DENTON JOURNAL.

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H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT | H. C.& W. R. WRIGHT | H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT

OPENING UP A GREAT Stock of Merchandise

Clothing

The best lines of High-Grade Clothing including

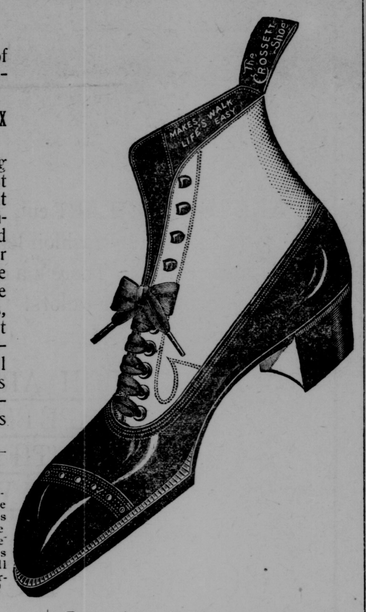
Hart Schaffner & Marx

$18.00 to $25.00

We are showing the best and largest lines this season that we ever have. Clothing that is guaranteed to be all wool or wool and silk and the tailoring to be the best. More than this, if the Clothing is not right or not satisfactory your money will be refunded. Prices will reach their lowestlimits d uring this gigantic OPENING.

John B. Stetson Hats

We are leaders in gentlemen's headwear and have been for years. We always look for the best. Gentlemen's headwear in all the leading shapes and colors and at prices which will reach their lowest limits during this gigantic OPENING.



Ladies' Tailored Suits

$25.00 Suits at $18.00

These come in Brown, Blue, Garnet and Green

$25.00 Suits at $13.50

All leading colors

$18.00 Suits at $12.00

$15.00 Suits at $10.00

Ladies' Coats and Wraps

$18.00 Black Coats,	$12.00
15.00 Light Coats,	10.00
10.00 Coats,	7.50
8.50 Coats,	6.00
7.00 Coats,	5.00

Misses' Coats, all colors, $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00 and up.

Furs Furs Furs

We have on exhibition in our Fur Department about 100 Furs from the leading Furriers of New York and Baltimore, including the choicest sets andlatest numbers; such as the Rug Muff Set, Genuine Far Eastern Mink, rich brown Sable Dye whole skin with tails and paws attached, trimmed with animal heads and paws.

Prices will reach their lowest limits in this gigantic OPENING.

Children's Coats

(BEAR CLOTH)

Red, White, $2.50 and $3.50

Red Cloth and Plush, all prices,

Prices will reach their lowest limits in this gigantic OPENING.

Lace Curtains

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PAIRS including Nottingham and Irish Point Lace.

Also Swisses with ruffles

Best Grades, $3.00 Lower Grades, 35c.

Prices will reach their lowest limits during this gigantic OPENING.

Stock of Dress Goods

of all the newest fabrics, all the best materials, selected from New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, at prices that will reach their lowest limits during this gigantic OPENING.

Shoes Shoes Shoes

CROSSETT CRAWFORD
ABBOT BERTSCH
JAMES MEANS PERFECT MODEL
LONG-LIFE ZEIGLER BROTHERS
LENOX CUISON COMFORT

And many other makes are included in our vast stock. The best quality for the price which is one thing to everybody

$2.50. $3.50, $3.50, $4.00

BENCH MADE: $5.00

H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT,

CARTER BLOCK, DENTON, MD.

The Choice of Captain Ebenezer.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1908, by Clarissa Mackie.

CAPTAIN EBENEZER HOBSON washed and dried his dishes with amazing celerity. In a trice they stood in shining rows on the trim dresser, and the gaunt form of the captain was bent over his little cook stove, while his great brown hands were plying the blacking brush vigorously. When the stove shone like a mirro and the teakettle fairly sparkled with cleanliness, the captain swept out the kitchen and hung the broom upon its accustomed hook, with a sigh of relief. He lighted an old pipe and sat down on the doorstep with his back against the lintel and his keen blue eyes fixed across the bay to where the Ledge light shone like a large red star.

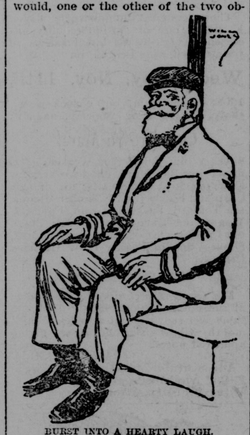
It was after sunset, and the pale pink and primrose of the afterglow were fading from the western sky.

