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GREAT SALE AT THE

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PLUMS ARE RIPE

Although it's mid-Winter, our plum tree is bearing many luscious bargains. Our heavy holiday business has left many gaps in our immense stock. Some sizes are missing here and there, but your size is somewhere among them, and you will save dollars by a few moments patience. To appreciate the striking bargains you must feel the cloth. Try on the clothes and you will wonder at the sacrifice prices.

Men's Overcoats in Black, Blue and light color was $6.50 now	$4.50	Ladies' Golf Capes. All Wool Scotts Plaids, was $6.50 now	$4.50
Boy's Overcoats in All Wool Covert Cloth, sizes 7 to 13, was $3.75 now	$2.49	Ladies' Golf Capes, strictly All Wool, was $4 50 now	$2.98
Boys' Blue All Wool Kersey Overcoats, sizes 8 to 13, was $3 now	$1.98	Ladies' Coats, strictly All Wool light colors and black was $6.00 now	$4.25
Youths' All Wool Kersey Ulsters sizes 14 to 19, was $4.00 now	$2.49	Children's Coats, All Wool, in Blue, Garnet and Gray, was $2.25 now	$1.49
Men's Black Suits, was $3.50 now	$2.25	150 pair Men's Shoes, was $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2 00 now	.98
Men's Suits, mixed colors, was $3.75 now	$2.49	200 Ladies' Shoes, Lace and Button, was $1.25, $150 and $1.75 now	.89
Men's All Wool Suits mixed color, was $5.00 now	$3.49	100 pairs Children's Shoes, Russet and Black, was 75c, $1.00, $1.25 now	.69
Youths' Suits mixed color and black, was $4.00 now	$2.50	Men's Leather Boots, was $1.50 now	.98
Boys' Knee Pants Suits, was $1.50 now	.98	Men's Felt Combination Boots was $2.50 now	$1.69

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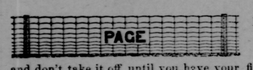

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We appear before the people of Caroline better equipped than ever with the largest line of Steam Machinery, Improved Agricultural Implements, and General Hardware of any house on the Peninsula. We extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see us when in Easton, or communicate with us on anything in our line, and we will make it to your interest.

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Antique pieces polished and given their original beauty. Five years' experience. Write a card and he will call for and deliver goods. Prompt work. Low prices.

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Fashionable Clothing, Tailoring and Furnishings for Men, Youths and Children.

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who is widely known throughout this locality, is on our staff of salesmen, and will be pleased to personally serve his many friends from this section who desire the best at least cost.

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11-18-1y] Denton, Md.

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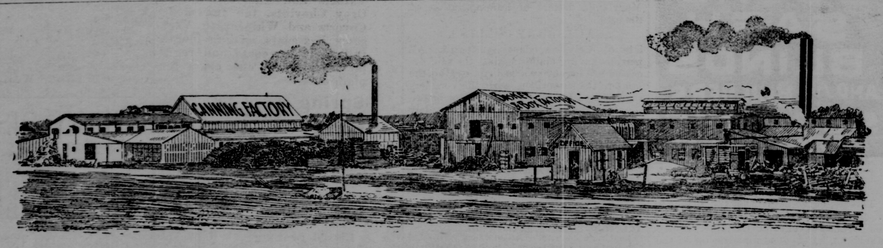

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Half clasped within their leafy shell,
On thee with script invisible,
As on a missal's pages white,
A mystic prayer of love I write,
Which thy green covers hide so well
No other shall its secret spell
Save she who carries thee tonight.
Deft fingered monks on parchment fine
Inscribed their prayers full piously
With crimson scroll and gilded line.
A too divine has wrought for me
And this poor, human love of mine
Intrusts its orison to thee.
—F. A. Van Santford in Harper's Bazar

MESQUITE.

The Star Rider of the Ranch and His Last Victory. :::

By Idah Meacham Strobridge.

Miss Glendower sat on the ranchhouse plazza shading her eyes from the white glare of the sun by holding above them, in beautiful, beringed fingers, the last number of a Boston magazine. It was all very new and delightful to her, this strange, unfinished country, and each day developed fresh charm. As a spectacle it was perfect. The very desolation and silence of the desert stirred something within her that the Back Bay had never remotely roused. Viewed from the front row of the dress circle, nothing could be more fascinating to her art loving sense than this simple, wholesome life lived out as nature teaches and to feel that for the time the big, conventional world of wise insincerities was completely shut away behind those far purple mountains, out of which rose the morning desert sun.

