DENTON JOURNAL.

Published Weekly, Every Saturday Morning, by

MELVIN BROS.

Saturday Morning, May 2, 1885.

LIDA.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

She was a heroine, though no badges of honor decorated her with the triumphal plaudits of fame, and no monumental record ever told the story of her simple and unswerving devotion to duty; yet none the less is her name written in imperishable characters upon the scroll of glorious remembrance, witnessed and attested to in the higher court, where her welcome shall be sounded: "Well done! good and faithful servant!"

For she was only a servant girl, and had sat meekly and sorowfully among the others in the forlorn city intelligence office, waiting for some one to approve of her, and take her into service. Just the day before her mother had given her the little red Bible she had in her pocket and said with tearful voice:

"Be a good girl, Lida. If things don't go to suit you, and you get down hearted, think of your father and me, and read what he marked in this book, and don't forget once to say your prayers. That is all the help and comfort a poor girl can get that lives out and hasn't any home."

Lida was thinking this over as she sat there in the commercial exchange of flesh and blood, when she heard a loud voice say:

"What is the matter with this one?"

She lifted her eyes, shy as the wild flowers of her own country fields, and saw a gentleman regarding her with a cool business look.

"She is just in from the country and has never lived out," said the politic tones of the mistress of the office.

"All the better then," said the gentleman. "My wife will make a good servant out of her. There is nothing suits her better than to break in a raw hand. Hey, girl, can you cook a potato?"

His voice was rough but not unkindly, and as the girl timidly answered him, he continued:

"Send her to the house, Mrs. Spence, and settle with my wife about the wages. We won't be particular if she turns out to be quick and willing."

Lida smiled thankfully and tried to say a few grateful words that stuck in her throat, but it was all the same—the gentleman who had hired her, Mr. Simpson, had turned away, and from that moment forgot her as completely as if she had never lived.

She was engaged at his house, and soon learned how to cook city diet in a way acceptable to the family. She could wash and iron, sweep and clean, and in a month Mrs. Simpson told all her friends what a treasure she had in the new girl.

The girl could do other things—sew and embroider, sing very sweetly, play the melodeon prettily, read and recite better than either Bele or Maud Simpson, and had lovely, cultivated thoughts about the people and the relation of one human being to another. But the family never knew it. They did not even appreciate the fact that she spoke beautiful English and had refined manners. She was the daughter of a Scotch minister, and a strong, plain, good-hearted Yankee girl, who, when her young husband became blind, was eyes and ears and feet for him till he died, leaving a family of younger helpless and dependent children. The father had taught Lida, and in dying he had charged her to help her mother and maintain the children. But not in this way. Oh, no! good man as he was, his pride would have revolted at Lida's going into service.

But she, brave little woman, had reasoned it all out. Her education was too erratic to permit of her teaching school. Sewing would soon ruin her health. Other girls lived out. Why should not she?

The fronts of houses are very insincere. They flaunt light and style, and the appearance of comfort in the face of the passer-by. The skeleton is in a back part of the house—a closet that has no stained glass windows to attract attention.

Lida lived in the kitchen; she worked alone all day, feeding upon herself. Mrs. Simpson did not scold or interfere unless something went wrong. Then she did both.

Alas, how easily things go wrong. She could excuse them for herself or her children, but not for the "servant within her gates." Lida had a letter from her mother saying that little Benny had broken his wrist, and cried all one night for sister Lida. Then she cried, and the coffee browned too much, and Mrs Simpson scolded her severely. She sent every dollar home and wore her summer clothes all winter. Then she did a very dishonest thing. She wore the ironing-blanket under her thin shawl when she went out one bitter night to buy the yeast for the breakfast muffins. Mrs. Simpson came into the kitchen and saw the lining of poverty.

"Perfectly shameful," she said, "wearing my things out in that manner. I pay you enough to buy a warm shawl every month. What do you spend your money for?"

