DENT JOURNAL.

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VOL. 39. DE YLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1885. NO. 45.

SUMMER GOODS
JUST OPENED AT
DUNNOCK'S STORE.

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton ar vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods, and at tl same time consider well the extremely low prices at whic they are sold. He has very carefully selected his stock o new goods, both as to quality and price, and has made ever effort to give satisfaction to those favoring him with a call. He now has a full stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CLOTHING,
GROCERIES, CIGARS & TOBACCO, CANDIES, &C.

A full line of Gents' Neckwear, Shirts, &c., will be kept constantly on hand. Any patronage extended to Mr. Dunnock has been and will be greatly appreciated. Goods cheerfully delivered to any part of the town. ☞Country produce taken in trade at highest prices.

N. B.—I have constantly on hand a full line of samples of Dress Goods, Cashmeres and Silks, from the cheapest to the VERY BEST, which goods can be had in Denton by next steamer after order is given. As this is a new feature I will sell these goods at lowest prices and hope the ladies will give me a call.

WM. E. DUNNOCK.

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Col. Edward Lloyd, Tunis Mills, Md.
Dr. C. H. Tilghman, " " "
Chas. S. Winder, " " "
Joseph Bowdle, " " "
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These Threshers have now a reputation on this Shore that cannot be excelled. Buy a Stevens and you will get suited every time.

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This machinery is all fully guaranteed and we would advise all parties wanting to purchase to write us. Will sell you first-class machinery at bottom prices.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MARYLAND,

Agents for Talbot, Caroline and Dorchester Counties, and Dealers in all kinds of Hardware, Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

BLITHE SPRINGTIME

Has made its advent, and many are the needs of the farmer and his household occasiond thereby.

The LADIES should not fail to see my stock of new Ginghams, Muslins and handsome Spring Prints, Hosiery, etc., just received.

The GENTLEMEN, fashionable young men and dudes can find just what they are looking for in my new stock of Neckwear. There is something to please every one's fancy.

All having BUILDING in contemplation will please call and get prices of Lumber. I am agent for the well-known firm of W. W. Tunis & Bro., and can supply everything you need in the building line at bottom figures.

The FARMERS can do no better anywhere than by using the well-known brands of Fertilizers, "Monarch" and "Union Soluble," for which I am agent. The analyses of these fertilizers are guaranteed.

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Money to loan in large or small sums at 6 per cent. on good farms or town property. Claims collected, titles examined, conveyancing, &c. [may2 85

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [4-4-85]

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Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
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NETTING, FOR SEINES and POUNDS

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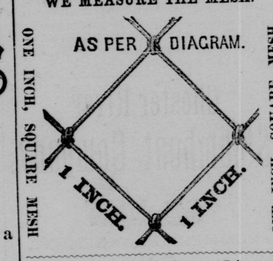
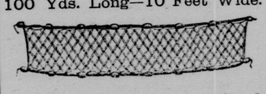


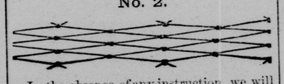
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

No. 2.



In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

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PEACH BOX SHOOKS.

WE have a fine lot in stock, ready for shipment to all points accessible by rail or water. Address, G. H. TOADVINE,
6 27 5w Salisbury, Md.

The Older I Grow.

BY G. W. CROFTS.

More beauty in nature is there for me,
In the green wood and the blue rolling sea,
In flowers of summer and winter's white snow,
The older I grow.

Still dearer the sight of children at play,
While from the window I watch them each day
Gleefully glancing like birds to and fro,
The older I grow.

The song of the lark more musical seems;
More sweet the refrain of clear running streams,
As onward to greet the ocean they flow,
The older I grow.

More love in my heart for mankind I feel;
More joy in the good that works for their weal,
More grief for the ill that brings to them woe,
The older I grow.

For others more of a desire have I
To live, than for self, as the years circle by;
That others may reap I gladlier sow,
The older I grow.

And nearer the heavenly land do I tread,
Day after day by the good Shepherd led;
Home, rest and glory are nearer, I know,
The older I grow.

—Inter-Ocean.

WESLEY AND HIS WIFE.

A Curious Letter, Hitherto Unpublished, Showing His Domestic Troubles.

