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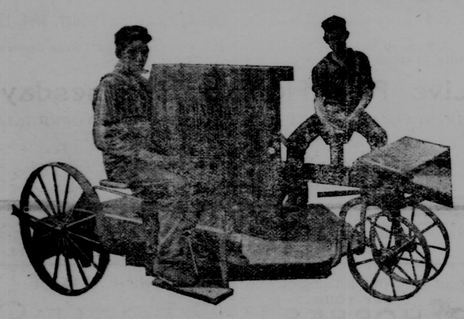
CORN HARVESTERS.



You of course have heard of the great money- and labor-saving Corn Binder (so called). Just note the following comparisons, and the facts in the case are apparent at a glance.

	ECONOMIC.	All Corn Binders.
Draft,	One Horse.	Four Horses.
Capacity,	Cuts 2 Rows as fast as	Cuts One Row.
Amount of Work,	10 to 15 Acres.	6 to 10 Acres.
Expense of Operating.	No Twine.	2 to 4 lb per Acre.
Wearing Parts,	None.	Number is Appalling.
Durability.	Twenty five years.	? ? ? ? ? Unknown.
Ears Knocked off.	None—Practically.	Whew! ! ! !
Cost of Repairs.	None—Practically.	Excessive.
First Cost,	$50 00.	$125.00.

IT IS UP TO YOU, HOW ABOUT IT?

AUGUST 13, 1901.

J. W. EMORY, AGENT,
FREDERICA, DEL.

DEAR SIR: The Economic Corn Harvester I bought of you last season is the best I have ever seen. I ordered a Corn Binder last season and used it, but it was so unsatisfactory I did not keep it. I wouldn't use one if they made me a present of it. The draft is very heavy. The Binder people told me it took less men to set up the corn, saying two men will do it because it is tied. The two men will set up after the Binder because it cuts eight acres per day. But three men set up 13 to 15 acres after the Economic, and if there is any difference, the men will set up more loose than bundled corn. The Binder people also told me that I could use the strings to tie my fodder after the corn was husked. But the mice took most of the twine to make beds of. The Economic saved me its entire cost last season, and I would not be without it for twice its cost. Respectfully yours,

HIRAM STEEN.

J. H. & R. E. SMITH,
MANUFACTURERS OF
THE ECONOMIC CORN HARVESTER,
RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

WANTED, YOUR WHEAT

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

W. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
J. E. MERRIKEN,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	"
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
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W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
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T. W. SMITH, OPTICIAN, Ridgely, Md.

I have sold my Drug Store and will hereafter devote my time exclusively to the optical and jewelry business

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Clumsily adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses safely and correctly is beyond question

Eyes Examined Free of Charge.

The most careful attention given to watch, clock and jewelry repairs. Satisfaction in every instance is guaranteed to all my customers.

ENGRAVING. There is no further need to send your jewelry or silverware to the city to be engraved but take it to Ridgely, where you can have inscriptions on watches spoons, hollowware, coffin plates, etc In a word, everything you wish can be appropriately and attractively marked.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

It is Never too Late!

Owing to the cold spell early in the spring season we had but a short while in which to dispose of our Summer Novelties, and as our rule is never to carry over goods from one season to another, we will make a

SACRIFICE SALE

for the next 30 days of all our Summer Goods, consisting of all kinds of hot weather Dress Goods, in all shades and patterns and qualities.

Ladies' Gauze Vests, and Shirt Waists, Dress and Underskirts; Gents' Unuerwear and Top Shirts. Clothing, Hats, Ladies' and Gents' Low Cut, Oxfords and Tan Shoes, and a general clean up in all of our departments. We must have room for the coming fall season stock and we will sell everything regardless of cost.

Come and be convinced that this is a bona fide Reduced Sale for 30 days only, and the sooner you come the better selection you get; and when you go home tickled with your bargains don't forget to tell your friends.

Remember, this reduced sale lasts for 30 days only.

An opportunity missed is money lost.