Lida did not say. The next morning the muffins were light, but not her heart. It was heavier than lead. She sung softly under her breath:

"Dare to do right—dare to be true."
Then she changed it to—
"There's a land that is fairer than day."

It seemed to help her, and she forgot the wearying rub-a-dub-dub of the wash-board and sung higher. Mrs. Simpson looked in;

"Lida, stop singing. It is enough to set any one crazy to hear that dismal tune. I never allow my hired girls to sing."

After that she sang only in her heart.

"You are a dear good girl," wrote her mother, "and I am so glad you like your place and that the people are kind to you. We should have starved this winter but for you."

When Lida read this letter she laid her head down on the kitchen table and cried. All the inanimate things that were her only companions seemed to be sorry for her. The stove shone warm and bright, the room looked cozy, but, oh, it was not home—home, where mother and Benny and the rest loved her. She read a chapter in the little bible, went to the small, dark, dreary room that exists in most houses as a sort of catch-all, and is known as the girl's room, and there by her narrow bed asked of God that "peace which floweth as a river."

It came to her sooner than she expected. Mrs. Simpson sent for her family physician one morning and said:

"Doctor, I am in *such* trouble. My kitchen girl seems threatened with a fever. I have sent Maud and Belle away, and want you to tell me just what to do."

The doctor followed Mrs. Simpson to the rear apartment where Lida slept. The room was cold and full of the odor of cooking.

The girl lifted her weary head from its scanty pillow and looked at him with shining eyes.

"It is so beautiful here," she said in a faint voice; "the sun shines and it is never cold. Hark! that is father's voice! and they are all so kind here. Oh, Mrs. Simpson, have I overslept myself! Let me get up. I will never forget again!"

"Delirious," said the doctor, with his finger on her pulse. "Must be sent to the hospital at once."

"I knew you could advise me, doctor," said Mrs. Simpson gratefully. "Such trouble as I had to teach that girl, and now when she can do anything and knows I depend on her, she has to go and get sick. It's all her own fault, too, for she would not wear comfortable clothing."

"Has she any people?" asked the doctor in an abstracted manner.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered her mistress: "I really never thought to ask her."

The old mother waited long for a letter but none came. One day a cheap little trunk with a few poor clothes in it was left at the depot. Benny saw it and ran home with shining eyes.

"It's Lida, mother! It's sister Lida!" cried the boy. "Oh, goody, goody!"

"God be thanked!" said the mother reverently.

Alas! she never came. A kind nurse at Harper Hospital wrote the poor mother of Lida's brief sickness and happy, unconscious death.

But she did not say that the mistress for whom she had so faithfully worked had left her to die alone among strangers; that she had struggled with home-sickness and failing strength, and no helping hand had been lifted to lighten her burdens; that she had gone poorly clad to feed the loved ones at home, or that at the last she slept in the potter's field unrecognized save by God.

Oh, woman, merciless to your sex, swift to condemn, slow to defend, who shall say God will not hold you responsible for these unstrained souls committed to your care in the day when He maketh up His jewels? Set the gates ajar to your hearts and bid them enter. Make their drudgery divine. For often these faithful, tireless ones silence your grand pæans of self-praise in mission work by the small, still voice of their daily song:

"Humble need, humble deed
To the hights of Heaven lead."

PREPARING TO ENTER YALE.

The Estimate and the Actual Expenses.

