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Cash! Cash! Cash!

Not succeeding in selling out this spring, I went to headquarters a short time since and bought the largest stock of CLOTHING and LADIES' and GENTS' FINE SHOES ever offered in Denton; also a line of white Dress Goods, calicoes and muslins, all of which I will sell for the cash or good country produce at rock bottom figures.

I have the only stock of fine straw hats in Denton. I have a strictly first class gents' white shirt for 90c. as good as the Diamond in every respect. Gents' drill drawers as low as 25c. per pr.; gents' gauze shirts for 25c.; also a fine line of ladies' and gents' black hose at from 50c. to $1.00 per pr. My variety is too numerous to mention; call all look at them, whether you buy or not.

WM. A. STEWART.

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The Situation in Delaware.

The other day in Delaware
A leisure hour beguiling,
I met a farmer, stout and fair
And with good nature smiling;
"Ah, sir," I quoth with friendly air,
"Pray, deem me not presuming,
But is the boom in Delaware
Beyond all question booming?

"It is, upon my word," said he,
"It couldn't well be greater,
As you and all the world shall see
A little season later."
"Yes, in July!" I gayly cried,
"Our souls will be inspired
By honest cheers on ev'ry side
For gallant Thomas Bayard!"

"Eh?" asked the stupid country wight
A mild confusion showing.
"For Tom," said I, "whose sturdy might
You say is grandly growing."
"Poor Tom?" said he. "Poor Tom!" quoth I,
Incensed at his presuming;
"You made affimative reply
When asked if he was booming!"

Then, with a blush—"Oh, sir," said he,
"I ain't no politician,
And, when you came a quizzin' me,
I didn't guess your mission
And didn't catch your meanin' from
Your dark mysterious speeches—
I didn't think you mean't our Tom—
I thought you meant our peaches!

THE UNSEEN HAND.

Aunt Marie remarked just now that I had "looked kinder peaked ever sence I had come from Barton's Corner, but to-day I looked downright sick and as white as a sheet."

She had not seen the letter I took from the postoffice; a broad, yellow envelope, directed in a firm, manly hand. She did not see me go to my room and open it with trembling hands. I knew what would fall out—snowy wedding cards tied with narrow white ribbon!

To-day—now, while I write—they are in the church, the man I have loved with a life's devotion, and his bride. I must love him no more. I may pray for him and his wife; I may be their friend, true, earnest, sincere; but my love must die now—to-day.

Connie thought it was very hard I would come to Aunt Marie's just when she was so busy with her trosseau; but there were others to help her, and I—I could not bear it.

Barton's Corner was but a tiny cluster of cottages when my father and Hilman Crosley started the woollen mills there and made a fortune. They married each other's sister, and Constance Crosley and I were not only cousins, but companions from our cradles. When Hilman Crosley died, ten years ago, my father wound up the affairs of the firm and sold the mills, retiring from business a rich man, but fretting for employment. He built a magnificent home in what was then a flourishing town around the mills, but he he did not live long, and when he died, mamma and Aunt Lizzie Crosley, with mamma's brother—my Uncle Charley Wilton—all lived together in the big house that was my father's last piece of worldly work.

The mills were bought by a company whose foreman, Stephen Derrick, was brought into contact with our family during the business intercourse with father, who, finding him a gentleman by birth, education and manners, made him welcome in our home circle.

From the hour when Stephen Derrick's frank, noble face and tall, manly figure first came before me I loved him. I did not define the pleasure it gave me to see him in those days; but I know why I felt utterly happy in his presence, restless when he was absent.

When father died Stephen Derrick became our close, intimate friend. Uncle Charley was in California, and Stephen was as a son to my mother, as a dear brother to Connie and me. A dear brother! Even in my own heart I called him so then.

And soon, in return for all he gave us in sympathy, time and attention, he began to demand from me the same, half unconsciously. He was alone in Barton's Corner, boarding with the clergyman, Mr. Patterson, and I think when once he found a friend to sympathize with him, it was an unutterable relief to take that friend into full confidence.

