DENTON JOURNAL.

1885. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1885.

VOL. 40. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885. NO. 2.

REDUCTION IN SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT

DUNNOCK'S

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS, SHOES,
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
QUEENSWARE,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

As the season advances those goods becoming unseasonable will be reduced to bottom figures in order to make room for the coming season. Such goods as Dress Ginghams, Sateens, Lawns, White Goods, &c., can now be had at very low prices. Mr. Dunnock also keeps on hand a full line of Gents' Neckwear and Underwear. The Diamond Shirt a specialty.

☞Sole agent for Pels' Hand Made Shoes.

TERMS—CASH, or highest prices allowed for trade in goods. Goods delivered to any part of the town. Thanking all for past favors and soliciting future patronage,

Very respectfully, WM. E. DUNNOCK.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

OLD AND RELIABLE

Brands of FERTILIZER sold by us. Try

Ober's Ammoniated Super Phosphate,
Ober's Dissolved Animal Bone,
Ober's Dissolved S. C. A. Phosphate,
Ober's Dissolved Bone Ash,
Ober's Bone Meal, Ober's Ground Tankage
Ober's Nitrate of Soda, Rasin's S. C. Bone.

EMPIRE FORCE FEED DRILL,
ECONOMIST SULKY AND HAND PLOWS,
ACME PULVERIZING HARROW,
Corbin Disc Harrow, Hardware, Cutlery, Lime, Hair and Cement.

☞You will regret it if you don't get our prices before buying elsewhere.

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON,
EASTON, MD.

Williams, Clark & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY,
Manufacturers of High Grade Bone Fertilizers.
PHOSPHATES FOR ALL CROPS
Manufactured at prices to suit.

CHAS. F. SMITH, RIDGELY, MD.,
Agent for the First, Second and Sixth Districts of Caroline county, handles the goods of this well-known firm. Stock always on hand at Ridgely. Analyses guaranteed.
aprl1 6m

MARSHALL S. MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
State's Attorney for Caroline County.
All professional business entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention.
Office in Masonic Hall building, opposite the court house. 9 19 85y

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.
BRYANT & TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
DENTON, MD.
9 20.

GEORGE T. MELVIN. ELON S. HOBBS.
MELVIN AND HOBBS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

GEORGE M. RUSSUM. HENRY R. LEWIS.
RUSSUM & LEWIS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties.
[4-4-85]

OSWALD W. TILGHMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.

WILLIAM T. KELLY,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Will practice in Preston every first and third Monday in each month; Denton on Tuesday, and Greensborough on Wednesday, days following.
Office—110 Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.
[6288 4]

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUCTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

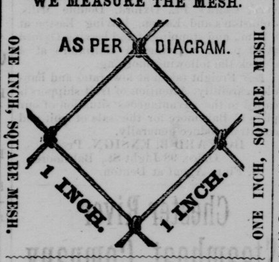
MONEY TO LOAN
ON first Mortgage on Caroline county farms in the following sums: $5,000, $3,000, $2,500, $1,500 and $1,000.
OSWALD TILGHMAN,
Attorney at Law,
6-27-3m Easton, Md.

EUROPEAN HOTEL,
VAN AUSDALL & DOWDEN, PROP'S
(SUCCESSORS TO T. B. MERRITT)
COR. FRENCH AND FRONT STS.,
(Near Railroad Depot)
Wilmington, Delaware.
RATES—$2 PER DAY:
First-class in all its appointments.
iii xxi tf

J. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
61 South St., Baltimore, Md.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
☞Nets and Seines of all descriptions made to order.

NETTING,
FOR
SEINES and POUNDS
WE MEASURE THE MESH.

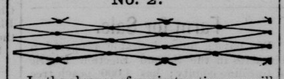


Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

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.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO
Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
No. 6 S. CALVERT ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

Persons owing us will confer a favor by settling their bills without further delay.
GEORGE & REDDEN.

Sailing.

N. C. USHER.

A sunlit bay—
The distance gray
Bodes stormy weather;
Each grows more dear
As we draw near
The golden portal.

MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

A few steps only from Mrs. Stowe's brings you to Mr. Clemens's house, and still fewer, if you take the short cut through the lawns and shrubbery; by which brief transit you pass from old New England to modern America—from the plain quarters of ethical fiction to the luxurious abode of the most Western of humorists. It is not difficult to trace, however, the essential kinship between Sam Lawson of "Old Town Folks" and the equally quaint and shrewd but more expansive drollery of Mark Twain; and, on the other hand, those who see much of this author in private discover in him a fund of serious reflection and of keen observation upon many subjects that gives to him another element in common with his neighbor. The literary group in this neighborhood do not seem to fancy giving names to their houses; they are content with the arithmetical designation. "No, my house has not any name," said Mr. Clemens in answer to a question. "It has a number, but I have never been able to remember what it is." No number, in fact, appears on gate or door; but the chances are that if a stranger were to step into any shop on the business streets he could at once obtain an accurate direction to the spot. And a charming haunt it is, with its wide hall, finished in dark wood under a panelled ceiling, and full of easy-chairs, rugs, cushions, and carved furniture that instantly invite the guest to lounge in front of the big fire-place. But it is a house made for hospitality, and one cannot stop at that point. Over the fire-place, through a large plate glass suggesting Alice's Adventures, a glimpse is had of the drawing room, luminous with white and silver and pale blue; and on another side, between a broad flight of stairs and a chiseled Ginevra chest drawn against the wall, the always open library door attracts one's steps. There is more dark wood-work in the library, including a very elaborate panel rising above the mantel to the ceiling. This was brought from abroad, and in other portions of the house are other pieces representing the spoils of European tours; one in particular I recall, covered with garlands and with plump cherubs that spring forth in plastic rotundity, and clamber along the edges. But it adds to the pleasurableness of the home that all the cherubs in it are not carved. A genial atmosphere, too, pervades the house, which is warmed by wood fires, a furnace and the author's immense circulation. One would, naturally, in such a place expect to find some perfection of a study, a literary work-room, and that has indeed been provided, but the unconventional genius of the author could not reconcile itself to a surrounding the charms of which distracted his attention. The study remains, its deep window giving a seductive outlook above the library, but Mr. Clemens goes elsewhere. Pointing to a large divan extending along the two sides of a right-angled corner, "That was a good idea," he said, "which I got from something I saw in a monastery in Syria, but I found it was much more comfortable to lie there and smoke than to stay at my desk. And then these windows—I was constantly getting up to look at the view; and when one of our beautiful heavy snow falls came in winter, I couldn't do anything at all except gaze at it." So he moved still higher up-stairs into the billiard room, and there writes at a table placed in such wise that he can see nothing but the wall in front of him and a couple of shelves of books. Before adopting this expedient he had tried a room which he caused to be fitted up with plain pine sheathing, on the upper floor of his stable; but that had serious disadvantages, and even the billiard room failing to meet the requirements in some emergencies, he has latterly resorted to hiring an office in a commercial building in the heart of the city.

"About four months in the year," said he, "is the time when I expect to do my work, during the summer vacation, when I am off on the farm at Elmira. Yes," he continued, as I expressed surprise, "I can write better in hot weather. And, besides, I must be free from all other interests and occupations. I find it necessary, when I have begun anything, to keep steadily at it, without changing my surroundings. To take up the train of ideas after each day's writing must be in the same place that I began it in, or else it becomes very difficult."

But nothing, apparently, interrupts the spontaneous flow of his humor in daily life. It is the same in kind with that of his books, though incidental and less elaborate. It is unpremeditated; always unexpected. He never takes what may be termed the obvious and conventional witty view, yet neither is there any straining for a new form of jest; the novelty comes of itself. Moreover, unlike certain wits whose quality is genuine, but whose reputation becomes a burden to them, he appears to be indifferent whether he ever cracks another joke, and thus lulls his companions into a delusive security, only to take them unawares with a new and telling shot. There is less exaggeration in what he says than in what he writes; but the essence of his fun lies in that same grave assumption of absurdities as solid and reasonable facts with which we are familiar in his works. By a reverse process, when talking to a serious point, or narrating some experience not especially ludicrous in itself, there is a lingering suspicion of humorous possibilities in his manner, which, assisted by the slow, emphatic, natural drawl of his speech, leads one to accept actual facts of a prosaic kind as delicious absurdities. In fine, it is a sort of wizardry that he exercises in conversation, stimulating the hearers by its quick mutations of drolling and earnest.—G. P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Sketch of Bishop Lay.