When the hope and pride of a family is about to enter college the bread winner of the household is apt to get out the catalogue of the institution to which young hopeful is to be dispatched and ponder over the estimated expenses at the seat of learning. If the boy is going to Yale College his father, or guardian, on turning over the leaves of the yellow-covered pamphlet, finds two neat little tables, supposed to represent the maximum and minimum expenses incurred by the youth. The treasurer's bill, (including tuition and room rent) varies from $160 to $220. Board is put down between the limits of $130 and $200 (for the thirty-seven weeks of the academic year.) Fuel, lights and washing are said to cost from $30 to $60, and wear and tear on text books and furniture figure in the catalogue with limits of $30 and $60. The two columns add up $350 and $600, and paterfamilias, as he rubs up his glasses, mentally strikes an average, calls it $475, and throws in $125 for clothing and spending money. The student to be passes his examination, goes to New Haven at the opening of the fall term, and in the first place tries to get rooms and board. Being a Freshman, his chances of getting rooms on the campus are poor. He makes inquiry and is probably informed that the few rooms in the stories of North and North Middle Colleges, reserved for his class, are already taken. Then he begins his round of student boarding houses. The trees are ornamented with placards announcing apartments to let, and the young man goes from house to house in the search for a room or two that are within his means. One thing he speedily learns, and that is that for a place to lay his head he must pay a considerable price. Possibly he meets a classmate in the same predicament he is in, and the two agree to join fortunes. They go on their quest together and frequently consult as to ways and means. With singular unanimity the landladies seemed to have agreed and selected dark and disagreeable back rooms for Freshmen seeking low-priced lodgings. Wearied out by their long wanderings, the two finally decide upon a room. It is not a very nice room usually. Its furniture is apt to be worn and shaky, and liable to collapse at any moment under the weight of the country-bred Freshman. From its windows there is a charming prospect of roofs, chimnehs, tree-tops. Its floor is uneven and given to cheerful creakings, and its carpet is matched, patched, and mended with all a landlady's ingenuity. A table, two or three chairs, and a pair of dispirited chromos on a hideously papered wall complete the outfit of the study. The bedroom is furnished to match, and this is the romance of life in cheap lodgings in the college district of New Haven.

Once settled in their rooms the two Freshmen chums begin another search, this time for table board. For several days they breakfast, sup and dine at various restaurants. Meanwhile they are enduring all the terrors of the first months of their year at college, and are very possibly hazed. They study hard, and have also to endure the recitations in company with thirty or forty men of whom they barely know by sight. The novelty is strong upon them, and with all its charms it has a disagreeable side. Gradually they make acquaintances with their classmates, and find others in just as disagreeable a condition as their own. The newly made friends compare notes, and as a result a number club together and have a "table" at some restaurant; that is, they have particular seats assigned them and have their own party together. After two or three months a friendly upper class man gives one of their number a useful hint, and it is well improved. The "table" is metamorphosed into a club and the party secure accommodations at some private house. By this time most of their troubles are over. They are settled down into the college routine, they have been swept into the tide of college affairs, and the feeling of strangeness has worn away. They have learned a number of things, one of which is that they need more money. The young man with the $500 a year writes home that he is out of funds, and his doting parent gives up the allowance plan, and decides to send money as it is asked for. After the first year is over it will be time to think of a settled stipend to the knowledge seeker in New Haven. The latter is, meanwhile, supposed to keep accounts, and he goes to work with a neat little book and the best of intentions. For a week or two the accounts are accurate to a cent; then they fail to balance exactly, and in a month or two they are an utter failure. By the end of the year anywhere from $100 to $200 has been spent in some unaccountable manner, and the fact is ingeniously explained at home according to the most appropriate college methods in such cases.

The fact is that the Freshman finds that his expenses are all heavier than the catalogue's estimate led him to anticipate. Where two men room together they are very lucky if they secure decent accommodations for less than $2 or $2 50 a week apiece, or nearly $100 a year. Good board in New Haven for less than $5 a week is almost unknown, and in fact $6 is the average for food which is fairly well served. That means $240 a year more. Board, rooms, books, and tuition sum up to very nearly $500. For fuel, lights, and washing $50 is a fair average. Clothing for men who dress as the majority of Yale students do costs about $125 more. A hundred dollars more, and a few extra dollars over, bring the demands on the parental purse up to $800 a year. For an ordinary boy, no older or wiser than the average Yale Freshman, $800 is a fair allowance, provided that his railroad expenses in getting to and fro from his home be not very heavy and that none of his expenses during the long summer vacation be included. The Chinese students sent here some years ago by the Celestial Government were allowed about $1,000, which was supposed to keep them in funds during the entire year.