Captain Ebenezer was lost in reverie. His blackened pipe went out all unnoticed and hung from his fingers listlessly, while the old sailor whistled softly to himself. Suddenly he slapped his knee and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled. "I guess that will fetch one or t'other of 'em! Let me see. Now, the Widder Banks says, says she, 'It ain't no good for man to live alone, Capt'n Ebenezer, and, moreover, 'taint always good for wimmen, either!' Now, I wonder if Widder Banks meant I should ask Miss Phoebe to change her name!" Again the captain shook with laughter as he contemplated upon the rather complex state of his love affairs, for Bluff, hearty Captain Ebenezer had tired of his long, lonesome years of widowhood and had determined to seek another companion to share his snug cottage on the beach and the proceeds of his fishing smack, the Saucy Liz.

"Now," mused the captain, "there's Miss Phoebe, as trim a little craft as ever sailed the seas. She's good natured and a good cook, and I guess she ain't afeared of the water. A sailor's wife ought to be able to sail across the bay without gettin' yaller about the gills. I don't know, though, whether she'd move down to my cabin. If Miss Phoebe won't have me, I'll have to ask the widder. There ain't another woman with marryin' within twenty miles; but, Lor', the widder's tongue 'll make things lively, I suppose!"

Captain Ebenezer had sighed after Miss Phoebe Lummis for many months. That little lady's utter indifference to his society had chilled his ardent sailor heart, and he had changed his matrimonial course in the direction of the Widow Banks' brown house on the high hill overlooking the bay. Captain Ebenezer had made up his mind to marry, and marry he would, one or the other of the two objects of his choice—whichever one would have him.



BURST INTO A HEARTY LAUGH.

That night the wind changed and blew restlessly from the southward. The pale sun rose on a gray-green bay whipped with white foam and on long green waves that broke on the beach with a sullen roar that was music to Captain Ebenezer's ears.

"It's pretty roughish," he muttered between the teeth clinched on his pipe, "but the Saucy Liz is as safe as a rockin' chair, and if either of them two wimmen is scared to go out in her she won't do fer me!" He spat reflectively at one great roller and stepped back as it broke with a hissing roar over his feet.

"Pretty near got me that time, gol darn yer!" he chuckled, pulling his sou'wester snugly over his ears and turning up the shore road toward the little village which nestled between two high, protecting bluffs.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Banks," he called cheerily as the widow opened wide her hospitable door in answer to his resounding summons. "I'm goin' out to Bar island for a mess of blues. Thought mebbe you'd enjoy the sail!"

Mrs. Banks cast a startled glance over the captain's burly shoulder toward the tossing, tumbling, whitecapped bay.

"You ain't afraid, be you?" asked the captain hopefully, edging his way toward the steps and unconsciously glancing toward a small white house half hidden among the oaks across the road.

"Of course I ain't a mite afraid, Captain Ebenezer," said Myra Banks at last. "It ain't the kind of a day I'd choose to go out for pleasure, but I'm a sailor's widder, and it ain't for me to balk before a sou'west storm. Many's the storm I've rid out with poor Jim before he had his last sickness and"—

"Yes, yes, ma'am," interrupted Captain Ebenezer hastily. "I'll be ready to cast off in about an hour, when the tide turns, although it don't make much difference on a day like this whether we wait for tide or not."

"I'll be ready, captain," returned Myra Banks decisively. "I guess I'll take a basket and get some beach plums over to the island. I heard they was a-plenty there."

"So they be; so they be. I thought mebbe I'd ask Miss Phoebe to go along, too, as company for you, ma'am."

"So do; so do," agreed Mrs. Banks ironically as she watched the captain's stalwart form proceeding down the path. "I believe I see Phoebe Lummis trustin' herself to the Saucy Liz or any other craft on a day like this. I guess victuals for two will be a-plenty this day!" She closed the door and went within, where she busied herself over her preparations with more trepidation than Captain Ebenezer would have believed she could display.

"THANK THE LORD!" MURMURED CAPTAIN EBENEZER.

In the meantime the captain had rolled up the trim path bordered with snowy clam shells which outlined rows of richly colored dahlias and gay, many hued asters.

"Terribly neat, Miss Phoebe," he muttered dubiously as he tiptoed across the freshly painted porch and rang the bell.

Miss Phoebe Lummis, small, exquisitely neat in person and delicately neat in form and feature, as Captain Ebenezer mentally inventoried her, smiled pleasantly upon the good looking sailor man.

"Come right in, captain," she said cheerfully, throwing open the door of her sunny parlor, where the honeysuckle vines cast dancing shadows on the walls. "Do sit down while I take my cookies out of the oven. I'll be back in a minute."