John Wesley was married in February, 1751, to Mrs. Mary Vazeille, "a merchant's widow in Threadneedle street," who possessed a fortune of about $50,000 secured to herself and her four children. He was forty-eight, she forty-two. His biographer, the Rev. L. Tyerman, says of their marriage that "it was, in a high degree, an act of folly; and, properly enough, to the end of life both of them were made to suffer a serious penalty." Mary's life ended ten years before her husband's. She died in 1781, after having made him miserable for thirty years. Wesley survived her, living to the ripe age of eighty-eight. His domestic infelicities are set forth in detail in the following curious letter, hitherto unpublished:

COLEFORD, Oct. 23d, 1759.—Dear Molly: I will tell you simply and plainly the things which I dislike. If you remove them, well. If not, I am but where I was. I dislike you showing any one my private letters and papers without my leave. This never did any Good yet, either to you or me, or anyone. It only sharpens and embitters your own Spirit. And the same Effect it naturally has upon Others. The same it would have upon me, but (by the Grace of God) I do not think of it. It can do no good. It can never bring me nearer, though it may drive me further off. And should you do as you often threaten me, then the matter is over. I know what I have to do. In all this you are fighting against yourself. You are frustrating your own purpose if you want me to love you. You take just the wrong way. No one ever was forced to love another. It cannot be. Love can only be won by softness. Foul Means avail nothing. But you say, "I have tried Fair Means and they did not succeed." If they do not none will. Then you have only to say, "This Evil is of the Lord; I am Clay in His Hand."

I dislike, 2, Not having the Command of my own House; not being at liberty to invite even my nearest Relations, so much as to drink a Dish of Tea without disobliging you. I dislike, 3, The being myself a Prisoner in my own House; you having my Chamber door watched continually, so that no person can go in or out but such as have your Good Leave. I dislike, 4, The being but a prisoner at large, even when I go abroad, inasmuch as you are highly disgusted if I do not give you an account of every place I go to and every person with whom I converse. I dislike, 5. The not being safe in my own House. My House is not my Castle. I call not even my study or my Bureau, my own. They are liable to be plundered every day. You say, "I plunder you of nothing but papers." I am not sure of that. How is it possible I should be? I miss money, too, and he that will steal a Pin will steal a Pound. But were it so, a Scholar's Papers are his treasure; My Journal in particular. "But I took only such papers as relate to Sarah Ryan and Sarah Crosby." That is not true; What are Mr. Landey's Letters to them? Besides you have taken parts of my Journal which relates to neither the One nor the Other. I dislike, 6, your Treatment of my servants, (tho' indeed they are not properly Mine.) You do all that in you lies to make their Lives a Burden to them. You browbeat, harass, rate them like Dogs, make them afraid to speak to me. You treat them with such Haughtiness, Sternness, Surliness, Ill-nature as never were known in any House of mine for near a dozen years. You forget even Good Breeding, and use such coarse Language as benefits none but a Fishwife.

I dislike, 7, Your talking against me behind my back, and that every day and almost every hour of the day; making my faults (real or supposed) the standing Topic of your conversation. I dislike, 8, your slandering me, laying to my charge things which you know are false. Such are (to go but a few days back), "That I beat you," Which you told James Burges. "That I rode to Kingswood with Sarah Ryan," which you told Sarah Rigby; and that I required you when we were first married, never to sit in my presence without my leave, which you told Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Fry and several others, and stood to it before my face. I dislike, 9, your common custom of saying things not true. To instance only in two or three particulars. You told Mr. Ireland "Mr. Vazeille learned Spanish in a fortnight." You told Mr. Fry "Mrs. Ellison was the author as to my intrigue in Georgia." You also told Mrs. Ellison "You had never said any such thing; you had never charged her with it." You also told her, "That I had laid a plot to serve you as Susannah was served by the two elders." I dislike, 10, your extreme, immeasurable bitterness to all who endeavor to defend my character (as my brother, Joseph Jones, Clayton Carthy), breaking out even into foul, unmannerly language, such as ought not to defile a gentlewoman's lips if she did not believe one word of the Bible.

And now, Molly, what would any one advise you to that has a real Concern for your Happiness? Certainly, 1, To show, read, touch those Letters no more, if you did not restore them to their proper owner; 2, To allow me the command of my own House with free leave to invite thither whom I please; 3, To allow me my Liberty there that any who will may come to me without Let or Hindrance; 4, To let me go where I please, and to whom I please without giving an Account to any; 5, To assure me you will take no more of my Papers, nor anything of mine, without my Consent; 6, To treat all the servants where you are (whether you like them or no) with Courtesy and Humanity, and to speak (if you speak at all) to them, as well as Others, with Good nature and good manners; 7, To speak no evil of me behind my back; 8, Never to accuse me falsely; 9, To be extremely cautious of saying anything that is not strictly true, both as to Matter and Manner, and, 10, To avoid all Bitterness of Expression, till you can avoid all Bitterness of Spirit.

