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GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

Cold blasts from the West mean Warm Overcoats, Warm Suits, Warm Underwear, Warm Shoes. We offer them at a saving when goods of all kinds are advancing every day.

WOOLEN DRESS GOODS

Serge, black,	Regular $1.75	Now $1.45
Serge, black and blue,	Regular 1.50	Now 1.25
Serge, brown and white,	Regular 1.25	Now 1.00
Serge, brown and gray,	Regular 1.00	Now .85
Serge, black and blue,	Regular .75	Now .65
Gabardine, black and blue,	Regular 1.75	Now 1.45
Fancy Black,	Regular 1.50	Now 1.25
Granite cloth, black and blue,	Regular 1.25	Now 1.00
Burgundy Basket Cloth,	Regular 1.25	Now 1.00
Poplins, blue, green, Burgundy,	Regular 1.75	Now 1.45
Plaid and Stripe Skirting,	Regular 1.75	Now 1.45
Wool Taffeta, brown, blue, purple,	Regular 1.00	Now .85
Coating, black and white and blue,	Regular 1.50	Now 1.25
Mixed Brown Skirting,	Regular 1.50	Now 1.25
Poplins, lt. blue, Cop. blue, dk. blue,	Regular 1.00	Now .85
Satin Stripe Prunella Cloth, purple, tan, green, taupe,	Regular 1.00	Now .85
Fancy Stripe and Mixed Goods,	Regular .50	Now .39
Batiste,	Regular .50	Now .39
Panama Cloth,	Regular .50	Now .39

CREPE DE CHINES

Crepe de Chines, all colors, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75

GINGHAMS

15c and 25c Ginghams, 12½c

APRON GINGHAMS

Best makes, Lancaster and Amoskeag, 8½c

PUNJAB PERCALES

15c Punjab Percales, 12½c

WHITE GOODS

Pique,	Regular 50c	Now 39c
Pique,	Regular 30c	Now 25c
Madras,	Regular 18c	Now 15c
Fancy Plaid Dimity,	Regular 25c	Now 19c
Fancy Plaid Dimity,	Regular 20c	Now 17c
Fancy Plaid Dimity,	Regular 15c	Now 12½c
Ripplette,	Regular 18c	Now 15c
Fancy White Plaid,	Regular 25c	Now 19c
Fancy White Voile,	Regular 50c	Now 39c
Lace Cloth,	Regular 35c	Now 27c
Camilla Linon,	Regular 25c	Now 19c

TABLE LINON

$2.00 Table Linon,	Now $1.65
1.75 Table Linon,	Now 1.50
1.50 Table Linon,	Now 1.25
1.25 Table Linon,	Now 1.00
1.00 Table Linon,	Now .85

LINON TOWELS

Guest Towels, good linon, place for monogram,	50c each
Linon Towels, huck,	50c each
Linon Towels,	75c and $1.00 each
Turkish Towels,	25c and 50c each
Guest Towel Linon, per yard,	50c

BLANKETS

White and Grey, full size, All prices

SWEATERS

Good Wool Sweaters,	$3.50 to $6.00
Sweaters,	1.50 to 2.50
Boys' and Girls' Good Wool Caps,	.50

CORSETS

R. & G. Corsets, good quality, at the following low prices: $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.00

Nemo Corsets for stout ladies, $3.50 and $4.50

OUTING FLANNEL

Plain, Stripe and Plaid, Regular 12½c Now 10½c

UNDERWEAR

Wool Underwear—Vests,	$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00
Wool Underwear—Pants,	1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00
Wool Union Suits,	$1.50 and $2.00
Ladies' Bleached Vests, long sleeves,	50c
Ladies' Bleached Vests, short sleeves, low neck,	50c
Ladies' Bleached Pants,	50c

