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VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1884. NO. 24.

FOR SALE.

Having concluded to discontinue the mercantile business, I will from this date until April 11th, sell off at

COST FOR CASH

my entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and China ware.

In the meantime I will sell out entirely to any one wishing to go into business, and give up the storehouse, which is one of the best in the county, and the best stand in Denton. Respectfully,

2-9 WM. A. STEWART.

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Is called to a few SPECIAL BARGIANS we shall offer for the next 30 days:

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"	" " "	14.50 to	12.00
"	" " "	12.00 to	10.00
"	" " "	10-50 to	8.50
"	Overcoats " "	18.00 to	18.75
"	" " "	17.00 to	15.00
"	" " "	16.00 to	14.00
"	" " "	12.50 to	10.50

Boys' Clothing Reduced ten per cent.

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Is still full ef choice Dress Goods from 10c. to $2.50 per yard. Also have a full line of Ladies' and Misses'

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LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM $5 to $25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

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Complete Stock always on Hand.

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All Kinds and Best Manufacture.

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On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on Tuchahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Lansing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, Sec'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.30 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M.

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Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

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SATURDAYS

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THE STRANGE GEORGIA GIRL.

Again Coaxing Things Across the Floor in Spite of the Resistance of Strong Men.

BARNESVILLE, Ga., Feb. 16.—Miss Lulu Hurst, of Cedartown, Ga., has given one of her remarkable entertainments in our town. It was a performance that she had previously given in public on several occasions, and that has everywhere been witnessed with the greatest astonishment.

She first held the handle of an umbrella, while four citizens held cords that were tied to the umbrella, suspending it in the air. In about two minutes the umbrella began to squirm and twist, and soon the staff was wrenched into two parts, and the umbrella was broken into pieces. Then Mr. Middlebrooks, weighing over two hundred pounds, sat down in a chair on the stage. She placed her open hands upon the back of the chair, and presently the chair began to move, and soon Mr. Middlebrooks was thrown upon the floor. Another chair was then placed on the stage, and Col. Murphey of our town attempted to hold it still. She placed the palms of her hands on the seat of the chair and soon it began moving across the stage, and finally escaped from Col. Murphey's grasp and fell on the floor. The same feat was repeated with two men, then with three, and finally with five, with the same result each time.

A rod about six feet long was placed in the hands of a strong man, who was sceptical as to the powers of Miss Hurst. Soon the rod began to move in spite of all his efforts to keep it still. It hustled him across the stage in a ludicrous manner. After several similar performances with several different men, who tried in vain to hold the chairs and rod still, the exercises closed. About five hundred of our best citizens witnessed the performance, and they were convinced that there was no slight of hand in what Miss Hurst did.

Miss Hurst was born in 1868 in McMinn county, Tenn. When she was a year old her parents removed to Cedar Valley, Polk county, Ga., and have since resided there. She has gone to school but ten months in her life, but was a remarkably apt scholar while in school. She united with the Missionary Baptist Church when she was twelve years old, and is a devout Christian. She succeeds best in her performances when everything around her is quiet. She cannot bear unkind treatment on the stage, and her strange powers desert her when the spectators appear to be unfriendly. When exerting her peculiar gifts she does not know what is happening around her, and blindly follows the object moving from her. She often has to be caught to prevent her from running off at the front of the stage or against a wall. She is a brunette with long black hair and brown eyes, weighs 125 pounds, and is a modest girl of retiring disposition.

Her unnatural powers were developed last August. One day she observed a peculiar rattling noise about the head of her bed and told her mother about it. Mrs. Hurst went to the room, heard the noise, and concluded that there were rats inside the bed. She ripped open the bed, but found nothing in it. Miss Hurst became so frightened one night at the noise in her apartment that she left her room and slept elsewhere. A few nights later a young friend of Miss Hurst was spending the night with her, and both of the girls became considerably frightened. Mr. Hurst and his wife concluded that the cause of the phenomena must inhere in their daughter.

Lulu was asked upon one occasion to sit down on a trunk in one end of the room, and soon the noise was heard about the trunk. Soon after pebbles and iron ore on the mantel began to move about, and some of them would fall on the floor when she entered the room. Articles of clothing would disappear for two or three days, and then suddenly be found hanging on a nail or picture in the family room. The dishes and cutlery were greatly dirturbed whenever she she went into the dining room. She would lie down on the bed and soon it would move about the room as she willed. Or she could think of some tune, going over the notes mentally, and the music would ne heard from the head of her bed, as if from some musical instrument.