Yours truly,

Baltimore BARGAIN Store,

D. KLINE, PROPRIETOR,

RIDGELY, - - - - MARYLAND.

HABIT-BACK SKIRTS

Many of the best-dressed women of Paris, London and New York will wear habit-back skirts this season. The September DELINEATOR illustrates several of them. Paper patterns for the month have just arrived. Our patrons are urged to visit our paper pattern department and may secure Fashion Sheet free.

Buy The
September Delineator
15 Cents.

All the latest styles; women photographers; a beautiful country house described; Ruskin's love story; several short stories. THE DELINEATOR is fitted to meet the requirements of every home. For sale at our pattern counter. Call and examine our September paper patterns

J. ED. NICHOLS,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

REMEMBER,

When you are making preparations for festivals and entertainments you can find the

BEST FOREIGN FRUITS

Lemons, Oranges, Bananas, Pine Apples, etc. Fine Cakes for the table such as Vanilla Wafers, Honey Cakes, Sliced Cakes, Uneeda Biscuits, etc., etc., and such delicacies, fresh, at J. H. Spence's grocery store.

Full supply of Canned Goods, Pickles, Meats, etc,

BEST COFFEES

JAVA and MOCA. LEVERING'S BEST. TEAS, COCOA. CHOCOLATES. ETC.

All staple groceries at lowest prices

☞ Highest prices paid for country produce, especially for fresh eggs brought to the grocery store of

J. H. Spence.
DENTON, MARYLAND.

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DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning

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I HAVE A FULL LINE OF STATIONERY.

COLSTON'S PERFUMES, TOILET ARTICLES, RUBBER GOODS, etc.

Fresh and full stock of drugs kept constantly in stock. The needs of the public are noted and carefully looked after.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED WITH THE GREATEST CARE.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Those who wish to beautify their homes will find here a stock of handsome pictures at reasonable prices. Frames made for any picture desired and glass furnished. Call and see samples of moulding.

R. J. COLSTON, DRUGGIST,
DENTON, MD.

Walter H. Lord,

Undertaker and Funeral Embalmer Director.

RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

Mr Lord offers his services to the people of the town and surrounding county.

☞ *Embalming a SPECIALTY.*

COMPENSATION.

Who fails to sow for fear that he
Shall not be here to reap
Must lie in bleak obscurity
Through all his final sleep.
The bard who sang long, long ago,
When no one lent an ear,
Sang on for love of singing, though
They scoffed who chanced to hear.
Today men seek his grave and bow
Beside his monument.
We laud the noble poet now
Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head
And sighs and murmurs: "No!
Ere reaping time I shall be dead;
Why bother, then, to sow?"
For him no shaft shall ever rise
To claim the pilgrim's gaze;
No love shall center where he lies,
No honor crown his days!
Who plants has hope, and, though he may
Not see the fruitful fall,
He has foreseen a glorious day
And triumphs after all.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

A NEZ PERCE LOCHINVAR

How an Unwilling Bride Was Doubly Won.

BY BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

The Yakimas, the Nez Perces and the Umatillas were holding a midsummer love feast. The sportively inclined braves of the three tribes—and what Indian is not sportive?—had come to the meet, bringing ponies and blankets, their fine baskets, their trinkets and pelf and incidentally their squaws and papooses.

And now, after three days of play, the loot was stacked up in heaps on the Nez Perce side. The Umatillas and the Yakimas had not a pony, a blanket, a valuable of any kind, left them, scarcely a battered tin to boil water in. The fun was over. There was nothing left to do but to break up the conclave and return whence they came. But among the Yakimas was one young man, Konewock by name, who was not as good a loser as the others. When he looked over at his two fleet ponies, with headstalls and bridle reins of braided horsehair, his finely woven baskets, worth much money in the marts of the curio hunters, his thick blankets, his beaded belts and moccasins, his trusty knife, his heart rebelled within him. He strode up to Blue Heron, the Nez Perce who had been his principal opponent, and said to him: "One game between us two only. I will stake my squaw against all you have won from me."

