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So says the Man who has selected one of our HOT WEATHER SUITS

He's in the best of spirits on the hottest days. And he looks well, too, because they are tailored by tailors who know how.

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We have these sport stripes and plaids in silk, golf cloth and awning cloth. Tan-and-black, tan-and-blue, tan-and-green, white-and-black, white-and-rose, white-and-green, white-and-blue, and lots of others in mixed and plain stripes. They are tub-proof, no matter what the color may be. These patterns are exclusive and the yardage in all of them is small so as to prohibit everyone from having a skirt like yours.

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Store will be open on the evening of July 3rd. Closed all day on the 4th.

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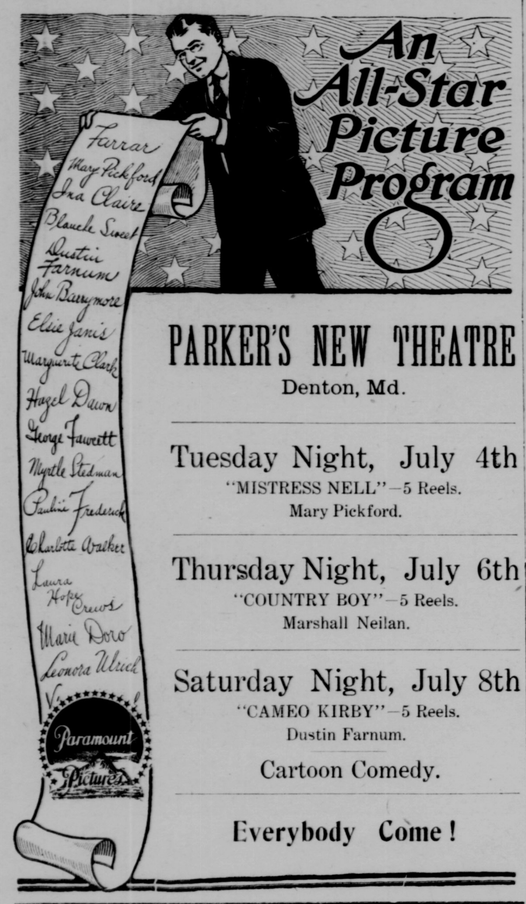

PARKER'S NEW THEATRE

Denton, Md.

Tuesday Night, July 4th
"MISTRESS NELL"—5 Reels.
Mary Pickford.

Thursday Night, July 6th
"COUNTRY BOY"—5 Reels.
Marshall Neilan.

Saturday Night, July 8th
"CAMEO KIRBY"—5 Reels.
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Cartoon Comedy.

Everybody Come!

BIG CELEBRATION

—AT—

HARRINGTON, DEL.

—ON—

4th OF JULY

Morning, Afternoon and Evening.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS OF EVERY KIND ALL DAY

MORNING Municipal Parade. Brass Band. Prizes Given for Best Trimmed Automobile and Buggy. Advertising Floats. Sports and Amusements at High School Grounds. Shoe Race. Sack Race. Greasy Pig Race. Greasy Pole, Etc.

Firemen's Festival and Fair On Bank Lot

EVENING Booths for Selling Fourth of July Novelties. Wheels of Fortune. Ice Cream. Cake. Good Music. You will find our Complete Program on small hand bills and in the Harrington Journal. Make your arrangements early.

Big Horse Races at Harrington Driving Park in the Afternoon.