Bishop Lay was born in Richmond, Va., December 6, 1823. He was graduated at the University of Virginia, July 4, 1842, and at the Virginia Theological Seminary in 1846. He was a teacher at intervals for three years before ordination: one year of that time at the Episcopal High School of Virginia, under the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Meade in Christ Church, Alexandria, July 10, 1846, and served as deacon for six months in Lynnhaven parish, Va. On May 14, 1847, he married Elizabeth Withers Atkinson, of Sherwood, Lunenburg county, Va., and removed immediately to Huntsville, Alabama, where he was ordained priest by Bishop Cobbs, July 12, 1848, in the Church of the Nativity. He remained rector of that church until elevated to the episcopate. He was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the Southwest in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Richmond, October 23, 1859. During the severance of the North and South by the civil war, Bishop Lay was elected diocesan, Nov. 1, 1863, of the "Diocese of Arkansas, in the Confederate States of America," and subsequently accepted that election. July 4, 1864, at the invitation of the Bishop of Georgia, he consented to act as "missionary bishop to the army of the Tennessee," and acted as such throughout the siege of Atlanta and for some time thereafter. October 5, 1865, he attended the session of the General Convention in Philadelphia as Missionary Bishop of the Southwest, the Diocese of Arkansas not being ready to apply for admission into union with the convention. At this convention the titles to several jurisdictions were changed, and Bishop Lay was declared to be Missionary Bishop of Arkansas and parts adjacent, with jurisdiction in Arkansas and the Indian Territory. The Diocese of Maryland having been divided and a new See of Easton having been created out of the nine Eastern Shore counties, Bishop Lay was elected diocesan and transferred to Easton April 1, 1869. As a scholar and theologian Bishop Lay had a high reputation in Europe as well as in the United States. He was the author of a number of works and sermons of recognized merit. His style of writing was pure, simple, straightforward, typical of the man himself. He was dearly loved by the people of the Eastern Shore, and the announcement of his death will produce widespread and sincere grief. He leaves a wife and four children.

It is an interesting and pleasant association with the departed Bishop's memory, that the last acts performed by him in his Diocese were his ministrations in Elkton and Chesapeake city, on Sunday, the 15th of March last, when he preached and administered the Rite of Confirmation. The Bishop was taken ill in New York a few days afterwards.

The Colored Lady Was In.

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked, as he stood on the steps.

"Which lady ob de house?" asked the girl who answered the ring.

"Why, are there two?"

"Sartin, sah. If you want de white lady, she am out. If you b s business wid de cr l'd lady, purceed to dewelop."

Dog and Dynamite.

Here is a most exciting and at the same time the most humorous tale concerning dynamite testing. It seems that a gentleman who was in the habit of walking over the burrows, accompanied by his dog, saw a number of persons testing dynamite. The modus operandi was to enclose a charge in a case, attach it to a three-minute fuse, and to throw the whole into an old dock. They were enabled to judge of the power of the explosive by the volume of water sent up by the concussion. These facts having been explained to the sportsman, he, with an inquisitiveness natural under the circumstances, asked:

"Any objection to my watching the experiment?"

"Not at all," was the reply, "but you had better send the dog away."

"Dog's all right," he laconically responded.

But very soon it was proved that the dog was not "all right," for immediately the charge was thrown into the water "doggie," became inspired with a sudden desire to distinguish himself, plunged after it and getting posession, promptly swam for the company. The effect produced by his action was electrical.

"Jack's" owner "struck a bee line" for home. His build is not adapted to winning fame on the race-course, yet to his credit be it told that on this occasion he made an excellent spurt. "Jack" was mystified, but probably deeming reason superior to instinct, in some matters, at least, made no hesitation, but, with the charge still in his mouth, heartily joined in the race, soon overtaking his master. Then the conduct of the latter must have appeared more incomprehensible. Behind a small sand bank our hero took up a position.