One of the institutions which the Freshman early learns to avoid is the subscription fiend. Subscriptions are taken up for every conceivable purpose—for the ball nine, the crew, the football team, the four college papers, the class prayer meetings, the postman, the class athletic organizations, trophies for the members of the previous year's victorious teams, etc.

First of all comes the boat club. It depends chiefly upon the student for support, and its collectors make known its wants without the slightest hesitancy. Sometimes a species of bulldozing is indulged in, and admission to the Junior societies is occasionally used as an argument of no mean potency. The college papers are supposed to prove their own claims for support and succeed in doing so; at least, all of them are said to make money yearly. The other subscriptions are not so earnestly urged and are generally for smaller amounts. Still their number is such that the amount of money they draw is considerable. It is considered perfectly proper to dodge a subscription fiend if possible, and the dodging is extensively indulged in. Of course, the amount that each man pays out to meet his subscriptions varies with his opinion of his ability to give, but $50 or $60 annually is a low estimate and far below what is given by many men who have no right to call themselves wealthy.

At the close of Freshman year lots are drawn for rooms in the college building for the ensuing year, and most of the men secure accommodations on the campus. The rooms are unfurnished and must be fitted up by the occupants. This may be said to average $100 apiece to chums, and can hardly be fairly estimated with the expenses of any one year, as some outfits then bought are used during the three remaining years of the course. At the end of Sophomore year changes are again made, and this also involves extra expenditures. Sometimes a third change is made at the close of Junior year, better and more convenient rooms being obtained by each change. Furniture is a costly investment, especially for students who have little knowledge of the value of what they are buying. But outside of all the larger expenses there are a multitude of little things which the collegian finds pouring in upon him. At the end of the year he knows that a respectable part of the money he has received has disappeared in some unaccountable manner. Expenses at Yale are said to be gradually increasing annually. The boy of the ordinarily well-to-do family now is allowed $1,000 a year, and he always manages to spend the whole sum. Too much money has ruined a good many men. Too little has soured as many others. One or two men in the class pay their own way by tutoring, writing composition for other men, etc. They have a hard time of it, but prove the fact that a man with brains and pluck can work his way from his entrance examination to his diploma. Such a course requires qualities which comparatively few possess. The average student, if thrown upon his own resources would be forced to leave college. One thing only encourages the man who is supporting himself, and that is that he feels that he is in no danger of having his poverty brought up against him as a reproach. With all their faults Yale men are not snobs—at least not snobs among themselves. It is considered eminently fitting and proper to look down on "townies," but to regard the lack of funds in the case of a classmate as anything more than a misfortune is held as exceedingly bad taste.

To carry a boy through the first three years of his course $800 is a fair allowance, and with that sum he will probably keep out of a good deal of mischief he would get into with more dollars a month. On $800 he cannot be extravagant, that is certain. He cannot head subscription lists handsomely, and he cannot have a suit of clothes for every day in the week, but he can pay his legitimate expenses and carry a few odd pennies in his pockets. Still, even $800 is considerably above the catalogue's estimates, which are apt to be misleading to people who are unable to read between the lines.

Electricity by the Pound.

The New York Constant Current Storage Battery company, for the first time, makes it possible for a man to go and buy his electric light by the pound, and take it home with him. For $5 you can buy a little box about the size of a thick pocket-book and weighing a little more than half a pound. This box is hermetically closed and may be carried round in the pocket. Two wires project from it. With the box comes a little incandescent lamp about the size of a horse-chestnut. Attach the two wires to the lamp and for four hours you have a pure and steady light equal to about three candles or half a gas light; at the end of that time the lamp goes out because the battery is exhausted. Then you can take it back to the company's office and get it refilled at a cost of 12 cents. If instead of allowing the battery to run out the light is used for a few seconds at long intervals, extending over months, the leakage of electricity is very small and the lamp may always be depended upon for light, provided there is any current left. This is the smallest size of battery sold, but the lamps are of all sizes, the smallest being as large as peas and intended for surgeons who wish to see what is going on inside the body. The larger size batteries are intended for carriage lamps, for house illumination when cost is no object, and for use upon the stage. It was this type of battery which was carried about some time ago by the girls in one of our ballots, and which lit up a small star in the headdress of each girl; but it is only now that they have been put upon the market in quantities for practical use.