Connie used to yawn and walk off when we got "stupid," as she called us when business affairs occupied our attention; but it interested me deeply to hear all the vexations and trials of Stephen Derrick's position.

The mills were owned by a company, who, throwing all the work and all the responsibility upon the foreman, hindered and hampered him on every side.

"They are badly managed," said Stephen, with biting emphasis. "Managed by a man who is expected to run them without expenses. Our profits are falling off every month, because no part of them will be allowed for improvements. Oh!" he cried suddenly, "if I owned the mills!"

And then he added in a low, confidential tone:

But I shall probably be discharged. The company are tired of their speculation, and are talking of selling out the whole concern."

But they did not, and the whole thing, in spite of Stephen's efforts, became a failure.

It was early in the fall when he came to tell me the tidings.

"To think they will fall to ruin probably," he said, "while I must go into the world again and look for work, leaving all I love here! I have hoped against hope, but it is all in vain."

My heart-beats nearly choked me, but my voice did not falter as I said:

"You may obtain the same situation with a new company."

"No; for I bear the whole blame of the failure here. And if I did, what is my paltry salary to offer to a woman who has wealth? I will never stand in the position of a fortune hunter, even for my love's sake."

"But if she loves you?" I said.

"I have never asked—I will never ask—that question till I can offer her at least a home of my own."

Could I thow myself into his arms? His love was in his voice, in his eyes He loved deeply, earnestly, as he did all things else.

I talked again of the mills. With ten thousand dollars above the cost of purchase Stephen was sure he could start the work again in good order, relying upon profits for further improvements and repairs, and the mills would be sold for a mere song.

"They are so thoroughly disgusted that they would catch at any offer," said Stephen, speaking of the company. "Nobody will buy. Money is not very plenty, and any experienced person can see that there must be a heavy outlay at the outset."

"Do you think ten or fifteen thousand dollars would buy the mills?" I asked, almost afraid of derision, knowing how much they had cost to erect, and what handsome fortunes had been made in them.

"I am positive it would; but it might as well be ten millions, as far as I am concerned."

"Have you no property?" I asked.

"A tumble-down house and barren farm in Pennsylvania," he said, laughingly—"a legacy from my grandmother."

There was no more said of mills, but I made an errand to Philadelphia, saw the lawyer who managed our property, and out of my abundant means opened the way to independence for the man I loved. I do not claim to be disinterested or unselfish. I loved Stephen Derrick, and I believed he loved me. I thought to be repaid a thousand fold when he came to me a prosperous man and asked me to be his wife.

My first happiness came when he brought me the good news I knew was coming, but which was so totally unexpected to him that he claimed my usual sympathy and counsel.

"It seems incredible," he said.—"An offer of twenty-five thousand dollars for a farm I would have gladly taken five hundred for. Mr. Mason, a lawyer in Philadelphia, writes to me and says the money will be paid as soon as I sign the papers."

"But," I said hypocritically, "there may be oil or coal there. You may lose upon the sale."

"I'll take the risk. To own these mills, to run them on my own plan, to stay in Barton's Corner, I would sell all the coal in Pennsylvania, if I owned it."

So the bargain was made, and all winter I lived in a fool's paradise. Every new plan was submitted to me. I coaxed workmen to stay. I made suggestions founded upon memories of father's plans. And Connie would flit about like a butterfly in her pretty dresses, and laugh at our gravity, or break in upon our serious consultations with her songs.

It was the first proof of Stephen's brightening hopes that he began to follow Connie to the piano, to chat with her upon light, gay subjects, to compliment her in courtly language. And she would smile and blush, and tell me, in confidence, that really Stephen was wonderfully improved since he bought the mills.