Captain Ebenezer looked around the room approvingly. There were a gayly figured brussels carpet, a whatnot containing strange seashells and curiosities from foreign lands, great ragged branches of coral flanking the fireplace and comfortable old fashioned chairs. There were geraniums in the front windows and a canary singing in an adjoining room. Many a long winter evening had the captain played cribbage with Miss Phoebe, and many a drink of sweet cider had be quaffed to wash down the deliciously crisp cookies and light doughnuts that she offered for his refreshment. In spite of this entertainment the captain stood in wholesome fear of Miss Phoebe, who spoke what she thought in brief terms, and it was the fear of getting the right about from Miss Phoebe that deterred the captain from uttering the words of affection that so often trembled on his lips.

"It's a dreadful day on the water," began Miss Phoebe when she had returned and seated herself opposite the captain. "I don't know who'd want to be out on a day like this!"

"I'm goin' out myself," ventured the latter, twirling his sou'wester in his horny hands, "and I came in to say that I'd like to have you go out with me in the Saucy Liz. There's a good fresh wind, and it won't hurt you none."

"Never!" returned Miss Lummis decidedly. "I'd be seasick the minute I got aboard. I ain't no sailor, Captain Ebenezer, so you'll sail without me this time!" She smiled pleasantly upon the discomfited sailor.

"The Widder Banks is goin' along to get beach plums on the island, and I thought mebbe you'd be company for one another. You ain't a good sailor, then, ma'am?" Captain Ebenezer's voice expressed poignant anxiety as he ventured this question.

"Not a bit. I like a sail on a smooth sea, but no sou'westers for me, captain. You ask me some time when it isn't rough and I'll go with you gladly."

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't—oh—easy there!" Captain Ebenezer thrust a hand inside the collar of his flannel shirt and jerked it fretfully. With sudden exasperation he jumped to his feet and extended one hand pleadingly. "You wouldn't marry me, Miss Phoebe, would you?" he shouted desperately.

Miss Phoebe's tinkling laugh died away as a pink flush rose to her delicate cheeks. "I might if you asked me, captain," she said demurely.

"I thought mebbe you wouldn't want to leave this pretty house of yours, Phoebe," said the captain tenderly as later he occupied a place on the sofa beside his fiancee.

"I figured," began Miss Phoebe dreamily, and then she stopped, with a sudden shocked expression in her mild eyes—"I mean," she went on hastily, "I should think we could move this house right down the bluff and fasten it on to your cabin, you know."

"Surest way, my hearty!" sang Captain Ebenezer blithely. "And now"—

"You better be going along, captain," interrupted Miss Phoebe briskly. "I see the widder going down the road, and you don't want to keep her waiting."

Captain Ebenezer stared, aghast. He had forgotten the Widow Banks and the proposed trip to Bar island.

"I'm an engaged man now, Phoebe," he said, mopping his forehead and looking at her out of troubled eyes.

"Oh, go along, Ebenezer, do!" she said, with playful impatience. "I ain't a mite jealous. You wasn't engaged when you asked her to go. Bring me a mess of blues, and you can come to tea and eat 'em."

Captain Ebenezer's blissful smile faded from his face as he proceeded down the road to the beach, where he could see the red knitted jacket of Myra Banks moving toward the landing where the Saucy Liz dragged at her anchor. What the Widow Banks might expect from him as a result of this marked attention he could not, dared not, imagine. If he had only gone to Miss Phoebe's first! He tried to recall if he had ever uttered a remark to the keen witted widow which might have committed him in any way to an avowal of love. There was none that he could remember. He had been wary indeed

"Here I be a-waitin' for you," began Myra Banks playfully as she deposited a heavy basket on the landing. "I expect we'll have to eat up all the victuals so's I can put the plums in the basket. Where's Phoebe?"

"Phoebe, she—Miss Phoebe ain't a-comin'. She thinks it's too rough for her," exclaimed Captain Ebenezer, reddening under the keen gaze of the widow. "Now, Mrs. Banks, jest step into the dory, your foot right in the middle—that's it—easy now—umph—so!" With surprising agility the big captain took his place in the rocking boat and with a few quick, long strokes brought them to the side of the Saucy Liz.

It is needless to record this voyage over the careening seas, for neither one of the occupants of the sloop cared to remember the unpleasantness of that day. To the widow it was one long, nauseous period of terror. To Captain Ebenezer it was a dark and gloomy passage. The successful outcome of his wooing was counterbalanced by the fear of what the widow might expect from his marked attentions in the past. He trailed his lines and pulled in myriads of shining, steely bluefish ere they grounded on the pebbly beach of the quiet cove.

