice from the field in the last half of"—

"Oh, sure! Of course! That was the year our center rush carried most of the opposing team on his back for a gain of thirty yards. Yes, indeed! I wonder who was president then. I don't seem to remember minor details of college life myself."—New York Press.

What the Labor Does.

Seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore when turned into bar iron is worth $5. If you make it into horseshoes it is worth $10 or if into table knives $180. Seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore manufactured into needles is worth $6,800, and when converted into some kinds of fancy buttons it is worth about $30,000. If the iron is made into watch springs the product is worth ten times more than buttons, and when turned into hair springs it will sell for the enormous sum of $100,000.

A WIDOW'S RIGHTS.

What to Do When a Husband Dies and Leaves No Will.

In ye olden time in Merrie England when a woman became a wife she lost her identity as an individual.

As the marriage service of the church declared "these twain become one flesh," so in law man and wife were one. The husband alone was recognized. His was the duty of providing for the wife and children, a responsibility not shared by the wife.

When the wife became a widow and he upon whom she had relied for her daily bread was removed from earth the courts, in a way, took the husband's place, so far at least as to see to it that the widow's rights were protected.

These rights have in the lapse of time and in the progress of civilization increased by court decision and legislative enactment. Every year sees some additional right given the widow, and in almost every one of these United States the old rules of the law are valuable only as the foundation upon which have been reared the nobler, more generous and more just regulations which safeguard the widow today.

Now, suppose the case of a woman, just bereaved, whose husband has left no will to provide for the declining years of her whom he promised at the altar to love, honor and cherish. Suppose, also, she has one son, not yet of age, and that her husband had left a house and lot and $5,000 in savings banks or in some other good security. What shall the widow do and what are her rights? She is entitled to live in the house for forty days without charge. This is called her "quarantine."

Then there must be some one who has a legal right to take charge of the estate, see that it is not allowed to go to waste, collect the income and pay debts and give the widow and her child their just and legal rights. These things require an administrator. This officer is appointed by a court having probate jurisdiction. In Massachusetts it is called the probate court, in New York the surrogate's court; in other states it is called the widows and orphans' court and in some the court of chancery.

In the case we have supposed the widow is "entitled to administration"—that is, if she be a proper person she has the right to step into her husband's place and perform the duties of the administration of his estate. So, if she be wise, let her insist upon this right and become the administratrix of her husband's estate.—McCall's Magazine.

Escapes by Convicts.

A report from Australia of the escape from the French convict settlement of New Caledonia of a small boat containing six convicts and their subsequent recapture reminds old timers that it is harder to get away from the convict stations nowadays.

An Arab convict from Algiers actually succeeded in getting from New Caledonia to Australia, a distance of 800 miles, in an open boat with a pair of oars, the branch of a tree for a mast and a shirt for a sail. After nine years of freedom he was caught at Marseilles and sent back to New Caledonia for life.

Rochefort and four brother communists escaped from New Caledonia as stowaways in an English cutter. Twenty-five of their humbler political brethren in exile were less lucky. They constructed a large canoe, launched it and were all either drowned or eaten by sharks, which swarm in New Caledonia waters.

The Boy's Guess.

"This custom of having two telephones in the office has its disadvantages, too," said the business man. "We've got a new office boy, and one of his duties is to answer the telephone. The other day he heard the bell ring and, coming to me, said, 'You're wanted at the phone by a lady.'

"'Which one?' I inquired, thinking of the phones, of course.

"'Please, sir,' stammered the boy, 'I—I—I think it's your wife.'"—Portland Express.

Her Pertinent Query.

"Of course," she said, "I realize that you have every confidence in me, as you say, but I must admit that it would be a great satisfaction to me if you would tell me why"—

"Yes?" he said anxiously, as she paused.

—"if you would tell me," she repeated, "why it is that you deem it necessary to put your love letters through a copying press."

Then he instantly recalled that she had once been a stenographer in a business house and was "on to" his little precautionary measure, so to speak.—New York Press.

A Whistler Story.

Whistler was in Paris at the time of the coronation of the king of England, and one evening at a reception at the Hotel Ritz a duchess said to him:

"Do you know King Edward, Mr. Whistler?"

"No, madame," said the painter.

She looked surprised.

"Why, that is odd," she murmured. "I met the king at a dinner party last year, and he said that he knew you."

"Oh," said Whistler, "that was only his brag."