DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 190

VOL. 61. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1907. NO.

HARRY L. COOPER A. R. WRIGHT ERNEST G. COOPER

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,

Fire Insurance Agents,

Law Building, Denton, Maryland.

REPRESENTING THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES:

Organized.		Assets.
1809.	North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.	$ 6,481,641.36
1792.	Insurance Company of North America	10,702,583.51
1853.	Farmers' Fire Insurance Co.	891,851.98
1897.	German Alliance Insurance Co.	1,375,958.75
1849.	Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co.	7,156,531.72
1854.	Phoenix Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	8,140,630.00
1804.	Union Fire Insurance Co.	718,168.00
1853.	The Girard Fire and Marine Insurance Co.	2,299,406.89
1837.	The Citizens' Insurance Co., of Missouri	819,129.00

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR PLACING LARGE LINES ANYWHERE ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

Long Distance 'Phone 22. Before Insuring Write to Us.

CANNING MACHINERY!

AGENTS FOR KING TOMATO FILLER.
HAMMOND LABELER. AYARS' CAPPING MACHINE.
PULP MACHINES, ETC.

727 E. Pratt St., Baltimore. **A. K. Robins & Co.** (S. M. Sindall)

"The Hollis Meat Store"

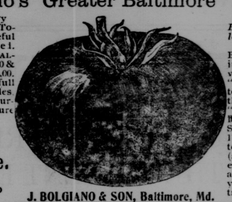
HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR GOOD LIVE STOCK for Butchering Purposes.

'PHONE 41.

HOLLIS MEAT MARKET,

Carter Block, DENTON, MARYLAND.

Bolgiano's "Greater Baltimore" Tomato.



This year there is a very SHORT CROP of good Tomato Seed. Be very careful where you secure your seed. BOLGIANO'S "GREATER BALTIMORE" TOMATO—Pkts 10 & 25c, oz 50c, ¼lb $1.20, lb $5.00. We can also supply a full line of Standard Vegetables which we have grown ourselves and know to be pure and true.

Send for our new

1907 Catalogue.

GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS.

J. BOLGIANO & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station, College Park, Nov. 3 1906.

Messrs J. Bolgiano & Son, Baltimore, Md.—We have just made up our reports on vegetables and find that the "Greater Baltimore" Tomato heads the list on this line this year. The 3 best stand: "Greater Baltimore," 53,940 lbs per acre (about 27 tons). Stone, 34800 lbs an acre (about 17½ tons). Beauty, (a pink tomato) 37,895 lbs per acre (about 19 tons). The "Greater Baltimore" appears to be an excellent tomato and its yield is very good. Yours truly,

W. N. HUTT,
State Horticulturist.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

The undersigned, trustee of CHARLES M. PRITCHETT, will begin TODAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, to close out his entire stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE at the Downes storeroom, on the corner of Main and Third streets, in the town of Denton.

The stock consists of

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Underwear, Raincoats, Shirts, Overalls, Boots and Shoes, Corsets, Muslins, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hardware, Queensware, Kitchenware, Groceries, Garden Seed, Tobacco, &c

The above stock will be closed out within the next two weeks at below cost.

J. E. ELLWANGER, Trustee.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 200-202 E. Pratt St. Baltimore, Md.

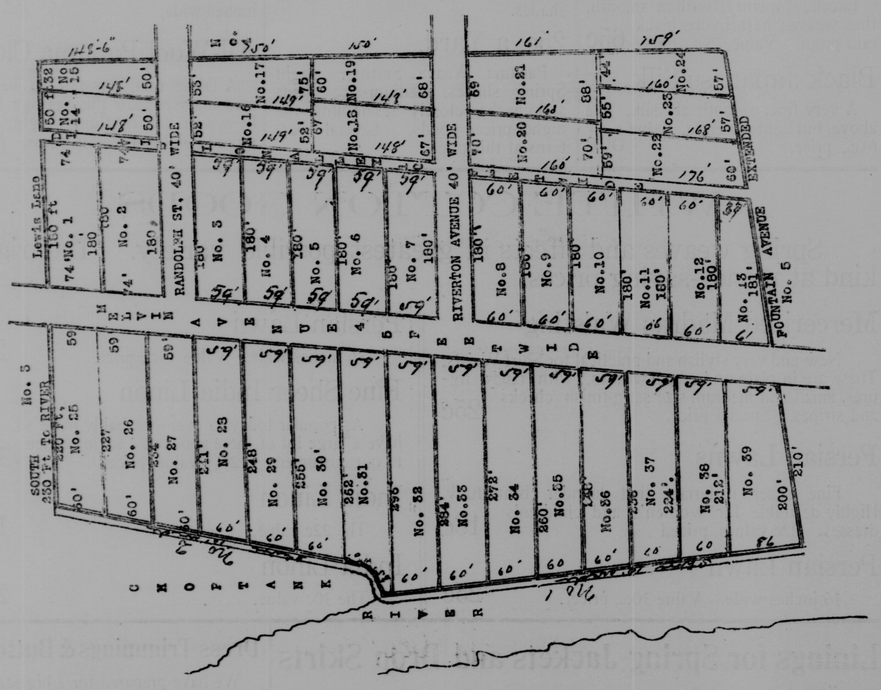
PUBLIC SALE

OF

VERY DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS

—IN THE—

TOWN OF DENTON.