The widow tottered ashore on Captain Ebenezer's arm, and they sat down, and while Myra Banks languidly discussed the contents of the lunch basket, which the captain attacked with a right good will, the widow seemed to be revolving some weighty matter within her mind, a matter that might excuse her want of appetite after the bracing voyage.

"I'll help you get your plums, Mrs. Banks," said the captain, looking kindly upon the pallid face and disheveled hair of his guest.

Myra Banks turned a gloomy eye upon her host and then looked back over the tossing sea of green water and shuddered.

"I guess it was a little too rough," ventured Captain Ebenezer uneasily. The continued silence of the Widow Banks was disconcerting and somewhat alarming.

Suddenly the pent up wrath of Myra Banks found vent, and she shook quivering fingers in the air before the astonished visage of the captain.

"Rough, indeed! And what do you mean by a-askin' frail wimmen off on a voyage like this, a-temptin' them with"—

"Sho—sho—Mrs. Banks," expostulated the captain indignantly. "Whatever do you mean? I didn't hold out no temptations when I asked you to go. I jes' asked you to go—that was all!"

"I want to go home," retorted Mrs. Banks bitterly in reply to the captain's last remarks, and home they went, beating before the wind, mounting green heights of water and diving into valleys flecked with foam. While the captain was dropping his anchor Myra Banks looked fiercely about the harbor at the flying smacks, the high wooded bluffs and around the deck of the Saucy Liz, and yet she said never a word.

Silently she accompanied Captain Ebenezer ashore, and sullenly she parted from him, and then, just as he turned away from her, dangling a string of fish in his hand, she called him.

"Captain Ebenezer Hobson!"

"Yes," he shouted back cheerily.

"I wouldn't marry a seafarin' man for anything, so there ain't no need for you to come a-callin' any more!" She faced about and plodded up the road toward home.

"Thank the Lord!" murmured Captain Ebenezer piously as he turned into the clam shell bordered path between the dahlias.

What He Would Keep.

When the late Francois Coppee was elected to the academy, he told his friend, Theodore de Banville, that he wished he were in too. Banville declined to canvass.

"Suppose your nomination were brought to you one fine morning on a silver salver."

"I don't know what I should do with the nomination," said Banville, "but I should certainly keep the salver."

Financial Advice.

"Here's a man," said the old citizen, "who lost $5,000 in a bank whar he put it fer safe keepin'. Bill, don't you ever take no risk like that. Ef ever you gits hold of any money, do like your father before you done—bury it an' spen' the rest of your life sittin' over it with a shotgun."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hard Luck.

Wife—What luck? Husband—None whatever. Wife—Were there no servants at the intelligence office? Husband—Yes, lots of them, but they had all worked for us before.—Saturday Sunset.

What Willie Saw.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"—Delineator.

HUMORIST'S ODD GRAMMAR.

Captain Derby Provided Literally For Figurative Expression.

Among the pieces which made up the quaint output of Captain Derby, whose too early death deprived America of one of the most original humorists, was one entitled "A New System of English Grammar." It seems never to have attracted much attention; but, though there are in the volume containing it articles more broadly amusing, there are none in which wit and wisdom are more fully blended. After the lapse of years the exact words and the particular illustrations employed escape me in part, but the line of reasoning adopted will not vary materially from what is about to be given.

The humorist proposed to have all descriptions and epithets marked on a sufficient scale of comparison—not the beggarly three to which we are now limited, but to a number large enough to indicate every variation of character in the object under consideration and every possible degree of human conception in regard to its nature. The lowest conceivable amount of any human quality consistent with its being at all would be indicated by 1. Its maximum would be represented by 100. Here, then, would be a wide range between the perfection of the idea expressed by the one number and its bare existence merely implied by the other, as well as the feelings of the speaker about it, in which all shades of thought and feeling would be fittingly represented. By prefixing to each epithet a figure between 1 and 100 the precise truth in regard to it as it appears to him uttering it would be conveyed to him hearing it. For example, you are asked about your health. Instead of replying pretty well, tolerably well, very well or some other ambiguous expression, you would say, bearing in mind that 100 indicates perfect health, I am 15, or 50, or 75, or 90 well, or any other number, as the case may be. By this means the inquirer learns definitely what he wants to know. He has not been put off with formulas of speech whose general applicability to different conditions of bodily health conveys nothing precise to the mind. The moment this method of expression comes into general use we shall speedily become exact, mathematical, truth telling in the highest degree.

