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THE

CAMBRIDGE MANUFACTURING CO.,

of Cambridge, Md., announces to the public its several branches of business as follows:

Large Wheat and Corn Mills.

FIRST—Large wheat and corn mills, now making 125 barrels finest Roller-Patent Flour per day; and utilizing 600 to 800 bushels pure white corn per day in all kinds of finest grits, meal, hominy and flour. Awarded *GOLD MEDAL* at St. Louis Exposition.

Grades in Ordering.

Flour: "A—Best," "B—Pure." Meal: Bolted and Granulated; Hominy Grits, Hominy Samp, and Corn Flour. Chops, Bran and Middlings.

Patronage earnestly solicited for small as well as large orders. Prompt shipment assured. ☞We also pay highest market prices for wheat and corn. Send samples.

Tin Can Factory.

SECOND—Large new and latest improved tin can factory, with capacity of 50,000 to 60,000 tomato, peach and corn cans in 10 hours; for which your orders are solicited at lowest prices, with prompt delivery in bulk or cases. ☞County packers can save larger part of Baltimore rate of freight by buying cans from us.

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THIRD—Large saw and lumber mills, equipped to manufacture 30,000 to 40,000 feet lumber per day in box shooks and cases of all kinds, with full line of building material, viz.: *Brick, House Framing, Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, Laths, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Weights and Cords, Stair-Rails, Newels, Banisters, Pickets, Brackets, etc.*, to include complete outfit for houses. Patent *Sun Proof Paint* also in stock, guaranteed for five years. Canners, as well as contractors and builders, are invited to write for prices. ☞Lumber bought for highest cash prices from any saw mills; also standing oak, gum and pine timber.

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FOURTH—Shipyard and railway for building boats of all sizes, including gasoline and sail vessels. Small boats and boats upward of 200 tons hauled up by steam. All kinds of repair work done at reasonable prices. Estimates furnished. One new bugeye, just completed and not yet launced. 73 feet long, 20 feet wide, 5½ feet depth of hold. Will sell cheap. Inquiries given prompt and personal attention.

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SIXTH—Large and lately improved box and basket factory, now making a full and complete assortment of X-Brace Tomato Baskets, Peach and all kinds of Truck Baskets, Grape and Berry Crates; Tomato, Peach and Cantaloupe Carriers. Berry Cups a specialty. All baskets and berry cups nicely packed and stored in new dry building. It may be to your advantage to book your orders now, so as to secure them in time.

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8-12-13t] PROPRIETOR TEACHES.

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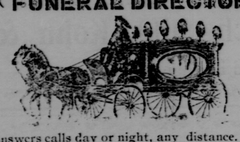
UNDERTAKER **FUNERAL DIRECTOR** EMBALMER



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

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Estimates furnished on short notice.

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I have a lot of framing, oak and pine, bridge lumber, white oak, and a large lot of cordwood, cut, for sale, near my home in Tuckahoe Neck.

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Surveyor for Caroline county.

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A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER!

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR HOME A BEAUTY.

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WEARS LONGEST, COVERS MOST, LOOKS BEST.

GUARANTEED - TO OUT-WEAR STRICTLY PURE LEAD AND OIL BY AT LEAST 50 PER CENT.

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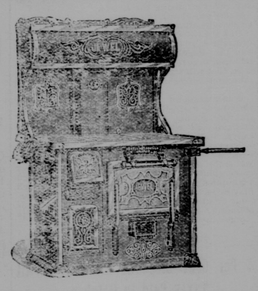

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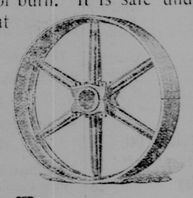
The American All-Wrought Steel Split Pulley.

It grips the shaft to perfection. It does not shrink or swell or warp or burn. It is safe under high speeds. It weighs about half as much, size for size, as a cast iron pulley. We carry all sizes in stock.



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

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

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THE JOURNAL.
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These columns effective.

Aunt Maria From Danbury

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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IN a letter written to me in the early part of January Cousin Emily first mentioned her husband's aunt, who was coming from Danbury, Conn., to visit them. "Poor Aunt Maria," said she, "must be a typical old maid. Bert tells me that she is very nervous and timid, that she doesn't care to go out to meet people and that she has a positive horror of men. I don't know what I shall do with her."

