DENTON JOURNAL.

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J. H. NICHOLS & SON : DENTON, MD. | J. H. NICHOLS & SON : DENTON, MD. | J. H. NICHOLS & SON : DENTON, MD.

THE SPECIAL REMOVAL SALE BEGINS TO-DAY

TO-DAY, AUGUST 1st, we will put on sale, in order that we may dispose of it before moving into our New Building, now well under construction, our entire stock of Light-Weight Clothing, Low Shoes, Summer Dress Goods, and many staples.

CLOTHING AT ONE-THIRD OFF

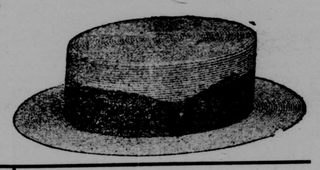
All colors and styles. Clothing for Men, Youths and Boys. Nothing reserved. This stock is principally from the manufacturing establishment of Schloss Bros. & Co., and every garment is first-class in material and workmanship. It will all go at a reduction of

THIRTY-THREE AND A-THIRD PER CENT.

Come early and make the best selection. In the lot are stouts, slims and regulars. All fresh stock. We do not handle job lots.

Special Sale of Men's Separate Pants

STRAW HATS WILL ALL GO REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY COST



UNUSUAL VALUES IN SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Unusual values in Lawns, Waistings, Ginghams, Muslins, and White Goods. Don't fail to come, as the goods must be sold. We do not want to move stock into new building.

Apron Gingham, Lancaster, 5½c.
Calico, all shades, best quality, 4½c.
All Lawns that were 15c and 18c, now 9c.
All Silk Mull, regularly 25c and 35c, now 15c.
Hill's Muslin, 10 yards for 85c.
Androscoggin Muslin, 10 yards for 85c.

Low Shoes at a Fourth Off

This includes every pair of Low-Cut Shoes in the Store---for Men, Women, Boys, Youths, Misses and Children---including a large lot of White Shoes and Slippers. This stock is in the very best of condition.

The Royal Worcester Corset

In order to thoroughly introduce in Caroline county the Royal Worcester Corset we will for one week sell them at the following prices:

$ .50	Corset	$	.38
1.00	"		.75
1.25	"		1.00
3.00	"		2.25

MEN'S AND BOYS' NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

All Men's	$1.50	Kind,	$1.15
"	1.00	"	.75
"	.50	"	.37
All Boys'	.50	"	.35

HOSIERY

15c. Children's Hosiery, 10c.
25c. Children's Stockings, 19c.

FANS

Ladies' and Children's Fans that were 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, now 3c, 7c, 10c, 15c.

GLOVES

We have an assortment of Long Silk and Lisle Gloves, tan, black and white, at 25c. to $1.00. Were 50c. to $1.25.

WE PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE

J. H. NICHOLS & SON : CARTER BLOCK : DENTON, MARYLAND

All Summer Goods Are Going Now at Cost or Lower at Pastorfield's

These include the Summer Weights of Dress Goods, such as Panama, Brilliantine, Serge, Batiste, &c., some of the quotations being:

85c Panama Cloth now 55c. 50c Brilliantine, now 38c. 50c Batiste, now 30c.
30c Poplar Cloth, now 20c. Suitings—$1.00 Lorento Cloth, now 75c.
10c and 12c Lawns, now 8c. 15c and 18c Lawns, now 10c.

All Men's and Boys' Clothing at and Below Cost

TO CLEAN OUT THE LIGHT-WEIGHT STOCK.

Boys' Suits that were sold at $1.25 to $4.50 now going at $1.00 to $3.00. So with all Clothing.

Summer Shoes Also at Cost

Oxfords that were selling at $3.00 are now sold at $2.25; Oxfords that were $1.75 to $2.00 are now $1.25; and $1.25 to $1.50 Oxfords are now $1.00. All Children's Oxfords are reduced to the cost price, which is 50 cents and up.

Straw Hats of All Styles Are Going at Cost

For the best styles and lower still for those not quite up to date. In fact, there is a lot going at 25 cents each that sold in the early season at 50 cents to $1.50 each. Here is a chance for the greatest kind of bargains in hats.

W. CARROLL PASTORFIELD, West Denton, Md.

$5.00 in Gold for the largest Turnips or Ruta Baga grown from
BOLGIANO'S SEEDS

And delivered to our store in Baltimore on or before Thanksgiving Day, 1908. If your merchants don't sell Bolgiano's Reliable Turnip, Ruta Baga, Spinach and Kale seed, send to us direct.

EARLEVILLE, MD., Nov. 8th, 1908.
J. BOLGIANO & SON, Baltimore, Md.
I am sending you, via Adams Express, prepaid, a turnip grown from your Red Top White Globe Seed, which I wish to enter for your prize of $5.00. It weighs 3½ lbs., and measures 21 inches in circumference, and 6¾ inches in diameter, which is larger than the one that won the prize last year; and, therefore, I have strong hopes of winning it this year. They are the finest turnips I have ever raised, and the rest of them will compare favorably with this.
Yours truly, W. F. COALE.

