Miss Addie Wilson 8-04

DENTON JOURNAL.

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The Up-To-Date Christmas Store

GIFTS FOR LADIES.

Those who are puzzled as to what to give a lady had better consult this list, make memoranda, and then come and see other things we have no space to mention.

BOOKS.—Padded-leather gift editions, for instance.

TOILET SETS.—Superb gift. We have a fine lot.

MUSIC ROLLS.—Often just the thing.

DRESSER SETS.—These will be used.

MANICURE SETS. — Every woman wants one.

Gloves & Handkerchief Boxes and Sets.

Sterling Novelties—No end of suitable presents.

Jewel Boxes---Many beautiful kinds.

Pocket-Books---In all the new leathers.

Confectioneries---Lowney's in boxes.

Celluloid Goods---Make fine presents.

Perfume---One thing that is always suitable.

Holiday Perfumes.

Our special selection of Holiday Perfumes comprises the daintiest and sweetest perfumes from the world's best manufacturers. The packages in which they are contained are of unusual beauty. We have an almost endless variety to select from.

Perfumes—Every odor.

Toilet Waters—All the best ones.

We invite you to inspect this collection of fine perfumes. We will gladly show you anything you wish to see.

Hair and Cloth Brushes

A fine hair or cloth brush makes a very useful and most acceptable present to give anybody. We have a fine assortment of splendid Brushes, both hair and cloth, some with fancy backs, others with backs of handsome natural wood—all of them with good, strong bristles, bristles that are put in to stay. All of these brushes will give satisfaction, and last a long time.

Time spent in examining our holiday stock is time well spent. On every hand you see timely and valuable suggestions that will help you greatly in solving that important problem, "what to get for Xmas."

Holiday Cigars.

You will find a number of gifts in this ad. that will suit a smoker. You make sure of cigars he will like by getting them here. In boxes, all prices, 50c. to $4,50.

Christmas Opening Dec. 10, '05

COME HERE for your Christmas Presents, and for all your Holiday Drug Store Shopping. Our stocks were never in better condition to meet the requirements of the season. You and your friends are cordially invited to come, and come often, and see our exceptionally fine showing of Christmas things. You will be delighted, as all others are. You will be well repaid.

We have gifts for ladies and gifts for gentlemen, gifts for children of all ages and gifts for old people; low-priced gifts and expensive gifts—something nice for everybody.

Douglass Palace Drug Store,

Phone No. 44. Denton, Maryland.

FREE! With every $1 purchase of Holiday Goods you will be entitled to a guess on a handsome Dressing Set, which will be given away December 31. Value $10.00.

Distinctive Presents.

You don't want to give what everybody else gives; we know that, and we kept that in mind when we were selecting Christmas goods. We did not buy a "whole lot" of any one thing, but looked and looked everywhere and anywhere to get things which were especially odd or especially pretty or especially attractive in some way—and we got them.

We are satisfied with this stock of gift things which we have collected, and we are sure you will be delighted with them. Remember that when you come here you get articles that are hard to duplicate; you get things that everybody hasn't got and can't get now.

Come in as soon as you can so that you can take your pick of the entire stock. Come when we have our opening on Dec. 10, 1905. Come before all the best goods are sold.

Christmas Cards.

You have a large number of friends at home or at a distance to whom you do not care to send any special gift, but to whom you would like to send some token of remembrance.

Christmas Cards fill the need. We have a fine assortment of new ones at all sorts of prices from a few cents up.

Come In

And look over our holiday stocks to your heart's content—absolutely no obligation to buy. We sincerely trust that you will not fail to give our store a visit when you are out. You will be glad you did so, for you will get many hints from our stocks.

Books.

There is hardly a person who has Xmas gifts to buy who should not consider the selection of books. Books are equally desirable for old and young. They are treasured for a lifetime and never lose their value. Large as our stock was last year, it is almost doubled this season. The variety is greater and the stock throughout is larger. It includes the latest and most popular novels, together with the standard fiction, poetry, etc. Also books for girls, books for boys and books for the little people. We think you can find anything you want, and can be suited, no matter what price you wise to pay.