ENTRIES FOR SPECIAL RACE: "Troublesome," T. T. Windsor, driver, A. C. Creadick, owner, Harrington, Del.; "Peter Q.," Albert Saunders, driver, William Booth, owner, Goldsboro, Md.; "Bella Jones," G. R. Snedeker, driver, W. S. Smith, owner, Harrington, Del.; "Bedelia," Enoch Johnson, driver, Joshua Smith, owner, Harrington, Del. OTHER ENTRIES; "Belton R.," E. Johnson, Dover, Del.; "Red Bird," R. Savage, Georgetown, Del.; "Star Advance," R. Savage, Georgetown, Del.; "Lady Admiral," Dr. Hammond, Georgetown, Del.; "Ed Balf," E. B. Tull, Seaford, Del.; "Dan C.," Mr. Cannon, Ridgely, Md.; "Argument," F. Billings, Harrington, Del.; "Blue J." S. V. Bullock, Whiteleysburg, Md.; "Brownie Girl," E. L. Derrickson, Harrington, Del.; "Johnnie B.," W. E. Davidson, Bowers, Del.; "Leroy," G. A. Ewing, Rehoboth, Del.

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and our soda tastes even better than it looks. The nicest girls in town come here regularly for this dainty refreshment because they know we use the purest fruit syrups, the most delicious ice cream and pure carbonated water in our sodas.

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Piano and Organ Tuning, Repairing and Regulating

EASTON, MARYLAND.
With J. W. Wheatley.

Notice.

I hereby notify the public that I will pay no bills contracted by my wife, Pearl Rash, she having left my bed and board without just cause.

MARTIN RASH,
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Highest cash prices paid for eggs.—W. J. Blackiston.

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Farm, 44 acres, 3½ miles from Preston.

Two farms, 75 and 125 acres, respectively, 5 miles from Preston.

Productive land, good buildings, easy terms.

Also a 9-room Dwelling in Preston; splendidly located; all conveniences.

CHAS. E. HARRISON,
Agent for Owners, Preston, Md.

For Sale.

A very pleasant eight-room dwelling, a pleasant home, with good cellar, well situated on Maple Avenue. I have also for sale twelve oil paintings, and a rare clock with wooden works, and a set of tools and machines for carrying on tin and iron work and plumbing.

W. T. DOWNES,
6-17-tf Greensboro, Md.

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Adrift

The Story of a Castaway

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a morning of early spring in New York harbor. On the shores of the two rivers that flow east and west of Manhattan Island and the great bay south of it yachts were being overhauled, their engines oiled, their sails repaired, their furniture uncovered. Indeed, everything was being done to prepare them for commission.

From the dock of a yacht club in the East river a party was pulled in a dinghy to a trim auxiliary craft anchored a short distance out in the river. It had already been prepared for a lengthy trip. They were Dr. and Mrs. Mortimer and their daughter, Evelyn, a girl of eighteen. Frederic Doerr, engaged to Evelyn, went out with the others to the yacht, but after going down the companionway, ostensibly to inspect the cabin, but really to bid each other a fond goodby, the young couple returned to the deck, and Doerr was pulled ashore. There he lingered while the anchor of the yacht was got up and began to steam down the river. Then, with a last wave, which was returned by his young fiancee, he turned away.

Dr. Mortimer and his family were bent on a cruise in southern waters. It was late in the season for a land trip to the south, but not on the ocean, and it was their intention to visit Cuba, the Panama canal and other objects of interest, remaining ashore only a day or two at a time.

They had reached a point off the coast of Florida and were steaming along at midnight in a fog when there came a crash. Those in their berths below arose, dressed hastily and went on deck. Down in the hold the water was coming through a hole. Dr. Mortimer examined it and, believing that the yacht would surely sink, went on deck again and told his wife and daughter that they had better prepare for such a result. Mrs. Mortimer preferred to die aboard the yacht rather than commit herself to the black waters, but Evelyn, remembering her lover and that it was her duty to try to live for him, suffered her father to get together articles for a raft, and when he had bound them together and lashed her to it he launched her upon the deep.

This was unfortunate. The water did not gain in the yacht as rapidly as had been expected, and when dawn came and the fog cleared away there was a steamer on the port bow not a mile away. Assistance was immediately afforded, and the pumps were manned. Before the day ended the yacht was in condition to pursue its journey and arrived safely at a Cuban port.

* * * * * * *

The sun shone down on the stretch of white beach on the fringe of palms bending in the soft south wind.