BOLGIANO'S SEED STORE,
Light, Pratt and Ellicott Sts.,
FOUNDED 1818. BALTIMORE, MD.

Order Nisi.

Mattie Wagner, et al.,
vs.
Levi C. King, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County.
In Equity. No. 1275.

Ordered, this 24th day of July, 1908, that the Special Auditor's Report, made and filed in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless good cause to the contrary be shown, within three weeks from the 25th day of July, 1908, provided a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Caroline County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 10th day of August, 1908.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN ALL MAIL ORDERS AND ENQUIRIES.

Write Us for Prices on any item you want for the Farm, or Machinery of all kinds.

WAGONS, PLOWS, MANURE SPREADERS, CORN HARVESTERS, DRILLS, DOUBLE-ACTING CUT-A-WAY HARROWS, Spring-Tooth HARROWS, SQUARE DRAGS, HARNESS, PAINTS, In fact anything you might need we can furnish you with, at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON Hdwe. Co.,
Easton, Maryland.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given that on town taxes paid in August a discount of five per cent. will be allowed. By order of the Commssioners,

C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Grain Notice.

Mr. Charles H. Whitby, the agent at Denton of the steamer Plymouth, Captain Brockway, will pay the highest cash prices for grain. Call on him at West Denton or at his home in Denton.

Boat Patterns.

I have 25 good boat patterns for sale, cheap. Apply to

G. L. BUTLER.
Near Fowling Creek, Md.
P. O., Preston, Md. (7-11-8t)

Teachers' Examination.

OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD,
Denton, Md., July 14, 1909.

An examination for white teachers will begin August 20, 1908, 9 a. m. at the Denton High School.

All persons who contemplate teaching and not otherwise eligible must take this examination. By order

A. W. SISK, President.
E. M. NOBLE, Secretay.

For Sale.

Nine acres of land, with a 12-room dwelling thoroughly repaired and remodeled, papered and painted new; barn and outbuildings, nicely arranged. Large lawn, sloping to water's edge. Has full water frontage, solid sandy shore, joining wharf property at Denton Bridge. Terms easy. Apply to

F. B. NUTTLE,
7-18-08] Denton, Md.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
218 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

The Taking of Lorena.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Although it was the second week in May, there were sudden and chill whiffs of wind from the north, accompanied by flying particles of ice and snow, grim warning that winter had not yet renounced its sway in the northland.

Floyd Jordan, striding down the steep mountain trial, halted irresolutely near the abrupt turning at Farrell's bluff. He appeared to be meditating deeply. Suddenly he threw up his head, squared his shoulders and hurried on, not in the direction of the boarding house in the gulch, but toward Farrell's cabin.

Farrell's cabin consisted of two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the mountain side and nestled in the gulches, but white curtains hung at the Farrell windows, and the windward side of the living room was hung with gay Navajo blankets.

The brown fur of a mountain bear was on the floor, and its mate was spread luxuriously beneath the red pillows of a couch. And, set like a torch in the south window, a geranium, potted in a brilliant Indian basket, lifted its scarlet bloom.

But Jordan felt without seeing this harmony. He was looking into the face of the girl who had opened the door. It was a face of light and shade which spoke the swift thought before the voice found words, a face to hold a man's glance in a crowd. Closing the door, she resumed her seat by the fire without replying to Jordan's genial greeting.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad shouldered, he looked even larger in the clumsy canvas coat, corduroys and high laced boots of the prospector. He whipped his hat against his knee, evidently disconcerted by the girl's hostile attitude.

"That you, Floyd Jordan?" inquired a voice from the inner room.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrell. How're you feeling?"

"Some better, I'm glad to say. Set down and warm yourself, Floyd. 'Tain't to be wondered at that people have rheumatism in a land where there is ten months' winter. If you'll shut the door, Loreny, I'll get up and dress."

Lorena closed the door.

"Floyd Jordan, what are you coming here again for?" she burst out suddenly.

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not to drop in with your mother sick and your dad away, would it?"

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you?" she said fiercely, taking a few steps toward him. Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasonable anger, the miner's heart throbbed acknowledgment of the tall, pliant, reedlike grace before him.

"Yes, Lorena, but I have just a little hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I mean it when I tell you I've heard how you bragged to the boys at the store that you could take me whenever you got good and ready?"

"I never said it in that way. Some one has garbled my words to suit their own purpose. Why, I've loved you from the first time I ever set eyes on you. I've been thinking of building a cabin on my claim—if you'll have me, Lorena. If you won't I'll sell out and go to the States."

"You can't go any too quick to suit me," answered the girl, her voice tense with scorn. "And you can tell them loafers at the store that I'm not to be taken so easily. I'd rather die than marry you, Floyd Jordan."

"I reckon that settles it," said Jordan, rising and buttoning his coat. "Please tell your mother goodby for me," and he was gone.

"Loreny Farrell, what have you been and done?" demanded her mother, limping into the room in her stocking feet. "You know's well as I do that Floyd never said nothing to nobody about you! The Blake girls made it all up, jealous 'cause you'd caught the likeliest young feller in the camp. You've driven him away for good this time. "He'll keep his word—he always does—and go to the States."