These are the Advices which I now give you in the Fear of God, and in tender Love to Your Soul. Nor can I give you a Stronger Proof that I am your affectionate husband,

JOHN WESLEY.

The Second Summer.

The fault lies not with the second summer, nor with the children, but with the heat and the parents. The summer heat may in itself be dangerous; in conjuction with bad diet it becomes frequently fatal. It is an established fact that nearly all the mortality among children in summer is caused by diseases of the digestive organs, and that all these fatal cases would be averted were these organs not to become diseased. Now the second summer is the summer in which the artificial feeding of children has begun or is about to begin. Rational artificial nourishment is the proper one for children who are old enough and whose organs have been sufficiently prepared and are ready for it. With proper feeding and intelligent care few children need suffer from stomach or bowel troubles. Sensible mothers in good dwellings, even those in poor circumstances, lose no children from this cause. Hence it is not the second summer that kills the children, but the ignorance or negligence of those who attend them. This is all the worse from the fact that the rules for proper nutrition of children are very simple—indeed, so simple that they are not observed on account of their very simplicity.

My purpose, however, is not to discourse about medicine or about my personal views, but about popular hygiene as it is and as it should be. Now, in the matter of feeding the children, the most preposterous things are done, because sanctioned by custom. In the first place, every possible food is administered; naturally the little creature swallows everything that is put into its mouth. "It looks so cunning!" Ask any dispensary physician what answer he receives to the stereotyped query in the case of children suffering from bowel complaint, "What does the child get to eat? "Anything;" or it eats at our table. I shall not dwell on particulars—colored candy, sour milk, fresh bread, sausage, coffee and tea, raw fruit, vegetables. The result: diarrhœal diseases and death. And the cause of death? Of course, the second summer.—Dr. A. Jacobi in Babyhood.

Beatrice's Wedding Cake.

The following is a description of the wedding cake made to the order of Kentish ladies for her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. It represents three cakes, one above the other, and the plateau upon which it rests, and surrounding the lower cake is a wreath of lilies, white, interspersed with ivy, emblamatic of purity, sweetness and friendship. Surrounding the lowest cake are large skeleton shields bearing on inclosed shields the coat of arms of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry, of Battenberg, interspersed with passion flowers. Surrounding the second cake are jessamine, and round the second and third cakes are passion flowers, ivy and roses. On the top cake are cupids and a large vase containing an immense bouquet of a variety of emblematic flowers. The cake weighs about 450 pounds, and the floral decorations are all modeled entirely of sugar. It will be placed on a massive gold stand, which is being specially made and designed for the occasion.

The Capture of Booth.

Captain E. P. Doherty, who was with the Federal force which pursued J. Wilkes Booth, tells in the Baltimore Herald how Lincoln's assassin was captured in the barn on Garrett's place. "We at once surrounded the barn," said Captain Doherty, "and I went to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked with a padlock. Young Garrett had the key to the padlock with him, and, when he unlocked it, I called out to the men inside:

"I have come here to take you. I know who you are, and I want you. If you do not come out I have men enough to take you, dead or alive."

"At first there was no answer. Finally, in a loud, strong voice, Booth replied: 'Who are you, and what do you want?'

"I said: 'It's no matter what we want; deliver up your arms and surrender yourselves.'

"He called out again: 'Who are you?'

"I replied: 'That makes no difference. We know who you are and we want you. I have fifty men here armed and you cannot get away.'

"Booth made some answer about his being captured by his friends, and then he asked for time to think the thing over. Finally I said to him: 'We have waited long enough; it is time for you to surrender.' Booth called out: "I am crippled and alone. Take your men back fifty yards from the door and I will come out. You ought to give a fellow a chance for his life.'

"I told him that we had not come to fight, but to capture him and he had better come out. After a while Booth called: 'There's a man here wants to surrender, and wants to surrender awful bad.'