These and other wonderful performances were noised abroad, and people began to assemble in crowds to witness the strange phenomena. The Atlanta Constitution sent a reporter to her home to learn if the reports were true. The reporter was convinced, wrote an account of the affair, and after much persuasion prevailed on Mr. Hurst to take his daughter to Atlanta.

Lula Hurst and her parents are plain country people, and they are just as much astonished as any one else. They do not believe that it is the result of spiritualistic influences. Spiritualists have written to Miss Hurst, insisting that her strange powers are the results of spiritualism, but she treats their letters with contempt. The phenomena, it was said at first, were produced by her muscular powers, but physicians at Atlanta and elsewhere have placed their hands between hers and the chair to be moved, so that only the tips of her fingers touched the chair, but the results were not changed. Others have held her arm tightly above the elbow to ascertain if there was muscular action, but not any was perceptible.

Some people believe she is strongly magnetic, and that the objects she touches become magnetized by her touch, and are then repelled from her on the principle that "like electricity repels like." But a stick placed in a glass bottle, which is a non-conductor, will writhe and twist in the bottle when she holds it.

The physicians of Cedartown sent this certificate to Mr. Hurst without his solicitation:

Concerning Miss Hurst, it gives us pleasure to state that she is a pure, simple child of nature, the embodiment of truth and honesty, without guile or deception. Of her wonderful performances, we assert that she has done, and is capable of doing without physical or muscular power, all that her father, who is an honorable gentleman, claims.

A CONTRACTOR ABDUCTED.

Italian Laborers Threatened to Cut Off His Ears and Hang Him.

BELAIR, Md., Feb, 16.—A. S. Parliament, contractor on the Philadelphia branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, yesterday evening visited the scene of work, a few miles from Aberdeen, and was immediately abducted by about two hundred of his Italian laborers, to whom he owed about $1,500 in wages. Parliament, who claimed that a subcontractor named Alexander Harrigan had absconded with the money, endeavored to induce his captors to release him by tendering fifty cents and finally sixty cents on the dollar in payment of their claims. The Italians, only one or two of whom can speak English, immediately became enraged, and endeavored by threats of instant death to compel Parliament to send for the full amount. The laborers had not been paid for two weeks, and many of them were in actual want of food, which made them very savage. Becoming convinced that Parliament really did not have the money, they formed in a body around him, and, despite the efforts of Deputy Sheriff Boyd, took their prisoner three miles into the woods. There they imprisoned him in a frame shanty and sent word to his friends that they would certainly cut off his ears and send them to Aberdeen if the money was not forthcoming by noon to-day. If this failed, they said they would hang their prisoner. The Italians were evidently desperate and reckless.

The report of Parliament's abduction greatly alarmed his friends, and they forwarded a request to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad central office in Baltimore asking permission to draw enough money to enable Parliament to settle with his captors. This was refused. All last night the prisoner's friends were endeavoring to effect a loan from one of the neighboring banks without success. To-day, seeing that he was powerless to rescue the prisoner with his regular force, Sheriff Walker summoned a posse. Meanwhile it was within two hours of the time appointed by the Italians to cut off Parliament's ears. His friends sent a frantic appeal for aid to the Chief of Police of Baltimore, and the Deputy Marshal of that city and twenty-five men arrived here in a few minutes before noon on a special train. The Sheriff's posse was in readiness, and, headed by the police, who were armed with revolvers and clubs, set off for the Italian camp on the double-quick. The attacking party also included twenty-five policemen under the Chief of Police of Havre-de-Grace. The total force numbered 100 men.

The Italians were found concealed behind trees, and strongly posted. They did not appear to be at all overawed by the strong force attacking them, but yelled ferociously. The police charged at double quick among the rioters, laying them right and left with their clubs. The Italians were armed with picks, crowbars and a few pistols, and made a stubborn resistance, finally compelling the police to use their revolvers. Acting under orders, they first fired in the air, and this so intimidated the rioters that they began to weaken. In a few minutes they were in full flight, and on opening the shanty, Parliament was found uninjured, but very much frightened. Fifty of the Italians were captured and sent to Belair under a strong guard. In the melee six Italians were shot, but not fatally and about ten badly beaten by the policemen's clubs. The prisoners were all handcuffed, and before night had been lodged in Belair Jail. One of the Sheriff's posse, Thomas Holland, received a bullet in the abdomen, and it is thought will die.