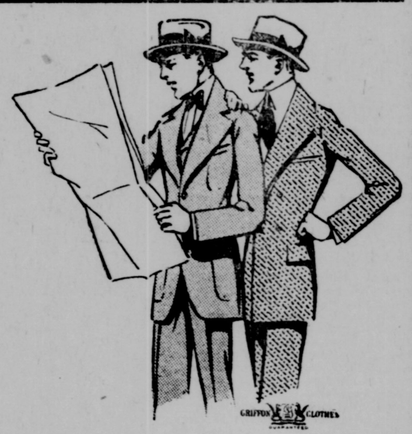
Childrens' Bleached Vests and Pants, Children's Wool Vests and Pants, Children's Union Suits.
Boys' Union Suits, Boys' Vests and Pants, all sizes.
Men's Union Suits, Men's Vests and Pants, all sizes.
Men's Wool Underwear.

MEN'S GLOVES

Men's Work Gloves, Men's Wool Gloves, Men's Dress Gloves.

MEN'S SUITS

$25.00	Men's Suits	$21.50
22.50	Men's Suits	19.50
20.00	Men's Suits	18.00
18.50	Men's Suits	16.50
17.00	Men's Suits	15.00
16.50	Men's Suits	14.50
14.50	Men's Suits	12.50
13.75	Men's Suits	11.50
12.50	Men's Suits	10.50
10.50	Men's Suits	8.50



MEN'S OVERCOATS

$25.00	Men's Overcoats	$21.50
22.50	Men's Overcoats	19.50
18.50	Men's Overcoats	16.50
17.00	Men's Overcoats	14.75
16.50	Men's Overcoats	14.50
14.50	Men's Overcoats	12.50
12.50	Men's Overcoats	10.50
10.50	Men's Overcoats	8.75
8.50	Men's Overcoats	7.00
6.50	Men's Overcoats	5.00

BOYS' SUITS

$9.50	Boys' Suits	$8.00
8.50	Boys' Suits	7.00
7.50	Boys' Suits	6.50
6.50	Boys' Suits	5.50
5.50	Boys' Suits	4.50
3.50	Boys' Suits	2.95

BOYS' OVERCOATS

$12.50	Boys' Overcoats	$10.50
10.50	Boys' Overcoats	8.50
8.50	Boys' Overcoats	7.00
6.50	Boys' Overcoats	5.00
5.00	Boys' Overcoats	4.25
4.50	Boys' Overcoats	3.75
3.50	Boys' Overcoats	2.75

NO GOODS CHARGED IN THIS SALE

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

$25.00	Ladies' Coats	$21.50
24.50	Ladies' Coats	20.00
22.50	Ladies' Coats	19.50
19.50	Ladies' Coats	17.50
18.50	Ladies' Coats	16.50
17.50	Ladies' Coats	15.50
15.50	Ladies' Coats	13.50
12.50	Ladies' Coats	10.50
10.50	Ladies' Coats	8.75
9.50	Ladies' Coats	7.75
7.50	Ladies' Coats	6.75
6.50	Ladies' Coats	5.75
5.50	Ladies' Coats	4.75
12.50	Children's Coats	10.50
10.50	Children's Coats	8.50
9.50	Children's Coats	7.75
8.50	Children's Coats	6.75
6.50	Children's Coats	5.75
6.00	Children's Coats	5.25
5.50	Children's Coats	4.75
4.50	Children's Coats	3.95
3.50	Children's Coats	2.95
2.50	Children's Coats	2.00

J. L. EVERNGAM, DENTON, MD.

The Cop and The Anthem

Wandering Willie Had a Hard Time Locating, but Finally Landed.

By O. HENRY

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On his bench in Madison square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison square and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the north wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular committee of ways and means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian bay. Three months on the island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humbler arrangements for his annual begira to the island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the law was more benign than philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are incumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition, wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

"DON'T YOU FIGURE OUT THAT I MIGHT HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?"