As for becoming an integral part of all this oneself—ah, that was a different matter! The very thought of her cousin Blanche and her husband, Roy Madison, deliberately turning their backs on the refinements of a higher civilization and accepting the daily drudgery and routine of life on a cattle ranch filled her with wondering amazement. When she fell to speculating on what their future years might be, she shuddered. From the hollowed sole of her modishly booted foot to the crown of her sleek and perfectly poised little head Miss Glendower was Bostonian.

But for the short space of time that she waited Lawrence Irving's coming the life here was full of charm for her. Its ways were alluring, and not the least among its fascinations was Mesquite. She smiled amusedly at the tall cowboy's utter unconsciousness in there being any social difference between them, at his simple acceptation of her notice. Miss Glendower was finding vast entertainment in his honest hearted, undisguised adoration. She had come west for experiences, and one of the first and decidedly the most exciting and interesting had been found in Mesquite. Besides, it gave her something to write of when she sent her weekly letter to Lawrence Irving. She sometimes found writing to him a bit of a bore when topics were wanting.

But Mesquite—the boy was a revelation of surprises every day. There was no boredom where he was. Amusing—yes, that was the word. There he was now, crossing the bare and hard beaten square of gray earth that lay between the ranchhouse and the corrals. Though he was looking beyond the plazza to where the other boys were driving a "bunch" of bellowing, dust stirring cattle into an inclosure, yet she felt it was she whom his eyes saw. He was coming straight toward the house and her. That she knew. Miss Glendower knew many things, learned in the varied experience of her eight and twenty years. Her worldly wisdom was more—much more—than his would be at double his age. Mesquite was 20.

He looked up with unconcealed pleasure in her presence as he seated himself on the plazza—swinging his spurred heels against each other while he leaned his head back against one of the pillars. Miss Glendower's eyes rested on the burned, boyish face with delight. There was something so naive, so sweetly childish about him. It was simply delicious to hear his "yes, ma'am," or his "which?" Just now his yellow hair lay in little damp rings on his forehead, like a baby's just wakened from sleep. He sat with his big sombrero shoved back from a forehead guiltless of tan or freckless as the petals of a white rose. But the lower part of his face was roughened by wind and burned by the sun to an Indian red, making his blue eyes the bluer—those great, babyish eyes that looked out with a belying innocence from under their marvelous fringes of up curling lashes. The blue eyes were well used to looking upon sights that would have shocked Miss Glendower's New England training, and the babyish lips were quite familiar with language that would have made her pale with horror and disgust to hear. But, then, she didn't know. Neither could he have understood her standpoint.

He was only the product of his environment, and one of the best things it had taught him was to have no disguises. So he sat today, looking up at his lady with all his love showing in his face. And so he rode beside her that night, as the day's red ball of burning wrath dropped down behind the western desert rim of their little world, across sand hills that opened sweet flowers to the night wind's touch, and across barren alkali flats to the postoffice, half a dozen miles away.

There was only one letter for Miss Glendower that night. It began:

"I will be with you, my darling, 24 hours after you get this. Just one day more, love, and I'll hold you in my arms again! Just one more week, and you will be my wife, Audrey! Think of it!"

She had thought; was thinking now. She was also wondering how Mesquite would take it.

So they rode homeward. As they loped across the wide stretch of white desert flats that reached to the sand hills, shutting the ranch from sight, the twilight fell, and with it came sharp gusts of wind that now and then brought a whirl of desert dust. Harder and harder it blew. Then it fell upon them in its malevolence, to catch them, to hold them in its uncanny clasp an instant, and then, releasing them, go madly racing off into the farther twilight, moaning in undertone as it went. Then heat lightning struck vividly at the horizon, and the air everywhere became surcharged with the electric current of a coming desert sandstorm. They heard its roar coming up the valley. Audrey Glendower felt her nerves a-tingle. This, too, was an experience. In sheer delight she laughed aloud at the excitement showing in the quivering horses, their ears nervously pointing forward, their nostrils distended, as, with long, eager strides, they pounded away at the wind blown levels.

Then the storm caught them at its wildest. Suddenly a tumbleweed—dry and uprotted from its slight moorings somewhere away on the far side of the flats—came whirling toward them broadside in the vortex of a mad rush of wind, in which, without warning, they were in an instant enveloped. As the great, rolling, ball-like weed struck her horse Miss Glendower took a tighter grip on the reins and steadied herself for the runaway rush into the duststorm and the darkness. The wild wind caught her, shrieked in her ears, tore at her habit as though to wrest it from her body, dragged at the braids of heavy hair until, loosened, the strands whipped about her head, a tangled mass of stinging lashes.

