# Denton Journal.

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Agency just completed for the counties of Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne's. The superb quality of the Estey Organ is too well established to need further commendation. They sound their own praises. We have perfected arrangements with the proprietors of this justly celebrated instrument by which we are now prepared to supply them at as low figures as can be purchased in the city or elsewhere.

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LIVERY STABLE,
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Carriage meets every train, free for guests

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Is entirely different from any other
**Medical Compound**
for the cure of
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Being Compounded with the Greatest Care and Entirely
**Free from Turpentine.**
Having no Disagreeable Smell, but very Pleasant.

The American, the leading paper of Baltimore, says it is a great discovery.

The Herald of October 12 says it is the finest Liniment that can be compounded.

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A few of the many residents of Frederick county who endorse Macarian Liniment are, Mrs. I. Cutsail, of Kemptown; Mr. Nathan Chaney, Mr. Dennis Howser, Mr. Howard Bartholew, Mr. C. C. Smith, Mr. Jno. Griffeth, Mr. Joseph Runkles, near Prospect, and many others.

Price 50 cents. For sale by druggists. Send for circulars.

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No humbug, no quackery, no puffing of magic processes to push cheap, trashy work; in fact, we eschew all questionable methods used by quacks, which have lately disgraced our profession. You will be sure to obtain satisfaction, and secure permanent pictures by patronizing us. 5 26

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BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS,
For the cure of diseases arising from the impure state of the blood or derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Are mild in operation and cure with dispatch, Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint Jaundice, headache and constipation. 25ct. a box at al druggists. 5 19y

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NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
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KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
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JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS, BALTIMORE.
Catalogue Mailed on Application.


**FREIGHT AGENCY.**

THE arrangements now completed render great convenience to the public having business with the Maryland Steamboat Company at Denton.

Freights for shipment to Baltimore and points on the route are received at any time, carefully handled, housed if necessary and promptly forwarded.

Freights to Denton are stored in our ample warerooms and safely kept until called for.

Grain is received in bags and housed for shipment when desired. The bags may be obtained on two days' notice to me.

Ample storeroom is provided in a building set apart for shelter of phosphate, and it will be kept dry until sufficient time for its removal.

Persons wanting purchases made in Baltimore can leave their orders at any time with me, which will be cheerfully attended to.

Thanking the patrons of the Steamboat Co. for past favors, I am now better than ever prepared to serve them. M. FINN, Agent.

**Going in de Country.**

Has you ebber been in de country,
In the summer time ob life,
When de crickets am a singing
And dar's plenty for de knife?

When de cherries am a hanging,
In crimson beauty, from de trees;
And everydody's busy,
Why dey don't got time to sneeze.

When de werry cows take in de scene,
Wid uplifted nose in air;
Dey makes dis city darkey tread,
Wid de greatest deal ob care.

You can take de cars and step right in,
An' steam along like fun;
Why dar you is, before you knows
De journey has begun.

You goes way up in de air,
Like a bird upon a tree;
You feels like praying, once or twice,
For de bottom you can't see.

Dis darkey trembled so, he thought
His latest day had come;
De way de cars, dey jumped along,
It struck dis darkey dumb.

Dar's lots of fun, dat you can see,
On a summer tower bound,
Whar de little frogs sit on de rocks,
An' make melodious sound.

Dey wake de air, with plaintive note,
When de dew begins to fall;
Dey can beat de Oritorio,
When once dey sounds de call.

Dey sings so everlastingly,
Dis darkey nebber sleeps,
Till de crimson shade of morning
Above de hill top peeps.

**THE AUCTIONEER'S STORY.**

This is a strange world! And yet I never thought so until my attention was called to the fact one day by a little incident that befell me, and set me off thinking so hard that I seemed to grow out of my own hard sphere and reach a great height, and then look down on my other self with compassion. I don't know that it made me any wiser, but at least it made me more attentive to my fellow-beings—more thoughtful of their joys and sorrows—and that counts for something, I reckon.