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt where Broadway and Fifth avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned and halted at a glittering cafe where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaved, and his coat was decent, and his neat black, ready tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected, success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing, with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demitasse and a cigar. The dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management, and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still with his hands in his pockets and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clew. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man halfway down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick, its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now get busy and call a cop," said Soapy, "and don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah, there, Bedella! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman, overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest street, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gayly in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theater he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen:

"'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford college. Noisy, but no harm. We've instructions to l'ave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella!" he said sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that he would run against him The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man—"that is—well, you know how these mistakes occur. I—if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me. I picked it up this morning in a restaurant. If you recognize it as yours, why, I hope you'll"—

"Of course it's mine!" said Soapy viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blond in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

"WE'VE INSTRUCTIONS TO LAVE THEM BE."

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem, for there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves. For a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as a mother and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influence about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time. He was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the island," said the magistrate in the police court the next morning.

Didn't Give Him the Chance.

Schopenhauer, when staying in Geneva, used to go every day to a table d'hote at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him.

"Doctor," said the host after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye—"doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table today? It was Lady Byron."

"Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer. "I should have liked to be rude to her."

"That was what I feared," said the host, "and for that reason I kept it quiet."

Prehistoric Mollycoddle.

"What's Scribson so upset about?"

"He wrote a story in which the hero was a cave man."

"Yes?"

"The artist who illustrated it gave the cave man a shaggy coat of hair and then finished him off with carefully manicured nails."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Another Delusion.

"Is there such a thing as a person being mentally alert and physically indolent?"

"I guess so. At least most of the lazy people you meet have an idea that their minds work with amazing rapidity."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Wanted a Rebate.

Mother (horrified)—Is it possible, Sammy, that you are in the preserves again after I whipped you an hour ago? Sammy—Yes'm. I heard you tell grandma you had whipped me too hard. So I thought I'd make it even.—Puck.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

The Incident That Opened John Dalton's Eyes to His Affliction.

John Dalton, the famous English chemist and natural philosopher, without whose discovery of the laws of chemical combination chemistry as an exact science could hardly exist, was wholly color blind. His knowledge of the fact came about by a happening of the sort which we call chance. On his mother's birthday, when he was a man of twenty-six, he took her a pair of stockings which he had seen in a shop window, labeled, "Silk, the newest fashion."

"Thee hast bought me a pair of grand hose, John," said the mother, "but what made thee fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting in them."

John was much disconcerted, but he told her that he considered the stockings to be of a very proper go to meeting color, as they were a dark bluish drab.

"Why, they're as red as a cherry, John!" was her astonished reply.

Neither he nor his brother, Jonathan, could see anything but drab in the stockings, and they rested in the belief that the good wife's eyes were out of order until she, having consulted various neighbors, returned with the verdict, "Varra fine stuff, but uncommon scarlety."

The consequence was that John Dalton became the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the subject of color blindness.

MYSTERIOUS METASTASIO.

Peculiar Mode of Life of the Celebrated Italian Poet.

Metastasio (1698-1782), the celebrated dramatic and operatic poet, spent fifty-five years in Vienna with the Martines family without ever learning German or wishing to learn it.

Besides his utter indifference to all speech but Italian, Metastasio possessed many peculiarities of character. None might mention death in his presence. Those who alluded to smallpox before him he made it a point not to see again. In all his fifty-five years in Vienna he never gave away more than the equivalent of $25 to the poor. He always occupied the same seat at church, but never paid for it.

Metastasio took all his meals in the most mysterious privacy. His greatest friends had never seen him eat anything but a biscuit with some lemonade. Nothing would induce him to dine away from home. He never changed his wig or the cut or color of his coat.

Metastasio was to have been presented to the pope the day he died and raved about the intended interview in the delirium of his last moments. Mrs. Piozzi (familiar to readers of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" as Mrs. Thrale) collected these particulars from the ladies of the Martines family, with whom Metastasio was so long domesticated without speaking or understanding a word of their language from first to last.

PICKLED ALEWIVES.

They Link a Maine Village With the Republic of Haiti.

Let a revolution get under way in the Haitian republic and the principal business of Damariscotta Mills, Maine, will go to smithereens. And it has occurred several times in the past. Always, however, it comes back, and in the end there is no loss.

It cannot be otherwise. The little Maine hamlet is indispensable to Haiti, while the black republic is a valuable asset to the village.