Dyspeptics and Anti-dyspeptics.

The dyspeptics are those who adhere to dietary rules. Sound digestion depends on gormandizing. Midnight meals of tough substances are conducive to comfort of stomach. It is not on my own authority that I am writing this. Austin Flint says so. He is eminent as a Columbia College Professor and as a medical mugwump. His books are standards with the doctors, and he is at the advisory head of one of our charity hospitals. Imagine my surprised to see him eating a Welsh rarebit as the clock struck 12 p. m., I asked if he meant to produce nightmare for the purpose of studying the phenomena. "Publish these facts to the world," he said, in perfect seriousness; "dyspeptics are chiefly persons who eat regularly, restrict their diet to simple food in small quantities, and constantly have their stomachs on their minds. The old-fashioned ideas on this subject are all wrong, and I have said so of late repeatedly in lectures to medical students. I now tell my patients to eat whenever they are hungry, no matter if it is directly before going to bed; never to quit the table with the appetite unsatisfied; appease your thirst in the same way, according to instinct, and to live as sumptuously as possible. You may find gout among the gormands and other undesirable diseases, but never dyspepsia.—*New York Cor.*

The American Eagle.

A thrilling story is reported from Babylon, L. I., about the plucky defense of an eagle that had been shot by a farmer. The eagle, of enormous size, measuring seven feet six inches from tip to tip of wings, was perched high in the branches of a tree. The farmer saw the bird, and having his gun with him, did what most men would do in similar circumstances, discharged both barrels at the quarry. The eagle was not very much harmed; for after circling in the air, he folded his pinions and swooped down upon his antagonist, painfully lacerating the man's leg, and stripping the clothes from his back. The fight continued some minutes, and the gallant bird would doubtless have gotten the best of it had not assistance come to the sorely beset man, whose companions succeeded in clubbing the bird into submission, and securing it with ropes.

The incident as described, is somewhat unusual. If the eagle had not been molested, of course the farmer would not have scars of the battle to show the rustic crowd. But the valiant defence made by this emblematic bird, at any rate, will be regarded as typical of what America would do as a nation in similar circumstances. Like the eagle, we mind our own affairs and leave others to do the same; but if our liberties are interfered with we shall never be slow to defend them against all comers.

Mischief Ahead.

There is mischief in letting any religious sect interfere with our public institutions or meddle with the education of the wards of the State. There is mischief in permitting our territory to be used as a headquarters for those who are plotting treason against foreign governments. There is mischief in extending government protection to one class of citizens at the expense of any other class or classes. There is mischief in tolerating the preaching of anarchy and disorder, either by word of mouth or through an incendiary press. We may take these things lightly just now; but they will look somewhat heavier when the day of reckoning comes. Wrong is an active principle as well as Right. It is a comforting doctrine that abuses cure themselves and evils die out of their own unhealth. But when the atmosphere is favorable to their growth they will flourish as vigorously as though the eternal years of God were theirs. And they do not need any very active encouragement, either. This truth, with several others of a kindred nature, will probably dawn upon our enlightened American conscience when we find ourselves, sooner or later, involved in some serious trouble bred of our own apathy and negligence.—[*Puck.*

The Ruling Passion.

A story is told of a French portrait painter, which illustrates the idea of the ruling passion strong in death, and the weariness resulting from doing the same thing over and over again. The painter was on his deathbed, and the priest had been called in and had administered to him the last sacrament, supplementing this ceremony with a few words suitable to the solemn occasion. "Now," said he, "you are about to leave this world; you will soon be in the presence of your Maker, to stand before Him forever, face to face." The dying artist, already falling into a stupor, aroused himself, and, looking at his confessor, faintly and plaintively whispered, "What, always front view, never in profile?"