Blake Worthing at the wheel of his motorboat idled in these pleasant Florida waters, wondering if it was time to return to his cottage on the beach and waiting for his mother's signal that luncheon was ready.

Something strange came bobbing over the waters toward him. In the distance it looked like a gray island. Later it resolved into various articles of a ship with a human being lashed upon it.

As soon as Blake made this discovery he turned the motorboat about and met the approaching raft.

When he had made it fast to his own craft he gently touched the sea soaked bundle of humanity and discovered it to be a girl—a girl so pale and lifeless that he believed her to be dead.

His mother met him at the little pier and took the bundle from his arms. She was a tall, majestic woman, strong and vigorous and young.

"Where did you find her, Blake?" asked Mrs. Worthing.

Blake told her in a few words.

"I'm going over to Barnacle after the doctor—do the best you can for her, mother," said Blake, as he changed his wet clothing and hurried off up the beach.

Mrs. Worthing put the castaway into her little spare room under the cottage roof, and with the help of Mandy, the maid, she endeavored to bring consciousness to the girl.

But in vain. It was not until after the physician had arrived and worked over her for another hour that at last the girl opened a pair of forgetmenot blue eyes and smiled faintly at the anxious face bent above her. Then she went to sleep.

She did not awake until morning, and Mrs. Worthing discovered that while she remembered many things about the dreadful wreck of a vessel bound for South America, she could not piece together her past life or identify herself completely.

"My name," she said slowly, "is Evelyn Ames—my father is Dr. Ames—and we were taking a vacation—father—oh, my poor father!" Then she broke down and cried because she could only guess her father's fate. She could not even remember where she had lived, and although Mrs. Worthing and her son labored patiently to brighten the dulled memory their efforts were in vain.

"Please don't bother about me. I cannot remember," she would cry wearily.

Mrs. Worthing was not ill pleased at this. She had always longed for a daughter, and now she proposed to adopt Evelyn Ames for her own. Blake, who had fallen in love with the beautiful castaway, smiled secretly and thought that if he had his way the stranger would be his mother's daughter, but she would also be his wife.

And in the meantime the Worthings could find no trace of the nameless vessel on which Evelyn had sailed for Rio Janeiro. There had been no vessels lost, and investigation showed that there was no physician by the name of Ames who might be the father of Evelyn. They advertised and wrote letters, and in the end they were no wiser than before.

Then one fair morning, while the sun shone on the summer seas and the wind murmured among the palms, Blake Worthing told Evelyn of his love. Blushingly she gave her heart and hand into his tender keeping. Mrs. Worthing, delighted at the outcome, gathered them both to her heart.

It was when the engagement had been two weeks old that a blow came to Blake Worthing. He was preparing to go to Barnacle, where the offices of his fruit industry were situated, when he heard a sharp scream from the front veranda.

He dashed downstairs and found Evelyn gazing, pale and wide eyed, at the ocean.

"Dearest, what is the matter?" he asked.

She shuddered and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Blake, I have remembered!"

"Remembered? That is splendid, dear. Tell me."

"My name is Evelyn Ames Mortimer—my father is Dr. Ames Mortimer of New York—and, oh, Blake, how can I tell you?" Her slender shoulders shook with sobs.

"Tell me," he gently urged.

"I cannot marry you," she breathed.

"Why not?"

"I have remembered"—tragically.

"You have remembered what?"

"That I am already engaged."

"You are engaged? You were engaged when you sailed away? And you had forgotten that?"

She nodded listlessly.

"Then you do not love me," he said, rising and drawing his hands away from her grasp.

But she clung desperately to him.

"Ah, I do—I do love you, Blake! That is the misery of it all. I look back and think of Frederic Doerr, and I wonder how I could have dreamed of marrying him."

"Let me think it over, Evelyn," said Blake as he went away. All day while he dictated letters or interviewed customers Evelyn's pale, frightened face came between. Toward night he sent a telegram to Frederic Doerr's address in New York, and the second day afterward he met him at Barnacle station and took him to the cottage.