And, again, a few days later:

"Aunt Maria will arrive about midnight Thursday, all alone, in a cab from the depot. Bert can't meet her, and he won't let me go at such an hour. I don't quite understand why she can't come on an earlier train."

No more could I until the postscript of the letter had conveyed the following hint:

"I looked up the trains from Danbury and found that there was one which would bring Aunt Maria to us in time for dinner. I suggested to Bert that he telegraph about it, and then I learned that it's Danbury, Vt., where Aunt Maria lives and not Danbury, Conn. I suppose she'll be in hysterics when she gets here after riding across the city in the night. I'm going to be very good to her."

It seemed strange that Emily's husband should not meet this timorous maiden aunt and escort her to his home. Although there was a pressure of work in the office of the gigantic corporation which employed him so that he had been detained till past midnight a dozen times since the first of the year—so Emily had informed me—I should have thought he might escape from toil upon an excuse so excellent.

I wasted considerable time in meditating upon this matter, endeavoring to estimate the probability that the neglect of Aunt Maria today implied the neglect of Emily next year. The marriage had been a love match if ever there was one; too hasty, with a previous acquaintance perilously brief, yet not without high purposes of lasting loyalty, and, though Bert was undoubtedly committed to the creed of gain, the modern money hunter is not so bad a husband as his prototype of a generation ago, when pinching self denial was still an acceptable offering to Mammon. Upon the whole, I was inclined to hope for the best and to believe that Bert had valid excuses in the case of Aunt Maria.

My next letter from Emily seemed to support this view, but it raised other questions even more heavily weighted with perplexity.

"I never was more surprised in my life than when I first saw Aunt Maria," she wrote. "She is not the least like my mental picture of her. I had fancied her thin and old and quaint in dress and manner. Why, she's not more than thirty and quite good looking. Her clothes are very simple, but they're nice enough for anybody, and I'll wager they were all made in New York.

"And, oh, it is so strange that she should be so timid and afraid of men! I have never seen a human countenance, of man or woman, so calm and steady and bold as hers. 'Bold' isn't quite the word. It has a false significance when applied to a woman. And yet in its better meaning it applies admirably to Aunt Maria. This woman, with her level brows, her steel gray

THEY SIT UP TILL 1 O'CLOCK AND TALK.

eyes, her resolute, predatory nose; her straight, firm mouth and strong chin, should be the heroine of some amazonian romance. Well might she be such a heroine, for, with all her strength, she is as feminine as I am. You might have fancied that I was describing a man in woman's clothes, but not at all, my excellent cousin. She is not without the charm of sex. A man might love Aunt Maria and die for her or with her in some great adventure.

"But it's quite true what Bert said of her—that she was tormented by just such fanciful terrors as the comic papers attribute to old maids. She sits in her room with the door locked in the daytime, and when I knock she makes me speak before she will admit me, and strangers so embarrass her that I can hardly persuade her to meet any of my acquaintances who call. I'm afraid she will find it very dull here."

Except for Bert's mother, who came on for the wedding, Aunt Maria was the only member of his family that Emily had ever met, and she was naturally anxious to make a good impression. I understood this perfectly and therefore sympathized with the regret which she expressed in her next letter.

"Aunt Maria doesn't like me a bit. I can't win her over. I can see very clearly that she regards me as a nonentity and wonders why on earth Bert ever married me. She seems to be a woman of considerable means. She has money in stocks, bonds and things and can talk with Bert about subjects that I do not understand. They sit up till 1 o'clock and talk, and I can't keep awake to save my life. So I go to bed about 11 or even earlier, and I think Bert is glad to have me take myself off, because I am such a dummy when it comes to business interests and that sort of stuff. What do I care about the control of the X. Y. Z. railroad or the decision of the supreme court in the case of the Forty Thieves' company? Bert will attend to all those stupid things for me so far as they affect our interests, and I will try to make a cheerful home where he and I may grow rich in sweet memories and in such capital as a human soul may need in the business of being better all the time.