Fountain Pens.

A fountain pen is a busy man's or woman's companion. It is a perpetual convenience if it is a good one, and a constant annoyance if it isn't. We guarantee these we sell to be first-class. Prices differ a little, probably more than the quality of the pens. Prices, $1, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

Use Your Telephone

Call us up at any time and have anything sent up that you would like to look at, and we will be only too pleased to send them to your own door. You are under no obligations to buy if you are not suited. We know that you will be suited, for our goods are right, price is right, and stock is complete.

High-Grade Stationery

Fine box papers are always in demand for gifts, especially among the people at home. We have Whiting's and Eaton-Hurlbert lines, and the prices are right on them.

GIFTS FOR MEN.

We have often been told by the ladies that "it is so hard to buy presents for men." We will demonstrate that it is not hard at our store. Men like gifts combining usefulness with convenience. They want them to be good in quality.

We have a large assortment of articles that will touch a man's heart. Among them are:

CIGARS.—This always suits the smoker.

SMOKING SETS—Few things he will appreciate more.

SHAVING SETS. — A very practical gift.

COLLAR AND CUFF BOXES.—Very useful always.

FOUNTAIN PENS.—Will like this if he writes.

BOOKS.—Can't go amiss on this if he is a reader.

INK STANDS.—We have the new ones that will please.

POCKET BOOKS.—We have the kind men like.

TRAVELING SETS.--Useful whether he travels or not.

PLAYING CARDS. — Extra fine ones for Xmas.

Handsome Purses.

We are making an elegant showing of both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Purses, Pocket-books, and Card Cases.

The leathers from which these goods are made are of fine quality. The designs represented in this assortment are the very latest and nobbiest. For a handsome appearing and well made pocket-book or purse, we never saw one that will beat these that we will offer at opening.

Gift Candies.

Candy always makes an acceptable gift, especially when it is "Lowney's Famous Candy." That is the kind we handle.

We are going to carry a complete holiday stock of these delicious confections.

We will sell them by the pound in plain boxes or in beautifully decorated boxes or packages, any size desired, for gift purposes.

Imported China.

Our line of imported china is the finest ever seen on this shore. We have a line of hand-painted work which is sure to please the most fastidious and exacting critics.

Salad Dishes—Always useful.

Bread Plates — Every family needs one.

In fact, we have such a nice line of these things that you will have to see them to appreciate them. We will be pleased to show them to you when you call.

R. T. CARTER,
Denton, Maryland.

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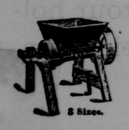

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Crush corn and cob, plain corn, wheat or small grain, faster than any mill on the market.

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NO. 2. Crushes 60 bushels Corn and Cob meal per hour. Price $35.

Suitable to use with steam engines, windmills, horse powers or gasoline engines. Write for catalogue. Sold by

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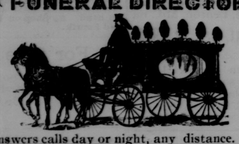

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T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

The President's Turkey

By HOWARD FIELDING

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ON a May morning two men—just plain, ordinary men to look at—alighted from a train at Staunton, Pa., and walked up the main street to Parker Judd's house. The main street becomes a country road within a stone's throw of the railroad station, and "the old Judd place" is a little farm.

Judd had been at work in a field, but had returned to the house for something, he could scarcely remember what. When the two men came into the yard he was sitting on the chopping block trying to persuade himself to get up and go back to the field. He was a tall, loose jointed man, with sandy hair and corn colored beard. He had dreamy blue eyes and a deep, slow and gentle voice.

"Mr. Judd," said one of the visitors, "we want you to hitch up some kind of a rig and drive us out to the head of Brown's pond. We're going to follow up the stream and see if we can catch a few trout."

"I've got a good bit of work to do," said Judd, and then, afraid that he might lose the chance to go fishing, he added with as near an approach to haste as his nature would permit, "but I guess I can accomodate ye."

