Capt S Lewis Denton

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Carriages, Buggies,

FARM MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS.

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CARRIAGES, SURREYS,
BUGGIES, DAYTONS,
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Columbia Binders and Mowers are the most simple and durable, lightest-running and best-braced Binders and Mowers made. Their work is satisfactory to all. *I keep Repairs in Stock.*

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In this department we have made a special selection for skirts and jacket suits in Black Dress Goods. Our stock second to none with real bargains. See our Mohairs in all colors and blacks. Silks for waists and suits, and all the new linings for waists and skirts,etc.

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Remember our line of Hosiery for men, women and children at 5, 10, 15 and 25c, can be equaled, but impossible to be any better. Call and you will call again for our Hosiery. A full line of P. N. Corsets 50c, 85c and $1.00; best make for the money. Remember we sell the celebrated Cluett Coon Collars and Cuffs. Remember our line of shirts in white and colored for men and boys cannot be beaten, 50c up to $1.00 each.

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The best line of mattings we have ever had 12½c to 35c. Carpets from the cheapest to the finest velvet made. Get our prices before buying.

We have learned that satisfied customers means more customers, more business. Better goods, lower prices, and we satisfy. Our old customers know this; our new ones soon find it out. Call and see us on your Dress Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, etc. Call and get our prices and styles before buying.

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Choptank Hotel,

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Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully furnished. Best of references from Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties.

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Summer Dress Goods

CONSISTING OF

PIQUES,
in White and Fancy Striped;
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in several styles;
ORGANDIES,
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A large stock of the best grades Binder Twine, bought early and can make close prices on it.

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for everything is not pleasant, is it? But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a $50.00 Bicycle for $18.75? Catalogue No. 69 tells all about Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos.

What do you think of a fine suit of Clothing, made-to-your-measure, guaranteed to fit and *express paid* to your station for $5.90? Catalogue No. 57 shows 32 samples of clothing and shows many bargains in Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

Lithographed Catalogue No. 47 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. *We pay Freight*, sew carpets free, and furnish lining without charge.

Price, $3.95

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dry-air Family Refrigerator for $3.95? It is but one of over 8000 bargains contained in our General Catalogue of Furniture and Household Goods.

We save you from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything. Why buy at retail when you know of us? Which catalogue do you want? Address this way,

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 909.

A WET EVENING.

[Lady Day in Harvest, County Kerry.]

The silvern circle of this summer lake,
Each ripple's curl a petal of mother o' pearl,
Curves iron grim, since ruffling winds awake
And tented mists unfurl.
The kingly shadow of the mountain wall,
That purple and gold flung down with every fold
Across the crystal floor, is vanished all
In grayness blank and cold.
Its lifted peak, that while clear skies o'ershone
With hyacinth crest their bluebell awning broke,
Stoops faintly, grown an old wan visaged crone,
Huddled in her hodden cloak,
Far, far to seek the shining, lost and flown,
As yertereven's smoke.

Yet if tomorrow beam through amber rift,
How swiftly bright shall all flash back on sight?
Still water's sheen, high slopes that glint and shift
With sudden lawns of light.
Only in small checkered fields, begun to glow
With burning bloom of haulm and ear and plume,
The glory, blurred away and stricken low,
What torch shall reillume?
Storm tangled, drenched, tossed dank on black peat mire,
Foam flame of feathery gold—ah, wind and rain
That now conspire, forbear our heart's desire,
And, lest our year long hope lie quelled and slain,
No spark be quenched save that the world's hearth fire
With morn may kindle again.

—Jane Barlow in Athenæum.

AN OHIO GOLCONDA

Mingo county people were aghast when they learned that Gracchus Maguire had obtained an option on the Frobisher farm, for the story of the pride and fall of Peter Frobisher was still fresh in their minds. Only a year before the old dry goods merchant began to build what he called "the finest residence in southern Ohio." A storm of indignation had swept over the county when it was announced that the house would be erected upon an Indian mound. There are all kinds of uncanny legends connected with the earthworks scattered by a prehistoric race throughout southern Ohio.

