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. 1907

VOL. 62 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1907. NO. 6

Johnson's Store News.

Greatly Reduced Prices in Underwear:

Items of interest to prospective Underwear Buyers. The season has been backward in all branches of industry, leaving heavy stock of merchandise on merchants' hands; among them is Underwear. Don't fail to take advantage of these greatly reduced prices, and supply yourself now.

Men's 50c Fleeced Lined Underwear, now	89c
Men's $1.00 Fleeced Lined Underwear, now	83c
Men's $1.00 Natural Wool Underwear, now	79c
Men's $1.50 Natural Wool Underwear, now	$1.19
Men's $2.00 Natural Wool Underwear, now	$1.55
Men's $1.00 Red Flannel Underwear, now	79c
Men's $2.25 Red Flannel Underwear, now	$1.98
Boys' 25c Fleeced Lined Underwear, now	19c
Boys' 50c Fleeced Lined Underwear, now	39c
Boys' 50c Sweaters (Red and Blue)	39c
Men's $1.00 Sweaters (Gray)	79c

J. W. JOHNSON,
Carter Block, DENTON, MARYLAND.

Bed Room Suits.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE now ready for inspection consisting of

$8.50

Quartered Oak Bedroom Suits at $26.00, $32.00 $35.00 and $45.50.

Plain Oak Suits Bedroom $14.00 to $21.00.

Sideboards from $8.75 to $25.00

CHIFFONIERS $8.50, $8.75, $10.75 and $15.00

$8.75

$1.25

Quartered Oak and Mahogany Library Tables $8.50 to $10.50

PARLOR TABLES 85c to $6.00

Hall Racks. $8.75 to $17.00

Extra Bureaus and Wash Stands.

Ladies Writing Desks $6.75, $7.50, $10.00 & $15.00.

Ladies Dressing Tables in Quartered Oak with French Plate Mirror $14.00, $15.00 & $16.00.

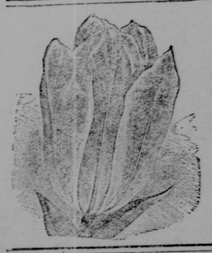
Bed Springs, Mattresses, in fact anything you need in Furniture, Carpets, Carpet Linings, Step Pads, Etc.

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

J. HARRY ROSE,

—WITH—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
8-10-12 E. Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.

CLOTHING
TAILORING
FURNISHINGS



FREE

IF you mention the name of this paper we will send you a Tulip Bulb and our beautiful Fall Bulb Catalogue Free.

Please remember NOW is the time to plant Fall Bulbs in order to have beautiful flowers in your house this Winter or in your garden early next Spring.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS, LILIES, CROCUS, ROSES, CARNATIONS, FERNS, PALMS and HARDY SHRUBS.

J. BOLGIANO & SON,
Seedsmen, BALTIMORE, MD

KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847.

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

Insurance in Force. Over $10,000,000.00

JOHN T. CARTER, JR., AGENT, Denton, Md.
L. IRVING JONES, AGENT, Greensboro, Md.
ALEX. NOBLE, AGENT, Preston, Md.

SEND One Dollar and get THE JOURNAL for Twelve Months. Now is the time to subscribe.

COME TO DENTON AND DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT NICHOLS'

COME AS EARLY AS YOU CAN

THERE are advantages in shopping early, before the rush begins. We have the best assortment to meet the demands ever offered by us.

COME HERE FOR THE TOYS

In Toyland (it is a fairyland to the little folks) we have thousands of things which will delight the little tot or give real pleasure to the child a little larger grown. The stock is fresh and full.

COME HERE FOR THE DRY GOODS AND FANCY ARTICLES

The Dry Goods and Notions Departments of this Store, which include the best things we have been able to secure in the great trade centres, furnish a great field for the exercise of the most diversified tastes in choosing articles for your wife, mother, sister, or any lady upon whom you wish to bestow a present-at this joyful gift-giving time of the year---a gift carrying with it good value as well as the good will of the giver.

COME HERE FOR THE LADIES' WRAPS

In the Department of Ladies' Coats and Wraps most appropriate gifts may be selected, now that the days grow cold.

Ladies' Long Coats, made in this winter's style, in black broadcloths, kerseys, &c. Children's and Misses', in brown, red and mixtures, in best style.

Furs---Good warm, generous ones. Sweaters, too, for men, women, misses, boys and children.

The best things in Gloves, from reliable domestic and foreign manufacturers. Such a gift is an ever welcome one.

COME HERE FOR THE BEST

But whether the Christmas gift is to cost much or little, we give the assurance and the guarantee that there will be full value in the article sold.

Swell New

OVERCOATS

for the

Holiday Season

What Could Make a More Appropriate Gift for Father, Son or Brother

OVERCOATS like these represent the latest ideas of the finest tailors in the world. These are the models that well-dressed men are wearing to-day in all the fashion-centres.