The undersigned will sell at public sale, without reserve (except as noted), at the Court House door, in the town of Denton, on

TUESDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1907

(sale beginning at half-past one o'clock)

Thirty Building Lots

shown in the diagram given herewith. The nine lots between Randolph street and Riverton avenue are reserved. This land is high and especially desirable in that builders will find no difficulty from dampness in cellars. It is immediately adjacent to the Choptank, which affords a most pleasing view, and within a three-minutes' walk of the Court House or the Postoffice.

TERMS OF SALE.—Twelve months time will be given, if desired, purchasers giving satisfactory notes, payable at bank. Deeds will be given when full settlement is made. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

RICHARD ANDREW.

HENRY R. LEWIS, Attorney.
F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.

The Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet

THERE was the usual morning bustle around the small station at Finley. On the platform were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners, with stencils and paint pots, making sure that their markings were all right.

Presently there were a roar and a quiver, and the great engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, plainly but expensively dressed, and with a bright, eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a moment's hesitation she approached a man in shirt sleeves and broad, low, flapping hat who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking.

"Can you direct me to Mr. John Austin's place?" she asked.

"Mr.—John—Austin," he repeated reflectively. "Why, no, I don't— Oh, yes, of course—Boozy John." He stopped abruptly as he noticed the inquiring look on her face. "I—I—yes, I reckon I know. Are you some o' his kin?"

"I am his daughter," she replied, wondering a little at the startled whistle which came to his lips and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. "I have been at a boarding school ever since I was a little girl. This is my first visit to Florida."

"An' does your paw, Mr.—John—Austin, know you're comin'?"

"No, but I haven't heard from him in almost a year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him or the boys, and he wouldn't tell. I just had to come. I am so glad that you know him." She hesitated and then asked in a lower voice, as though she feared her question would be answered in the negative, "Is he—well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes, your paw's one o' the ruggedes' an' healthies' men I know. I 'low he an' the boys never had a sickness in all their born days. They're puffectly well, all on 'em. I know, for their place jines mine."

"Why, really?" Her face grew radiant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys and all about them? Dear little fellows! It seems strange that I should never have seen them. You see, when we left Iowa father sent me to the boarding school and then came south. That was twelve years ago, and I have been at the school ever since. Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred—let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?" eagerly.

"'Bout half a mile."

"Well, of course, I can go with you. I'll run and see about my baggage and be back directly. Won't they be surprised?" And, leaving him staring blankly at a knothole in the platform, she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

Half a minute passed, then the man raised his head with a dismal, expressive whistle. It was echoed by another, equally expressive, from the other side of the orange boxes.

"CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MR. JOHN AUSTIN'S PLACE?"

"Waal, you're in it now, for a fact," said the owner of the second whistle sarcastically. "What you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Lord only knows," groaned the man in the shirt sleeves. "Reckon mebbe I'll have to tell her."

"Reckon mebbe you will," dryly.

"How could I," indignantly, "an' she almost the same age as my C'indy? Land's sake alive, man, d'ye s'pose I was such a brute as to tell her that Mr.—John—Austin wa'n't nobody but Boozy John, not fitten to be father to nobody, an' that he'd been sent to prison most a year ago for stealin', an' that the boys was in the poorhouse an' that the place wa'n't wuth the bringin' out of an auctioneer to sell it? For the land's sake, Thompson, tell me what am I to do?" appealingly.

"Jest give it to her straight. That's what I'd do. You're too all fired chicken hearted, Williams. H'sh! Here she comes now."

"Your landscapes are so quaint and beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all ready. Can you take my trunk and valise in your wagon?"

"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and he made the work of transferring the baggage as long as possible. Somehow he could not bring himself to tell her the whole brutal truth. If it had not been his money that had been stolen and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry

MADE THE WORK LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

for his justifiable act ever since he made the complaint, and now— Well, he would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he and would know just what to do.

This mental throwing of the responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into his wagon.

"Ever ride after a mule before?" he asked as he left the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No." Then her face grew wistful. "Do you suppose father and the boys are at home today?"

"I 'low they won't be there jest right now," he said evasively. "You see, they didn't know you was comin', so they happen to be off for a spell. But you mustn't let it put you out any," with more animation. "I'll take you home, an' my wife'll fix you up mighty comf'table till they git back."

"Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them? It would be such a surprise."

"No, no!" he objected, with sudden entreaty. "By no manner o' means. Bachelor livin' ain't apt to keep a house fixed up, an' jest now 'tain't in place for you. I know that. You must do jest like I say an' come to my house for a spell."

"Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the mule and disappeared with marvelous rapidity among the palmettos.

"Cur'us, ain't they?" said Williams as he followed her glance. "Jest like a bit o' rainbow strung on lightnin'. But they're 'mazin' fine things for pets. Your brother Freddy used to have one that would scoot out from some queer hidin' place whenever he'd whistle. Great hand, Freddy, for pets."

At the mention of Freddy she lost interest in the plants and chameleons and turned to him with a tender, tremulous smile on her lips.

"It will be so pleasant to have one's own folks to live with," she said softly. "They were all nice to me at the school, but none of them belonged to me. It will be almost like—like heaven to live in the same house with father and the boys."

Williams reached out and struck his mule viciously, but she did not notice.

"I suppose everybody round here likes father, he is such a good man," she went on in a tone that was an assertion rather than a question.

"He kept you to school pretty steady," returned her companion. "I knew he had a gal up north, but had an idee she was stayin' 'mong her kin."

"Father has done everything for me—everything," said the girl, with a tender light in her big gray eyes. "He was not rich, for he once wrote that I might have to wait a few days for my year's tuition, as money was hard to get. But it came the very next day, and he always sent me plenty for books and dresses and everything I wanted. He wrote for me never to stint myself on anything and that after I graduated I was on no account to come home, but to keep on with my music and drawing and other studies, and when I had learned all I could at the school he was going to send me to Europe to learn more. Dear, dear father! I hope I may be able to make it up to him some time."

Williams gave a quick sidelong glance at the earnest face and then gazed steadfastly at the road ahead. He had known Boozy John for eight years and could not remember a single redeeming feature about the man. He was erratic, shiftless and utterly irresponsible. His life was one long spree that reeled between absolute drunkenness and semi-intoxication. But he was a good lawyer and fine scholar and even in his partial stupor was able to pick up a good deal of money about the courts and in other ways. People supposed that all this money went to the dramshops, and the supposition made them regard the man with extreme disgust, for his house was a mere hovel and his boys wholly neglected and uncared for.

When they reached the vine covered cottage in front of his orange grove he carried in the trunk and valise and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his mule. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobservant eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pineapples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.

"Yes," in a low voice. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard?"

"She's high strung, Jim, an' that kind o' folks mostly take things hard, but they don't make a show. She wouldn't b'lieve me at first, an' when she did she turned white an' stared at nothin' till I—I jest bust out cryin' myself. Seemed like I never felt so sorry for anybody in all my life."

The two stood there nearly half an hour; then the girl left the house and passed down the road on the opposite side of the fence.

"She's goin' over to look at her house now," said Mrs. Williams in a low voice. "I told her 'twan't fit to live in, but she said they'd lived in it an' she could. An' when I told her as how we 'lowed on keepin' her awhile she jest thanked me an' shook her head."

When the girl came back they were on the piazza. She went directly to Williams.

"When does my father come home?" she asked.

"His time's out—er—that is, he'll come home in 'bout three months."

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' at all," hastily.

"How much does he owe you?" the girl repeated in a tone that he felt could not be disregarded.

"Waal, $50. But you needn't bother 'bout payin' it."

"I cannot just at present, but everything must be straightened out before father comes home. There must not be a single thing to worry him. And now

"I JEST BUST OUT CRYIN' MYSELF."

can I get you to go after my brothers? I shall fix up the house, and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," said Williams reflectively. "I can go tomorrow."

"That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettos afforded by an opening in the clambering vines, her face white and stricken, but calm with a strong, determined purpose.

"What kind of employment is there here for girls?" she asked.

Williams looked dubious.

"I don't reckon there's any," he answered. "Stores gen'rally git men clerks, an' there's ten applicants to one job. Folks round here don't hire much help."

"I must have work now. Father must not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get washing?"

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly.

"It's darkies' work," she objected.

"It's work that I will do gladly if I can get it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks. "I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been working and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected. I ought to have been here, watching him and caring for him and the boys."

It was nearly two months later before Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform.

"Waal, how'd ye make out with Boozy John's fine darter?" Thompson asked.

Williams looked up from the box he was marking.

"That's jest what she is," he said—"Boozy John's fine darter. I've been round with her consider'ble lately; down to the prison twice to see her paw an' took her to town several times in my waggin. At first her paw was all broke up—never wanted her to know how low down he was, I s'pose. But she brought him round, an' now he can't keep his eyes off her when she's nigh. Soon's he's out they're goin' over an' take up a homestead in Hernandy county, twenty miles or more from town, I b'lieve, on account o' his failin', and I reckon she or the boys 'll do all the tradin'. Boozy John ain't much of a man an' never can be, but I tell you," impressively, "jest all the man there is in him that gal's goin' to bring out. Mark my words on that."