"At this, Harold came to the door and said: 'Let me out. I want to surrender.' I said: 'Hand out your arms,' and Booth said he had no arms. I took my pistol and told Harold to put both hands out at the door. He did so, and I caught him and pulled him out. Then Booth made some stage-like speech that I could not distinctly understand, but I remember he said, 'Boys, prepare a stretcher for me. Another man is slain under our glorious banner.' A few minutes later he called out to me again to take my men from around the barn and give him a chance for his life. Just at that moment somebody, whether one of my men or one of the detectives I am not sure, lit a match and dropped it in the straw at the rear of the barn. In an instant the whole place was lighted up. We saw Booth standing on the floor of the barn leaning on his crutch. On the floor was the burning straw, its blaze outlining Booth as he stood there glaring around as if trying to see us on the outside. I do not think he intended to shoot at us but had made up his mind to kill himself. It was hardly a moment after the fire burst out before Booth dropped his crutch and took his carbine in both hands, still glaring about the barn, and really looked as if he were about to shoot. At this instant we heard a shot. Booth gave a yell and for the moment stood with the carbine between his legs, his head bent over the butt, and then, as he was about to fall, I caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. Some one called out, 'He has shot himself,' and it was for some time my impression that that was the case. But Sergeant Boston Corbett soon told me that he had shot, intending only to disable Booth's arm.

"Booth lived about two hours. I took the blanket off my horse, sewed him up in it; took an old negro with his cart and returned to Belle Plaine, where the steamer I. S. Ide, Captain Wilson, was waiting for me; returned to Washington with the corpse and David E. Harold as prisoner, and at three a. m., on April 26, 1885, turned both over to the naval authorities in charge of the iron-clad monitor Montauk at the Navy Yard.

"Booth had on an old business suit—black, with little white spots. In his pockets were a lot of little onions. A diary was in one pocket. I did not read it carefully. Several pages had been written since the assassination. He alluded to himself as the greatest patriot known to modern history. I turned the diary over to the war department. I think it was never published.

"The prize money of $75,000 was divided on the plan governing the distribution of prize money in the navy. I was regarded as the captain of a vessel, passing from one squadron to another, and making a capture on the way. I received $7,500, Col. Baker $8,750, Conger $4,000, L. B. Baker $4,000, Corbett and the other sergeant $2,565, and eighteen privates got $2,063. Nearly all the men live now near Plattsburg, N. Y., where they invested their money in farms. I live in Louisiana, and am engaged in government work on the Red river. I am happy to say I have multiplied my share of the $75,000 several times."

A Waterville girl worked the motto, "I need thee every hour," and presented it to her chap. He says he can't help it, it takes him two hours to milk, and feed the pigs morning and night, and business has to be attended to.

Betsey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen one day when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not zactly," said Betsey. "But de fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to get my own way."

Frankness.

There is no virtue that gains more enemies for a man than candor or frankness, and there is none more closely allied to the Christian graces. The person who fearlessly speaks or acts the truth under all disadvantages is not only a true but a brave man, and though brusque or blunt of speech, can always be depended upon in his promises and contracts, and is almost certain to prove a fair dealer, whatever may be the odds against him.

The offensive epithets, "sneak" and "deceiver" are rarely applied to such a person, though he is often called envious and detractive, because he seldom compliments and never flatters. He takes truth and honesty at their full value, but does not think a man should be unduly commended for either, accepting it as a matter of course, that such qualities should attach to every character, and not be worn as one does a fine hat or coat, only for the love of public appreciation.

Were there more candor, there would be fewer bickerings and feuds, which not unfrequently have their origin in little misunderstandings and misinterpretations, for everyone would understand his neighbor better when he dealt out a plain, unvarnished truth, with no glossings or perversions, than if he had evaded plain dealing by a wily, well-turned shift, too often ambiguous in meaning.

The very frank individual is seldom a favorite in "society," because his speech is lacking in honeyed praise and fulsome flattery, and consequently is not always acceptable to persons who court admiration.

Many contend that it is discourteous to tell your friend just what you think of him and his performances; but a frank opinion can be couched in polite language, as well as can an insincere expression of our views; and many an unwary adventurer has been ruined by the friend who was too polite, too timid, or too false to dissuade him from the hazardous enterprise, when a frank opinion of such an adventure might have deterred him from embarking in the uncertainty of such a scheme.

We should not unsolicited thrust our opposing views upon any individual, undertaking or project; but when counsel or a simple opinion is requested, let us not hesitate to the best of our ability to give it freely, conscientiously and truthfully, or, in other words, honestly and frankly.

Let the world taunt us with bluntness, incivility, rudeness or whatever it may, rather than hypocrisy. The former may be the result of plain training and association; the latter the masked accomplishment of a depraved heart and false life.—Baltimorean.

Economy of Eyesight.