She was alone, drawn into the maelstrom of the maddened element—alone with the fury of the desert storm—alone in the awful darkness it wrapped about her, the darkness of the strange storm and the darkness of the coming night. The frightened, furious horse beneath her terrified her less than the weird, rainless storm that had so swiftly slipped in between her and Mesquite, carrying her away into its unknown domain. Where was he? Aside from the mastering fear that was gaining upon her, spite of her struggle for courage, was a consciousness that more than all else—more than every one else in the world—it was Mesquite she wanted. Had an army ridden down to her rescue she would have turned away from them all to reach out her arms to the boy vaquero. Perhaps it was because she had seen his marvelous feats of daring in the saddle, for Mesquite was the star rider of the range, and she felt instinctively that he could help as none others. Perhaps it was because of the past days that had so drawn him toward her. Perhaps and most probably it was because he had but just been at her side. However it might be, she was praying with all her soul for his help, for him to come to her, while mile after mile she rode on, unable to either guide or slacken the pace of her horse. His pace had been terrific, and not until it had carried him out of the line of the storm and up from the plain into the sand hills did he lessen his speed. Then the hoofs were dragged down by the heavy sand, and the storm's strength, all but spent, was left away back on the desert.

She felt about her only the softest of west winds. The dust that had strangled her was gone, and in its place was the syringalike fragrance of the wild, white primroses, star strewing the earth as the heavens were strewn with their night blossoms. Just above the purple black bar of the horizon burned a great blood red star in the sky. It danced and wavered before her, rising and falling unsteadily, and she realized that her strength was spent, that she was falling. Then, just as the loosened girth let the saddle turn with her swaying body, a hand caught at her bridle rein, and—

Ah, she was lying sobbing and utterly weak, but unutterably happy, on Mesquite's breast—Mesquite's arms about her! She made no resistance to the passionate kisses the boyish lips laid, half fearfully, on her face. She was only glad of the sweetness of it all; just as the sweetness of the evening primroses (so like the fragrance of jasmine or tuberose or syringa) sunk into her senses. So she rested against his breast, seeing still—through her closed eyelids—the glowing, red star. She was unstrung by the wild ride and the winds that had wrought on her nerves. It made yielding so easy.

At last she drew back from him and instantly his arms were unlocked. She was free. Not a second of time would he clasp her unwillingly. Neither had spoken. Neither after resetting the saddle, when he took her again in his arms and lifted her, as he would a little child, upon her horse, did they speak. Only when the ranch buildings—outlined against the darkness—showed dimly before them, and they knew that the ride was at an end, did either voice what was uppermost in their minds.

"Yo' don't— Yo' ain't— Oh, my pretty, yo' ain't mad at me, are yo'?"

"No, Mesquite," came the softly whispered answer.

"I'm glad o' that. Shore, I didn't mean fur to go an do sech a thing, but— God! I couldn't help it."

But when lifting her down at the ranchhouse gate he would have again held her sweetness a moment within his clasp, Miss Glendower (she was once again Miss Glendower of the great world) let her cool, steady voice slip in between:

"The letter I get tonight is from the man I am to marry in a week. He will be here tomorrow. But—Mesquite—I want you to know that—I shall always remember this ride of ours. Always."

Mesquite did not answer.

"Good night, Mesquite." She waited. Still there was no reply.

Mesquite led the horses away, and Miss Glendower turned and went into the house. Being merely an uneducated cowboy, he was remiss in many matters of courtesy.

* * * * * * *

When Lawrence Irving arrived at the Madison ranch, his host, in the list of entertainment he was offering the Bostonian, promised an exhibition of broncho riding that should stir even the beat of that serene gentleman's well regulated pulse.

"This morning," said he, "I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to get my star broncho buster out for your edification, Lawrence, for the boys are telling me that he's been 'hitting the jug' pretty lively down at the store for the past 24 hours, and he's never been much of a drinker, either, but when I told him Miss Glendower wanted to show you the convolutions of a bucking horse it seemed to sober him up a bit, and he not only promised to furnish the thrills, but to do the business up with all the trimmings, for he's going to ride Sobrepaso, 'the man killer.' a big, blaze face sorrel that every vaquero in the country has given up unconquered. Mesquite himself refused to mount him again some time ago. But today he is in a humor I can't quite understand, in spite of the bad whisky he's been trying to get away with, and seems ready to tackle anything."

"I'm grateful to you, Roy, for"—

"Oh, you'll have to thank Audrey for the show. Mesquite is doing it for her sake solely. He has been her abject slave ever since she came."

Both men laughed and looked at Miss Glendower, who did not even smile. It might have been that she did not hear them.

They rose and went out to the shaded plazza, where it was cooler. The heat was making Miss Glendower look pale.

