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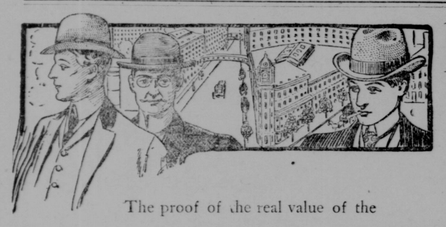

The proof of the real value of the

Stetson Hat

is the success of its makers. If this splendid head-wear failed to measure to every claim made for it, the mammoth Stetson factories would never have developed. Isn't that clear to you?

We have the Stetson Soft and Derby Hats in all the latest styles.

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FALL OPENING

New Stock of Fall and Winter Goods ready FOR YOUR INSPECTION. We are making an extra effort for the coming season.

After hunting the markets we returned home with the best of merchandise, such as the

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing,

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DRESS GOODS

Comprising all of the newest fabrics: Voiles and Nun's Veiling.

F. C. STYLE 286
Kalamazoo Corset Co. Sole Makers

Large Stock of Ladies Coats & Wraps is now ready for your inspection.

H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT,

Carter Block, DENTON, MARYLAND.

Close to the Ground.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Sweet.

"SEEMS now like it's goin' to be a good crop year, mellowin' weather an' just rain 'nough to keep the ground from bakin'. If it keeps on like this, we can surely pay for the land come next crop an' maybe have somethin' left for a mule."

"An' what's it all good for?" asked Looizy. The girl spoke indifferently and with the slow drawl peculiar to the Georgia cracker. "You work harder'n any man round here, harder'n the plantation niggers themselves. An' what does it 'mount to? They have spendin' money an' go to circuses an' have store truck to eat, while we all just stick to corn pones an' grits an' work."

"But it's to pay for the land, Looizy," said the old man eagerly. "After that's done paid for we can have more spendin' money. There'll be no more rents nor shares. An' we're the only poor fambly round here that is aimin' to own land just like quality folks. I'm workin' for you all more'n for myself, Looizy, for you an' Betty an' Molly. I'd like to have you equal to the best of 'em. But it would be more pleasant-like to have store things. We might spend some o' the land money that a-way."

The girl made a quick, impatient movement.

"'Tain't the store things I care for," she said sharply. "I ain't after such truck. But I 'low I hate everything around here, it's so triflin' an' no 'count. We all are poor, ignorant crackers, an' we can't help ourselves. Gettin' land ain't goin' to make we uns quality. We must have learnin' an' manners an' know about things. But we all can't learn, for there's no schools roun' here an' nobody to show us." She paused and dug her bare feet in the sand. After a few moments she went on more slowly and with a side glance at her father: "You an' Betty an' the neighbors 'low as I'm lazy an' triflin' 'cause I don't help in the fiel' an' roun' the house. But I don't care. I don't care for the land. I don't care for work, an' I 'low I don't care for anything nor anybody."

"You're out o' sorts, Looizy, an' need more 'stractions. S'pose you go down to the settlement 'long o' Betty an' me an' help carry eggs. Mebbe it'll make you feel more peart."

But she shook her head decidedly.

"I hate the settlement. The boys call me wildcat an' cracker comet an' fling things after me. But I 'low I generly fixes 'em." And she gave a harsh little laugh in which was a trace of exultation. "You all can tote the eggs. I reckon I'll go fishin' down the creek."

SHE MOVED WEARILY TOWARD THE CABIN.

It was late in the afternoon when Looizy returned from the creek. As she approached the cabin she saw a strange team move away, and one of the two men who occupied the wagon she recognized as the settlement doctor. Hurrying forward, she almost stumbled over Betty, who was lying on the floor sobbing bitterly. But Looizy scarcely noticed her. She was looking at the motionless figure on the bed.

"What is it?" she asked in a sharp whisper.

"Pap's done smasht awful!" wailed Betty. "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

The figure on the bed turned slightly and tried to raise itself, but sank back, with a groan. In an instant she was by his side.

"What is it, daddy?" she asked softly as she smoothed the gray hair back from his face. "Can I help to raise you or—or anything?"