Not a man in Valley City could be hired to dig the cellar, and Frobisher had to send to Rand Run for some of the Poles. They had no scruples, for the reason that the legends of the mound builders were to them sealed books. The laborers dug down eight feet to a pocket of white sand, in which they found a human skull, various strange looking implements, an altar of sun dried bricks and a tablet, shaped like the sounding board of a bass viol and covered with hieroglyphics.

The news of the discovery spread all over the countryside. The farmers after dark avoided the road which passed the desecrated Indian mound. The masons and the carpenters employed in building the house went away half an hour earlier than customary to keep from being on unhallowed ground after sunset.

All this amused Gracchus Maguire. He could have rifled 100 Indian mounds and felt no tremor of the nerves. His life had been the road of the rough. He had been found 24 years before in a basket at the railroad crossing. Around his neck were a chain of gold and a locket, which were promptly confiscated by the trackwalker who discovered him. The Presbyterian minister, reminded by this action of the historic remark of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, named the foundling Gracchus. Maguire was the name of the last man who was killed at the crossing.

Gracchus Maguire was reared in the Mingo County Orphans' home. At the age of 14 he was taken into Peter Frobisher's dry goods store as an errand boy. He had a taste for learning, saved his money, and with the aid of Frobisher made his way through college. He was in Valley City teaching school in order to get funds to carry him through a course of medicine.

Maguire took a lively interest in the things which were found in the ancient landmark, which he called a sacrificial mound. He even read a paper upon the subject before the State Archæological society, in which he said that the finding of the tablet amply demonstrated that the mound builders had a written language. The symbols upon the tablet consisted of an oar, a warclub and a rude altar, which he translated to mean that vengeance would fall upon the man who disturbed the ancient sacrifice. The rendering astonished Peter Frobisher a little. He was still further surprised by a remarkable phenomenon which he noticed shortly before the house was completed.

A black scum had been noticed from time to time upon a spring back of the old homestead. Maguire and Frobisher were standing by this spring one day when the young man lighted a cigar and tossed away the burning match. There was a slight explosion. A blue flame rested over the water for a moment and disappeared. Frobisher paled at the sight.

"Do you believe it?" he exclaimed. "Do you think that this place is cursed by Injun spirits?"

"Nonsense!" replied Maguire. "Come to think of it. I remember that I was cleaning an old coat down here with benzine. You will have to see more than that before you can believe all this old woman's talk about the mound builders."

The new dwelling, when completed, fulfilled the fondest hopes of the Frobishers. It could be seen for miles over the country. At night, when the lamps in the front hall were lighted, gleams of yellow, red and cobalt shone through the colored glass on either side of the great front door. At the suggestion of Gracchus Maguire the new house was christened "Moundmere," on account of its site and because it was not far away from a horse pond.

The Frobishers had their house warming in the form of an afternoon reception, in deference to the prejudices of the villagers. The guests came with trepidation. The Widow Simpkins was observed to look furtively about her between the serving of the chicken salad and the "passing" of the ice cream. Miss Belinda Sommers uttered a piercing shriek and nearly fainted when a table was accidentally overturned. As evening approached the guests hastened to take their departure.

Sam Johnson, the nearest neighbor, was awakened shortly after midnight by some one pounding at his door. He opened it, and Rebecca Frobisher fell fainting across the threshold. Behind her, with eyes in which there was a strange terror, half clothed, shaking like a leaf, stood Peter.

"The mound builder!" he cried. "The mound builder!"

It was several days before the old couple could be persuaded to tell of their experience. Peter Frobisher said that he had been awakened by some one swaying the portieres in the doorway of the adjoining room. The drapery parted, and he saw the form of a man clothed like the Egyptians depicted in his subscription "History of the World." The intruder pointed at the full, round moon, which could be seen from the window, and waved a weapon resembling a battleax. He remained for a moment and then seemed to fade away. The aged couple fled shrieking from their new abode and ran for a mile along the dusty road to the home of the Johnsons.