"However, you mustn't think that I am angry with Aunt Maria or in the least bit jealous of her for the influence she exerts over my husband. I like her more than Bert does, if I'm any judge of the matter. He is polite and attentive to her, but she makes him so nervous sometimes that he nearly has a fit. I heard him walking the floor for two hours in his room the other night after he had had one of his long talks with her. I kept going to sleep and waking up again, and Bert would be always tramping up and down. Finally I called to him and asked him what time it was, and he uttered a hollow groan and said it was a quarter of 4. What with Aunt Maria's conversation and the dreadful work in the office Bert is growing thin, and there are dark circles under his eyes. This morning he was looking particularly bad, and I asked him impulsively how long Aunt Maria expected to stay. He suddenly clapped a hand to his forehead and cried out, 'The Lord only knows!' I think perhaps I ought to speak to her about it if I could summon up the courage; but, oh, I am a poor worm of the dust in the presence of Aunt Maria! I always feel as if she were saying to herself when she looks at me: 'What earthly use is this tow headed creature anyhow? Is Albert Stevens a child that he should have a doll?' And yet there is something steadfast about this woman. She would be loyal to the death, I'm sure, and I love loyalty. So I would like to be friends with Aunt Maria, but she won't have it. She has no use for me except that I shall keep our maid on duty in the front hall so that no strange men can get in. Really, she is a perfect crank about men. I'm sure she searches her room thoroughly before she goes to bed and piles furniture against the door to assist the lock. And if she should find an intruder there some day heaven help him! Though he were stained with all the crimes, I think his punishment would go beyond the bounds of justice. A hatpin in the hands of Aunt Maria would be a dreadful weapon, for she is the incarnation of cold precision, and every thrust she gave would touch a vital spot. Speaking of men, I had one here yesterday to fix the kitchen range, and Bert told me that night that I'd better not have any more workmen come while Aunt Maria is with us. So I suppose she must have come upon this man suddenly and have got a scare, though I didn't know about it."

Emily is such an inexperienced child and had fallen so far into the wake of the world before that visit to the city which sealed her fate that I could readily understand her simple view of Aunt Maria. To my eye, however, the lady appeared to be something more than a mere eccentric character and to stand very much in need of a rational explanation. This need became even more pressing after I had made a call upon a friend of mine who hails from Danbury, Vt., and goes there frequently to visit his aged parents. According to this gentleman's report, no such person as Miss Maria Stevens had lived in Danbury within the past twenty years.

I was endeavoring to formulate a course of action suitable to a situation so delicate when I received from Cousin Emily a letter containing an account of a very sensational occurrence in her home, as follows:

"Well, we have had a great time here. I'll just tell you what happened, and then you'll understand—better than I do, probably. In the first place, there was the big storm, a tropical deluge of rain beginning in the middle of a winter's night. I thought that our house would be swept away or melted like sugar, and in the morning I was by no means surprised to learn that the roof had leaked and that the water had run down through the ceiling of Aunt Maria's room. She slept so soundly that she knew nothing about it till morning.

"The garret was a wreck, for the water had played peculiar pranks around one of the chimneys and had washed out a great lot of soot. A river black as the Styx flowed across the floor and emptied itself in a series of graceful waterfalls down the garret stairs.

"Bert had to go straight to the office, and I was left alone to face the situation. I sent the cook into the garret with a mop and dispatched the maid to fetch a carpenter who had done considerable work for us and was such a jovial, harmless fellow that he hardly seemed to fall under the ban imposed because of Aunt Maria's peculiarities. Indeed, I described him to her, and she made no objection to his coming.

"What does the fellow do but bring an assistant, a rat faced creature calculated to excite suspicion even in so trustful a heart as mine. Aunt Maria was in the hall upstairs when the men came, and so soon as her eyes fell upon Mr. Ratty she fled. And here's the amazing part of it: The man ran after her. He chased her through her room and Bert's and mine and out into the hall again. She tried to get down the stairs, but the carpenter and I were in the way, so she could only flee aloft. Up the garret stairs she flew with surprising agility, and Mr. Ratty still pursued her. I could do nothing but scream in a stifled voice, while the stupid carpenter stood petrified.

"At the head of the garret stairs was the cook with her mop. It was soaked with sooty water. Aunt Maria seized it, and as Mr. Ratty came bounding up the stairs she thrust it hard into his face. He fell backward to the bottom, and I thought he must be dead, but he struggled to his feet and then sank slowly down to the floor again and lay still.