Frederic Doerr was a tall, thin, dark man with grave eyes and a preoccupied manner. He appeared to be extremely nervous when speaking of Evelyn, although he talked freely of her father, Dr. Mortimer, who had been saved.

He told Worthing how the Mortimers had sailed on a private yacht, and in the excitement following a collision, with visions of immediately sinking, Evelyn had been lashed to a raft and cast adrift.

The storm tossed yacht had reached a Cuban port, and Dr. Mortimer, although giving his daughter up for lost, had made every effort to find her. It was strange that the threads of inquiry instituted by the Worthings and Evelyn's father had never crossed.

"She has told us of her engagement to you," said Blake in his blunt way. "You will want to see her alone, I suppose."

"If you please. I think you and Mrs. Worthing had better be present," said Doerr nervously.

So when Blake told Evelyn that he had brought her fiance to see her and that her father was still living her joy in the latter news was dampened by the approaching interview with the man she had ceased to love.

"I must keep my promise to Frederic," she assured Mrs. Worthing, as they descended the stairs. "He said once that he did not care to live if I would not marry him."

Mrs. Worthing smiled wisely, but her arm tightened around the shrinking girl's waist as they entered the living room.

"Evelyn!" cried Doerr, starting forward with outstretched hands. "How delighted your father will be! I wired him at once of your safety."

He made no attempt to embrace her, and Evelyn was manifestly relieved.

The Worthings turned to leave, but Frederic Doerr put out a detaining hand.

"Please do not go," he said, with embarrassment. "There is something I must confess, and Evelyn will need her friends around her. I am ashamed to say that"—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"I have been faithless to Evelyn Mortimer, one of the sweetest girls God ever created! Believing her to be dead, I permitted myself to be attracted by another woman—and, to make a long story short, I am married. I am no longer free."

Frederic Doerr did not expect the demonstration that followed his news. Mrs. Worthing clasped her hands and cried for joy, while Blake opened his arms to receive Evelyn Mortimer.

"Why, nobody seems to care very much," remarked Mr. Doerr, with a whimsical smile.

Then Mrs. Worthing took him outside and explained, and while they were gone Blake and Evelyn sealed their betrothal with a long kiss.

"You belong to me, sweetheart," whispered Blake. "The sea gave you to me—you drifted into my heart."

World's Future Fish Supply.

The sea beats upon 26,000 miles of Alaska shore line, a distance greater than the circumference of the earth. All of that vast stretch of waters is teeming with the most edible fish on earth. Every bay is a harbor where these fish can be prepared for the markets of the world, and the greatest ships afloat can anchor in safety while taking on their cargo of food for the hungry of all climes. In a few years Alaskan fish will be famous wherever ships sail and men exchange the products of their toil. This is but one of Alaska's sources of wealth. — Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Not Qualified Yet.

"I saw you out in your new car yesterday."

"Did I look like a motorist?"

"Well, no. You had an air of responsibility that gave you away, but then that will disappear in time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

What's In A Name?

Sometimes There Is a Lot of Trouble

By F. A. MITCHEL

Caspar Knelblitz's great-great-grandfather was a German. He was not a Prussian nor a warrior, but a Hanoverian and a professor. Indeed, the old fellow was a bookworm, who, if a fly had attacked the tip of his nose, would have been too absorbed in his studies to have defended himself. And if the fly had succeeded in arresting his attention he would not have injured the intruder for the world. He would have opened a window and put it out.

His son, Caspar, was called to the chair of a university in France. Thenceforth the family became French. The men, of course, kept the German surname, but by the time the fourth Caspar Knelblitz came this was all the German there was about them. Not one of them could speak a word of German, and the third Knelblitz had given his life for France in the war of 1870.