Dan Rode a Good Horse.

The *Territorial Enterprise* tells of a remarkable feat of horsemanship by a cowboy at Waboska. A group of cowboys had gathered to bid good-bye to one of their number who was to leave on the train. Just as the train was fairly under way the departing vaquero shouted back that he had left his overcoat. A hurried consultation was held, and as a result Dan Farley was quickly in the saddle, plunging both rowels in his steed, and away and away, over ditches, through the sagebrush, up the hills and down the hollow, riding as though for dear life, like a madman, or more reckless still, like a thorough blooded cowboy. It was a hard run, but in about a mile and a half Dan overhauled the train, and the conductor slackened speed so that he could deliver the coat.

Easily Satisfied.

"Ef I ken jes' git ter heaben," said an old negro, "dat's all I axes. I doan kere ter march up wid er brass ban' an' make er mighty stir. I doan ax de angels to shout nur de saints to rush an' shake han's. No, sah, I doan ax all dat, fur all I wants is ter git dar. Da needn' put dase'fs ter de trouble o' handin' roun' pies and sweet stuff. Hoe-cake sorter greased wid er bacon rin' is good enuff for me."—[*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Is this strained honey, Mr. Shortweight?" "Yes'm," promptly replied the grocer, but compromised by softly apologizing to himself that the honey might be glucose, but he had strained the truth about the honey."

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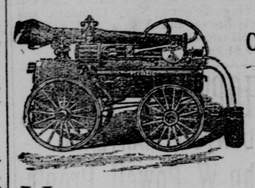

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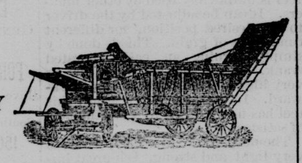

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Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: price $1; six bottles for $5.

Never Before

Have the people of Denton and vicinity had the convenience of a

COMPLETE GROCERY

Store where anything from a box of matches to a barrel of flour can be had at once. The people have found out that when they want anything in the grocery line it is best to go to the grocery store to get it.

Large Stock of Queensware just received. Country produce taken.

Goods delivered everywhere in town.

JAMES A. TRAZZARE,

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Anvil, Vise, Cut-off Tool. The best for farm and home use. Either size, $4.50, $5,-50, $6,50, sent freight paid on receipt of price, if your hardware dealer does not keep them. Good agents wanted.

CHENEY ANVIL AND VISE COMPANY,

april 1 y DETROIT, MICH.

Frederick Fountain,

AGENT FOR

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Stag Superphosphate,

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate,

Pure Dis. Raw Bone,

Pure Fine Ground Raw Bone,

Dissolved S. C. Phosphate,

High Grade Imported Bird Guano,

Bird Guano and Potash for Corn;

Chemicals,

&c., &c., &c.

SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED.

Low prices for cash F. O. B. Baltimore. 2 14 iii m

NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

HAVE returned from the city with another Stock of New, Cheap Goods, and now they have the largest and best selected stock of goods

In Denton.

Our store-room is too small to hold all of our goods, therefore we have fitted up two more rooms for the use of the store, and if you do not see what you want in the front room ask for it—it may be in the other rooms. Our Stock embraces

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, TINWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, LIME, HAIR, FLOUR, PATENT MEDICINES,

and a great variety of other goods, too numerous to mention.

When you are in want of any kind of goods you are respectfully invited to give us a call, and we will try to give you full satisfaction, for we think that we can sell you some good bargains.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

Denton, Md.

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THE BEST,

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EVERYTHING OF THE BEST.

Seeds and Implements for Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Send for Landreth's Rural Register Almanac. Descriptive Catalogues Free. Over 1,500 Acres under cultivation growing Landreth's Garden Seeds.

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CLARK & M'DANIEL, PROPRIETORS,

Dover, Delaware.