They and the ranch hands who saw Sobrepaso—the "beautiful red devil," Mrs. Madison called him—brought out into the gray, hard beaten square that formed the arena felt a thrill of nervous expectancy—a chilling thrill—as Mesquite made ready to mount. The horse was blindfolded ere the saddle was thrown on, but with all the fury of a fiend he fought in turn blanket and saddle and cincha. The jaquima was slipped on, the stirrups tied together under the horse's belly, and all the while his squeals of rage and maddened snorts were those of an untamed beast that would battle to the death. The blind then was pulled up from his eyes, and at the end of a 60 foot reata he was allowed to go bucking and plunging in a fury of uncontrolled wrath around the inclosure. At last, sweating and with every nerve twitching in his mad hatred of the meddling of man, he was brought to a standstill, and the blind was slipped down once more. He stood with all four feet braced stiffly, awkwardly apart and his head down, while Mesquite hitched the cartridge belt, from which hung his pistol's holster, in place, tightened his wide rimmed, battered hat on his head, slipped the strap of his quirt on his wrist, looked again at the fastenings of his big, jingling spurs and then, with a quick, upward glance at Miss Glendower—the first—touched caressingly a little bunch of white primroses he had plucked that morning from their bed in the sand hills and pinned to the lapel of his unbuttoned vest before he gathered into his left hand the reins and made ready for his catlike spring into place. So quickly as his left foot touched the stirrup there was the sweep of a long leg thrown across the saddle, a sinuous swing into place, the blind whipped up from the bloodshot eyes, the spurred heels grip on the cincha, a shout from the man, a devilish sound from the mustang, and Mesquite was ready for the maddened horse's first upward leap as he went blindly fighting his way around and around the inclosure.

Mesquite sat the infuriated animal as though he himself were put a part of the "man killer." His seat was superb. Miss Glendower felt a tremor of pride stir her as she watched him, that her lover should witness this matchless horsemanship. She was panting between fear and delight while she watched the boy's face, wearing the sweet, boyish smile, like, yet so unlike, the smile she had come to know in the past weeks, and the yellow curls blowing back from the bared forehead.

Sobrepaso rose in his leaps to great heights, almost falling backward, to plunge forward again, with squeals of rage that he could not unseat his rider. The boy sat there, a king—king of his own little world—while he slapped at his horse's head and withers with the sombrero that swung in his hand. Plunging and leaping, around and around, now here and now there, about the inclosure they went, the horse a mad hurricane and his rider a centaur. Mesquite was swayed back and forth, to and fro, but no surge could unseat him. Miss Glendower grew warm in her joy of him as she looked.

Then as the "man killer" gave another great upward leap the pistol, swinging from Mesquite's belt, was thrown from its holster, and, striking the cantle as it fell, there was a cloud-like puff, not from the dust raised by beating hoofs, and a sound, not the terrible sound of a maddened horse, and the boy swayed backward with the boyish smile still on his lips and the wet yellow curls blowing back from a white forehead that would grow whiter.

* * * * * * *

Miss Glendower did not faint; neither did she scream. She was one with her emotions held always well in hand, and she expressed the proper amount of regret the occasion required, shuddering a little over its horror. But to this day—and she is Mrs. Lawrence Irving now—she cannot look quite steadily at a big red star that sometimes burns in the west at early eve, and the scent of tuberoses or jasmine or syringa makes her deathly sick.—Argonaut.

He Talked In His Sleep.

If precociousness is a sign of early decay, then a Williamsburg mother has reason to worry. Recently she went out to spend the afternoon, and before leaving she instructed her 5-year-old hopeful that he was to take his afternoon nap, as usual. Upon her return she asked him if he had been to sleep during her absence. "Yes, mamma," he replied. But she was not satisfied. "Are you sure you were asleep?" she asked again.

"Of course I was," he said again.

Turning to the nurse, she said, "Was he asleep while I was away?" "I don't think so, madam. I heard him talking and laughing to himself."

"What do you say to that?" turning to the youngster.

"I must have been talking in my sleep," was the calm reply.

Still more recently the child was throwing a baseball around the yard, and it broke a large plate glass window in the next house. His mother told him his father would punish him upon his return home that night and as a lesson said he must tell his father of the accident and how it happened. The fact that he must tell his father seemed to worry him more than the breaking of the glass. But the mother was immovable, and that night at supper he told of the occurrence tearfully, but still defiant. When his father asked him if he threw it at the window purposely, he said, "No, but how could I tell it was going to curve?" The punishment was remitted.—New York Sun.

THE MODERN COINER.

HE TAKES HIGH RANK AMONG INTELLIGENT CRIMINALS.