The Italians evidently do not understand the situation fully, and are arming themselves in anticipation of another attack. They are greatly enraged and it is feared will give more trouble before long.

Tears.

A short time ago, on seeing one of the fair sex shed a quantity of tears, the question presented itself, "What's in a tear?" Now, I by no means pretend to understand the mysteries of chemistry well enough to tell exactly of what a tear is composed; and yet I suppose if one of our professors were to analyze one, he would find it to be nothing more nor less than a weak solution of the muriate of soda—common salt. It is for the above reason, I suspect, that tears are usually called briny—but whether or no they are sufficiently impregnated with the saline to pickle a junk of pork, is a matter of extreme doubt.

Tears shed upon different occasions, are actually all the same in quality, no matter whether you apply to them the epithet briny, bitter, burning, sorrowful or joyful. Permit me to arrange and condense a little: 1. Tears exude from bodily pain. While the surgeon is setting or sawing off your leg, spontaneous "oh! ohs!" are very apt to be sprinkled with brine, though, generally speaking not to a very great extent. 2. Tears gush from mental anguish; but if the anguish be excessive, oh! then doesn't an insufferable drought set in upon the soul! The escape of a single tear would be as welcome and refreshing as a three days' rain to a parched goose pasture. Nevertheless, if cares annoy you beyond endurance—if troubles, double and twisted, enthral you—if you have tugged and pulled honestly, manfully, against the tide of misfortune, till both your moral and physical energies begin to cave and friends to desert you,—tears volunteer their poor but kindly assistance, and with their aid you look alone to Heaven for relief. 3. Tears of repentance are a mere sham, only brought into requisition to help you out of some foolish emergency, and afford you a chance to dive into another. There's no real virtue in them. 4. Tears of joy are like golden dew-drops shaken from the wings of angles; they are honey-dew to the heart, which falls only about once in a dog's age. 5. Crocodile tears are bogus, but accompanied in the end with genuine salt-drops, to which the world pays as little heed as to the perspiration on a pitcher of ice-water. 6. Tears started by red pepper and onions, are no doubt of the right sort; but what business they have to array themselves in front of such unimportant aggravations, is something that I can't understand.

Tears have their important uses. As bleeding sometimes mitigates bodily pain, so does a generous flow of tears relieve the heart overwhelmed and oppressed with grief. They are all powerful, too; for they often prevail where argument, importunity or force fails to make any more impression than the foot of a fly upon a marble-top table.

Tears beget tears. Who among living and feeling flesh can behold a poor old man convulsed with sobs and attempting to drown his grief in a flood of tears, and not experience a waterish sensation at the moment? And who can mark "dear woman's tearful eye"—let her be old or young, ugly or fair—and not feel as juicy as a watermellon? I can't. There are those who place high value upon tears; consider them worth their weight in diamonds; and when Lord Byron gave "to Greece a tear," he no doubt felt satisfied that he had contributed half a million dollars for that unfortunate country!

Well, I hope you will all sooner or later—sooner, I trust—have genuine tears shed for you; but as for me, I am not worth a drop.

JOHN JUNIOR.

STARVING A COLD.

The Simple and Infallible Remedy Suggested by a Physician.

Though a life-long sufferer from the disease in various forms, from the "snuffles" of infancy to the "hay-fever" of adult age, together with occasional attacks of neuralgia, rheumatism, throat and lung affections, &c., I now find it impossible to excite any of the "well-known symptoms," or, in fact, any form of disease though subjecting myself to what many would consider the most suicidal practices in the matter of exposure to the elements, so long as I live upon a frugal diet, chiefly cereals and fruit, served plainly—nominally two meals a day; holding myself ready, however, to "skip" a meal whenever necessary, i. e., whenever any of the symptoms of indigestion, as acid stomach, flatulency, pressure in the region of the lungs or stomach, &c., warn me of having carried the pleasures of the table a trifle beyond the needs of the organism.

I have, in my efforts to "catch" cold, submitted myself to exposures that to the minds of most people would appear of a suicidal character, wearing low shoes and walking in snow and slop until both socks and shoes were saturated, sitting an hour in that condition and going to bed without warming my feet; removing flannel undergarments in midwinter on the approach of colder weather and attending to out-door affairs without the overcoat habitually worn; sleeping with a current of air blowing directly on my head and shoulders, sitting entirely naked in a draught on a very cold, damp night in the fall for 15 minutes before getting into bed; wearing cotton undershirt and sleeping under light bedcovers on the night following the use of flannel gown and heavy-weight bed-clothes; rising from bed on a cold rainy morning, and sitting naked for an hour writing, and then putting on shirt and trousers, the shirt almost saturated with rain and the trousers quite damp from hanging by the window. These and similar experiments I have tried repeatedly, without catching cold; I became cold, and became warm again, that is all.