She re-entered the bedroom for her shoes, and Lorena stealthily opened the door and looked after her lover's retreating figure. He had almost reached the bluff. If he passed it she knew she would never see him again. Something stirred in her throat. The long stretch of trail that ran away through the dreary landscape seemed like her life, and Floyd was going out of it. Her heart yearned for him. What would her life be without him?

"Loreny, where are you?" called Mrs. Farrell, emerging from the bedroom fully shod. The girl was not in the room. Her mother opened the door and looked out, but a wall of whirling white met her vision.

"My God!" she gasped. "The child's gone after him."

She knew the risk. All morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard, the sort that swoops down on the northwest territory as late as June and as early as August. It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables; it sets men circling in the snow; it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in monstrous drifts.

A knock sounded on the door, and Floyd entered, noisily stamping the snow from his feet.

"Thought I'd come back and have another talk with Lorena," he began.

"Oh, Floyd, she's gone after you!" cried the distracted woman, wringing her hands. "I saw her footprints pointing toward the bluff. She got sorry right after you left."

"I'll find her," said Floyd quickly. "Don't worry." And he dashed back into the storm.

When Lorena softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Floyd rounding the bluff.

"Floyd! Oh, Floyd, come back!" she called, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

Realizing that he could not hear her, she started after him, but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view.

She hurried on, calling his name repeatedly, but the furious wind tore at her breath and walled her about with fleecy clouds. She never even made the bluff.

And when she found that she had missed it and tried to retrace her steps the drift had filled her tracks. If she could only strike the trail! In desperation she turned to the right and turned to the left, but one turn offset the other.

Thus she struggled on and on and still on until in spite of the biting cold the perspiration burst from every pore. This was well enough as long as she kept moving, but when the time came that she must stop she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the northland, Lorena knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on until her tired limbs compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She leaned panting against a rock, all unconscious of a pair of eyes which glared from a willow thicket near by.

While she rested the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the grinning jaws hungrily, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Lorena uttered a frightened cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, strong as a mastiff. He emitted low snarls as he slunk in half circles across her front. He was undecided.

So while he circled, preparing for a spring, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Lorena fell back—back toward the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

With sudden inspiration she took off her heavy shawl and threw it, blanket-wise, over the wolf's head and then fled desperately. Once clear of the shrub she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight.

Of direction she took no heed. Her only thought was to place distance between herself and the famished brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused to rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

With a terrified shriek Lorena ran and ran and ran as the tired doe runs from the hounds. At last she stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking around, she saw the wolf, licking his hungry jaws, crouching for the final spring. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees and closed her eyes.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession. Looking up, she saw Floyd Jordan, with his smoking revolver in his hand, standing over the prostrate beast.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she sobbed as he came to her with eyes tender and anxious. He picked her up from the snow, wrapped her in his coat and held her against his breast.

The storm was lifting. Farrell's cabin could be plainly discerned not a quarter of a mile distant.

"I'm dead sure now I'll build that cabin on my claim," Floyd said as they started homeward.

Decline of Billingsgate.

Billingsgate, whose decline in rhetoric has already been noted, has declined also in other ways since Queen Elizabeth appointed it "an open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals and fruit (grocery wares excepted)." Stow gives the list more fully, as including "fish, both fresh and salt, shell fishes, salt, oranges, onions and other fruits and roots, wheat and rye, and grain of divers sorts for the service of the city and the realm adjoining"—which suggests the contents of a village general shop. In William III.'s reign Billingsgate was limited to a "free and open market for all sorts of fish," and it was after this that its reputation for language grew up, alluded to by Pope:

There stript, fair Rhetoric languished on the ground;
His blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.

—London Chronicle.

Buried Treasures In England.

There must be a good deal of treasure in the form of church plate and so forth concealed in different parts of the country, as quantities of it were buried at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. There are two legends in Worcestershire regarding some silver bells, for instance, which have been handed down most persistently from one generation to another since the sixteenth century. One version of the story is that the bells were buried by the last abbot of Evesham, Abbot Lichfield, in a subterranean passage which formerly existed between the abbey and a house on the opposite bank of the river, while the other story has it that a peal of silver bells was buried at the same period (the dissolution of the monasteries) at Abbots Morton, a village ten miles distant from Evesham.—Wide World Magazine.

A Dream Warning.

A strange story comes from Calabria. One Braccala, a resident of Pizzo, had a dream in which he saw his son, twenty years of age, being attacked by two men, who were stabbing him with knives. Braccala awoke and, arousing his wife, told her what he had seen. She tried to calm him, but while they were still discussing the matter a noise was heard in front of the house, and, hastening down, Mme. Braccala opened the door just in time to catch her son in her arms as he fell swooning to the ground. He had been attacked and stabbed and died shortly afterward.

Too Easy For Him.

"Sir, I want work."

"Here's a penny. Buy yourself a newspaper."

"But I know nothin' about runnin' a newspaper," protested Tired Tiffins, who really wanted alms.—Louisville Courier-Journal.