When you buy of us you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are getting the very latest style there is---we never carry goods over from one season to another. You can buy here to just as good advantage as though you were in New York. We carry all the latest Metropolitan styles.

These three special models are among Schloss' most popular designs this Winter. They are especially desirable for Young Men, for they bear an unusual freshness and smartness, added to the sterling workmanship that always characterizes Schloss Clothes. Come and see them.

Prices, $10, $12, $18, $20 and up.

J. H. NICHOLS & SON
DENTON, MARYLAND

Language of The Woods.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

Spring held sway over the spurs of the Alleghanies. Around Eliza Jane was the breadth of moist earth, the pungent odor of cedar, green shoots and wild pink azaleas. Below the call of the robin came the purring of the mountain stream, a little to the left, as it crawled over its stony bed, lapped tender mosses on either side and sustaining ferns and tiny white violets into active growth.

Eliza Jane, seated on a decaying log, her feet deep in dry brown leaves, was conscious of all this, though her eyes and fingers were busy over the writing pad resting on her knee. She was writing verses. Back of her consciousness was a little silent laugh at the foolishness of such an occupation for her, a staid teacher in a New England school.

Ten years had she held the position. Never in all that period had she so wasted precious hours. It was as if the past had been suddenly recalled. A certain memorable day spent in the Maine woods seemed by reason of her present environment but yesterday, whereas in truth it dated further back than the monotonous grind of school routine that now enslaved her. The teacher salved her self respect for such a frivolous impulse with the reminder that it was vacation time. Work of any sort had been prohibited on pain of nerves, already severely taxed, failing in the coming winter.

She had inscribed the title above her effusion in her neat, stiff writing, "Language of the Woods," and the simple words, faulty enough as poetry, were illumined with sincerity. The language of the woods, unheard for years, now in a different section of the country came clear and insistent as on that other holiday. Again she caught the murmur of hope in the swish of tall maples, drowning the sigh of regret among dark pines. The bridal white of the dogwood rose against cloudless sky. White wind swayed anemones, great purple violets, creeping pologala, thrusting frail heads high through decaying leaves, all spoke of imperishable youth and love. A couple of lines in her little verses brought a faint tinge of color to Eliza Jane's pale cheek:

Amid lightning and hailstones and rain,
Came love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine.

She let them remain because, like an echo of the language of which she wrote, they seemed to belong here. Presently the rhymes were completed, and, dropping both pad and pencil into the basket that she had brought to carry home such mountain treasures as she might find, she rose and stretched her arms with luxurious abandon. It was wonderful to be free from the cramp and irksome strain of routine. She breathed long and deeply of the invigorating air.

"I wonder, Elias, do you, too, remember? But of course not; you're a man I don't myself, except here, where one feels as if actually coming alive again after being petrified. I shall forget my dignity when I go back. It's only the language of the woods after all."

Eliza Jane laughed half regretfully. It was not unnatural that the place should stir sentiment in her. It was the same town to which Elias Smith had come after their misunderstanding, before they quite lost track of each other. Once, writing to her cousin, she casually inquired for her old friend. But Mrs. Hart answered that, while she heard of numberless Smiths, she had yet to come across one called Elias, which, in her judgment, was a mercy, since it was an ugly name, Scripture or no Scripture; hence when Eliza Jane accepted the invitation she had done so confident she ran no risk of meeting with her boy lover.

Catching sight through the tangle of underbrush of a glowing mass of azaleas, she pushed her way through, eagerly filling her hands. From one shrub to another she wandered, sometimes higher up the mountain side, sometimes dropping back, but always adding to her blossoms. When she could carry no more Eliza Jane paused for breath. The flash of scarlet and glossy black of a tanager caught her eye, and she held herself breathless so as not to scare him away.

When the green tangle swallowed him up she realized her own fatigue and retraced her steps to find her basket. Search as she would, she could not come upon it. Back and forth she walked, now climbing afresh the rocky incline, now descending with greater speed. At times stray bits of azalea caught on alien shrubs made her realize with disgust that she was covering ground already trodden. Her watch proved the hour late; dinner would be over and her cousin anxious at her nonappearance. Of small value in itself, the basket could be easily replaced, but the little spinster did not relish leaving her inspiration of the woods to the mercy of any stranger passing that way. In the end she was compelled to do so.

Usually self possessed, she stammered while explaining her misfortune on her return. Her cousin paused in setting the warmed over dinner before her to express her disapproval.

"At your age, Eliza Jane, to take to rhymes. You'd better stick to teaching. There's some use and more money in that."

"Should any one find it," suggested Eliza Jane uneasily.

"Is your name on it? No? Then they'd never lay such nonsense at your door. A schoolma'am is not supposed to be hanging verses about the woods like that young man we saw in the play last winter."