I had cried dozens of pawnbrokers' sales in my time, and never thought of the story connected with any one article of the sale—of the heartaches, and despair, and woman's tears. It was but a joke to me, who had known the time when to "spout" a watch, or a pistol, or some light trinket, in order to carry on a frolic, or help a poorer chap than myself, was but the impulse of the moment, and carried no further weight than the relief from empty pockets at the moment.

But, as I have said before, something made me think, and ever since I haven't the same heart to cry away the goods of the poor creatures that want and misery have driven into old Two to One's clutches.

The city of B—— is a splendid market for our business. The trade done there by one house alone would discount any banking, commission or other business in the place, and by the same token, the pawnbrokers equal us in power and profit, and give us some of our biggest sales.

An odd lot came into the wareroom one day, consigned to us by Clutchem & Keep, a shrewd firm of new beginners, and as it fell to my duty to assort and label the goods, it thus also fell to my fate to have a part in the following story.

The consignment consisted mainly of glass and silverware, pictures and bronzes, as Clutchem & Keep were rather first-class in their business and did not yet condescend to family Bibles; but in the lot I came across a few pieces of furniture which attracted my attention from the fact of our having an order from a Western house to pick up all the antiques and oddities afloat, for a bric-a-brac firm.

Here were about a dozen specimens of claw-legs, stick-backs, and otherwise uncomfortable household articles, in the shape of chairs, dressing-glasses and cabinets, and I at once labeled them sold, that they might not get into next day's sale, but be forwarded at once to our Western house.

One article alone I noticed with attention enough to remember afterward, and then only because I struck my hand roughly against it, and the pain made me stare hard at the cause of it. It was an old cedar cabinet, brass-bound and clamped, but rusty and forlorn-looking enough in its changed fortunes. I labeled it, as I thought, for our next day's sale, as there were two others to go West, and the home market was then going as crazy for everything old, except parents and friends, as either the West or North.

But subsequent events discovered my mistake. Our Saturday sale was a big one—the rival house across on the corner hadn't a chance against us that day—and by noon every article put up was bid off lively and quick.

The crowd had begun to thin, and I was busily mopping my wet face with a fresh handkerchief—for it is warm work, I can tell you, to cry such sales from ten to one o'clock—when a lady came back in the store where I was standing and approached me eagerly.

"Are you the proprietor, sir?" she asked, with nervous haste, and I saw

"I am the auctioneer, madam," I said, wondering what was wrong. "I will call the firm, if you wish."

She looked around, timidly but eargerly.

"Perhaps you can attend to my business. I—I—do—not—understand—these—matters—very well," she faltered; and then I saw she was poorly clad, although well bred and timid.

I drew an old chair up into the corner, and asked her to sit down, and she did so gratefully—poor little woman!—I took a good look at her. She was still young and pretty.

Behind her hung a long mirror. It had grown dim hanging there, and had a misty shadow over it, and in two angles of the corner stood a faded old Japanese screen and a tall chest of drawers.

The store was now empty, and the light was leaving it, as the sun was creeping away from the door-sill and mounted up to the roof, as if he had only waited for the sale to be over.

The lady had a face that touched me at once. She was pale and timid but there was that in her face that made me take off my hat while I talked to her. I don't know how to express it; but it was as if I stood in the presence of death, and the natural reverence of that great mystery commanded my respect.

"What can I do for you, madam?" I asked.

She had been looking around her, as if seeking something.

"You sell the goods, do you not?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, madam."

"You would know the articles sent here?"

"Probably."

She looked about her again, and the color came and went in her face nervously.

"I have just come from Clutchem & Keep," she began in hurried tones, as if ashamed of admitting her knowledge of those gentlemen. "They—had—some—things—I was forced—to—part with—" Here she paused for a moment, then looked up at me with a faint smile. "You hear this said so often that I will only weary you."

Somehow or other, it seemed to me I had only then understood the possibility of a heart sorrow being attached to the exchance of goods such as I had that day sold.