"You mustn't be scared, honey," he gasped. "It ain't nothin' 'cept for the pain an' for losin' the crop."

"But what is the matter, daddy? How's you hurt?"

"It's just one foot," he said, with a grimace, "only one, but the doctor 'lows it's plumb bad an' that I'm to truckle right here on this bed for the Lord knows how long."

"Pap was a-grabbin for—for a pickaninny that was crawlin' in the road," said Betty between her sobs, "an'—an' the runaway horses stompt him. Niggers shouldn't be 'lowed to have young uns in the road."

"Was the pickaninny saved?" asked Looizy eagerly.

Her father nodded.

"The child wa'n't to blame," he said, "an' I couldn't help a-grabbin'. An' surely the young un's worth more'n it's cost me. I ain't a-mutterin' agin the hurt, but I do most p'intedly hate to lose the crop an' not have money for the land. If only I could have the hurt an' be able to work just the same."

"Never mind, daddy; it'll come roun' all right," she said quietly. "Just you rest easy an' don't worry. We all can look after things."

"An'—an' you don't feel hard on me for gettin' hurt? I was studyin' how to make things more pleasant-like, an' here I've done made 'em worse. It'll be more work, Looizy, honey, but I reckon you'll have to help Betty now an' ag'in. There'll be the hens an' pigs to look after an' the housework an' the tendin'. We'll have to be clost, but I reckon the hens 'll 'bout give us a livin'."

"I done told you not to fret, daddy," she said softly. "Just you rest easy an' 'pend on we all to look out for things. As for your hurt," a slight flush creeping into her face, "I'm glad of it. That's worth all the land an' the crops in the world."

As the night came on his foot grew more painful, and at times he was delirious. Looizy remained with him until after midnight, when, as he grew more quiet, she called Betty to take her place. Soon after the old man sank into a quiet sleep.

It was late in the forenoon when he awoke. Betty was working about the room, and he could hear the voice of little Molly outside calling the chickens.

"Where's Looizy?" he asked.

"I don't know. She done took some pone an' bacon an' left 'fore sunup. She 'lowed maybe she'd be back 'fore night an' mebbe she wouldn't. I asked her to help me first, but she 'lowed Molly an' me could look after the chores an' housework."

The old man sighed. He had been hoping for better things from Looizy.

Meanwhile Looizy was toiling slowly back and forth across the tobacco field. The rows were long and the work hard and laborious, and the girl made little apparent progress. But gradually as the hours went by her position shifted from one side of the field to the other. All through the long, hot day she worked, not pausing to eat or rest and only stopping when the shadows made it hard to distinguish the ground between the rows. Then she looked back at her work.

"Six rows done hoed," she said aloud. "It's a good day's work. But I'm plumb tired."

Throwing the hoe across her shoulder, as she had seen her father do, she moved wearily toward the cabin. On entering she found Betty in the act of setting the supper of grits and molasses upon the table. Her father looked up quickly as she came in.

"You've been a long time," he said. "We've been lookin' for you right smart."

"I was busy," she answered, "an' couldn't spare time for dinner. After this I'll try to be roun' come noon. But how're you been all day, daddy?"

"Toler'ble peart." Then as she sat down beside him he reached out and took one of her hands in his and looked up into her face. Her eyes were clear, and she met his gaze with a little smile. What did it mean? Had he been judging her too harshly? He drew her hand closer and noticed that it trembled as though with pain. He raised it to the light.

"Why, Looizy," and there were wonder and dismay in the voice, "your hands are all solid blister!"

"It's only 'cause they ain't used to the work," she answered hastily. "I've been that lazy my hands are act'ally gettin' soft. A few days in the field an' they'll be good hands for work."

"An'—an' you've been workin' in the field all day," he said slowly, "an' I a-lyin' here an' misjudgin' you! But you mustn't do it, Looizy, honey. It's too hard. If you 'low on helpin' you might look after the truck patch."

But Looizy shook her head.

"I'm the oldest," she said, "an' must look out for the man's work. If Betty an' Molly have time from the housework they might help in the truck patch."

As the weeks went by Looizy's hands became accustomed to the work and the blisters disappeared. When she had finished hoeing the tobacco she went to the cotton field. From there she went to the melons.