A pretty girl with yellow hair and blue eyes like her father's, though with more light in them, appeared at the door and regarded the strangers with mild regret. The men lifted their hats, and the girl acknowledged their salute and vanished.

"I infer from the young lady's expression," said the elder man, "that our friend forgets to charge a proper price for his services when he takes people fishing. He's a widower," he added. "That's his daughter."

When they were out upon the road in Judd's wagon they approached the subject of compensation, whereupon Judd displayed embarrassment, as if their mention of the matter were an unmerited kindness. In return for it he said:

"Ye won't catch nothin' in Brown's brook. Why don't ye try the Winkumpaw?"

The visitors had never heard of it.

"Folks from out o' town don't go there much," continued Judd, "an' them that do are most generally disap'inted. With a bright sky ye might as well fish in the middle of the road. But on a day like this"—

He left the remainder of the sentence to the imagination, and his silence was so impressive that it roused his companion's curiosity. They asked some questions about the Winkumpaw and finally decided in its favor, a circumstance upon which they congratulated themselves later, for the Winkumpaw yielded such sport that day as a fisherman never forgets.

"It's a cur'ous thing," said Judd to his daughter at supper time. "The older man's got the same name as the president." And he repeated it several times meditatively. "Looks some like him, too, accordin' to the pictures

"I GUESS I CAN ACCOMMODATE YE."

I've seen. Guess likely he's some relation. They come up from Washington."

The girl counted some one dollar bills for the tenth time with great satisfaction.

"I'm glad they didn't think you went with them for the fun of it," said she.

The next morning early Miss Judd went down to the store and returned with some articles which had long been needed in the house. She brought with her also the surprising information that the fisherman of yesterday resembled the president's portraits because he was the original of them, the president himself. Judd received the news with wonder and reverence.

Thereafter the exalted head of this nation made more visits to Staunton than the general public ever heard of. Facilities for the dissemination of news were scant in that village, and the exertion of a very little "influence" sufficed to check them altogether, with the exception of one serious indiscretion which was committed by an individual who should have been the last to betray a secret of the government, for she was its chief beneficiary in Staunton, Miss Amelia Klagger, the postmistress. The story which revealed the president's favorite fishing ground and ruined the Winkumpaw by making it too famous was traced with perfect certainty to Miss Klagger.

This happened so late in the season that it cost the president not more than one outing and Judd not more than one fat fee and one golden day in the company of the great man whom he had learned to regard with a gentle adoration, yet the incident was looked upon as a calamity from all points of view. It made Miss Klagger extremely unpopular; indeed, she had never been well liked. Few approved of her as postmistress. She had inherited the office from her father and had never needed it, being well to do.

It was a double blow to Judd because he had a sentimental feeling for Miss Klagger, whom he often praised to his daughter as "a strong woman, a powerful strong woman, a masterly woman." At such times little Miss Judd would have a cold fear in her bones, and her sweet blue eyes would wander, frightened, over the familiar objects of her home, as if she were about to be driven from its shelter. Yet she knew well enough that Amelia Klagger would never marry her father or any other poor man.

This conviction was most agreeably verified in early July, when the suspicion that it was Miss Klagger who had sent the Winkumpaw story to the Washington paper had crystallized into certainty. In the midst of the resulting gossip it was announced that Miss Klagger would marry a lawyer named Steinforth, who from a small beginning had risen to such power that it was said to be only a question of time when he would own the whole town.

The postmistress went on a brief wedding trip, leaving the office in the hands of her young brother, who was grotesquely and indeed maliciously unfit for that honorable station, and when the bride returned and resumed charge of the mails her manner was far more offensively autocratic and her neglect of public business more brazen than it had ever been before. The result was that Mrs. Steinforth was removed from office in October, and Parker Judd was appointed.