The perspiration stood in huge drops on his flushed and affrighted face as he crouched behind that welcome sandy bowlder. But when the faithful canine would essay to creep forward he would be startled by commands, shriekingly given, to "Stand back," "Get away," "Go home"—in short, go anywhere except the immediate vicinity of his once affectionate master. But still maintaining his position a few yards off Jack wagged his tail sorrowfully, wishing to lay his prize at his master's feet. And all this time the fuse was burning, and the three minutes were drawing to an end. The suspense was terrible. At last, with a blood-curdling yell the sportsman "broke cover" and precipitately fled in the direction of the experimentalists, who had watched the proceedings from afar. The dog followed, keeping close to the heels of his master. Observing the new turn of events, away went the scientists in a manner scarcely scientific. Matters were getting serious. Time was almost up. As a last desperate resource the pursued mounted a hillock of sand, and, by directing an incessant shower of stones, etc., at poor doggie sought to keep him at a respectable distance. He succeeded. The charge went off, "Jack" was blown to pieces, and as his exhausted master viewed the signs of destruction around he heaved a sigh and realized what a narrow escape had been his.

"When My Children Were About Me."

It is with tender emotions that many a parent recalls such a time. In the loneliness of his old age his thoughts often revert to the years that are past and gone. Bright scenes rise to his view. Then his family was an unbroken, undiminished household. The wife of his youth was then with him, and all his children, a young, happy group. Together, day by day, they gathered around the common board; day by day they bowed at the same family altar, and day by day they mingled in pleasant intercourse, dwelling together in unity. Little then did they realize how soon those "golden, happy days" would speed their flight, no more to return. But so has it been. Death has invaded the loved circle and claimed one and another of their number. Others, one after another as they have grown up, have gone forth from under the parental roof into the wide world, and the home of their childhood shall no more be their abiding home. Some of them are far away.

Occasionally one and another of them revisits the old homestead, but it is for only a brief tarry. Soon again farewell words are spoken, and those who are bound to each other by the dearest earthly ties part. The parents, now old and gray headed, follow the departing ones with their best, kindest benedictions and prayers, realizing from time to time more and more sensibly the uncertainties of earth, and the doubtfulness of renewed meetings. With tearful eyes at the remembrance of "months that are past," and of the days when their "children were about them," they hopefully anticipate the more blessed time, when all, parents and children, gone the way whence they shall not return, shall meet and greet each other in the heavenly home, where partings shall be forever unknown, and where, in the presence of the great and good Father, and of their elder Brother, they shall forever abide.—N. Y. Observer.

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.

High and dry—champagne.

The Consolations of Ingersoll.

It is not long since a lady of this city was suddenly overwhelmed by a great affliction, that, coming like a thunderbolt upon her, for a time threatened her life. Her son, and only child, had gone on a short business journey, expecting soon to return. Sudden and fatal illness overtook him, and a brief telegram announced the dreadful tidings to his heart-broken mother. The terrors of the Calvinistic creed, in which she had been brought up, and according to which, as she well knew, there was no hope of future happiness for the unconverted young man, added greatly to her agonizing grief over his death, until her friends feared that her reason, if not her life, would be destroyed. A lady friend, who had sympathized deeply with and vainly sought to console her, informed Col. Ingersoll, and begged him, if possible, to write something which might at least relieve in a measure the terrible apprehension as to the fate of her son, under which she was suffering. The following is his letter, which was in a good measure effective:

MY DEAR MADAM: Mrs. C—— has told me the sad story of your almost infinite sorrow. I am not foolish enough to suppose that I can say or do anything to lessen your great grief, your anguish for his loss; but maybe I can say something to drive from your poor heart the fiend of fear—fear for him. If there is a God, let us believe that He is good; and if He is good, the good have nothing to fear. I have been told that your son was kind and generous; that he was filled with charity and sympathy. Now, we know that in this world like begets like, kindness produces kindness, and all good bears the fruit of joy. Belief is nothing, deeds are everything; and if your son was kind, he will naturally find kindness wherever he may be.