Two days later while sipping her coffee Eliza Jane glanced carelessly over the morning paper. Prominently on the editorial page was printed a small poem. The title seemed fairly to jump out of the column at her, "Language of the Woods."

The cup clattered as she set it in the saucer, and Mrs. Hart looked up reproachfully.

"Lor', Eliza Jane, what scared you now?'

"My—my verses"—

"For land's sake!" Her cousin appropriated the paper, and, adjusting her glasses carefully, read in a monotone, regardless of all punctuation, the verses Eliza Jane had pencled in the woods. She cast a suspicious glance at her relative's bent head on reaching the couplet:

Amid lightning and hailstones and rain,
Came love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine.

Perhaps womanly sympathy for anything bordering on romance held her tongue, for she made no comment then—or ever, till it no longer mattered.

"Listen, Eliza Jane," she continued, with growing interest, "here's some remarks by the editor himself. He desires the author to go down to the office for a check. Do tell! Money for that rubbish! Not that I want to hurt your feelings. I guess yours are no worse than lots of others."

"Perhaps writing would answer"—began Eliza Jane.

"Personal application is what it says here. If you can make money that easy the least you can do is to go after it."

So Eliza Jane did go and was ushered into the august presence of the editor. That gentleman proved tall, broad shouldered and a trifle bald, but with eyes that twinkled as at some peculiarly pertinent joke.

"I was right—I felt I was right. But you have changed a little more than your verses, Eliza Jane." The editor took his visitor by the hand, seating her in the wide armed chair. "Don't say you have forgotten me—I know better."

"Is it Elias Smith?" Eliza Jane could scarcely make the words distinct for the throbbing in her throat.

"No longer Elias B. Smith, but E. Browning Smith. It reads better in print. You, however, may call me as you will."

"You found the basket, but how could you guess"—

"That it was yours? Had I not seen in our gossip column that Miss Eliza Jane Robinson was visiting our city? The writing was identical with that in a certain letter I sometimes read to this day—above all, which of us could forget—

"Love's kiss in the pine woods of Maine?"

"Don't—please don't." Eliza Jane buried her [illegible] hands. But even so she could not [illegible] blushes. They crept up to the very rims of her small ears, from which her hair was brushed back straight and tidied. Elias Smith took her by the wrists and firmly uncovered her face. Stooping till his eyes were level with hers, he spoke almost in a whisper:

"I had lost you, Eliza Jane, and it seemed forever. But in the woods I have found you again, and this time I shall never let you go."

Man's War on Natural Beauty.

Today it is unfortunately perfectly true that man is the only animal who, instead of adorning and beautifying, makes nature hideous by his presence. The fox and the squirrel may make their homes in the wood and add to its beauty in so doing, but when Alderman Smith plants his villa there the gods pack up their trunks and depart. They can bear it no longer. The bushmen can hide themselves and become indistinguishable on a slope of bare rock; they twine their little naked bodies together and look like a heap of dead sticks. But when the chimney pot hat and the frock coat appear the birds fly screaming from the trees. This was the great glory of the Greeks—that they accepted and perfected nature, as the Parthenon sprang out of the limestone terraces of the Acropolis, carrying the natural lines of the rocks by gradations scarce perceptible into the finished human beauty of frieze and pediment. Possibly some day we shall again build our houses or dwelling places so simple and elemental in character that they will fit in the nooks of the hills or along the banks of streams or by the edges of the woods without disturbing the harmony of the landscape or the songs of the birds.—Edward Carpenter.

But They Couldn't Stop Steam.

Admiral Sir Charles Sapier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the royal navy and one day exclaimed in the house of commons, "Mr. Speaker, when we enter her majesty's naval service and face the chances of war we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets or be blown to bits by shot and shell, but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive." The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Yet in a few years Sir Charles Napier found himself in command of the largest steam navy that the world had ever seen.

Lord Stanley, subsequently the great Lord Derby, presided over a select committee of the house of commons to examine into the state of steam navigation. George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who was examined, spoke of the probability of steamships crossing the Atlantic. "Good heavens! What do you say?" exclaimed Lord Stanley, rising from his seat. "If steamships cross the Atlantic I will eat the boiler of the first boat." That pledge was never redeemed.

Free Lunch For a Lion.

He was selling suspenders on the street, but he declared that in his palmy days he had been Professor Piccolomini, the lion tamer.

"What made you give it up?" he was asked.

"Well, you see it was this way. Once I was engaged to tame a lion called Frederick Barbarossa, who was certainly a wild proposition.

"But I was equal to the task. By slow and gradual steps I taught Frederick good manners. I used to walk into his cage, snap a whip, make him do stunts and all that sort of thing. Everything went along beautifully. But I got into trouble when I tried to teach Frederick to eat out of my hand."