"I am anxious to help you madam."

And I was! I believe I was growing superstitious, too; for it seemed to me as if a ghostly pagent was crossing and recrossing that dim mirror, and the old screen shook as if sighs and sobs were coming from it.

"Thank you! I am looking for a cedar cabinet," said the lady, gently, "which was among the articles sent to Clutchem & Keep, and am told it was sent here for sale. I wish to redeem it at any price—"

She stopped suddenly as she saw my face change.

A cedar cabinet!

I remembered it at once. The hurt on my hand recalled it, also that it had been labeled for that day's sale.

"Do not say that it is gone!" she cried, rising quickly as grasping my arm. "Oh, God would not afflict me! Look, look everywhere for it, I beg, I pray you.

Her hands shook so on my arm that I could feel the quivering of her thin fingers.

I tried to think to whom I had sold a cabinet that day; then it flashed on me that there had not been one in the catalogue.

Had I made a mistake and sent it West with the bric-a-brac lot? If so, it could be recovered. I felt glad for the error, but the poor little woman mistook my silence, and broke down completely, sobbing so pitifully that I knew then that some great cause was hidden beneath her desire to reclaim the old cabinet.

"It is more to me than life or death," she cried out, passionately, looking straight before her. "It means my children's honor. Listen, and you will be influenced by my great need to find this cabinet for me. I believe it contains the certificate of my marriage and my children's baptism, without which I cannot lay claim to my husband's estate in France. It is not the money I want," she added, with proud spirit—"I cannot bear to touch that; but my children shall not be robbed of the right to their father's name."

She paused to look at me. I felt as if a severe tension upon her nerves had given way at last, and, chrushed by her fear of the cabinet being lost to her, her silence and reserve had broken down, and that she appealed to me unconsciously in her need.

The shadowy pageant passed to and fro across the mirror, and as she went on passionately with her story, it seemed to me I saw the whole sad episode pass in review on the dim surface.

"Fifteen years ago my husband deserted me. Evil influences led him astray, and while for my children's sake I would have pardoned him, I never saw him again or heard one word of him until I learned through the paper that he was dead, and had left an estate to his wife and children.

"I could not grieve, except that he had died in his sins unforgiven by me. I was poor, for he had left me only the household furniture, and have toiled all these years to maintain my children. So, for their sakes I applied to a lawyer to obtain possession of the estate.

"Oh, the shame, the despair, of finding another claimant in France to my children's name and honor.

"'I must prove our claim as wife and children,'" said the careful French lawyer, "'by the production of the marriage and baptismal certificates.'"

"And I know not where they were!

"The minister was dead, the witnesses gone I knew not where.

"I felt as if my carelessness had dishonored my children, and for days could get no relief from my horrible anxiety, until by a flash, as if from heaven, I remembered that I had placed the certificate with other papers in the cabinet that I had parted with to Clutchem & Keep. I went to them; they had sent it here for sale, and now you—"

She broke down with a moan of dispair. It was more than I could stand. That cry and pitiful story forced me into action at once.

"You shall have back the cabinet, madam," I said solemnly, as if devoting my life to the search.

"Oh, sir, you will do a noble deed if you but find it for me," she cried, gratefully looking at me with beaming eyes.

Her face looked to me as if a halo came over it, and I dimly felt why I had stood bare-headed before her. Truly I had stood in Death's presence—the death of hope in this poor woman's life—the requiem of gladness and impulse.

She left me with a hopeful smile, taking my hand with a pretty grace, and I watched her in the mirror, go down the shadowy room into the sunlight of the street, and the shadows seemed to fall from her forever.

I telegraphed the Western firm. They had the cabinet, and returned it at once; so that before many days the little, nervous fingers were searching, in the presence of the lawyer and myself, for the precious papers.

She found them! I shall never forget her face when she held them up. The halo was there, and she said, so softly:

"Thank God!"

And it seems to cling to me yet, and to think how much misery our evil passions can work through selfishness and thoughtlessness.

