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. 1909

VOL. 63. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1909. NO. 15

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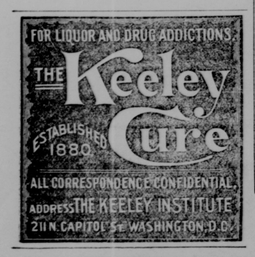

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A Letter from A. G. Gelletly to the Farmer whose Trees and Plants are Infested with San Jose Scale.

DEAR SIR:—Having been bothered with this pest for several years, like everybody else who is trying to grow good fruit to eat, I have had to hunt up a way to conquer the scale, have noted the results of all the ready-made mixtures used to exterminate this pest, and as most of you know, I have been recommending lime and sulphur, which, when properly made, not only puts the scale out of business, but it helps the trees so much the following season that it does your eyes good to see them grow.

As lime and sulphur is a lot of bother to make, I have been looking for a ready-made mixture that will do the work equally as well, and it gives me great pleasure to tell you folks that I have found the Thompson Chemical Co., of Baltimore, has a way to make this goods and deliver to the farmer so that it retains its strength and is clear of sediment, and in fact is ready to put on the trees after adding clear water. Bulletin No. 131 of the Maryland Experiment Station, on page 134, speaks highly of this mixture. J. Spencer Lapham, of Goldsboro, who took a prize on his fine exhibit of fruits at the last exhibition of the State Horticultural Society in Baltimore, sprayed his trees with Orchard Brand Lime and Sulphur solution. He says that it is the best mixture he ever used, and will use it again this season. Badly infested Elberta trees, that were sprayed with this goods, not only were cleared of the scale, but were not bothered with the leaf curl, while trees that were not sprayed with this mixture were badly infected with this disease. This mixture is also good for shrubbery around the house, such as hardy roses, Japan quince, etc.

I do not think I will be able to run a spray wagon to the extent I did last season, but my desire is to help keep the San Jose scale in check. It is time to think about spraying. Drop me a card and let me know how many infected trees you have, or how many trees you wish to spray or have sprayed, and I will tell you how much of this Orchard Brand to order. I have made arrangements with this firm to have them supply my customers with this now famous brand.

Yours truly, A. G. GELLETLY,
Nurseryman, Denton, Md.

P. S.—Anybody can spray when they use Orchard Brand Lime & Sulphur Solution.

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Notice To Growers.

February 1st, 1909, we will begin contracting for our supplies, and continue contracting for same until our acreage is filled, at the following prices: $8.00 per ton for Tomatoes; $9.00 per ton for Sugar Corn and 2½ cents per pound for Peas. G. T. REDDEN & CO.

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Return charges paid for four set lots only.
NEVIUS & FRAMPTON,
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A reliable white woman, neat and a good cook, on farm near Denton. For further information apply at JOURNAL office. 1 9 3t

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Fighting in the United States Senate For the People Against Corruption

Read in this paper this thrilling story of life in the United States Senate, of political intrigue and of love. Novelized from Thomas Wise's great play.

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Berger, Ryder and Will Jones

Public Sale —OF— Personal Property

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at public sale at his residence near Hickman, on the William Wooters place, on the road from Big Pine to Ringgold's Green, on

Wednesday, February 10, 1909,

beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property, to-wit:

Live Stock, Farm Implements.

Two Horses, Two Cows; One Farm Wagon, one Drill, one Riding Harrow, Plows, Harrows, etc. Also a lot of Corn and Fodder.

Household Goods.

Consisting of a Piano, Parlor, Sitting-room and Dining room Suits, Bed-room Suits, etc. Tables, Chairs, Carpets, 3 Brussels Carpets, Sideboard, Lamps, Chinaware, Kitchen Stove and Utensils, in good repair, in fact, nearly new, and many other articles.

TERMS OF SALE.—On sums over $10 a credit of six months will be given, purchaser giving approved note, payable at the Peoples Bank. On sums of $10 cash will be required.

WILLIAM LEWIS.
F. P. Covey, Auctioneer.

Fruit-Growers! Attention.

Everybody growing fruit knows that spraying is now the key-note to success. To spray most effectively and economically, the best, the most reliable material for the destruction of the scale and prevention of disease—a material that can be thoroughly applied with the least trouble and expense to the grower, is what is desired.