Blue Heron laughed. He was a tall, straight limbed devil may care fellow, fresh from a morning plunge in the creek and groomed to the very perfection of an Indian toilet. "The Nez Perces have plenty of girls," he replied. "I had rather have the ponies."

"Coward!" sneered Konewock. "You refuse a challenge."

"Never!" said Blue Heron. "But what kind of a squaw is it that you think to put up against two ponies and two blankets and baskets and beadwork? I never saw one worth so much."

"There she is, standing among those women—the one with her hair unbound. She is angry because I made her give me the strings of beads and silver pieces she had braided in with it."

"Huh!" said Blue Heron, surveying the young woman critically. "She has a temper."

"Sometimes," admitted Konewock; "but she is strong and a good cook and very pretty."

"Well, I agree," said Blue Heron.

The Nez Perce brought one of his lately won blankets and spread it in a convenient spot, Konewock produced a deck of cards, and the two sat down. The news of the wager rapidly spread throughout the camp, and the players were quickly surrounded by a triple ring of deeply interested spectators.

Either from a malicious desire to torment his opponent or from a wish to prolong the excitement of the game Blue Heron chose an original method of wagering. "The pinto pony against her head," said he as he sat down opposite Konewock. He won the head.

"The buckskin pony against her heart," said Blue Heron, winking at a bystander opposite him. He lost the heart and the buckskin pony. Konewock laughed jubilantly, and a wave of excitement ran through the crowd, which then settled into a breathless silence to watch the result of the next wager.

"This blanket against her hands," said Blue Heron. He won the hands. "The other blanket against her feet," said Blue Heron. He won the feet.

By this time a dense throng surrounded the contestants. A spokesman in the foremost rank communicated the result of each play in a guttural undertone to the man behind him, who passed it back until it reached the outermost ring of women and girls, where much suppressed conversation and giggling were going on.

"The buckskin pony against her head," said Konewock. At this point there was some commotion among the spectators. A sturdily built old Indian was forcing his way toward the center, and, recognizing Teenat, the father of the wagered girl, the crowd parted and allowed him to pass. Konewock dealt, and the hands were played out in absolute silence. Konewock lost, and the buckskin pony passed back to Blue Heron. There remained but the heart of Konewock's squaw in his possession. They had been playing an hour.

"I wager all against the heart," said Blue Heron, dealing the cards.

Blue Heron won. He laughed loudly as he rose from the blanket and stretched himself. His laugh was echoed by his friends in the crowd, which broke up into little knots, with much noisy jest and babbling. Old Teenat strode through the dissolving groups without answering any of the would be witticisms flung at him.

Blue Heron linked his arm through that of Konewock and said: "Come on. Let us get the woman. I want to be off."

They found her standing by her father's wickiup. Her mother, sitting on the ground before a smoldering fire of sagebrush, appeared to be absorbed in watching the contents of a tin can which was simmering on the coals. Teenat was occupied in cinching up a blind old pack horse and paid no attention to the young men.

"Looesa, this is Blue Heron," said Konewock, at once sulky and shamefaced. "You belong to him now."

The girl regarded them with blazing eyes. "I belong neither to you nor to him," she said, with concentrated fury in her tones. "I will stay here."

"You will not!" asserted Konewock, taking hold of her none too gently.

The girl screamed, and old Teenat turned, but did not stir from his place. He was a man of substance and character, much respected among his people, the Yakimas. "Let be!" he said briefly. "My daughter is not a slave, to be gambled for over a blanket. She goes with me."

Konewock dropped the girl's arm and turned to Blue Heron questioningly. The latter only laughed, as usual, observing (freely translated into English vernacular): "Well, it seems you can't deliver the goods! I'm not looking for a fight. I am satisfied with the plunder I have. I only accepted the wager to please you. Ta ta!" Turning lightly on his heel, he went away.