**Judge Merrick on Boss Rule.**

The following reported interview with Judge Merrick, as given by the "American," contains so much that is true to the letter and full of point, that it will be read with great satisfaction by every one who is sincere in desiring the success of the present reformatory movements. Not only are his positions just, but the life of the Democratic party depends upon their being heeded:

"The mention of your name for the attorney-generalship seems to meet with favor among Democrats," said a representative of the "American" to Judge W. M. Merrick yesterday.

"I have seen my name mentioned in that connection in the papers," replied Judge Merrick. "Of course I should be very glad to be nominated for the office. But I do not propose to solicit votes, or to make any combinations to secure the nomination. I hope that the people of Maryland know some little about me. My record is before them. If they think that I am a proper man for the office, and that I deserve it, they will give me their votes; if they do not consider me to posses these qualifications, they will vote against me. That's all there is about it."

"You have made quite a record as an anti-boss Democrat," remarked the reporter.

"The feeling all over the State, and indeed, throughout the nation, is against bosses contolling the nomination of candidates for public office. If the men who have the reputation of being bosses and managers are wise they will act the part of repentant sinners, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance by allowing the people to make their own selection of candidates."

"Is there not a suspicion that the bosses have a slate ready for the state convention?" asked the reporter.

"He would be a bold man," replied Judge Merrick, "who, in the face of the existing public sentiment, should venture to force upon the people a ticket made by combinations. This itself would be a good reason for the rejection of the men on such a ticket by the state convention. The people have given notice to the men called bosses that they do not propose to be driven into the support of a ticket nominated by corruption. It is corruption, pure and simple, for candidates to combine to secure each other's nomination. I shall enter into no such bargains, and I think the state convention would act wisely in ignoring the persons who would be guilty of such an offence against the Democratic party. My record is before the people, and by it I am content to stand or fall."

"What would be the effect on the general result if such a combination is successful in the state convention?" queried the reporter.

"It would have a most telling result," replied Judge Merrick, in solemn tones. "We have seen what the result was in New York and Pennsylvania last year, and there is every reason to believe that similar causes would produce a similar result in this state. The people will not endorse a ticket forced on them by corrupt methods. The effect would be disastrous. Everywhere there is a sentiment that the politicians should let the people make their selections, and the men who are ignoring this dicta will call forth a storm of popular indignation which they will find they are unable to control."

WHEN Brown failed to catch the young lady who slapped his hands at Copenhagn, Fogg remarked that it was quite a marine disaster. "A smack lost you know," he explained, in answer to the interrogating glances leveled at him from all sides.

"Why is the Fourth of July?" Yes; y is the fourth of July—J u l y. See?

The clouds never indulge in anything stronger than water; and yet we frequently hear of their being dissipated.

It is alleged that Bob Ingersoll sprinkled hyssop on the Star Route robbers, and made them whiter than the blankets of an Apache Indian.

**The Wrong Man Baptized.**

Stammering or stuttering is one of the most unpleasant things at times, that a man can be afflicted with. A man who stutters, though he may at times be free from the habit, never has confidence in his talking utensils. They may run all right for a time, but just as he expects the most from his vocal organs, and wants to do his best, they go back on him, and he flounders around, and can't express his thoughts to save himself. A stutterer is usually the best natured man in the world. It seems as though nature picked out the jolliest fellow as a watch case to put poor vocal works into, so there won't be any kicking. There is a gentleman living in this state who stutters just when he don't want to, but who can talk right along all right when there is nothing particular to be said. If he gets excited or interested and wants to orate, he gets stuck and has to walk around the block before he can get things to working again. He was out in Iowa recently, and at a hotel where he was stopping the traveling men were getting up a party to go to a town a few miles distant, where a camp meeting was in progress, and where there were to be a number of converts baptized, and they invited our friend, the stutterer, to go along.