Spring found me blind still. One lovely day in May tempted me to loiter in the garden, and I was dreaming of the future I had built with golden fingers and rosy hopes, when I heard Connie's voice in the summer house. Connie almost lived in the garden, so I was not surprised; but a moment later Stephen spoke:

"Why, my darling, it will be no news to your cousin. Months ago I told her of my love for you, my despair at my poverty, and because she has so often spoken hopefully of my success in wooing I have kept up a brave heart. But tell me again, Connie, my Connie, that you love me."

I went to the house stunned. I gained the room Connie and I shared and tried to realize it all.

"Stephen loves Connie."

I kept repeating it over and over, but the words conveyed no meaning to my mind. Yet when Connie came to tell me her sweet secret and claim my congratulations I could listen and talk and even meet Stephen without betraying myself.

Nobody thought it strange that I should visit my Aunt Marie hundreds of miles from home. I have often been here, and Connie's pouting at my resolution to stay till October had no effect.

I think mother guessed my secret, but she said nothing, only stroked my hair and talked away my appearance of oddity at my absence on the wedding day. If I was only sure Connie would make Stephen happy I could be more reconciled; but she is so silly, so shallow. What did he see in her? Her beautiful face, her childlike manners have won him; but will the keep his love? Will he not miss sympathy, intelligent companionship?

I may not question. By this time these two I love—these two, I repeat—are married, and no one shall ever know whose unseen hand smoothed the way to their bridal. And I will go home to mother, knowing I will meet no voice or face to remind me of my lost love and hope, praying only that I may be ever a true friend to Connie and Connie's husband.

MILLIONS IN PETROLEUM.

Interesting Facts Connected with the Great American Industry.

There 20,000 producing oil wells in Pennsylvania, yielding at present 60,000 barrels of oil per day. It requires 5,000 miles of pipe line and 1,600 iron tanks of an average capacity of 25,000 barrels each to transport and store the oil and surplus stocks. There are now nearly 38,000,000 barrels of oil stored in the region in tanks. This oil would make a lake more than one mile square and ten feet deep. The money actually invested in petroleum production since 1860 is estimated to be more than $425,000,000. Since 1880 more than $12,000,000 has been used in building iron tanks, and nearly as much in pipe lines, all by one corporation. The tanks cost on an average $8,000 each. There are 100 tons of iron used in constructing one.

The speculative transactions in petroleum represent more than $400,000,000 annually. The lowest price crude petroleum ever brought was 10 cents a barrel, 1861. In 1859, when there was only one well in existence, Col. Drake's Pioneer at Titusville, the price was $24 a barrel. Besides the 5,000 miles of pipe line in use in the oil regions there are in operation 1,200 miles of trunk pipe lines connecting the region with Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and New York, and lines building to Philadelphia and Baltimore. In the line between Olean and New York 16,000 barrels of oil are transported daily. These lines are all the property of the Standard Oil Company, except one between Bradford and Williamsport, Pa. The Standard employs 100,000 men. The product of its refineries requires the making 25,000 oak barrels of forty gallons each, and 100,000 tin cans holding five gallons each, every day. The first American petroleum ever exported was in 1862. Charles Lockart of Pittsburgh sent nearly 600,000 gallons to Europe in that year and sold it for $2,000 less than the cost of transportation. In 1883 nearly 400,000,000 gallons were exported, for which $60,000,000 were returned to this country.

"Charge It."

A simple sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered as one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to buy all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is sometimes hard to deny one's self of the same when they can be obtained by saying "charge it." But this habit of getting articles, however small the charge may be, without paying for them, leaves one's funds in a low state most of the time.

"I have no money to-day, but should like the article very much," confesses the young man who happened to go into a store and sees something which strikes his fancy.

"Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it."

And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, till the young man is surprised at his liabilities, which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes.

In many instances, if the cash were required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him; but to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent.

Still, when pay day comes, as always it does, this allusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

If there is an actual necessity of making a purchase, and the means are not at hand, there is a reasonable excuse for obtaining the same on credit; but when the article can be dispensed with until payment can be made, it is much to the advantage of the purchaser to do so.