How well the rule would work can be best illustrated by the narrative of a simple incident of news communicated by a man to his friend in some such words as these:

"On a 76 fine morning I was 55 slowly walking down the 33 clean avenue when I chanced to meet the 22 young and 85 charming Miss Smith, about whom you ask. We at once exchanged the 91 usual meteorological observation. 'It is a 76 beautiful day,' I remarked. 'Indeed, it is a 95 beautiful day,' she replied, 'and I am 97 glad to have met you, for it is a 99 long time since I have seen you.' I felt 77 flattered by words like these coming from a 79 lovely girl, but proceeded to make the 71 usual inquiries about her health, for I knew that on that point you had been 89 anxious. She told me in reply that it had been 78 poor, but she was 100 glad to say that it was now 87 good."—Professor J. E. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

CONSOLATION.

The Musician Reminded the Poet of the Case of Guarnerius.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Caine himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked.

"A pauper and a violin maker. Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence they brought only $2 apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down.

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a grouch against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins.

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins.

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Caines and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."—Los Angeles Times.

Fascination of an Old Bookstore.

"There seems to be a fascination about an old bookstore that some persons find it difficult to overcome," observed the proprietor of one of those establishments. "While we have a large number of good patrons, there are some who delight to come in and just pore over old volumes. I have seen men stand in this store and practically read a book through in an afternoon. They seem to forget their surroundings for the time being, and when they emerge from their abstraction they are apt to observe that they 'have just been looking over the books' and ask for some volume that they are quite sure is out of print. Yes, sir, the old bookstore is a free library in a way, but it is an interesting business and fairly profitable."—Philadelphia Record.

Fake Remnants.

A country storekeeper, a pair of long, bright shears in hand, calmly cut a roll of silk into remnants.

"Women," he explained to his city cousin, "are remnant mad. There are women who never buy except at remnant sales. Such women will pass by goods in the piece at a quarter a yard and snap up the same goods in remnant lengths at 30 cents.

"So great is the demand for remnants that it is impossible to keep up the legitimate supply."

The country storekeeper winked.

"Hence," he said, "my present occupation."—Los Angeles Times.

The Stove Store of the County

COAL STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
We have the Best Double Heaters on the market.
PREMIUM OAK and SPEAR Fire-Place and Double Heaters are Perfect Stoves.
Stoves for Stores or any Large Building you have to heat are here.
We have the best line of Airtight Stoves we have ever handled Prices from $1.25 to $12.50.

STEEL RANGES

Including the QUICK MEAL, Comfort, Selma—all tested, all desirable ranges. The very best results in the culinary department are only obtainable with these ranges.
COOK STOVES from $10 to $20.

SMITH & WALLS : DENTON

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.

25-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.

For Sale or Rent.

Dwelling house, stable, and carriage house, and all other necessary outbuildings on lot 40x200 ft., situated on Main St., in centre of town of Denton. This property is nearly new and in good repairs Sewer, gas, and water pipes pass front door. This is an opportunity for some one to purchase a desirable home. Possession given at once. Terms reasonable. E. W. LIDEN, Denton, Md.

Apple Trees.

Home grown, only such kinds as succeed in this section. All grafted from select fruiting trees and true to name. The early market kinds and long winter keepers. NERO should be in every orchard and garden. Ask for our special low prices. Call and see the trees.
JOHN S. BARNHART,
(10-17-4t) Denton, Md.

$10,000 Wanted.

I want $10,000 and as security I offer first mortgages, bearing interest at 6 per cent, on several Caroline farms and other realty. No commissions or fees from parties making loans.
THOS. F. GAREY,
16 E. Lexington St.,
Baltimore, Md.

For Sale.

Farm of 20 acres, adjoining town; nice house; also 100 acres, two miles out; new house. R. SHULL,
10-17-3t] Greensboro, Md.

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.

Order Nisi.

In the Matter of the Sale of certain Real Estate of Perry D. Taylor, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court for Caroline County.

Ordered, this 13th day or October, 1908, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Robert P. Taylor, Executor named in the above Report of Sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of December, 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 16th day of November, next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $1500.00.

J. OLAN CLARK,
B. W. LIDEN,
I. T. FLEETWOOD,
Judges.

True copy—Test:
ROBT. J. JUMP,
Register of Wills for Caroline county.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of LIZZIE RICKARDS, late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 24th day of April, 1909, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of October, 1908. WESLEY W. RICKARDS,
Executor of Lizzie W. Rickards, dec'd.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL and get all the county news.

Heavy Stock: Robes, Square Blankets, Stable Blankets of many kinds

AT LOWER PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE. SEE THEM!

(Bargain Honse.) W. W. DUKES, Concord, Md.