Judd was overwhelmed. His fortunes had declined, despite his daughter's good management, to a point where relief was urgently demanded. It had even been rumored that Lawyer Steinforth was "reachin' out" for the old Judd place. In view of these facts it is no wonder that Providence and the president became completely and reverently blended in Judd's thought.

"He's been right good to me," said Judd for the hundredth time as he sat on the chopping block one evening after supper. "I wish there was somethin' I could give him."

"*He* doesn't want anything," responded his daughter. "My goodness, he's *got* everything."

"You remember the night he was here to supper," said Judd, "when we had the poult broiler. He everlastingly stowed it away, didn't he?" And the postmaster chuckled with pleasure at the memory. Said it was about the top notch in the way of a turkey. Now, I've been a-thinkin' an' a-ponderin' an' a revolvin' in my mind," he added, with increasing decisiveness, "an this is what I've come to: Some o' them poults has growed up into mighty prime turkeys, an' I'm goin' to take the best o' the lot an' fat him up from now on an' send him to the president for Thanksgivin'. What do ye say to that, girlie?"

It struck Miss Judd as a good idea and absolutely original. Neither she nor her father had ever heard of the gentleman in Westerly, R. I., who has provided presidential turkeys for so many years. Such is fame.

Judd picked out three turkeys of the "bronze" variety and bestowed upon them an affectionate attention such as no fowls in that region had ever before enjoyed. They responded gratefully; they throve miraculously; they ran a neck and neck race, with the ax as their goal, and Judd was forced to confess to his daughter that he would have to kill and dress all three before he could make a choice. He did not say much about the matter to anybody else; indeed, he labored under the delusion that he said nothing at all, and when the truth became known he honestly believed that his daughter had revealed it, and he spiced the evening meal with many a kindly jest about the inability of women to keep a secret.

Amelia Klagger Steinforth heard of Judd's plan. She always heard of everything that was going on, 'an' a good deal that isn't,' as her neighbors expressed it. She was credited with being the first to hear all news, but that couldn't have been the case in this instance, because she never spoke to any member of the Judd household after the loss of the postoffice. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who shut one eye and blew thin clouds of smoke toward the ceiling of their dining room. Then he began to laugh noiselessly and with a peculiar quaking of the body. Amelia was angry because he did not speak, and she gave him some sharp words, but when he finally told her what he was laughing at an unexampled harmony was immediately established between them.

Amelia had some turkeys of her own, and among them was a genuine freak of nature, a strange reversion of the cultivated turkey to the wildness of remote ancestors. It was a hen turkey, more than two years old, renowned for athletic feats and a vicious disposition. When Amelia and Steinforth had united their fortunes, this turkey had attracted the lawyer's attention, and he had often amused himself by teasing it and compelling it to perform extraordinary evolutions of which the muscular structure of the average turkey is wholly incapable.

While his wife had been speaking of Judd's ambitious project it had occurred to the lawyer's mind that it would be very funny if their old hen turkey could be substituted for the postmaster's. The scheme looked fanciful, but Steinforth had turned more difficult tricks in Staunton without being caught. Urged on by Amelia, he gave serious thought to the matter, and by bribing a hired man at Judd's the thing was accomplished. The box which Judd sent to the White House on the morning of the day before Thanksgiving actually contained the corpse of Amelia's hen turkey dressed in the best style of the art and packed with the same care which Judd had bestowed upon his incomparable "bronze."

"I'll bet the man doesn't live that can stick a fork into that old bird," said Steinforth. "The ax that I chopped her head off with was dulled so 't I couldn't split a cedar shingle with it afterward."

On the day after Thanksgiving Judd went down to Washington "on business," as he told his daughter. As a matter of fact, he went as the result of irresistible impulse. He simply had to go. It was in his mind to strike up an acquaintance with the humblest of the president's servants and beg for news from the executive kitchen, but this was not easy to accomplish. He hung around the White House until he began to attract the attention of certain inconspicuous persons connected with the secret service, and it is quite possible that he might have been subjected to inconvenience had not the president himself caught sight of him.

"THE FINEST BIRD THAT EVER GOBBLED!"