The Frobishers deserted Moundmere for all time. The stock and farming implements were sold for half their value. The rich acres became fallow ground and the lawn a waste of weeds. Peter and Rebecca moved to Valley City and made their home in three little rooms over the dry goods store. Such was the state of affairs when Maguire obtained his option. Astonishment grew in Mingo one morning when a curl of smoke issued from one of the chimneys of the Frobisher homestead. Investigation proved that Gracchus Maguire had actually made his home in the lair of the disembodied mound builder. He had transported his trunks to Moundmere and cafted several loads of cheap furniture out to the place. The boards were taken down from the windows, and the house began to look again like a human habitation. The rumor spread all over Valley City that Gracchus Maguire had obtained money from some mysterious source. The young schoolteacher had even taken leases upon some of the adjoining farms. These documents were couched in ambiguous language and provided that the agricultural operations of the owners should not be disturbed.

Packing cases arrived at the little railroad station and in the night were hauled through the village streets to the old farm. There were hundreds of feet of iron pipe, odd looking wheels and gigantic tool chests. Half a dozen men alighted from the Columbus train one evening and were driven to Moundmere. The signs "No Admission" and "Trespassing Forbidden" were posted on all the fences. These seemed like a work of supererogation, for nobody then dared to even stop his horse within a mile of the gateway.

The young schoolteacher withdrew himself more and more from the society of Valley City. Hardly a Sunday passed in the old days when he did not walk home from church with Ellen Spencer. The girl now saw him seldom. There were several young women who secretly rejoiced at that, for Gracchus Maguire, the learned, the affable and the courteous, was regarded as one of the most eligible young men of the town.

As to the railroad crossing incident, that had long been forgotten. No higher tribute could be paid to any man than that, for in the village the aristocracy was firmly founded on "family." The elect were the direct descendants of the sturdy New Englanders who had come to the region early in the century, chopped down the trees, killed Indians and made the wilderness to blossom with white churches and red schoolhouses.

Ellen Spencer was descended in the direct line from the man who carried in the first surveyor's chain through the primeval forests of Mingo.

Strange stories were whispered about Gracchus Maguire. The mothers of the whole country spoke of him as one who had obtained fabulous wealth by robbing the mound builder dead of their golden ornaments. There were those in the village who hinted that no right thinking young man could occupy the house from which old Peter Frobisher had been driven by the chastening hand of Providence.

Valley City was filled with uproar not long after this by intelligence of a most alarming nature. The news came that Gracchus Maguire had begun to drill a hole into the earth in the very center of a circle of Indian mounds in the east meadow of the Frobisher place. Coincident with this several cows died on adjoining farms and a colt broke his leg.

Behind the shelter of the turfed tombs, mysterious operations were conducted. A skeletonlike scaffolding arose, the sight of which filled those who saw it with nervous apprehension. One day a stationary engine was set up near the structure and surrounded by a shed. A narrow alleyway, resembling a rope walk, was built between the timber skeleton and the boiler. Before very long the farmers noticed a rope tightening and sagging within the network of wooden braces. Sometimes a rod of iron rose from the ground and they heard a persistent drubbing sound.

The patience of Mingo county could not further go. A mass meeting was held in the town hall one night which resulted in a committee being sent to the gates of Moundmere. A mastiff prevented them from going any farther. Gracchus Maguire came down from the house.

"We have come," said Bolivar Wright, a lawyer and therefore the spokesman, "to protest against your disturbing the graves of a prehistoric race and thus bringing misfortune upon this peaceful farming community. We have already seen Peter Frobisher turned from the home of his forefathers because he desecrated the tomb of an ancient people. We ask you in the name of humanity and in the name of all things of good report to abandon these drilling operations. Whether you seek coal or iron or trinkets of gold, no good can come to you or to us by such an impious quest."

To which Gracchus Maguire replied in rhetoric equally well balanced that he would do as he pleased. The committee returned to Valley City. Signs of greater activity were noticed about Moundmere after that. The operations of which the villagers had complained were carried on day and night. When the sun shone, the curious saw the whirling rope, and in the evening a glow hung over the engine shed.

Gracchus Maguire stood at the base of the skeleton of timbers one evening in June watching his workmen at his task. He was thinking of the thousands of dollars which he had sunk in a hole in the ground and of the returns which had yet to come.

Maguire was aroused from his reverie by a shout. The man who twirled the handle of the rope seemed like one possessed of an evil spirit. He had served his time as a driller in the days when Pennsylvania was covered with derricks.

"Bail!" he cried. "Get out of the way!"

