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Peach Plows,
Grub Plows,
South Bend,
Oliver,
Gale, and
Syracuse Plows.
Blankets,
Lap Robes,
Harness,
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You can always find a general assortment of merchandise on hand, and that the highest market prices will be allowed for all trade.
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COME EARLY! BRING YOUR LADIES and CHILDREN!
Secure Good Places to See the Triumphal Splendors of the Past Eclipsed.
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AT DENTON,
Afternoon and Evening.

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RULERS, TWO FOR 1 CENT.
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And you who are going will need a hundred and one different requisites. Scholars' Companions, Bags, Slates, Writing Tablets, Note Books, Pencils, Rulers, all come in for a large share of attention. And they're here—the fullest, completest array in Baltimore. Price right, too.
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I have leased the Coal Yard of Mr. George T. Redden, and will have a full supply of the best
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of all the various sizes. As I will sell only for Cash, my customers will have the advantage of lowest prices. In connection with this business I will also handle
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delivering it in lengths desired to the families of the town, at the lowest prices. I am ready at all times to supply the community with
ICE.
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In sums of $500, on first mortgage only Apply to RUSSUM & LEWIS.
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A TRUTHFUL LOVER.

"What would you," said a sweetheart once,
"With this engagement ring,
Should I discover me a dunce
To wed you in the spring?"

Her lover answered frantically,
"That jewel I would fling
Into the bottom of the sea
And find some other thing."

"Thing!" she cried, "list my reply,"
Said he, "You clipped its wing!"
But, not upon the beach to die
She left him—and the ring.

He did not die. His sense restored
(Instead of sorrowing),
He strung the ring (to keep his word),
And seaward let it swing.

And now upon his mother's fist,
The while my lay I sing,
Reflect the joys he fain hath missed
In that engagement ring.
—Robert P. Woodward in Brooklyn Eagle.

A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods a young man, his clothing drenched and mud stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death. No wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother goodby only two short months before? It seemed like a faraway dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. Last night at dusk groups of stern looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the sheriff's son, while the sheriff himself remained to make sure that mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if possible. Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well traveled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a minute, too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near. Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? and then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the doorpost.

"If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale and clear cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and, she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump on which the lamplight shone and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's sake."

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around, with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee, and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it is too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you risk it—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a lifelong remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood at the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death, mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated; then, opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs, relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evildoers and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in!"

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trapdoor. At his entrance she opened it and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously and said, with hurried kindness: "There is an old bed down there. Look while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you, but you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly up stairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trapdoor and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly and stood with clasped hands and pale face praying silently; but, oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing down stairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you'll catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the outbuildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed. Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trapdoor and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl, "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat, and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watchdog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Goodby, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee," showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner: "And may he bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little. Her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was about half done when lanterns gleamed ahead and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob!" was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down under your seat till they pass!" then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner: "Oh, it is the sheriff! Thank heaven!"

The sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the sheriff was hailing them and as much surprised as delighted to find the prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm handclasps and congratulations he received none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said, blushing. "I know we were not overpolite to you, mother and I, but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride.—Ada E. Ferris in Overland Monthly.

English Lawyers' Smart Speeches.

Of wit or humor Scarlett had little or none. He was not the man to invent on the spur of the moment a telling nickname for his client, as Erskine did for a client named Bolt, whose character having been traduced by the other side, Erskine confidently assured the jury that he was known among his neighbors as "Bolt Upright." Nor could Scarlett tickle the fancy of judge and jury by such a flash of wit as that with which he opened a certain coach accident case. "Gentlemen of the jury, my client is a respectable Liverpool merchant, and the defendant, Mr. Wilson, keeps The Swan With Two Necks in Lad lane, a sign seemingly emblematic of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his coaches." Nor would it have occurred to Scarlett to tell a jury that the plaintiff, the owner of a wild beast show, claiming damages for the loss of a trunk, "ought to have followed the example of his own sagacious elephant and traveled with his trunk before him."—Temple Bar.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it—the experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the two fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple, and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Grandfather Hilton was one of the slowest mortals in western Maine. His mind, his tongue and his legs all worked with extreme moderation, and it was a common saying among his townspeople that when Father Hilton laughed at a joke it was always at one he had heard two weeks before.

Few people could stop to talk with him, and one bold youth who said, "Well, Mr. Hilton, we'll have warmer weather soon," was said to have lost two trains waiting for this drawling answer; "W-a-a-l, 'twon't be much warmer till the snow comes off the mount'ns, 'n I calc'late the snow won't come off the mount'ns till it's a good deal warmer."

Across the street from the Hilton House were several "summer boarders." One day they came over, boiling with indignation, to complain of some noisy boys who had been driving cows to pasture at 4 o'clock in the morning.

"They wake us up every morning with their shouting," said the ladies excitedly. "Can't you tell me who they are so we can complain of them, Mr. Hilton?"

"W-a-a-l, now, I'll tell you just how 'tis," he drawled. "De-e-ferent boys drive d-e-e-ferent cows on de-e-e-ferent mornings."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Handwriting and Printers.

Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell the following story: "Professor Lindsay Alexander came in hot haste on a Friday with the MS. of a sermon and asked to have proofs of it ready for him on the following day. We said the time was rather too short, and he must give a few days longer. 'No, I can't. It's impossible,' he replied in great anxiety. 'I must preach this sermon tomorrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it 10 years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it.'"