A very important but extensively neglected branch of school education is how to use the eyes in reading and study without abusing them. This bit of physiological training should commence early and be pursued intelligently, both in school and at home, till the pupil is thoroughly trained into the best modes of economizing and preserving the eyesight. The pupil should be early and persistently taught to read and study by day with his back to the light. School rooms are usually as badly constructed for light as for ventilation, and important rooms in county buildings, legislative halls and church pulpits are equally faulty. Architects have much to learn in the way of lighting homes, school rooms, churches and public buildings generally. The best light would be that of the hall of Congress and of picture galleries, from above. Pupils should be taught to use shaded lights by night, and above all, steady lights, such as do not flicker. In this the German student lamp and other forms of Argand burners are superior as study lights to gas, which is apt to be unsteady. Certain studies should be pursued by daylight only. Greek and algebra for instance, and fine prints should be avoided by night light.

If the eyes itch at the corners, water and blur with a certain kind of strain, that strain should be seasonably taken off. Pocket Bibles and pocket Shakespeares and pocket dictionaries should be replaced by books of larger print and should be consulted under better lights. Probably one of the worst habits of the day is reading in the cars, especially the finer printed columns of the newspapers. There are dozens of ways in which people use their organs of vision that are quite as effective in injuring these organs as reading the fine print of the newspapers. For eyes that have been weakened by injudicious use, free lavations with pure water, warm or cold, according to circumstances, are better than any or all the nostrums advertised by quacks at "a dollar a bottle."—Albany Journal.

Our bad boy played acrobat on the fence Saturday. He ran a two-foot splinter through the seat of his pants and was suspended. Thus, the first live puzzle, what goes up, what comes down; neither touches sky or ground? was realized.

A gentleman complained to old Mr. Banister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale." "Wholesale!" says the other; how so?" "Because you cannot retail him."

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying—
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"
—Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh the rapture sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

While the muffled bells were ringing
"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
My free soul, on faith depending—
Faith and love and perfect trust—

Would approach Him, humbly praying,
(All the little ones around),
Jesus, Saviour, take thy servant;
Give to her thy children's crown.

Killed by the Sting of Wasps.

Wasps killed William P. Thompson, a farmer living in Alleghany county, this State. While working a corn field he noticed what he supposed to be bees swarming around the stump of an old oak tree standing in a fence corner. He approached and rashly attempted to investigate by striking the stump with his hoe. In an instant a nest of wasps, probably 500 or 600 strong, attacked him. They settled all over him and clung to him with remarkable persistency. When he reached home, screaming for help, his wife was compelled to beat them off with the broom. He had been stung in a horrible manner. There was scarcely a piece of skin as big as penny on his head which had not been pierced by the wasps' sting. He had just had his hair cut with a clipper and the wasps found no difficulty in getting in their work all over his scalp. One of them had settled in his left eye and stung the eyeball. In two hours Thompson's head had swollen to a monstrous size, his left eye protruding, and he was a terrible spectacle. The man suffered great agony and died in a few hours

A Mild Kicker.

"I understand the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow to another.

"That's the state of the case, but I went all tue same."

"No?"

"Yes. Was there last night."

"Did he kick?"

"Some."

"Much?"

"Well, no, not a great deal," was the hesitating reply; "that is, not as much as he might have done. He only kicked me from the parlor to the front door, and I went the balance of the way by myself!"

Multum in Parvo.

The stars were shining gently
On 'Squire Jones's stoop,
And Maud and her Apollo
Sat there in lovely group.
They sampled osculation,
Of hugs they did partake;
But, oh, the portals opened—
Tableau!—Boots!—Earthquake!

—Western Sentinel.

—Eclipse of the son—A baby daughter.

Always in at the home-plate—the appetite.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

No man has any more religion than he can show in time of adversity and trial.

Some men will never learn anything. A tramp tried to rob an editor the other day.

Virtue is made for difficulties and grows stronger and brighter for such trials.

Do nothing by halves. If a thing is right, do it boldly and well; if it is wrong, leave it undone.

Umbrellas and good jokes don't always belong to those who use them most.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

New Jersey is trying to claim Noah, because he was a New-ark man. Yes, but you know he looked out of his Ark-an-saw land. Give the South a fair show in these things.

"There," said the jeweler, "there's a ring I can sell you for $10. It is a good, heavy, solid gold ring, just what it looks to be." "Yes, I see," replied Mrs. Rhinestone, "but I think I'd rather have something that looks a good deal better than it is."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into a gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can not give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other; "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

When a can of gasoline with which a Dakota woman was filling a stove caught fire she held to the blazing can and ran to a creek near by, jumping in and saving the house and severe burns. In cases where gasoline stoves are to be filled while burning it is always best to have a creek close by.

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