The Lime Sulphur Solution,

as manufactured by the NIAGARA GAS SPRAYER COMPANY,

of Middleport, N. Y., meets all of these requirements, and can be obtained in barrel or half barrel lots by placing order with the undersigned, for Winter and early Spring use. Order now.

1-16-4t J. W. KERR.

TRUSTEE'S SALE —Of Valuable— Drug Store, Etc., In Denton, Maryland.

UNDER and by virtue of a deed of trust from J. Edward Douglass to Harvey L. Cooper, dated the second day of December, nineteen hundred and eight, and recorded among the land records for Caroline county, the undersigned, trustee in said named deed, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder or bidders, in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland,

On Tuesday, 9th day of February, '09,

between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., the following described personal property:

All the drug and other stock and fixtures in the store, known as

Douglass' Palace Drug Store

in the Carter Block, as a whole. This is one of the best equipped drug stores on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is supplied with Modern Fixtures, excellent Soda Fountain, Cash Register, etc. This is the best drug stand in the town of Denton, and the purchaser can arrange with the owner of the building to occupy this store-room.

The inventory and appraisement can be seen at the office of Harvey L. Cooper, Denton, Md.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on day of sale.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
John W. Clarke, Auct'r. Trustee.

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You want them; but without the poles and wires in your streets. You want the Low Volt "Safety" System. 110 volts is dangerous to man and animal, and has set thousands of buildings on fire. Low Volt "Safety" System will cost the Electric company more than the high volt dangerous system. Don't pay more than one-half cent an hour for 16-candle power lamp. STORES should have the "Safety" private plant. 50 16-candle power lamps for only 2 cents an hour. All systems of "Safety" Electric Lighting will be shown in operation by

A. W. HOUCHIN,
Main Street, Greensboro Md.

The Goddess of the Miracle.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

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BEATRICE WESTWOOD I had first seen on the Lakeside links one early spring morning as I alighted from a muddy motor car, with the wind blowing sharp and cool from the northwest. The snow was gone, and a few devoted golfers were out. With cheeks aglow Miss Westwood was swinging a brassie that glinted in the sunlight, and even I, whose dull masculine eye takes little note of feminine attire, took in with startled admiration the dainty jacket that ended suddenly a few inches above the hips and the great four inch red and gold check of the longish golfing skirt she wore. It was far from my thoughts then that two months later would see her the wife of my closest friend.

So when Miss Beatrice Westwood became Mrs. Philip Sturgis we of the Lakeside club, friends of the afore-

"IT WILL SERVE HER RIGHT FOR BEING SO JEALOUS."

mentioned Philip, looked upon the ceremony as the end of one of the (to us) most heartrending romances it had ever been in our way to witness. The two had been so absolutely devoted to each other through those brief engagement days that it was positively painful to see them separated. Together they were in the [illegible] heaven; apart they were [illegible] into depths corresponding with the seventeenth substratum of despair, a sort of gloomy sorrow and foreboding that they might never meet again.

During this period Philip Sturgis even laid aside that disagreeable habit of practical joking that had made him mildly disliked—or was it feared?—by more than one of the members of the Lakeside club. We all agreed that nothing but a miracle—and love of course is a miracle—could have brought him to this condition. That it might prove lasting was our fervent prayer, and we all looked upon Beatrice Westwood, that dainty little maiden with the red gold hair and the blue eyes which reminded one of the clear summer sky, as the goddess who had wrought the miraculous cure.

But, now that the words which made them one had been said at the altar there were visible in Philip Sturgis symptoms of a return to his old malady. We had noticed it with inward apprehension that bordered on actual fear—not for ourselves, but for our friend and the wife of our friend. I, who was more his comrade than any, perhaps felt the shock most deeply.

At last it came, the very thing that I had looked forward to with such uneasiness and alarm. Philip Sturgis was planning what he was pleased to term a practical joke on his wife. Now that they were married Philip had lost much of his former jealousy and had come to regard his wife's idolization of him as an accepted thing. Beatrice, on the other hand, had developed a sudden tinge of jealousy in her supreme regard for her husband.

"Tomorrow," he explained to me as we strolled along the clubhouse veranda, from which were visible the sea to the eastward and the mile long green links to the westward, intersected by a ribbon of brown roadway, "I am going away for a day. You know, I told you about having a horse in training in the Salem stables. Well, my wife doesn't know it yet. I'm keeping it quiet to surprise her when the right time comes. Now, when I go away tomorrow afternoon I'll telegraph my wife that I have gone to see my Felice, a perfect dear. That last is one of my wife's pet phrases. Of course Beatrice will put the worst possible construction on it, and it will serve her right for being so jealous of every move I make."