Konewock shortly followed, sulky and sore, and half an hour later the two might have been observed, if every one had not been too busy with his own affairs to give them any further thought, plotting together under the high banks of the coulee. As a matter of fact, Blue Heron was not so indifferent to the girl's rejection as it had pleased him to appear. He rather piqued himself upon his personal appearance and was not wont to sue in vain. He considered that he had fairly won the young squaw and let himself readily to Konewock's suggestions, with the result that when Teenat's family, already several miles on their homeward trail, camped for the night, two horsemen hobbled their ponies behind a hillock not far away. The first time Looesa ventured abroad among the uncertain shadows searching for fagots to feed the dying fire two pairs of sinewy arms seized and gagged her and bore her away without a sound of struggle or cry to alarm her relatives, and five minutes later a little Indian pony was making record time, despite its double load, in the direction of the Blue mountains, amid whose recesses Blue Heron intended to lose himself until the pursuit was given over, for he did not doubt that the young men of the Yakimas would make Teenat's cause their own.

When Blue Heron considered that it was safe so to do, he removed the gag from between Looesa's teeth and set her down on the ground beside his pony's head. He still retained his hold of the riata with which his captive's wrists were bound and thus forced her to walk beside him until his winded steed had recovered itself, when he lifted her in front of him and again loped away at full speed, the unshod hoofs of his pony beating softly on the sandy plain. It was Blue Heron's intention to reach the Walla Walla, ford it by break of day and, following it up into the foothills, cross over the divide at his leisure and come down into the canyon of the Grande Ronde. This he could descend to its junction with the Snake and thence get him home to Fort Lapwai with his prize without much danger of interruption.

For a week the days had been like the opaline chamber of a hollow shell, the nights like a crystal goblet inlaid with gems, saturating the earth with balm from its inverted bowl. But this night was black and breathless. The moon, in its third quarter, was not yet risen, and, though the sky seemed cloudless, few stars were visible. The heat which rose from the desert, instead of losing itself as usual among wide, cool spaces of fluent air, settled back on the earth, as if shut in by a great lid. Not even a cricket chirped. The deathlike, brooding silence was pregnant with menace. The fleeing trio—horse and woman and man—were oppressed for breath and damp with sweat as they hurried forward through the night, pausing now and again for a moment's respite and anon racing through the blackness, invisible to pursuit had there been any.

Suddenly in the northeast a great sheet of lightning blazed up to the zenith and for half the round of the horizon showed them the summits of the Blue mountains sharply defined against its glare. Almost simultaneously an awful peal of thunder seemed to shatter the vault of heaven and send it rattling down in fragments upon the appalled earth. The pony stopped short and trembled. Neither man nor beast in these longitudes is accustomed to such display of elemental forces. Such a storm as they were about to witness is rare indeed on the western slope of the continent. But after the shock of surprise occasioned by the first onslaught had passed Blue Heron pressed on steadily toward it. Immediately around them the black stillness continued, but before them the ebon curtain of the night was broidered with zigzag traceries of burnished steel, and ever and anon the serrated mountain ridge leaped out in every detail against a blue white background of sheeted flame, while, with scarce an interregnum, the thunder bird flapped its wings with terrible reverberations that almost stunned the fugitives.

They proceeded thus for more than half an hour before they met the advancing storm. Without other warning than the fresh smell of wet earth and a sudden sound in their ears of rushing waters they entered the deluge and were drenched to the skin in a moment, but kept doggedly on their course until, with the first flush of dawn, they stood upon the bank of the Walla Walla. The storm had now passed entirely, but the little river that Blue Heron had expected to ford was running bankful, a yellow flood, bearing driftwood on its bosom.