Methods of the London Counterfeiter In Producing the "Queer"—Some of the Tricks by Which Spurious Money Is Manufactured.

There is no rogue half so incorrigible as the professional coiner, said a well known London detective. A reformed burglar or pickpocket is quite common, but a regenerated coiner, in my experience, is even more rare than a black swan or a dead donkey. There appears to be some fascination in the misapplied art, for no amount of punishment seems to deter a convicted coiner from returning to his molds and batteries the very moment he is free.

The modern coiner takes a very high rank among intelligent criminals and is as far removed from his forerunner of a few generations ago as an average man from an ape. The coiner of our grandfathers' days was indeed a clumsy workman, who was content with a battery made of jam jars, and manufactured his coins out of iron and tin, bismuth and brass, and the products of his "skill" would impose on none but the ignorant and careless.

Even today a few of the baser sort of coiners are almost equally primitive in their methods. Their batteries are crudely contrived out of domestic vessels, and the rest of their apparatus consists of plaster of paris and plumbago to make the molds, a crucible, an iron spoon, a file or two and a little grease. In fact, the whole of their equipment would be dear at half a crown. It is needless to say their victims are generally of the most ignorant classes, and even then they and their "snide pitchers," the men employed to pass the spurious coins, are often "lagged."

The "superior" coiner, however, is a man of considerable intelligence, who has often made an exhaustive study of metals and electroplating and can produce coins as perfect in appearance as any that are issued from the mint and which satisfy all the ordinary tests of weight and so on. In fact, many of the coins he produces are actually made of gold and silver, only the gold is of a low grade and is liberally alloyed with copper and silver, while it is a well known fact that it is possible to mold spurious coins of silver of the requisite fineness and yet make a profit of 100 per cent on the manufacture. At this rate of profit the business is quite lucrative enough to compensate for a little risk, and naturally such coins, which are of full weight and of standard silver, are most difficult to detect.

But most coiners are not satisfied with reasonable profit, and they prefer to make their silver coins of antimony and lead (antimony furnishing the bulk of the coin), covered, of course, with a coating of silver. Spurious gold coins are largely made of platinum, a metal which gives the requisite weight.

The process of coining is really very simple, although it requires both delicacy and manipulative skill. An exact impression is taken of the coin to be copied, and a mold is made from plaster of paris. The molten metal is then poured into the mold through a small aperture in it. Any superfluous metal is filed away, and the part from which it is removed is most carefully milled.

The coins are now placed in a rack in a silver solution, in which they are soon covered with a coating of silver electrically deposited on them. To remove any suspicious newness they are covered with a mixture of grease and cigar ash or lampblack. To increase the deception the coin which is copied is almost invariably old and worn, and the resultant copy, after undergoing the various doctoring processes, has all the appearance of a dirty, half obliterated coin of the days of the Georges.

A favorite trick with coiners of gold is to take a genuine sovereign and by drilling or slicing remove as much as possible of the interior gold, filling up the cavity with platinum, so as to preserve the proper weight and ring. By these artifices the sovereign loses half or even as much as three-quarters of its intrinsic value, while retaining the unmistakable appearance of a good coin.

Probably none but an expert teller could detect these impostures, but the ordinary spurious coin made from pewter, antimony, lead and similar base metals can almost invariably be detected by one of the following tests: If on rubbing the coin with a moistened finger the bright metal appears under the worn and dirty surface, you may be sure the coin is counterfeit. The practice of biting the coin, common to many people, is excellent, for the spurious coin is always "gritty" as distinguished from the smoothness of a genuine coin, and if you find that your suspicious coin will make a mark on a slate you may be sure that there is good ground for your distrust.—London Tit-Bits.

Something to Play With.

A bachelor uncle asked a girl he knew what he should send his brother's baby for a birthday present. "I've never seen the chap," said the bachelor uncle, "because they live out west, but he's 3 years old. Not a rattle or a silver bowl, I suppose?"

"Oh, my, no," said the girl. "He's much too old for such things. Buy him something to play with." And, being in a hurry, she dismissed the bewildered uncle and continued on her way. A few days later she met him. His distracted, wearied look was gone. He beamed with the beaming air of a man who feels that he has done his duty well.

"I bought it," he announced. The girl looked puzzled, and then she remembered.

"What did you buy?"

"I paid $4 for it, and it's a beauty. All leather and celluloid and fits in a box"—

"Soldiers?"

"No."

"Animals?"

"No."

"Blocks?"

"No, indeed. A checkerboard!" And the bachelor uncle drew himself up proudly.

Being a really nice girl, she smiled—but did not laugh.