In the course of my experiments, whenever I have fed my cold as far as I wished or dared to go, I have, in every instance banished the disease by entirely abstaining from food for a time; I have never known this remedy, if applied at the very outset, to fail of "breaking up" a common cold in 24 to 48 hours, whatever the age, sex or occupation of the patient. However we may differ as to the origin of the disorder, whenever I can persuade a sufferer to try this remedy we come to be of one opinion as to what will most surely and speedily cure it.

Of course the size of the "dose" must bear some relation to the severity of the case. On the first appearance of the disease the symptoms of a slight cold, so familiar to all—skipping a single meal, in the case of a person who takes but two meals a day habitually, or two meals, in the case of a three-mealer, will sometimes suffice, if the succeeding meals be very moderate ones. I have usually, in my experimentation, been satisfied to "turn" at the "one-meal buoy," not often being obliged to abstain longer than 24 hours. When, however, I have chosen to prolong the experiment by continuing to eat heartily, as is the custom with people in general at such times, I have found my experience identical with with theirs; the symptoms would increase in severity, and to nasal catarrh, headache, slight feverishness and langour would be added sore throat, perhaps with pressure at the lungs, hoarseness, increased fever and entire indisposition for exertion. In this case two, perhaps three, days' fasting would be required, with a little extra sponging of the skin, to completely restore the balance. Outdoor air is desirable, and—when not demanding too great effort—exercise. Air-baths, when there is much feverishness of the skin, are comforting and curative.—Pop. Science Monthly.

Nineteenth Century Romance.

It is often said that this is a prosaic age, and young ladies sometimes long for the days of romance and chivalry. But it is doubtful if ever in the world's history it was fuller of material for romance and tragedy than to-day. Wednesday's papers related two cases which were tragedies as deep as Othello. In Chicago a man came home, two nights ago, and found his wife dead on the floor, and her lover lying at her feet, shot through the head. What a tale of wrong, of jealousy, crime and passion is hinted by these facts, and yet it must remain untold because the only lips that could tell it are sealed in death. When we see the play of passions that ends in murder and suicide in Othello, we see only the same storm that raged in the breasts of these more common-place men and women. In New York, on the same day, a young woman of delicate features followed a young man up on the platform of the elevated railroad and shot him fatally in the back. She looked a moment at his prostrate form and then fired a shot through her own temple, and fell instantly dead. It was the old story—a woman, trusting and deceived, who saw nothing but death to cover her shame, and who sought vengeance before perishing. What a thrilling story hers would have been if it had been told by a writer of power. Who knows the horrible mental agony she must have gone through before she could nerve herself to kill the man she had loved? What a horror seized her when she saw him dead at her feet, or how frenzied she was when she raised the pistol to her own temple? Yet deeds like these are of frequent occurrence.

Wild adventure, too, is abundant—the Western desperado like Jesse James, the scientific burglaries, the vendettas, the lynchers, the duels. Then there are the sudden risings into fortune, the striking of ore, or of oil, the rise in stocks, the princely wealth of great operators, and their occasional use of wealth to impoverish others. The defaulting cashiers, so trusted and so hypocritical. The wrecks and accidents of travel, the heroisms that sailors and that firemen show. Everywhere there is abundant material for romance. In fact, the last quarter of the nineteenth century is a high pressure age, and the nerves of men and women are tensely strung, as never before in history. It may be prosaic in some of its aspects; but it has passions as fierce, heroisms as high, loves as devoted and unselfish, adventures as wild, crimes as dark as any in history or fiction. The romance told in brief by the Associated Press telegrams are to those who can read between the lines as thrilling as any of the novelists or poets.

A Masonic Funeral Oration.