"How?"

"Why, he ate three fingers out of my hand, confound him! Have a pair of suspenders? They work without hitching. Twenty-five cents."—New York Times.

A Wireless Message.

[Original.]

Alan Lovering, traveling abroad, fell in with a young lady who was touring with her aunt. He first met them in Paris, where he and they were inspecting a lace factory. Both the aunt and the young lady appeared to be very refined and not by any means stinted for money. The name was Varick.

Probably there are more love affairs among travelers for pleasure than at any other time. Strange, not familiar, faces attract each other, and love flourishes in idle fields. At any rate, Lovering was much attracted to Miss Madelaine Varick. Miss Varick seemed to be both pleased and troubled at his attentions. Lovering thought she acted very like a girl who had a reason for not permitting herself to accept them. The next step in his inferences—a natural one to a lover—was that there was another man in the case.

Lovering shortened his stay abroad in order to cross the ocean with the Varicks. If visiting palaces, galleries, china, tapestry and lace factories near Paris was conducive to love, steamer chairs in close proximity on the deck of an ocean liner were much more so. On moonlight nights especially the young lady was entrancing. But that nervousness, apparently at Lovering's attentions, which she had displayed in Paris was sensibly increased on the ocean, growing more and more marked as they approached America.

One morning Lovering went into the telegraph office to send a wireless dispatch. The operator had stepped out for a moment, leaving two dispatches ready to put in envelopes on a table. Lovering could not well help taking them in, as they were short. One was addressed to Miss Madeline Varick. It read:

Engagement broken. Am free.
HOWARD.

Here was an explanation to the young lady's treatment of him. Some one who had been tied up in an engagement wished to marry her. Lovering's heart stood still. Then the words, "All's fair in war and in love," flashed through his brain, and his plan was formed. The operator returned, and Lovering offered to deliver Miss Varick's message. The offer was accepted, and the telegram went to the bottom [illegible] where it remained till after the [illegible]sion of the voyage.

The same evening, while the moon, which had reached the full, was rising out of the ocean, Lovering poured another ocean—an ocean of love—into Miss Varick's ear. She listened with pleasure to his declaration, but would give no decisive answer.

"Wait till we have landed," she said. "Come and see me a few days after I have reached home, then I will give you an answer."

"Why wait?"

"I don't know. Something may happen. You may not want me when you know that which"—

She paused. Lovering was sure she wished to wait and have it out with his rival, and that would probably mean his defeat. He pleaded for a definite response, but in vain. The lady would not bind herself until after the landing.

When the steamer passed slowly up the Hudson river and half a dozen tugs were turning her nose into her docks, the aunt and niece came on deck, ready to go ashore. The aunt, who had kept her stateroom during the voyage, now seemed to Varick to have gained flesh. He remarked upon her improved appearance, and she said that even a few days without air and exercise would cause her to gain perceptibly. Miss Varick wore a long cloak, which she kept well buttoned.

When the gangplank was in place Lovering gave his arm to the aunt, and the three went ashore together. He could feel her heart beating against his arm like a triphammer and wondered at the cause. They had scarcely reached the dock when a customs inspector approached and said politely:

"This way, ladies."

Both ladies turned pale. They mutely followed the officer, who turned them over to a woman, and they disappeared from Lovering's view to be searched.

The next morning he learned through the papers a history of the case. The aunt was a New York modiste, and the niece was one of her shopgirls. The former was wound with many yards of lace, and the latter under her cloak wore several lace dresses, each worth a thousand dollars. The account stated that they had been warned by a wireless telegram, which from some unaccountable reason was never delivered to them.

Then Lovering dived into his pocket, pulled out the message he had purloined, read it again and knew that he had foiled the game of his beloved smuggler by intercepting a cypher warning that the New York customs officers were "on to" her game.

"There is honor among thieves" and sometimes among lovers, though the latter are apt to be crooked, especially when a rival appears. After a flush of shame at having been deceived Lovering was conscience stricken at having been the cause of the failure of the girl's smuggling venture. He interested himself in her case and eventually averted punishment for the breaking of the laws, though he could not prevent the smuggled goods from confiscation. But, since she was only acting for her employer, the loss was not her own. The young man's love took a fresh start at the discovery that she was the granddaughter of a southern planter ruined by the civil war. He renewed his courtship and in time won her in earnest for his wife. He considered her criminal only under the law. FLORENCE GILBERT.

Sensitive.

Motorist Coonley—Beg pawdon, suh, but kin yo' infohm me how many miles it am teh Jayville? The Farmer—Waal, as the crow flies— Motorist Coonley—Doan' git pussonal, suh, doan' git pussonal!—Puck.

Gets It Weak.

Binks—Does strong coffee keep you awake? Jinks—How do I know? I board.—Somerville Journal.