Suddenly, inexplicably, with his head in a whirl and his feet treading upon air, Judd found himself entering the president's workroom.

The exalted personage took the humble postmaster by the hand and greeted him right heartily.

"I've just written you a letter," said he, "to thank you for that turkey, the finest bird that ever gobbled! We all enjoyed it immensely."

Now, the actual turkey in question had never gobbled, because it was Amelia's old hen, and gobbling is a prerogative of the male. Moreover, the president had not eaten any of it, nor had he attempted to do so. Under ordinary circumstances the turkey supposed to be Mr. Judd's would have been bestowed in charity, with other similar offerings, but it happened to have a higher destiny. In a playful moment the president had directed that it should be sent, with his compliments, to a certain senator with whom he had recently had a disagreement over the matter of patronage in the senator's state. Let the gentleman be known here as Senator N.

Of course the president could not disclose the facts to Mr. Judd, because that would have broken the poor man's heart. It seemed to be one of those cases often encountered by statesmen where a good lie is better than the truth. And Judd was so grateful and so pleased that the president yielded more and more to temptation and delivered a really eloquent eulogium upon the Judd turkey.

He was in the midst of it when a faithful attendant entered bearing a box, which he set down upon the table. Under the cord that was wound about it there was a letter, which the president, after courteously requesting Mr. Judd's permission, opened and read as follows:

To His Excellency, Etc.:

Great and Good Friend—It has been my misfortune to incur your displeasure and to receive at your hands various and sundry things which may be called, in the language of the vulgar, exceedingly tough. But this turkey beats them all. Try it. Try it with an awl, with a drill, with an ax. You will make as much impression on it as I have made upon your favor during this session of congress. Now at last I know what I may expect from this administration. Believe me, etc., yours, N.

The president's face was immovably placid as he folded the letter and put it into his pocket.

"It is from Senator N.," said he. "We are old friends. I sent him some of your turkey, and this is his acknowledgment. He says it beat anything in the turkey line that he had ever seen."

A happy smile illumined the face of Parker Judd, and his mild blue eyes were suffused with tears. He tried to speak, but could not. The president grasped him warmly by the hand and gently guided him to the door.

"My wife and I," said the president, "have been making some plans for your little girl. You'll hear from me about it presently. Goodby."

The president crossed to the table and opened the box and tested the turkey with the point of his penknife.

"Somebody has put up a job on Judd," he said and jabbed the turkey resentfully, but without effect.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

A Woman's Plan by Which to Bring About Happy Marriages.

Marriage is an institution of the state; therefore she should put it out of the bonds of possibility that people can marry each other in two days or a week. How many marriages would be broken off if the state required a three years' engagement before people are married? After all, if a woman wants to become a nun in two months, no convent in the world will accept her. She must be a novice for two or three years. During that time she has to make an examination of her conscience every day and to find out if she has a vocation for a nun. But women and men marry without the slightest preparation, without the slightest thought of the future, while Dame Nature laughs at her most odd pairings. She wants her world peopled. That is her part. The men and women who are ill suited to each other are not her affair.

Girls and boys at school should be taught to look upon marriage as the most beautiful, the happiest, the most desirable and the most possible thing in the world. Boys should be taught to keep their minds and their bodies pure for the state which they will probably enter and to have a sense of protection and loyalty to girls, and girls should be taught industry, self sacrifice and responsibility for the married state.—Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in Black and White.

HE AVERTED A PANIC

A REMARKABLE CASE OF BRAVERY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

Matsuki, the Juggler, Held an Audience Spellbound While the Theater Attaches Were Fighting a Bad Fire Behind the Scenes.

Satsuma Matsuki, a Japanese juggler and acrobat, was filling an engagement at Burlington. His marked ability as a magician caused the opera house to be crowded every evening. One feat in particular interested his audience. Lying prone upon his back, he would toss a bag, light table backward and forward in all conceivable positions to the time of lively music, his tiny feet keeping the table perfectly balanced.