"Not m-m-much," said he, as he worked at untangling a fish line, while a boy brought in a tomato can full of angle worms. "If I know m-m-my own heart, I don't go to no k-k-k-camp meeting where they b-b-b-baptize. I at-t-t-tended a baptizing scrape once, and my k-k-clothes have not got d-d-d-dry yet."

"What was the matter?" said a drummet for a Chicago grocery house. "Didn't fall in the water, did you?"

"N-n-n-no," said the stutterer, as he stuffed a wad of paper down on top of the angle worms to keep them from crawling out. "I didn't f-f-fall in, but I got in all the s-s-s-same. I was sna-sna-snatched in. If you won't tell any one, I will tell you all about it."

The boys swore they would never give it away; and the stutterer went on:

"Well, about twenty years ago I was editing a p-p-p-paper, in Wis-k-k-consin, and there was a revival at the town all winter, and in the spring they advertised to b-b-b-baptize all of the k-k-k-converts. Everybody went, and I w-w-w-went down to the k-k-creek to see them s-s-soak. They had a presiding elder, a stranger to me, to d-d-do the baptizing, and when they had dipped a f-f-few, I noticed the elder acted s-s-s-sort of tired when he pushed the last woman ashore, and I th-th-thought he wanted to come out of the w-w-water, and I reached out my h-h-hand to help him up the b-b-b-bank. Do you know, he thought I was a k-k-candidate for baptism, and he took hold of my hand and was p-p-pulling me in, when I said, "Elder, don't p-p-p—' and before I could say any m-m-more he said, 'Have no f-f-fear, my young k-k-k-christian friend,' and he put his arm around me and was pulling me right in. I wasn't as st-st-strong as I am now, and he had a g-g-grip like a prize fighter, and before I knew what he was about, he was saying, 'I b-b-baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy G-g-ghost,' and I was as weak as a k-k-cat. I tried to get away from him, and tried to explain that I w-w-wasn't the feller, and that I had n-n-never been converted, but the naturally pious look on my face b-b-betrayed me, and I stuttered so I couldn't get in a word in time, and he put me under. As I went down I could see the crowd on the b-b-bank laughing; because they all knew I was b-b-bad, and that it was a mistake of the strange preacher. I came up strangling, and the first thing I said was, 'Elder, you have made the damdest mistake of your life,' and I went out on the bank and shook myself. You may t-talk about m-m-ministers not joking, but by gracious, I shall a-a-always think that elder knew I was no k-k-christian. It was a picnic for the crowd. No, gentlemen, I k-k-cant go to the camp meeting, I shouldn't feel s-s-safe there," and the stuttering man took his fish pole and angle worms and went down towards the pond while the traveling men went to the camp meeting.—Peck's Sun.

**A Few Snake Stories.**

Hugh Levy, a painter of Memphis, while fishing stooped over to seize a crawfish he saw under a log, when a snake fastened its fangs in the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. He sucked the poison from the hurt, and then drank a quart of whiskey, which, he says, had not the least effect upon him, bound a string tightly about his wrist, and started for home. During the evening he drank two gallons of whiskey. He finally recovered.

W. G. Livingston, of Sylvania, Ga. says that as he was crossing the Little Ogeechee Creek about two weeks since he saw about two dozen snakes all twisted and plaited together, there being rattlesnakes, black snakes, garter snakes, moccasins, gophers, adders, coach whips, rat snakes, king snakes, and pilot seakes in the twist, and all seemingly in good humor.

The ten-year-old son of G. B. Hannay, of North Annsville, N. Y., went into the hay loft to gather eggs, and found a large spotted milk snake upon a hen's nest, coiled so as to completely cover it. The snake chased him out of the loft and then went back to the nest. It was finally killed. Two other snakes of the same kind were found in the field close by.

**Farm Notes.**

Do not allow your fruit trees to overbear. It will pay you to thin out the fruit.

Paint your tools and fences. You can do the former under cover on a wet day.

Late cut hay should be cured principally in the cock. Managed in this way the heating and sweating it undergoes improves it somewhat, besides making it easier to handle.