One day Looizy came in with a glowing face.

"The melons are ripenin'," she said, "an' there's goin' to be more'n we all ever had before."

A few days later Looizy reported that thieves had entered the field the night before and taken some of the melons. That night the theft was repeated. Several days passed, and more of the melons were missed.

"I wouldn't care if they wa'n't so pertic'lar," said Looizy, "but they just pick the biggest an' best."

Late that night she was awakened by a small figure at her bedside.

"What is it, Molly?" she asked drowsily.

"I've done cotched 'em," was the startling answer. "After you all was 'sleep I just crept out the cabin an' hid 'mong the melon vines. It seemed most a year 'fore they came, an' I was plumb sleepy. But I just pinched myself, an' when they did come I up an' told 'em 'bout we all workin' an' 'bout the land an' pap bein' sick an' 'bout you 'lowin' they might take the small melons an' leave the big ones."

"Molly!" And Looizy sat upright in bed. She was wide awake now. "Ain't you yarnin'?"

"I reckon not," confidently, "'cause I've got $2 one of the young men gave me for the melons. They's nice men an' 'lowed they'd be roun' an' see you tomorrow. They's campin' over to Long pond."

The next morning as Looizy was on her way to work she was met by several young men.

"Miss Louise, I suppose?" said one of them, raising his hat.

"Looizy they call me," was the quiet answer.

"Well, I—I suppose that queer sister of yours has told about our raiding the melon patch?" hesitating and coloring a little as he spoke. "But I assure you we meant no real harm. If we had known the facts in the case we would never have entered the field. Somehow melons and apples have always seemed different from other property. However," a quick, frank smile coming to his face, "that isn't what we're here for. We wish to apologize and to make some arrangement

"MISS LOUISE, I SUPPOSE?" SAID ONE OF THEM.

for the future. You see, we are very fond of melons, and we have decided not to pick any more after dark. We might go to the settlement for them, but that would be a long walk, and the melons would not be fresh. Besides, we have acquired a taste for yours. Now, if you are willing to trust us we will act fair and square and pay you for every one we take. We shall want a lot, and there is another crowd of young fellows coming down from Augusta next week."

"Augusta?" looking up quickly. "I 'low that's where they have schools—for girls, I mean?"

"There are several good ones, I believe," he answered. "Do you think of going?"

"N-no. I just asked. I reckon you can take what melons you want. We all are glad to sell 'em."

Before the melons were gone Andy's foot had so improved that he was able to hobble out to the fields. Leaning on his cane and assisted by Looizy, he went slowly from one field to another.

"It's a good crop," he said, "as good's I ever raised myself—corn mostly eared, tobacco good an' sca'cely any bumblebee cotton in the whole field. I can hardly b'lieve that one gal did it all."

One afternoon a few months later Andy called the girls into the cabin. Going to his strong box in the corner, he took from it a bag that was heavy with silver and small coins. These he emptied upon the table and divided into two piles.

"It's the most crop money we all ever had at once," he said, "if it was made by a gal. Now, this," pointing to the larger pile, "is for the land. It will pay it all up clear. An' this," touching the other pile, "is for Looizy to go to school up in Augusta. I had a talk 'long o' the boys that bought the melons, an' they told me 'bout Looizy askin' after the school. An'—an', Looizy," looking at her wistfully, "one of 'em—the one that talks—said as how he'd asked you to marry him an' that you answered no, you wa'n't fit, but that if ever you had a chance to git learnin', so you could act like quality folks, an' he should wait, then he could come an' ask ag'in. He said he felt it a duty to tell me an' that he should wait if 'twas a whole lifetime, for you was the noblest gal ever was an' the only one he could ever care for. He seemed a nice boy."

A soft color had been stealing into Looizy's cheeks, but her gaze did not fail.

"Yes, he's a nice boy, daddy," she answered, "but I told him not to wait, for it would be years an' years even if I ever got a chance. He said he wouldn't take that answer, though, an' kept beggin', so at last I said if he did wait he could come an' ask ag'in some time. He's a foolish boy, but he—he is nice."