At the funeral of Mr. J. Anstett of the French Free Masons' lodge La Sincerite, No. 373, in New York city, on Feb. 10, the orator, a Brother of the lodge, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED: It is scarcely necessary for me to say to you that the members of the French Masonic lodge La Sincerite are filled with profound sorrow for the death of their brother Anstett. His departure is especially to be deplored because he was a man of many virtues. He loved his family, he loved his neighbor, and he loved work. Where did he find these precious virtues? In his own nature and in the study of our Masonic laws. I know very well that there are many people who imagine that the object of Free Masonry is the overthrow of religious institutions in general; but that is a sad mistake. We do not wish to destroy anything. Our aim is perfection, because we also are religious men. Our religion is morality, the science of upright conduct, or rather the study of that luminous and sublime star among virtues around which all the others gravitate, the art of doing good, of extending justice and planting truth.

These virtues Mr. Anstett possessed in the highest degree, and if his labors were not always rewarded his merit was all the greater. Therefore ladies and gentlemen, and you, too, dear children, who weep within the sound of my voice, let us not deviate from the straight line of conduct which Mr. Anstett always followed so well; and when our last hour is at hand we shall have the consolation of knowing that we are about to carry into the grave the sympathies of all who have known us.

And now, Brother Anstett, since thou hast finished thy labors, sleep in peace. May thine immortal soul never be troubled with the thought that a single unworthy recollection of thee could exist for a moment in the mind of any one of thy brother Masons, and for the glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe may thy precious memory remain in the bosom of Sincerite Lodge as a symbol of faith, of love, of concord. Farewell!

A Story of a Lost Jug.

A day or two a report was whispered along the docks that a jug containing four gallons of brandy had slipped off the wharf and was at the bottom of the river. Within an hour after the information had reached the first pair of ears a man came sauntering down upon the wharf with a sort of grapnel attached to a clothes line and as he caught sight of the owner of the warehouse he said:

"Being that the ice is all out, I'd like to grapple for that gold watch lost here last fall."

He was told to go ahead with all his might, but he had scarcely made ready when a second man arrived. He had an iron hook fastened to a stout cord and he promptly explained:

"Being as I had nothing to do today I thought I'd try and look up one of them grindstones that tumbled in here last fall."

The two were working away with their lines when a third man put in an appearance. He seemed considerably surprised to find any one ahead of him, but as he got his grapnel ready he calmly observed to the pair:

"I've dreamed three nights running that there was a brass kettle down here, and I thought if I could kook it up and sell it for $2 I'd be so much ahead."

It wasn't over a quarter of an hour before a fourth man arrived. He had an iron rake attached to a long pole, and as he found the trio at work he sung out:

"Always the way! Last night I dreamed of fishing up a $26 cook stove from the bottom here, and I come down to find a whole gang ahead of me. Hang it! an honest hard-working man has no show whatever in this town!"

Use for Coal Ashes.

Those who burn cold are often at a loss to know what to do with the ashes, which must be removed from the stove at least once a day. Many for the want of a better place, dump them in the back yard, where the first passing breeze will scatter it, to the great annoyance of any one who has occasion to pass by it, and to the disgust of the neat housewife, who cannot lift a window or leave a door open to let in a little fresh air without having the furniture covered with the finer portions of the contents of the ash-heap. Those who live near the street dump their ashes in the traveled road, to the great injury of the public who pass by. To such extent has this practice come in some towns that it has become necessary to pass municipal laws imposing a fine on all who shall thus obstruct the public travel.

One of the easiest, if not the best ways to dispose of coal-ashes is to build a vault to hold all of the ashes made during the year; it may be built round or square, as best suits the fancy. Where rocks are plenty the farmer can build it himself; it should be from three to four feet deep and six to ten feet in diameter, according to the amount of coal burned. When complete it should be covered with plank that can be easily removed when the ashes are to be taken out. A small trap-door should be made in the centre, through which the ashes are to be dumped. The ashes thus shut up from the passing winds everything around can be kept clean.

If the vault be built in the right place the waste-water from the house can be led into it, and thus another nuisance can be disposed of, and at the same time make a compost that will be quite valuable for many crops; for though the ashes alone do not contain much plant-food, when well soaked with the drainage of the house, acting as an absorbent, it becomes valuable.

He who dumps his ashes in the most convenient corner of his back yard, and lets the waste-water from the house flow over the surface of the same yard, has a lesson yet to learn in both neatness and economy.

THERE is so much difference in cellars that while some will keep fruit well in others a large proportion of it will decay before the winter is half over. Fruit to keep well should be kept in a cool place, where the temperature is very even. To attempt to keep fruit where one day the temperature is 30° and the next 60° is to invite a failure. For this reason the fruit should never be kept in the open air, where the sun will shine on the barrels.

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