"I ran to his assistance, half frightened out of my wits, and my state accounts for my action that has won me

SHE DROPPED IT UPON A PARTICULARLY HOT FIRE.

so much unmerited praise. The poor fellow had a big envelope clasped in his hand, but the document which it had contained had fallen upon the floor. It looked as if it might be a life insurance policy. That was my insane notion about it, and, thinking that he stood much in need of such a paper at that moment, I carefully thrust it into the bosom of my dress. Then I called to the carpenter, who got his wits at last and helped me carry the man into Bert's room. We laid him on a couch, and presently Aunt Maria looked in at the door and said, 'Is he dead?' hopefully, upon my word. 'He is unconscious,' said I. And at that Aunt Maria came cautiously in and tried to get through to her own room.

"Instantly Mr. Ratty, who had been shamming, sprang from the couch and leaped toward Aunt Maria, who was neatly trapped in a corner of the room. 'Take this!' he cried and called out some name. He thrust the big envelope toward her and at that moment first perceived that it was empty.

"I never had seen such a dreadful expression of disappointment on any creature. The fact that he looked like one of the lower animals made it the more pathetic. He put a hand to one of his pockets and then rushed out of the room, rightly guessing that he had dropped the paper at the foot of the garret stairs.

"Aunt Maria immediately locked the doors, and when she turned to me I was holding the paper in my hand. Oh, how wonderfully her eyes lighted up! She took the paper from me and dropped it upon a particularly hot fire in the grate. It flamed up and was burned. Aunt Maria distributed the black residue with a poker. Then she turned to me.

"'Forgive me, Mrs. Stevens,' she said. 'I have done you a great injustice. You'll be of use to Mr. Stevens yet. He knew what he was doing when he picked you out.'

"Well, of course I was wholly mystified at the time, but the matter has since been explained to me. Of course the woman wasn't Aunt Maria at all. There isn't any Aunt Maria. Our guest was the private secretary of Schuyler Bodley, the great financier, who is 'the brains of our whole outfit,' as Bert says. There is a lawsuit for millions. I don't understand all the facts or know who is in the right, but it appears that Mr. Bodley made a terrible lot of money by selling some stocks which were not worth anything. And there's another man who had the privilege of selling some, but he didn't do it quickly enough. So he naturally wants Mr. Bodley to divide with him, but Mr. Bodley won't do it. Is that clear?

"Anyhow, the second man wanted to serve a paper on the private secretary, who knows all Mr. Bodley's secrets. And no wonder she takes a serious view of life. The paper would have compelled her to go to court to testify. So she had to hide, and Bert brought her here. The danger is over now, and she has gone to work again and lives at home. But Mr. Bodley is very grateful to Bert and has promoted him, and I have received from a stockbroker whom I never heard of before a certified check for $10,000, with a letter saying that it is the profit on my purchase of something or other that I never dreamed of buying. Bert says I may honestly keep the money, because we all ran a chance of going to jail in this affair, and that's why he didn't tell me in the first place who the woman really was. He wanted to keep me out of trouble if he could. That was very sweet of him, but it's all so strange. I don't think I shall ever come to understand anything about business."

Hairbrushes.

After washing hairbrushes they can be quickly and thoroughly dried without injuring the bristles by brushing them briskly with a whisk broom, and there is no better way to dry the hair after it has been washed than to hold up a few strands at a time and with a small whisk broom fan it, letting the broom act at the same time as a comb gently drawn through it. This method is a good substitute for sunlight, which can neither be had to order nor relied upon with certainty.

Children's Falls.

If a child is injured or stunned by a fall or a blow take him at once to the open air. Lay him flat on his back, the head slightly higher than the body. Put cold water or ice about the head and prepare a hot mustard bath for the feet. If the child remains in a stupor it may be necessary to apply warm water to the body. The same treatment should be given to an adult, though it can be more heroic.

The Hands.

The hands need moisture, and the skin must be fed. The hands also need exercise, not exercise with certain fingers nor with certain muscles, but regular exercise for the whole hand. Let the hands be soaked daily in a warm, rich, soapy water, and let them be treated to a paste nightly, and they will retain their beauty, even through the roughest work.

FISHES THAT ARE RACERS.

The Tarpon, Shark and Mackerel Are the Speed Champions.

Study of the speed of fishes is embarrassed by unfavorable difficulties. It is not possible, as with birds, to set up tall poles at intervals of a quarter of a mile and, with the help of stop watches, time them as they go by. Nevertheless investigation of the subject goes to show that the mackerel, if not the champion racer of the briny deep, comes pretty near to carrying off the honors. Unquestionably it travels sometimes as fast as an express train at high speed—say, at the rate of sixty or possibly seventy miles an hour.