When Germany advanced into Belgium to seize Paris, Caspar Knelblitz of the fourth generation, the hero of this story—if the word hero is a proper appellation—was twenty-one years old. He was only deterred from joining the colors by being so desperately in love with Hortense le Verrier that he was unable to tear himself away from her, though it must be admitted that if he had been able to master his own feelings sufficiently to leave her she would not have let him go.

For a Frenchman to have a German name accrued to his disadvantage as soon as the war broke out. Caspar Knelblitz was at last driven to part with his beloved Hortense on this account. When others had joined the colors and Caspar remained at home it was suspected that the reason he did not go to the war was because of German sympathies. When he came to know of this suspicion he was much pained. He told Hortense that he must not listen to the voice of love any longer and at once began to make preparations to go to the front.

Of course he met with great opposition. Hortense was sure that she would never see him again and that her life would be blighted. He tried to reassure her, but in vain. However, since the suspicions of his countrymen that he was loyal to a country he had never seen and of whose language he did not know a word had been aroused his resolution was taken.

In order to make the separation easier for his sweetheart he promised to write her a letter every day that it would be possible for him to write. Another thing she insisted on which would not likely be possible was that after every battle, if he came out alive, he telegraph her to that effect. Caspar fully realized the crowded conditions of the telegraph lines, especially immediately after a battle, and that they were under control of the government, but he had not the heart to make it known to the girl, thus denying her this crumb of comfort. However, not knowing what possibilities might arise, he drew up a cipher code by which he might add a few endearing words of information concerning himself.

It was decided by the lovers that they would be married before a separation that might last forever. The ceremony was performed privately with few persons present. Within a week after its conclusion Caspar departed for the front.

While Caspar's loyalty to France was not questioned by those who knew him personally, his name at once excited suspicion in strangers. He had scarcely broken away from the clinging Hortense and gained his regiment before he began to be looked upon as a possible German sympathizer, though why he should be in the French army if he was loyal to Germany was not explained. Truth is that many a man loyal to France or England who had German blood in his veins experienced a like suspicion.

Caspar joined the army as a private and would have been promoted had it not been for his German name. Several times he distinguished himself, and, officers immediately above him having been killed off, there were vacancies. But when it came to a question of filling them and Caspar was proposed his name caused his rejection.

"What! Lieutenant Caspar Knelblitz to command Frenchmen? Impossible!"

Of course Caspar knew nothing of this; he only knew that when vacancies occurred he was not promoted. It did not trouble him, for his heart was with his dear Hortense, and all he desired was that the war should be ended and he might return to her.

As luck would have it, Caspar found a friend, an operator in the military telegraph department. One day when he was feeling very homesick Caspar went to the office and asked his friend to send a dispatch for him. No fighting was going on at the time, and the telegraph was not very busy, so the friend told the lover that if he would leave his message with him he would endeavor to smuggle it through between messages for the government. Caspar left his message, which the operator put on file without looking at it and when a convenient time for sending it arrived took it up for the purpose.

He was surprised to see that it was in cipher. Not feeling at liberty to send a cipher message, the operator laid it aside. When Caspar came again to inquired if it had been sent and was told that it was held because it was in cipher Caspar looked so disappointed and begged so hard that it be put over the wires that his friend promised to do so, though he feared trouble would result. Caspar assured him that there was nothing in the dispatch that would be of the slightest injury to France, and this turned the scale.

M. Larrabee, deputed to examine telegrams received in Paris, was sitting at his desk when an operator handed him Caspar's dispatch. The moment he read the name of the person to whom it was addressed and noticed that the message was in cipher his face assumed the expression of one who had unearthed an announcement to German sympathizers that Paris was about to be attacked by a hundred Zeppelins.

"Mille tonerres!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Do the enemy send cipher messages to their spies in Paris over our telegraph lines? To Mme. Knelblitz, 21 Rue Pomponier. Could there be better evidence that this message is intended for one of the horde of German spies in our midst, who are watching our every act?"