Mr. Davis's Estimate of Mr. Benjamin.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat publishes an interesting interview with Mr. Jefferson Davis, in which that gentleman gives his estimate of the character of the late Judah P. Benjamin. Mr. Davis says: "Mr. Benjamin could not be called an orator, neither a debater, and yet he shed on every subject he discussed a light which answered the purpose and had the effect of both. In manners gentle and conciliatory, with a voice every tone of which was silvery, he was both persuasive and convincing. Notwithstanding the wide range of his knowledge, he was so gentle as always to be seeming to receive information, and perhaps none of his most familiar acquaintances can recall ever having seen him during social intercourse engaged in heated argument. Trained to the close investigation of the law, he found periods of relaxation during which his memory became a storehouse of poetry and fiction, and in times of darkest prospect and deepest depression would enliven his comrades by recitations from his favorite, Tennyson. The pride of Louisiana, the love of all true Confederates, the admiration of all Americans who rejoice in the glory of their countrymen must long keep green the memory of Judah P. Benjamin." Mr. Davis paid a warm tribute to Mr. Benjamin for the valuable services rendered in the Confederate cabinet.

It Was Sent to Her House.

A certain pretentious shopper, after teasing the clerks of a dry goods store beyond the limits of forbearance, pompously ordered a spool of thread to be sent to her house. It was agreed that she should be made an example of, and a warning to her kind. She was surprised, and her neighbors were intensely interested, shortly after she had arrived at home. A common dray drawn by four horses proceeded slowly up to her door. On the dray, with bare arms, were a number of stalwart laborers. They were holding on vigorously to some object which she could not see. It was a most puzzling affair. The neighbors stared. After a deal of whip-cracking and other impressive ceremonies, the cart was backed against the curb. There, reposing calmly, end up, in the centre of the cart floor, was the identical spool of thread which she had "ordered." It seemed to be coming all right. With the aid of a plank, it was finally rolled, barrel fashion, safely to the sidewalk. After a mortal struggle it was "up-ended" on the purchaser's doorstep. The fact that the purchaser herself came out a minute later and kicked her own property into the gutter detracted nothing from it.

Lay Representation in the M. E. Church.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—There was animated discussion in the M. E. General Conference to-day on the report of the Committee on Lay Represention in the Annual Conference. The report provides for lay representation in the Annual Conference on the basis of one layman for every six pastoral charges, or a Presiding Elder's district, and one for every portion of two-thirds, to be chosen by the district stewards' meetings, the laymen to be entitled to equal rights with the ministers, except to vote for ministerial conference to the General Conference, on the admission of ministers to the Annual Conference, or on the character of ministers. After an extended debate the report was overwhelmingly defeated.

Another report from the Committee on Lay Representation provided for an equalization of the ministerial and lay representation to the General Conference by reducing the ministerial from one in every forty-five clergymen to one in every sixty, and allowing one lay delegate to every ministerial delegate.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley moved to refer the whole matter of lay and ministerial represetation to a special commission; carried, 171 to 140.

Dividing the Text.

My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this morning in the First Epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5, and verse 5, in the words:

"The Devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Now, my friends, with your leave we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads. Firstly—Who the Devil he was? and Secondly—Where the Devil he was going? Thirdly—Who the Devil he was seeking? Fourthly and lastly—What the Devil he was roaring about?

THE General Conference of the M. Church has just decided that it is inexpedient to take any action in regard to the licensing and ordaining of women to preach. But the women who want to preach need not be discouraged, for more than one-third of the members of the Conference voted in favor of a resolution approv- the licensing of women as exhorters and local preachers; and that the Methodist brethren are not insensible to the charm of woman's discourse was shown by the remark of the Rev. Dr. Curry that "we do not license farmers to plant potatoes, as they can do so without it." Dr. Curry evidently recognizes the fact that it would be impossible, if it were desirable, to keep women from talking.