Other things being equal, the larger the fish the faster it swims, just as the huge steamship is able to travel at a speed much greater than the little harbor tug. Undoubtedly the energy employed by a fish of great size, such as a thirty foot shark when traveling at its best gait, is something tremendous. An ordinary tug, which represents a maximum of energy in a minimum of bulk, utilizes about 200 horsepower. Of course it is only a guess, but it would not seem to be over the mark to suppose that a seventy foot whale makes use of 500 horsepower when it propels its huge bulk through the water at a rate of thirty miles an hour. A whale, which is a mammal and not a fish, might be compared to a freight train if the shark is a cannon ball express, but it can beat the fastest ocean greyhound in a speed contest.

If there is a fish that can travel faster than a shark it must be the tarpon, which can probably "hit her up" to the tune of eighty miles an hour, if pressed for time. Generally speaking, it may be said that finny creatures which live near the surface of the sea are swift swimmers, as compared with those that dwell in the depths. Thus the cod, which is a deep water species, is sluggish and would stand no show at all in a race with the mackerel or herring. These latter, which are distinctively pelagic, depend for their living upon their activity in pursuing agile prey, and they must be quick in their movements in order to escape their own enemies.

If the mackerel were as big as a good sized shark it would probably be the speed champion of the ocean. No fish is better shaped for rapid going. Some years ago a yacht builder in New York constructed a sloop with a hull patterned exactly after the underbody of a Spanish mackerel. She was called the Undine, and, if tradition does not lie, she never was beaten. Like the fish after which she was modeled, she had her greatest breadth of beam forward of amidships—a decidedly novel idea in boat building. One may say, indeed, that all modern water craft are more or less fishlike in their makeup; yet, on the whole, it is surprising that marine architects have not striven more earnestly than they have done to obtain hints from nature's own illustrations of aquatic speed making principles.—Saturday Evening Post.

CHINESE MONEY.

Some Is Good and Some Is Counterfeit, but It All Goes.

Emile Bard, a Frenchman, has an interesting chapter on the money of China in his book, "Chinese Life In Town and Country." He explains that the unit of Chinese money is the tael, which is not a coin, but a weight of silver—the ounce, of which there are sixteen to the catty and 1,600 to the picul. The commercial tael is that of Canton, which should weigh 37.783 grains, but usually weighs 37.58. Then there is the tael of Shanghai, which weighs 36.6, and the revenue tael, used in valuing imports and exports, and each large city has its own, that of Tientsin worth from 4 to 6 per cent more than that of Shanghai. Business estimated in taels is carried on by the use of Spanish dollars or silver ingots. The former are weighed and stamped by every south China merchant and have to be remitted continually. The ingots of silver are cut from bars into pieces that the operator estimates will weigh 50 taels. Naturally each one who handles them weighs them.

"Banks store their money in cellars, in boxes carried back and forth by coolies," says M. Bard. "This explains the item of transportation which is deducted from the face of a Chinese check when it is cashed at a bank. One can judge of the complications consequent upon this system of conversion of taels of different values into ingots of different weight and purity, especially as assayers of different localities refuse to honor the stamps of other cities." In places where the dollar is not used small payments are made by cutting up an ingot. "The scale used in weighing these fragments has two sets of markings; one for receipts and one for payments."

China's national coin is the cash, a round copper coin with a square hole through it. The cash or sapak dates from at least 2300 B. C. Eight pounds' weight of cash makes a dollar. Years ago an emperor decided to double his funds by giving copper cash double its value. In certain parts of the country this performance is still in effect. In other parts 77 or 85 cash are counted as 100.

In Honan the Chinese go to market with two kinds of money, one real, the other counterfeit. Some articles are bought with one, some with the other. Certain articles have two prices, one in good money, one in bad.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Warm friction with a rough towel will generally give quick relief to cramps in the legs.

The fire can be drawn from a burn by applying cloths wet in strong alum water. It will also assist in relieving the pain.

If you have charge of a relative suffering from diabetes keep in mind that beet root may not enter into the dietary. This because it is rich in sugar.

Lemon sirup made by baking a lemon twenty minutes and then squeezing the juice upon half a cupful of sugar is excellent for hoarseness and will break up a cold.

When your feet are very tired bathe them in hot water, dry, go over them with olive oil, wipe and apply powdered starch freely. They will feel a source of joy instead of pain.