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Thomas M. Cooper, Charles Stevens and George & Redden, Denton, Md.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING.

HAVING had quite a number of years experience at the business I feel myself fully competent to do all kinds of Dressmaking. The ladies of Denton and vicinity are respectfully invited to call and give me a trial at my residence on Main street, second door below the old M. E. Parsonage. Special attention given to renovating old dresses. A neat fit guaranteed.

1-12-y. MRS. A. E. MORRIS.

Notice to Shippers of Grain.

THE undersigned, as agent for the Maland Steamboat Company, hereby gives notice that each lot of grain shipped by said compony will be kept separate and will go into the elevator on its merits, and will not be mixed together with other grain before it is graded by a competent person. Each lot will be tagged with shipper's name on it. All persons wishing sacks should give me a few days' notice.

12-6 tf M. FINN, Agent.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF CAROLINE COUNTY.

DENTON, MD., Feb'y 16th, 1885.

The commissioners give notice that they will sit every Tuesday, from the first Tuesday in March until the first Tuesday in May, for the purpose of making abatements and transfers.

F28tf CLINTON COOK, Clerk.

GEORGE E. JONES,

FASHIONABLE BARBER,

DENTON, MD.

$2,500 TO LOAN

On first mortgage, in one sum—interest semi-annually. Apply to

GEORGE M. RUSSUM.

January 23, 1884. [tf]

GEORGE & REDDEN

DENTON, MD.

Fresh and Pure Drugs,

PATENT MEDICINES,

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,

SOAPS AND PERFUMES,

PAINTS, PAINT BRUSHES,

LUCAS' READY-MIXED PAINTS. ALL SIZES.

OILS AND VARNISHES,

A FULL LINE OF

Lamps and Lamp Goods, Chamois Skins, Sponges, etc.

FOR MALARIA, CHILLS, and Fevers, buy Massanetta Water, from the mineral springs. (7 26 y.

THAWLEY & GHINGHER,

BUTCHERS.

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and
SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having opened a shop on Third street, adjoining Barnes' blacksmith shop, I am prepared to do all kinds of

WHEELWRIGHTING

and repairing at low prices, and in a manner to give satisfaction to the customer.

ROBERT MORRIS, Jr.

MANSION HOUSE,

I. Albertson,

Proprietor.

ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.

N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets, Baltimore.

CARRIAGES!

FOR SALE

AT MY SHOP AT RIDGELY.

REPAIRING & PAINTING

Done in Good Style.

M. A, KATCHLINE,

10 11 tf. Ridgely, Md.

BLACKSMITHING

AT LOWEST PRICES

J. J. BARNES, DENTON.

I am carrying on the Blacksmithing business at the old stand formerly occupied by John T. Comegys, on Third Street, where I will continue to do first-class work at reasonable prices. I will continue Horseshoeing at prices to suit the times. I hope by reasonable prices, and prompt attention to the wants of my customers to merit a good share of public patronage. [10 25 1y.

Freeland, Hall & Co.,

45 South St.,

BALTIMORE.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

Have always on hand a large stock of Foreign a Domestic Liquors, which they are prepared to sell in quantities to suit.

Their long experience in this line, which they have made a specialty, and the well known

REPUTATION OF THE HOUSE

is a sufficient guarantee that all goods sold by them will be found as represented. 9 1 tf

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NEW HOME Sewing Machine!

SIMPLE,
STRONG,
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PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

NEVER OUT OF ORDER

HAS NO EQUAL!

New Home Sewing Machine Co

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FOR SALE BY

F. L. Thomas, General Agent, Hurlocks, Md. F. Mowbray, Agent, Hillsboro', Md. J. Covey, Agent, Hurlock's, Md.

THOMAS F. JONES

—WITH—

FALLIN, DOWNING & CO.

WHOLESALE TOBACCO AND COMMISSION HOUSE,

58 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

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Two Excellent Sewing Machines for sale cheap. Inquire at

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