"An' you're nice, Looizy," said old Andy simply. "Well, after the talk I went down an' saw the storekeeper to the settlement, an' he gave me p'ints. This money 'll pay for schoolin' till next crop, an' by that time there'll be more. Looizy can board 'long o' her Aunt Lizy, who lives in Augusta. If I'd found out 'twas schoolin' you wanted so bad I might 'a' helped you before, Looizy, honey."

The girl had listened with a growing wonder in her face. Several times she essayed to speak, then rushed from the cabin.

"Poor little gal!" said the old man. "I didn't know as she cared so much."

Big Tips For Little Favors.

"It is surprising," said a veteran Pullman porter, "how big a tip a porter sometimes gets for doing a very little thing." He added:

"A passenger once tipped me extra because he said I did not leave his shoestrings coiled up inside his shoes after I had blacked them. He said nothing made him madder than to slip on his shoes in a hurry in a sleeper only to find that he had to take them off again because the shoestrings were inside. Ever since that time I have been careful not to leave shoestrings inside of the shoes I black, and more than one passenger has thanked me for being thoughtful. But it wasn't me that did the thinking. The tip did that for me, and I never forgot it."—Leslie's Weekly.

In the Right Direction.

Bishop Blomfield was one of the many witty Englishmen whose good things have found their way into a volume of reminiscences, "Leaves From the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill."

Bishop Blomfield was led into a controversy one time with a learned man as to the mental superiority of the east over the west, and his opponent as a parting shot said:

"Well, at any rate, you can't dispute that the wise men came from the east."

"Surely that was the wisest thing they could do!" retorted the bishop.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Manner In Which the Law Treats It In Different Countries.

England is the best place, from the plaintiff's point of view, for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grief into the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare, for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now, this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach of promise actions are rare, the injured damsels or their relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape. But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can and often does claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand when all this is remembered how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal oaths.

As the law of Italy affords little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels or swains, it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for the breach shal produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one time lovers.

To bring an action for breach of promise of mariage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court, but the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to, and Miss Mighell was nonsuited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts for £10,000 each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.—London Tit-Bits.

Tune For Tune.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute players. He played the flute remarkably well himself. A famous flutist once asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift. Frederick listened attentively while he played a difficult piece. "You play very well," he said, "and I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the proof. Presently the king returned with his own flute and played the same piece. Then he bade his visitor "Good day," saying, "I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Beyond His Aid.

A woman who had a telephone in her apartment called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued. The man who took her message tried to be exceedingly polite.

"We are sorry to lose you," he said. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."

"Ah," said the polite clerk, "you are past our aid. Goodby."—New York Sun.

An Original Oath of Allegiance.

In the old days when the Spanish province of Aragon was a proud and independent monarchy the people used when choosing their king the following singular form of election:

"We, the freeborn inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, who are equal to you, Don Philip, and something more, elect you to be our king on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in this you should fail we own you for our king no longer."

The Red Ferns.

"Stop the auto!"

"But, sir"—

"I think I saw some red ferns."

"Better lemme keep on, boss," advised the chauffeur earnestly. "Them red ferns is the local constable's whiskers."—Washington Herald.

The Open Window.

The best part of a modern house is its windows. To keep these open day and night and to make the air inside approach as nearly as possible the air outside should be the first business of the housekeeper.—Good Health.

A Precaution.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, but he wants to keep solid with the building inspectors," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

BOLGIANO'S "GOLD" BRAND TIMOTHY SEED

Is Entirely Free From Weeds and Filth.

Every Sack is stenciled "GOLD" at the Mouth.

If Your Merchant Does Not Sell It, Accept No Substitute.

Insist Upon Having "GOLD" Timothy. Then You Will Have Pure Seed For Your Fields.

J. BOLGIANO & SON, BALTIMORE, MD.

Fine Groceries, Salt Meats, Fish, Etc., Etc., are always to be found at the store of

GEO. C. SKIRVEN, CARTER BLOCK, DENTON,

Dealer in "GOOD THINGS TO EAT." All the housekeepers of Denton and vicinity are specially invited to call and inspect the stock and leave their order, or call on the phone.