You would not inflict endless pain upon your worst enemy. Is God worse than you? You could not bear to see a viper suffer for ever. Is it possible that God will doom a kind and generous boy to everlasting pain? Nothing can be more monstrously absurd and cruel. The truth is that no human being knows anything of what is beyond the grave. If nothing is known, then, it is not honest for anyone to pretend that he does know. If nothing is known then we can hope only for the good. If there be a God, your boy is no more in his power now than he was before his death—no more than you are at this moment. Why should we fear God more after death than before? Does the feeling of God toward his children change the moment they die? While we are alive they say God loves us; when will he cease to love us? True love never changes. I beg of you to throw away all fear. Take counsel of your own heart. If God exists your heart is the best revelation of Him and your heart could never send your boy to endless pain.

After all, no one knows. The ministers know nothing. All the churches in the world know no more on this subject than the ants on the anthills. Creeds are good for nothing except to break the hearts of the loving. Let us have courage. Under the seven-hued arch of hope let the dead sleep. I do not pretend to know, but I do know that others do not know. I wish I could say something that would put a star in your night of grief—a little flower in your lonely path—and if an unbeliever has such a wish, surely an infinite good being has never made a soul to be the food of pain through countless years.

Sincerely yours.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

The Importance of Sleep.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equals, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make anyone strong. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

A Hard Student.

"Does your boy study much?"

"Study much?" replied the fond mother, "I should say he did. He is always at his books."

"What is his particular line of study?"

"History. He has over a hundred histories. It was only yesterday that I found him hard at work on 'Cross-Eyed Tim, the Scout of Bloody Bones; or, The History of the Pirate Outbreak.'"

They a' meat here—at the butcher's shop.

Almost any man knows more than his father until he is forty years old. Then he drops into the ranks of the ignorant and takes lessons.

Adulterations.

Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless side I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen,
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark, by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap;
Or for the best black tea in town
Dried willow leaves I calmly steep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And quarts of raw bacteriæ,
And hideous rotatoriæ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diatomaceæ,
And hard-shelled ophryocercinæ,
And double-barrelled kolpodæ,
Non-loricated ambœdæ,
And various animalculæ,
Of middle, high and low degree,
For Nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.

—Robert J. Burdette.

Be a Man.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profit saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy.—The Home.

Love and Religion.

They stood beneath the summer skies and watched the twinkling stars in ceaseless twinkle. It was a night to bring the angels from the blue that they might lay their gentle hands upon the evening air, and, touching every heartstring, fill the world with harmony.

"And this is love," she said, looking into his face.

"And love is religion," he continued, stooping to kiss the pretty pinkness of her cheek.

"What religion?" she asked naively, "Presbyterian or Methodist or Baptist or Episcopalian?"

"None of these, angel mine," he whispered, folding her to his throbbing heart; "none of these; it is You-an'-I-tarian."

Devotional exercises were continued until a late hour.

A Reason for Selling.

Indignant purchaser—"See here, sir, I don't want this horse you sold me. He balks. I can't get him over the bridge."

Jockey—"That's the reason I sold him. Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw your advertisement in the paper."

"I thought so. I gave you my reasons for selling him."

"Yes. 'To be sold,' you stated, for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town.'"

"Well, if you can go out of town with him it will be more than I can do."

A Sharp Darkey.

"Boss," said a colored man to one of our citizens yesterday, "dar's a pig in yo' well."

"Well, why didn't you get him out?"

"Bekase I was afeerd I'd be 'rested fur tryin' ter steal de pig."

"Well, what will you take to get the dig out?"

"De job am wurf 'bout as much as the pig is."

"All right, the pig's yours if you get him out."

"All right, boss. Golly," he mused, as he went out, "wush I'd drowed two pigs inter dat empty well."

The Puritan and the Genesta.

The race between the Puritan and the Genesta on the 9th instant was very closely contested. Sailing before the wind the English yacht made greater speed than the Puritan; but on the return to windward the Puritan outsailed her antagonist, though pressed so close that there was only a fraction over a minute's difference at the finish. Having thus beaten the Genesta twice under very different conditions the Puritan must be acknowledged as the faster boat. America thus retains the cup formerly wrested from the English sportsmen.

Art of Thinking.

One of the best modes of improving the art of thinking is to think over some subject before reading upon, and then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master. You will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted and what you have exceeded; and by this manner you will insensibly catch the manner in which a great mind views a great question.

My son, if any one smokes the filthy weed, don't chew.

A school journal advises: "Make the school intensely interesting."—That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0156.jpg