Maguire stepped back. A thin stream of black slime flowed from the iron cylinder as the valve of the boiler was loosened.

"It's the proper shale," growled the tool dresser, who had just come from his forge.

The drill rattled down the iron casing. The rope tightened, and the steady beat of the polished shaft kept time to the droning of the leather belting. The great rod was thrown from its socket. It struck the side of the derrick and sent wooden braces clattering to the ground. Held by the rope, it swung far out. A dull roar filled the air. A slightly sulphurous odor rose from the earth. The driller rushed from the well with his hands before his face.

"Draw that fire!" he yelled at one of the helpers. "Draw that fire, you blockhead!"

The helper irresolutely grasped the shovel and started to the furnace door. His eyes were fixed upon the swinging drill. He took another look at the derrick and fled as fast as his legs could carry him. Gracchus Maguire picked up the shovel which the man had dropped in his flight.

"Look out!" he heard the driller say.

The voice seemed to be that of one who was miles away. There were a loud report and a flash of light. Over the mud and slime a yellow trail sped from furnace to derrick. From the well darted a tongue of flame. A thing of fire rolled over and over and fell into the shallow creek back of the mounds. Gracchus Maguire, when he recovered consciousness, was lying in a spare room of Moundmere swathed in bandages. Through the small paned windows shone a brilliant light which illumined every nook and corner of the apartment. A Valley City physician was bending over the young schoolteacher.

"Where is the fire?" asked Maguire.

Then the occurrences of the night crowded back upon him. He looked out toward the meadow. He saw a shaft of flame quivering into the air for 100 feet. It sprang above the top of the burning derrick. The structure toppled and fell blazing to the ground. It lay there hissing and writhing.

Around the burning well swarmed Valley City's volunteer fire company. A stream of water had been turned upon the flaming jet. The driller and his mates were trying to persuade the firemen that their work would be of no avail.

"Fools, fools!" muttered Gracchus Maguire. "They might as well try to stop the progress of a man who has never said fail."

He turned painfully in his bed. In that shaft of fire he saw a dull red building, surrounded by a dilapidated fence. He beheld the faces of the idiots and the epileptics with whom he had spent his childhood. They faded away, and his gaze fell upon a ragged boy bending over rows of young corn. He saw the face of a white haired man whose smile was gentle and whose look was kindly and benign; then a youth sleeping beneath the counter of a dry goods store. The print laden shelves disappeared. He beheld a congregation coming from a little white church. There were grave faced women in alpaca gowns and men in suits of shiny broadcloth.

"He's not family, you know," they seemed to be saying. Then there appeared a pretty girl, a Marguerite with hymnal and golden braids. She smiled at him and passed on.

Maguire leaned his head upon his hands and looked fixedly at the darting jet which to him meant riches, prosperity and power. The sullen roar of the gas was to him the sweetest minstrelsy.

Then there came to him an overwhelming sense of guilt. He saw before him the image of a man whom he had wronged.

"I have reached the goal," he said, "but at what a cost! All these years I have worked that I might ask her to be the wife of a man who had obscured mean origin by success. Today I am a leper in her sight and in the sight of God!"

He remembered now that while he had toiled and planned she had grown further away from him. He seemed to hear again the words which Ellen Spencer had spoken to him months ago. They were standing beneath the old elm at the foot of Hunter street.

"You are ambitious!" she was saying. "There are times when I fear that you forget that there is no true success gained at the sacrifice of the highest ideals."

In the light of those words all his reasoning became bare sophistry. What if he had agreed to give Peter Frobisher the full value of his land and of the deserted home? By whose plot had the farm become fallow ground and the new house desolate? It was true that Frobisher would have laughed at him if he had told him that the farm might become an Ohio Golconda. Even the state geologist had sneered and told him that the stratification of Mingo county's rocks made his belief utter foolishness.

Whether the rock strata would permit it or not, Gracchus Maguire had staked everything on his belief. Every cent he had in the world, every cent he could borrow, had been sunk in a hole in the earth.

"I am further from real success," said Gracchus Maguire, "than the end of that tube in the ground is from the pure air and the sunshine."

On the edge of the group gathered about the well he saw a carriage. Two women walked around the winding path toward the front of the house. He recognized Ellen Spencer and her mother.