"I can remember the time, Philip Sturgis," I told him coldly, "when you yourself were mighty jealous if Beatrice so much as looked at another man. It is hardly fair of you to attempt to punish her for one of your own offenses."

For a minute my friend looked shamefaced and uncomfortable. Then, manlike, he attempted to justify himself by a process of sophistry.

"But I have got over it," he explained, "and I want Beatrice to get over it too. It will be for her good in the long run. Besides, it makes me feel uncomfortable to know that she is always watching me in that way."

"There was a time not so long ago," I reminded him, "when it would have pleased you."

"Yes," he agreed, still looking somewhat squeamish; "you are right, of course, to a limited extent. I'll not deny that. And it would affect me that way now only that I'm so absolutely certain about her loving me."

"It is rather selfish of you, this point of view," I reminded him caustically.

"But don't you see," he objected, "what a good joke it will be?"

"Philip Sturgis," I demanded savagely, "haven't your confounded practical jokes, as you call them, made you enough enemies already? The fellows at the club have all been hoping your marriage would cure you of that silly habit. Practical joking has never gained you one friend. It has made you many enemies and has cooled the feelings of more than one friend toward you."

"But," he insisted, with the air of a man who is unconvinced, "this is harmless."

"It is not harmless," I rejoined. "It is the most cruel attempt at a joke I have ever known of your perpetrating, and it makes me very angry with you to think that you should propose making your wife, whom you ought to love above all others in the world, the victim of it."

Philip Sturgis and I went our ways with no words on our lips. I knew that his proposed action was nothing short of shameful, though he obstinately refused to admit, even to himself, as I could see, what he must have known in the bottom of his heart all the time.

When a man is in a dilemma he will, as a rule, make a confidant of his wife and get her advice. This was my course of action. I have not lived with Edith for going on to four years without learning that her qualities of perception, as regards affairs in which the workings of the human heart are involved, are inestimably superior to mine. I was convinced of that when I was led to propose. There is as much difference between her and me on those things as there is between the sun and the moon.

I told her the simple story of Philip Sturgis' despicable plot and found her quite as indignant as I had been. If this had not been the case I should have been greatly surprised. And, once enlisted in the cause, Edith remained forever its faithful adherent. I was not a little elated, then, when I saw that her quick and active feminine brain was at work to devise a plan of fitting punishment for the man who could, in the name of practical joking, so basely treat his young and loving wife.

As the direct result of my conference with Edith she and I walked across the street to the modest residence of the Sturgises the next day immediately after Philip had boarded the in town trolley. Mrs. Sturgis answered our ring and pleasantly invited us to come in. We came, we talked, and we conquered.

After exposing the full sum of her husband's villainy we had a hard time of it to bring Beatrice to treat him as he deserved, and I do not think now that the punishment was at all commensurate with the magnitude of the offense.

Even before we had left the telegram came. It read:

Beatrice:

Have gone to Salem to see Felice, a perfect dear. Particulars later.
PHILIP.

Beatrice rose to the occasion. She looked at my wife, and there was indignation in her eyes.

"'A perfect dear!'" she sniffed, with the same poise of head that I had admired on the golf links. Her self assertiveness was again coming to the fore. "Yes, I will do as you suggest, Mrs. Blakely," she announced, with determination.

"Think," I urged her, "how much worse you would feel if you had not been warned in advance about this telegram and enlightened by us as to the meaning of its contents."

"I will cure him of practical joking now and forever," she answered vigorously, with much of my wife's manner about her.

We had all the next day to make our preparations, and very thoroughly we made them, the three of us chuckling meanwhile at the prospect of success our curative little plot promised. We had not expected Philip to return before 6 o'clock, but at 4:30 Beatrice, glancing from the window, uttered a little shriek of dismay to see his tall, tweed clad figure swing easily from the trolley at the corner.

A hasty run we had of it, screening Beatrice on the way to our house where she was to stop and from which we could observe many of Philip Sturgis' subsequent movements and guess the rest. The curtains were drawn as he reached the front door, but he stopped to push the electric button, probably thinking that his wife was in the back of the house. We saw a surprised look come over his face when there was no response, and we watched him as he hastily extracted a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket and entered.