Digestible Food.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing as regards its mere composition than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value.—London Hospital.

Fish, Flesh, Herring.

"Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" occurs in Dryden's epilogue to his Duke of Guise (182). The epilogue takes the form of a dialogue between the actress who spoke it and a trimmer and ends with this exclamation:

D——n neuters, in their middle way of steering;
They're neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Matter of Necessity.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

DELIBERATE SUICIDE.

Why It Should Excite More Horror Than Any Other Murder.

As to its moral aspects, suicide is manifestly forbidden by the divine law. One of the commandments of the Decalogue declares, "Thou shalt not kill." To make the law as comprehensive as possible it is not said, "Thou shalt not kill thy neighbor," which qualifying phrase is employed in some of the other commandments—as, for instance, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against they neighbor;" "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house." The prohibition to kill is therefore absolute. It forbids the taking of human life, whether by suicide or homicide.

There is another commandment which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, the love which we owe to our neighbor forbids us to slay him, and therefore the love which we owe to ourselves forbids us to compass our own death. If the law allowed us to kill ourselves, while forbidding us to kill our neighbor, our love for our neighbor would not be equal, but superior, to our love for ourselves.

Nay, I hold that suicide is a more revolting sin than the killing of another. The closer the ties of relationship between the murderer and his victim the more atrocious is the crime. In the estimation of mankind, a parricide, or matricide, or fratricide, or uxoricide, is a more shocking criminal than an ordinary homicide. And as a man has more intimate relations to himself than to a parent or brother or wife, his deliberate self destruction should excite more horror than the murder of a parent, brother or wife.—Cardinal Gibbons in Century.

BEECHER'S ONLY POEM.

The Verses Were Always Kept Sacred by Mrs. Beecher.

It was related by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher that during their courtship Mr Beecher once "dropped into poetry" and wrote a few lines of verse teeming with affection for his sweetheart. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, and nothing could win them from her. One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, the publisher.

"Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" said Mr. Bonner.

"He did once," said Mrs. Beecher.

"Recite it for me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?"

But the eyes of the great preacher were riveted on his wife, and she knew that he meant silence.

"Come," said Mr. Bonner, "I'll give you $5,000 if you will recite that poem to me," addressing Mrs. Beecher.

"Why, it ran"— quickly said Mrs. Beecher.

"Eunice!" simply said Mr. Beecher.

And, although Robert Bonner afterward offered to double the sum first offered, he never got the poem from Mrs. Beecher. It had been hidden away by Mrs. Beecher and cherished as one of the dearest treasures her husband left her.

Persian Rugs.

"Antique Persian rugs," said the rug salesman, "are dyed with vegetable dyes; the new ones are dyed with aniline dyes. There's a great difference. Vegetable dyes are fifty or sixty times more expensive than anilines, and they give a color that is literally imperishable, a color that keeps growing richer and richer till the rug falls to pieces. Anilines, made out of coal tar, look well enough at first, but they fade. When a vegetable red or blue would be at its best an aniline red or blue would be nearly white. We civilized people harmed the Chinese by introducing our cheap opium among them, and now we have equally harmed the Persian rug by introducing our cheap anilines among the rug weavers."

The Hydrophobia Menace.

Since hydrophobia is transmitted by inoculation and its virus resides in the saliva of its victim, the only absolute safeguard is to keep dogs muzzled when at large. A muzzle is a nuisance no doubt and in the immense majority of cases needless, for almost invariably the mischief maker is the stray cur, belonging to no one in particular and coming from nobody knows where. But it seems impracticable to frame an effective regulation for the protection of the public from such irresponsible and dangerous creatures without making it applicable to all dogs.—New York Tribune.

Limit of Economy.

"I don't mind a young man economizing when he is out with me," sighed the girl, "but it seems to me that when he takes you in a penny in the slot machine parlor, drops a penny in a slot and hands you one of the ear things while he takes the other the limit has just about been reached. Of course you can hear the opera almost as well with one ear, but how does it look?"—New York Press.

Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."

The Fun of It.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the teacher.

"Oh, just for fun," replied Tommy.

"But didn't you know it was against the rules?"

"Sure! Dat's where de fun comes in."—Philadelphia Press.

Ten Thousand Telegrams at Once.

In 1871 at a celebration held in New York in honor of Professor Morse the original instrument invented by him was exhibited, connected at that moment by wire with every one of the 10,000 instruments then in use in the country. At a signal a message from the inventor was sent vibrating throughout the United States and was read at the same time in every city from New York to New Orleans and San Francisco.