It was Saturday evening. Satsuma Matsuki had been performing for an hour. He had astonished his audience with a score of wonderful achievements, but as yet he had not performed with the table resting on his feet.

Matsuki passed into one of the dressing rooms to change his costume. Scarcely had he closed the door when he heard a sound that made his heart stand still for a moment—a crackling and a hissing—and the next instant a long tongue of flame leaped from the stairway, enveloping a window. Others in the rear of the stage discovered the flames at the same instant, and a fierce battle was begun between the attaches of the theater and the raging fire. For one brief instant Matsuki stood irresolute. The fire was confined within the dressing room of the right wing, and as yet no one in the audience had an inkling of the grave danger that threatened the house. Those fighting the flames knew that a terrible panic would ensue the moment that the spectators realized the danger. Matsuki understood the situation, too, and in that moment of hesitation he saw the part that he must act.

Matsuki was before his audience. He had placed the rugs hastily in position that he might rest easily. A moment later and the orchestra commenced playing. Matsuki had balanced the table and was gracefully dancing it back and forth, keeping perfect time with his dainty feet. Shortly the measure of the music was quickened, and he was obliged to move more quickly. At one time the table would be at an angle of forty-five degrees and again at ninety degrees and the next moment perfectly perpendicular. The long table seemed fairly alive.

Meanwhile those fighting the fire had worked bravely, and success was crowning their efforts. They heard the music of the orchestra, and they knew that Matsuki was doing his part to hold the attention of the people. A few moments more and all danger of a stampede would be past.

"Fire!" Some one had seen a puff of smoke issue from the right wing of the stage.

"Ye-ar, fire!" And Matsuki sent the table nearly to the ceiling, turning a complete somersault in its flight. The audience shouted with delight.

For twenty minutes Matsuki had been in constant activity. The veins stood out upon his arms and temples like whipcords.

"Fire!" Another had noticed a puff of smoke.

"Ye-ar, fire!" And again was the table hurled aloft and caught again with the same dexterity.

The conductor of the orchestra knew not what it all meant. At first he thought that Matsuki had gone mad. Never before had he dared so much. If he was mad, surely no one could deny his astonishing skill.

A moment later the stage manager walked across the stage and whispered something to Matsuki, at the same time placing the table on the floor. Matsuki was unable to rise. Attendants lifted the brave fellow and carried him behind the scenes. Very shortly the manager returned, and when he spoke his voice was sadly broken.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, passing his hand across his forehead, "I have no doubt that you have greatly enjoyed Satsuma Matsuki's performance this evening. He has well merited your generous applause, more, perhaps, than you imagine. I have to inform you that Satsuma Matsuki alone has stood between you and death for the past twenty minutes or more. The danger is past now, and you are liberty to leave this building, but permit me to say before you depart that our friend Matsuki has lost his entire magician's outfit, which cost him over a thousand dollars. Fire has completely destroyed his property. I leave it with you to do what is right, and those who desire to show their gratitude for what Matsuki has done this evening can meet me here on the platform."

There was no hesitation. A long line of men and women was quickly formed, and for an hour the manager received the contributions of those who wished to show their gratitude. When the amount was counted, pledges and all, something over $1,500 was found.—Forward.

She Thought of Him.

She—Oh, Mr. Borem, how do you do? I was talking to Mrs. Nexdore just now, and I couldn't help thinking of you. He—And was she discussing me? She—Not exactly. She was commenting on the weather and just asked me if I could imagine anything more tiresome and disagreeable.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The steamship Korea, which arrived at San Francisco from the orient recently, brought the most valuable consignment of raw silk ever landed in this country. It was worth $2,450,000. It was dispatched east in haste the same night, 3,500 bales of it.

Somewhat Different.

"This question whether a word should have its adverbial or its adjective form seems to me to have little to do with the sense. Now, what is the difference between talking loud and talking loudly?"

"No difference," replied the pedagogical friend. "But look here: For a large fee you give legal advice freely, but you don't give it free. I think that will retain you for awhile."