We gave him two minutes to find the note Beatrice had left on the dining room table, water sprinkled in two or three places to imitate tears, and written hastily on the back of his telegram. It read:

Philip:

How could you do it? But, monster, I have been suspecting you for some time past. I wish I could forgive you, but I cannot. This time you have ventured a step too far with your Felice. I am going where you will never find me.
BEATRICE.

Then we imagined him as he raved and did things generally to relieve his feelings. A momentary glance of his white, agonized face at the window as a curtain shot up to the very top of the roller justified our expectations that he was by this time deeply regretting his asinine stupidity. Then we saw him rush upstairs.

What he would find there we well knew, for we had his wife's room fittingly prepared for him. Beatrice had worked to no little effect, and its appearance was indeed startling. Professional burglars could not have produced in so short a time as she a scene of such consummate chaos and confusion, though the very chinoor had been the object of their efforts. The unique, square pillared brass bed, though littered with masses of lace and muslin, skirts, underskirts and shirt waists in every color of the rainbow, showed no signs of having been slept in. The dainty pillows were piled with heaps of hosiery, and in the center of all lay that identical red and gold check golfing skirt which I had been startled into admiring months before.

The dressing table was bared of its usual mysterious collection of toilet articles. The dress suit case, which was always kept when not in use in the room's solitary closet, was conspicuously absent, and a telltale strap was lying on the floor. Surely Philip Sturgis could find no grounds for disbelieving his wife's deceptive note. Who, indeed, would doubt the evidence of one's own eyes?

At the point when the thoroughly frightened man must have been sitting at the table with his face hidden in his hands, realizing that he who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind, Edith and I heard a half checked sob behind us. We both turned in time to see Beatrice Sturgis wiping away a tear that was trickling down her pretty cheek.

"I—I j-just can't help it," she gasped. "Poor Philip! I'm afraid h-he'll do s-something desperate if I d-don't stop him!"

"You needn't worry," I explained grimly. "I have his razor in my pocket, and I troubled to take all the cartridges out of his revolver before I left!"

"Well, I'm going to meet him when he comes out of the door," she announced. "Truly"—and she smiled through her tears—"I am afraid Philip might do something desperate if I let him go away after reading that note."

I would not have relented myself, but I thought that Edith looked on Beatrice's suggestion with favor. I am far from what you would call henpecked, but I seldom venture to oppose Edith, so I let her have her way

"PERHAPS THIS WILL BE AN INDUCEMENT."

in this case. Twilight was far advanced when Philip Sturgis walked slowly from the house, the life all gone out of his step and looking quite down in the mouth and fully ten years older than when he had entered.

"Come over here a minute, Phil," I called.

"I can't stop now, old man," he answered in so doleful a tone that I could have laughed.

"Perhaps this will be an inducement," I remarked, exultantly seizing Beatrice by the shoulders and holding her at arm's length in front of me.

Philip Sturgis gave one glad cry and in another moment had folded his wife to his bosom.

That evening [illegible] had a heart to heart talk, the four of us.

"I'm done with practical joking forever," Philip Sturgis declared. "And I thank you two from the bottom of my heart for your intervention in my wife's favor. I can now realize what it was you saved her from. It was ten thousand times worse than I imagined it would be, I assure you."

"And Felice?" whispered his wife slyly.

"She can travel in 2:05 and more than comes up to my highest expectations," he responded. "She's a 'perfect dear,' all right, but I think, if you don't mind, I'd rather sell than keep her."

So Sturgis is cured of practical joking, and at the Lakeside club—for the events I have related are of recent happening—we still refer to Mrs. Sturgis, when Philip is not present, as "the goddess of the miracle."

Pleasant While It Lasted.

He listened intently. It was his wife and her mother talking.

"No, my dear," the latter was saying, "I must go tomorrow. I do not believe in a mother-in-law making long visits. But, before I go, I want to tell you what a treasure I think you have gained in your husband. He seems to me to be near perfection. Are you sure, however, that you are not too strict with him? Do not be quick to chide him when he stays out late. Men need a little latitude, you know—say two or three times a week."

The man stirred uneasily in his sleep. It seemed so real; but, alas, it was a dream!

A Light Diet.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

Her Idea.

Mrs. Muggins—I hear your husband is speculating in stocks. Is he a bull or a bear? Mrs. Buggins—Judging from results I should think he was a jackass.—Philadelphia Record.

Know thyself and your own place in the universe about you. Fear no phantoms, but face realities.—Grant Allen.