Taking up a telephone receiver, he called up the officer in charge of the military telegraph and informed him of the message, stating that he did not doubt that it had been surreptitiously sent in the expectation that it would be delivered by some one in the telegraph department who was working secretly in the German interest. Colonel Bombardier, the officer telephoned, directed that the dispatch be sent to him and, after receiving and examining it, called a council of war to decide what to do in the premises.

When the council assembled experts in interpreting cipher telegrams were introduced and began the work of translating it. This was not easy to do, for it consisted in certain sentences which doubtless had a meaning for the receiver. However, the experts, not daring to acknowledge that they could make nothing of it, gave a possible translation, admitting that they could not vouch for its correctness. The meaning they placed upon it was that it announced a meeting of the German spies in Paris to receive one high in the German secret service.

Meanwhile Hortense was arrested and taken to Colonel Bombardier's office, where she was kept in an anteroom awaiting the result of the work of the experts. In time she was called in to face an array of men who looked ready to send her to the gallows.

"Frau Knelblitz," said the colonel, "do you speak French?"

"I don't speak any other language," was the meek reply.

"Do not try to deceive me. You are German, as your name indicates. A dispatch in cipher addressed to you has been intercepted. It is an announcement that an officer of high rank in the German secret service is coming to Paris to meet the spy corps in Paris."

This was said because if it were the true interpretation of the dispatch the young woman would likely collapse. She did no such thing. She simply looked at her accusers wonderingly.

"Who is Caspar?" asked the colonel severely.

"Monsieur, he is my husband. Has anything happened to him?" she asked, paling.

"You play your part well, but it will not serve."

"Have you a dispatch from him to me? Oh, give it to me!"

After a conference it was decided to read the dispatch aloud to her. The colonel began with the first sentence, "The weather is very fine," and asked her what it meant. She did not need the key to tell him; she knew it by heart.

"I am well," she replied.

The second sentence read was, "Yesterday it was hot."

Hortense, somewhat abashed, replied, "Sweetheart, I love you."

The members of the council looked at one another incredulously.

Again, "We are expecting cooler weather tomorrow."

"That means a thousand kisses," replied the bride, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"This climate is trying."

"I shall never see you again till France is victorious."

"The mud is very deep."

"Goodby, sweetheart. I shall love you forever."

Several of the men who had been impressed with Hortense's gentleness, honesty and, above all, that she was essentially French smiled. Colonel Bombardier's countenance assumed a shamefaced expression. He stood with the dispatch in his hand wondering what next to do.

"Colonel," said one of the council, "you've struck what they call in America 'a mare's nest.'"

"The case," said the colonel, maintaining an official tone, "will be better examined into by a woman. I shall send Mme. Knelblitz to Mme. Leblanc, head of our woman's detective bureau, and if she reports favorably the prisoner will be discharged."

Mme. Leblanc, instead of assuming the pomposity of the officers, began by soothing the poor little bride and soon discerned that she was wrapped up in her husband and had no other concern. Hortense produced the cipher code, and Mme. Leblanc saw that every sentence in it was nothing more than a love message. Then she reported to Colonel Bombardier, who pigeonholed the matter.

When Hortense wrote an account of the affair Caspar Knelblitz applied to his superior to be entered on the army roster as Charles Nightingale.

A Terrible Affliction.

At an exhibition of paintings a lady and her daughter took much interest in a picture which represented a soldier with hollow cheeks and staring eyes. It was called "After the Attack of Lutzen."

"What is 'Lutzen,' Mary Anne?" asked Mrs. Crockett in a whisper.

Mary Anne admitted that she did not know.

"Well, anyway," said Mrs. Crockett, with conviction, "it's a terrible disease. I can see that easy enough without anybody telling me."—Youth's Companion.

No Robbery.

"I don't know just what to think of that storekeeper."

"What's the hitch?"

"He told me to come in and tell him what I don't know, so he can tell me what he knows."

"That's a fair exchange."—Richmond Times Dispatch.