Will Soon be Here.

Do you know, dear,
The nights that were for sweethearts made
Will soon be here?
Then, in his Sunday clothes, arrayed,
The bashful swain will seek the shade
Wherewaits for him a modest maid,
With words of cheer.

His heart is rent with jealous pangs
And envious fear;
But on he goes, the gate he bangs,
Nor pauses till the bull dog's fangs
Make him feel queer.
Oh, dear!

A man in Kilkenny recently saw a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He wrote to the editor:

"Sir—I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper on Wednesday last. I was born in Dublin, not Cork, and my retirement from business in 1869 was not owing to ill-health, but a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox. Please make corrections."

WATER is not necessarily pure because it is cold. Give animals good water, and do not compel them to get it from shallow places, where they take in great quantities of unhealthy stuff. Some people think that anything is good enough for a hog. "Anything" sometimes produces disease.

"No, sah," said old Uncle Jacob, bristling up. "I doan wanter hab nuffin' ter do wid Fred. Douglass. I tell yer, boss, he am ob no use to our race;—he doan 'spect his own color, but goes about gavortin' among the white gals as ef he wuz a dood, de ole sinner! I doan go in fur amalgermation, you bet; I'se fur pure blood, I is. What he rootin' around so fur? Can't de ole rat fine a cullud gal—ef he wants a wife to spend his money for him? Tell me dat, boss. We is got up to de climax; we is on a footin' wid de white folks, we is; but we must'nt stop dar—we mus', as de perspired poeck says, holler out 'excelsomore!' until we reach de mount'in-top, and den dar'll be no more a mixid' of races, and a confusion of popperiation; fur den de white man will be no whar!"

A YOUNG LAWYER was appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury was in the box the young lawyer challenged several jurymen whom his client said had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more jurymen who have prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss, de jury am all right, but now I wants you to challenge de jedge. I has been convicted under him seberal times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to hab prejudice ag'in me."

A parlor match: He had been going to see her for a long time, but had never made his intentions known. The other night he pulled out a cigarette and asked her if she could find him a match. She searched unavailingly, and then in a naive, sweet way, said:

"Any young man and young girl can make a match if they want to."

They did.

Put a Brand on Him.

"Women are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in the village store of West Milton, Saratoga county, New York, and the speaker was the central figure of a group of bucolic philosophers. He was homely, slovenly and sixty. "There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George T. Graham, of the same place. "Women are mostly what men make 'em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now. She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheeks and the spring out of her steps. Well, she saw an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more, and so several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it's done her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and PARKER'S TONIC is the next."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be called PARKER'S TONIC. This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word. There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. 5-3-1m

A young lady, supposed to be a confirmed man-hater, was eating some ice cream the other evening, and expressed a dislike to its flavor. Her companion asked her what fault she found with it; whereupon she replied that it had a sort of shaving soap taste. She had some difficulty in maintaining a proper degree of unconcern in replying to the questions that immediately followed.

Polishing the Wrong End.

Many men daily polish their boots who never give a thought to the condition of their hair, except to harrow it casually with brush and comb, and occasionally submit it to the paralyzing attentions of the average barber. What happens? Why, this: From neglect, mental anxiety, or any of a score of causes, the hair turns prematurely gray and begins to fall out. Parker's Hair Balsam will at once stop the latter process and restore the original color. An elegant dressing, free from grease. 5-3-4t

Of Course.

While they sat before the fire,
Nothing more did he desire
Than to get a little nigher,
If he could.

And his heart beat higher and higher
And her look grewer shyer and shyer
When he sided up close by her
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire
If her sister, Jane Mariar,
And her mother and her sire
Were quite well.

And from time to time he'd eye her
As though he would like to buy her,
And his bashfulness was dire,
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer
When he told her that the 'Squire
To himself would gladly tie her,
If she would;

Might he now go ask her sire?
And he thought he would expire,
When she said, to his desire,
"That he could.

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