LONDON'S ODD PRISON

Westminster Clock Tower Is the Finest Jail In England.

BUT IT IS ALWAYS EMPTY.

The Tower Is the British Parliament's House of Detention, and Charles Bradlaugh Was Its Last Occupant. The Old Prison In Former Days.

If the average sentenced criminal were allowed to select his place of confinement his choice would probably fall on the Clock Tower prison at Westminster, as that is the very finest prison in Great Britain and is able to supply comforts and luxuries quite unknown to the ordinary Bill Sikes.

But the law decides that members of parliament only may be confined in that jail, although rank outsiders could be committed to the Clock Tower for certain offenses against the rules and regulations of parliament.

The Clock Tower prison, as it exists today, was erected in connection with the house occupied by the sergeant at arms. This official is in complete charge of any member committed to the Clock Tower, and a member cannot easily make his escape, because, in order to do so, he must pass through the house of the sergeant.

Very few members of parliament are committed to the Clock Tower in these days. We have to go back many years to find a precedent, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh being the last member to occupy the cells at the Clock Tower, and he did not occupy them long. He was handed over to the custody of the sergeant at arms on June 23, 1880, committed to the Tower and released next day.

There are two sets of cells in the Clock Tower, an upper and a lower, but both suits of cells are much the same. In each there is a sitting room of very ample proportions, well carpeted and furnished and replete with most of the things which go toward making one comfortable.

In each suit there are two bedrooms—one for the use of the imprisoned M. P., the other for the convenience of the jailer, who must always be on the spot in order to see that the legislator makes no attempt to escape.

Any member of parliament sent to the Clock Tower by order of the speaker would be required to pay for his own food, and if he did not do so he could be sued in court. Any legislator incarcerated in the Clock Tower would be allowed to rise in the morning just when he pleased, and he could retire to bed when the spirit moved him. He could read to his heart's content and smoke as much as he liked, there being no restrictions over such matters; his whole punishment would lie in being prevented from joining his fellows and mixing with them.

He would be taken out to exercise, but would always have two officials beside him to guard against any attempt at escape, and his exercise would be taken on the terrace before the house sat for the day. Under no circumstances would he be allowed to hold converse with his fellow men. One way or another an imprisoned M. P. would not have a bad time of it, and he would not be kept in confinement for any lengthy period.

But if the Clock Tower is not much used nowadays, the Tower—the prison of the house of commons of a former day—was much in evidence. In olden times a passing remark, an observation obnoxious to the house, or, indeed, any trifle, was sufficient to send the culprit forthwith to the Tower, and not to the Tower only, for a member could be committed to Newgate.

Sometimes the reason for committing a member to the Tower was somewhat amusing, as witness the case of a member for Southampton who once entered the house in a drunken condition and, mistaking the speaker for an owl sitting in an ivy bush, addressed him as such. Result—the Tower. However, the member was released next day and severely reprimanded for his ridiculous behavior.

The Tower was made use of by the "long" parliament. In one day as many as eleven Presbyterian members of the house were committed to the custody of the sergeant at arms and flung into the Tower. And, to show that members were not committed for errors in speech alone, one has only to mention the case of Captain Churchill, who in 1869 was committed to the Tower for refusing to take merchant ships under the protection of his man of war unless he received a gift of £200.

In those days they had to pay stiffly for the privilege of being sent to the Tower, as witness an extract from the diary of Lord Clarendon, written the day following his committal to the tower. He says: "Mr. Dod brought me a note of the fees, which come to £130—viz, the governor, £100; gentleman porter, £20; gentleman gaoler, £10."

When a member offends in these days and requires to be "named"—always a necessity before committal—he is not sent to the Clock Tower, but is suspended from duty and is not allowed to enter the house for so long as the members decree.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Cause of the Delay.

Our small boy, Arthur, had long believed that a baby in the family was desirable, since most of his playmates came from homes provided with this adjunct. In good time his mother told him confidentially that his oft expressed wish for a family baby would probably be gratified. The news was too good to keep, and Arthur was promptly boasting to his nearest chum.

"But when are you going to have it?" demanded the friend.

"Oh, I don't know—'fore long, I guess," answered Arthur.

"Huh," sniffed the other, "what's the use of waiting? What good's a baby if you can't have it when you want it? Why don't you get it right away?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Arthur, driven to his wits' end; "we've ordered the baby, but we haven't paid for it yet!"—Woman's