A correspondent of The Farmer's Review has found a strong decoction of tansy, applied through the fine rose of a watering-pot, very effective against cabbage worms.

Mangle wurzels should not be covcovered thickly during the first cold season. When you begin cover gradually. Old matting is good. Stalks and hay may follow. At last put earth on the sloping pile.

Water the cabbage heads with a weak brine and you may keep off cabbage worms. The young insect is readily destroyed by salt and water. This remedy is an advantage to the cabbage, too, as it stimulates growth.

Much of the distaste for farming which fatally attacks many a boy, is the result of the mismanagement which makes work oppressive and hateful by causing needless exposure to strains of exertion or extremes of weather.

A good many farmers in different parts of the country have, by loss of animals during the past season, had the fact impressed on their minds that Paris green is a deadly poison, the use of which cannot be too carefully guarded.

Canada thistles should be cut when in blossom or before. Never let them seed. One cutting in a season is not likely to kill them, but by perseverance you can usually kill them out. Plants cannot live without leaves to breathe through. Keep them off and the roots will die.

Sow winter rye during August and September—the earlier the better. The early sown will afford fine pasturage when that commodity is scarce. The richer the land the greater will be the quantity of seed necessary. Five pecks to the acre is the usual amount, although two bushels of seed are sometimes used. Early cutting produces more weight and whiter flour.

Whatever may be the cause of bark splitting on one side near the collar of young apple trees in rich soil, the remedy advised by Dr. Hoskins is the true one—to wrap the parts so as to keep the bark from detaching, drying, curling off and exposing the cambium. If this is done early in October it suffices. If the wood is exposed a plaster of grafting wax should be applied under the wrap to prevent drying.

After potatoes have had their annual rest, they are easily excited into growth by a temperature of over 50 degrees, but before they have rested they will lie in moist, warm ground through the autumn months entirely dormant, making no response to the inviting conditions of germination then present—genial warmth and moisture; and those protected by the soil during the winter from cold lower than 30 degrees sprout freely early in spring.

**A Great Racket by a Dissipated Dude.**

"Oh, Tawm," said one dude to another, "I was on a gweat wacket lawst night."

"Naw, Jack, you dawn't say?"

"Yes, Tawm, and I'm so wretched to-day, you have no ideah."

"Why, me boy, what could you have done?"

"Why, Tawm, I dissipated, you knaw, in a fwightful mannah, indeed."

"Naw? What, pway?"

"Why, Tawm, I dwank two glasses of soda watah, and one of them was catawba sywwup."

"You frightfully dissipated wretch!"

"Then, Tawn, I dwank a glass of Vichy and smoked two cigarwettes, and called on thwee young ladies and their mamma, you knaw and, Tawm, papa let me go by myself, and, Tawm aftah the call I dwank another sodah!"

"Aw, Jack, what will evah become of you?"

"Weally, Tawm, I cahn't tell; but that wasn't all, for when I came home mamma was waiting up for me, and she made me dwink a cup of coffee and eat a piece of angel's food, because she said she knew I was tiahed, and I didn't daiah tell her what I had been doing."

"Dweadful, Jack, dweadful!"

"I knaw it, Tawm, but what was a fellah to do? I knaw if I cahn't go into the country befoah a week, I shall be a total weck. It is too tehwibly tehwible to think of, and I so young, too! And, Tawm, I am to twy on my two Summer suits to-day, and as my cewpay is around the cawnah, I shall have to walk cleah back to the end of the hall to call my valet to to gaw aftah it."

"Bah Jawve, Jack, you harrow up my soul so I can't listen longah.—Good-by, old fel'. I hawp you'll have bettah luck next time. Good-by."

"Good—," but he was unable to get out the last syllable, and sank on the sofa as the other one shut the door.

"Your husband is a staid man, is he not?" asked one lady of another who had married a man noted for his former fast habits. "Yes," was the reply, "he staid out all last night."

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