Gracchus Maguire leaned forward and took a letter pad from the table. With bandaged fingers he painfully wrote. It was a brief message—a few lines huddled together with a halting signature at the end—yet they made the man who wrote them thousands of dollars poorer than a pauper. He directed the note and settled back upon the pillows.

"Miss Spencer wishes to speak to you," said the negro man servant who entered the room.

"I will see her," said Maguire. "Take this note to Mr. Frobisher and lose no time about it!"

The door opened a moment later and Ellen Spencer entered.

"I am not worthy that you should see me," said Gracchus Maugire. "I drove an old man from his home that I might gain the riches which lay beneath his land. I deserve no sympathy. It was I, Gracchus Maugire, and not a spirit, who exiled Peter Frobisher. I have tried to make some tardy atonement. I have just surrendered the option on this farm."

"It seems like a dream to me," said the girl. "I only knew that you had done wrong—that you were struggling with a temptation. I could see it in your face, in your every act."

"It means," replied Gracchus Maguire very slowly, "that if I had not surrendered all claim upon this land today I might be a millionaire and not a beggar. It was to win a woman whose family despised me because I was a foundling that I struggled for riches and power. Do you know her?"

"You do not!" repied the girl. "If you did, you would have felt she was not capable of caring for a man merely on account of his success."

* * * * * *

The present generation in Valley City knows the story of Moundmere as a tradition. The sight of hundreds of derricks in southern Ohio calls to its mind the day when the telegraph carried the news to the whole world that two prospectors, by the names of Frobisher and Maguire, had discovered the greatest reservoir of natural gas which drill had ever pierced. To me every derrick is eloquent of the secret of Moundmere, known for years only to Peter and Rebecca Frobisher, to Gracchus Maguire and his wife, whose name was Ellen.—John Walker Harrison in New York Herald.

A Narrow Escape.

So great a speed is attained by ice yachts that they are sometimes lifted from the ice and fairly fly for yards. An incident of this kind happened one winter. A large yacht of the New Hamburg club went scudding down the river in the direction of Newburg. It was the owner's intention to go to West Point if possible. He sailed there, but nothing could induce him to make the trip again. Everything went smoothly for a time, so it is related, the wind sending the skeleton craft along at 40 miles an hour. Just above Newburg a gale struck the sails, and the yacht attained a terrific speed, clouds of ice spray whirling in her wake. She reared and screeched like a mad thing broken loose. The sailor's eyes were pointed ahead, but a film covered them and almost blinded him.

Suddenly he heard a whistle blow right behind him, and as he looked back he saw that he had crossed the Newburg and Fishkill ferry cut, and that he had crossed just in front of the steamboat. His hair stood on end and fairly turned gray. He landed at West Point, transacted his business, took his boat apart and shipped it home, having had enough for that season.—Outing.

Two Great Answers.

"Gradually woman is coming to her own," remarks a gossiper in the Rochester Post-Express. "Like the mills of the gods, in the familiar paraphrase, 'she grinds slowly, but she gets there just the same.' In answer to the question, What is the Salic law? put by a school inspector, this is what one girl replied, 'The Salic law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne.' That girl must have been deeply impressed with the wrongs of her sex.

"You may match this heroic reply with another which comes from the same source. A Sunday school teacher, after having explained to her class that only the patriarchs were allowed to have more than one wife, went on, 'But, children, in these Christian times how many wives may a man have?' Upon which a little girl eagerly put up her hand and cried, 'Please, 'em, two only is generally necessary to salvation!'"

A Faithful Dog.

The Paris Figaro relates a touching souvenir of the poet De Musset, as mentioned by the poet's governess, Mme. Adele Colin Martellet, who has published her memoirs. The poet had a small dog named Marzo. After the poet died, the dog, supposing him absent, continued to await his return at the same hour every evening for a period of seven years, when it also died.

Mme. Martellet's husband took the dog to Anteuil to be buried and found some workmen engaged in digging out a new street. The faithful dog was buried by the men, and the street in which the animal's remains were laid is called the Rue de Musset.

Ran Across Her.

Ned—I ran across a very pretty girl this morning.

Ted—Did she flirt with you?

Ned—No. After she regained consciousness she had me arrested for scorching.