One of Haiti's stable articles of food is supplied from the Maine town. It is the pickled alewife, a fish closely allied to the shad family, in that it consists of many bones surrounded by very white and decidedly sweet flesh. Natives of Haiti like it.

In fact, they are about the only people in the world who consider salted alewife an epicurean delight. Less than fifty barrels are sold anywhere else on the American continent, while Haiti takes between 5,500 and 6,000 annually.

The alewife fishing season is in May. At that time the fish come into fresh water rivers and lakes to spawn. Damariscotta Mills, which are at the outlet of a large lake, are a favorite spawning point of the fish.

They are on their way into the lake. Traps are arranged, and all fish which go into them land in a pickle barrel. Men armed with dip nets having a capacity of a bushel of fish at a dip take the alewives out of these traps, depositing them into a boxlike bin, from which they are shoveled into a sluice. This sluice leads down to the salting place.—Boston Globe.

OUR FIRST FERRYBOATS.

They Were Catamarans With Paddle Wheels Between the Hulls.

The present day ferryboat is very different from the type originally in use. Fulton's first regular voyage of the Clermont began on Aug. 7, 1807. In 1812 a steam ferryboat ran every half hour in daylight across the North river between Cortlandt street and Paulus Hook. This boat was of the catamaran type, the two hulls ten feet apart, and the wheels were between the hulls and operated by steam. The trip took from fifteen minutes to an hour, according to the wind and tide.

Similar catamarans, but operated by eight horses in a treadmill, were in use on the East river as late as 1814.

In May, 1814, the first steam ferryboat with outside paddle wheels was put in commission, the Nassau of the Fulton Ferry line. The floating bridges, operated by the tide and balance weights substantially as at present in use, were the invention of Robert Fulton.

The row of yielding piles by which the boats are still guided into their slips was the contribution to ferry navigation of John Stevens. As a marine architect he stands second only to Fulton, and his first steamboat, completed but little later than the Clermont, was sent around by sea to Philadelphia and was the first to ply on the Delaware, Fulton's monopoly excluding it from New York waters.—

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6-cyl. Touring & Roadsters
REGULAR PRICE, $815
OUR PRICE, $695
Just purchased from the Saxon Philadelphia Agent the entire stock of Brand New 1916 Cars. Only a limited number. Act quick. Also
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1916 CHANDLER ROADSTER.....$825
1916 MAXWELL TOURING.....$500
1916 COLE TOURING.....$575
1916 METZ TOURING.....$385
1916 OVERLAND TOURING.....$390
1915 BUICK TOURING.....$540
Also complete line of Fords, Chalmers, Saxons, Oaklands, Locomobiles, Pullmans, Loziers, Cadillacs, Packards, Hupmobiles, Studebakers, from $250 up. Trucks and Delivery Wagons, $200 up.
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A lot cabbage for chicken feed. Will deliver same to town people if notified. Price low. L. H. OTWELL,
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ESTABLISHED 1853

Suggestions for Christmas

Kesmodels Special Guaranteed Razors, $2.00 and $2.50; Kesmodels Razor Strops, genuine horse hide, $1; Scissors, in cases 3 in case, $2.50 and $3.50; Manicure Sets, for ladies and gentlemen, $3 to $10; Carvers, in sets, $4 up, in pairs, $2.50 up; white h'dle Table Knives, doz. knives or 6 knives and 6 forks, $4; English kinds, $7.50 a doz.; Pocket Knives, 50c up, special prices in lots to teachers for classes. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Kesmodels Kutlery Shop,
116 Park Ave., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
2-26-1y

Fruit Cakes for the Holidays.

MRS. M. M. TODD, SECOND ST., DENTON, WILL MAKE CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKES AT 35 CENTS PER POUND. IF DESIRED WILL MAKE THE CAKE—MATERIAL TO BE FURNISHED BY PURCHASER—AT 50 CENTS FOR SIX-POUND CAKE.
(11-18-3t.)

Established 1884 Reference: State Bank of Md.

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