For Sale.

I have for sale a very fine driving mare, by old Linkwwod Cheif, 6 years old next spring, not afraid of Automobiles.

W. J. KELLEY, Rural Route 2, Dento, Md.

For Rent.

A comfortable dwelling, 4 rooms below and three bedrooms and hall above. Possession given October 1st. Apply to CLINTON COOK, or JOHN T. CARTER, JR., (9-26-3t) Denton, Md.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL and get all he county news.

PUBLIC SALE —OF A— VALUABLE FARM in the Third District.

ON account of failing health I have decided to sell my farm, where I now reside, known as the home farm, I will offer and expose it at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, on

Tuesday, Oct. 6th,

1908, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock p. m.

The property is described as follows:

All that Farm or Tract of Land

situate, lying and being in the Third Election District of Caroline county, on the southeast side of the county road leading from Anthony's Mill to Burrsville, being about 5 miles from Denton, 3 miles from Hobbs and 1½ miles from Burrsville, and adjoins the lands of James Breeding, Mr. Murphy and others, and containing the quantity of

130 Acres of Land

more or less. Of this farm 80 to 90 acres are arable and in a fair state of cultivation, and 15 to 20 ACRES of the remainder is fairly set in SAW TIMBER and the balance in Woodland,

Improvements consists of 2-STORY DWELLING, Barn, Stables and necessary outbuildings in ordinary repair, and sufficient fruit for family use. Any day before the sale will show you the farm.

TERMS OF SALE: Made known on the day of sale.

R. JOHN SATTERFIELD, F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer. Owner.

Order Nisi.

ANTHONY ET AL. vs. COLBOURN ET AL

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1323.

Ordered, this 3d day of September, 1908, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Jacob E. Ellwanger, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 5th day of October, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $2650.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test: THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

CURES YOUNG AND OLD

Even the suffering baby when it has a cold or cough can safely be given Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It will cure—maybe spare the child's life—and comfort the mother in the time of fear. "Through friends we used

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

for our baby and found it a very good remedy. The little one's cough was cured with less than a bottle. We recommend it for grown-up people as well, and we are never without it in the house." Mrs. S. Schoenberg, 306 E. 86th St., New York, N.Y.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

We have absolute confidence in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and to convince you that it will cure, we will send a trial bottle free to all who will write for it and mention this paper. A. C. Meyer & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DON'T BUY A SUBSTITUTE.—Don't endanger the life of your little one nor your own by taking a substitute. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best that you can buy; insist on getting it. It is absolutely pure. Price 25c., 50c., $1.00.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup can be given with perfect safety to the youngest child. Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Serial No. 226.

New Stock of Jewelry

including Solid Gold and High Grade Filled Goods has been received at DR. F. J. WRIGHT'S STORE, Denton, Md.

This stock embraces Neck Chains, Cuff Pins, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Etc.

Let Wright Order Your DIAMONDS for the holidays. You can save at least twenty-five per cent by buying here.

Order Nisi.

William N. Hall, Executor and Trustee under the last Will and Testament of Eliza A. Hall, late deceased. vs. Eliza J. Hall Nuttle, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1266.

Ordered this 24th day or Sept., 1908, that the 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 26th day of Sept., 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 12th day of Oct., 1908. THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test: THOMAS L, DAY, Clerk.

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.

Washington College,

Chestertown, Maryland.

127th Session Begins September 16th, 1908.

The college offers four courses of study—

Classical, Latin-Scientific, Scientific, (each leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts)

and Normal

(leading to the Normal Diploma, which entitles the holder to teach in any county of the State without examination.)

Sub-Freshman and Sub-Normal classes are maintained for the benefit of those who desire a thorough preparation.

In the Collegiate Department the elective system enables each student to select the studies suited to his particular needs.

Students are provided with good board and comfortable well-furnished quarters. The buildings are equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, electric lights, baths.

Here students may pursue their studies in a highly moral community, amid beautiful and healthful surroundings, under careful supervision of health and habits, at very low rates.

For catalogue and other information address, JAS. W. CAIN, LL. D., 7-18-3m President.