Blue Heron set his pony and his captive at liberty and walked to and fro to straighten his legs while he considered. A fire and breakfast seemed equally desirable, but it was more desirable still to be on the other side of that stream, where the trail lay which he wished to follow. There had evidently been a cloudburst in the mountains, and it would be many hours before the water would run past. But once on the other side he fancied he would be safe from pursuit for some time, and it would be a strange thing indeed if he, Blue Heron, with a little leisure for proper courtship, could not conquer the humors of ever so coy a maiden or madam. Though, sooth to say, this one had shown no symptoms of docility as yet. Blue Heron was quite aware that there was something beyond mere risk in attempting to cross the flood, but that was rather an incentive than otherwise.

He decided to chance the issue; so, after giving his pony a half hour to rest and refresh itself, he cinched it up again, and, removing the clothing from his fine, glistening body, he bound it on Looesa's shoulders. The latter, understanding now what it was he contemplated, protested vigorously. At length her dignity succumbed entirely, and she begged with tears. But Blue Heron was laughingly inexorable. He forced her to mount the pony and, bidding her hold on well, drove the unwilling animal into the water. Grasping the pony's mane, he swam beside it on the lower side and kept its head against the current as much as possible. The pony struggled for its life, and Blue Heron swam like the athlete he was.

All was going well, when suddenly, around a bend above them, a cottonwood tree came down on the flood, held upright in the water by the weight of the earth clinging to its roots, its branches swaying menacingly as it swept along. Looesa uttered a cry of despair, and Blue Heron, raising himself out of the water enough to look over the pony's neck, saw what was coming upon them and, with a shout to the animal, sank back and put forth all his reserve strength.

It was now verily a race with death. Where the swimmer gained a foot against the current the tree gained yards with it. Looesa busied herself in an endeavor to unfasten the pack from her shoulders, while her eyes remained fixed in horror on the approaching doom. The pony, urged by her frantic shouts, labored until his sides seemed ready to burst. Blue Heron's eyes were starting from his head with his exertions, and his breath came in painful gasps. The space narrowed swiftly. It was not a question of moments, but of seconds. Nearer, nearer, swept the tree; its branches towered above them.

"Quick!" shrieked Looesa in the voice of the lost. "It is here!"

One last, supreme effort, and the mass of foliage swept past the pony's flanks, just grazing them. Saved by a hand's breadth! But where was Looesa? Had she not escaped? As if with deliberate malice the tree had courtesied to the flood and, bringing down a branch that the instant before was high above her head, had swept her from the pony's back.

Looesa was a good swimmer; but, half stunned and weighed down with the pack from which she had not succeeded in releasing herself, she was unable to do more than keep her head above the water. It took an instant for Blue Heron to realize what had happened, another (as it would you or me) for him to rise to the level of the hero. Then he let go of his pony and safety and gave himself to the flood. He reached Looesa just as she was giving herself up to her fate and seized her long, floating hair.

It was far down the stream where they landed, and at the last it was the woman who dragged the young Nez Perce out upon the sand, where he lay prone and naked, panting his soul out in sheer exhaustion.

Then it was that the girl he had gambled for wooed Blue Heron back to life by her ministrations, for the brave shall ever win the fair, and sly little Cupid looks just as winsome warming himself by a fire of sagebrush in the early chill of a midsummer morn in the desert, when all the earth is rosy with the level rays of the newly risen sun, as peeping forth from the honeysuckle of Amaryllis' bower in an older and paler land.—Argonaut.

Historic Inclosure Where the Dust of Men of Deeds Commingles.

In Trinity churchyard every atom of earth is sacred, says a writer in the New York Vigilant. Within the familiar inclosure lie entombed the remains of 150,000 of the people of old New York. Three deep are the graves. The early records are gone, but tradition, history and ancient stones still tell their stories of men of deeds—of sacrifices, sorrows, labors and achievements. There under the shadow of God's temple Mother Earth has opened her bosom with strict impartiality to English governors and signers of the Declaration, to royalist soldiers and Liberty Boys, to the English garrison and to the starved martyrs of the Revolution. Judges and generals, ministers and merchants, mariners and artisans, the rich and renowned, the poor and humble, all lie here, their bones dissolved, their dust mingled, forming together one great memorial and one concentrated history of the origin and growth of the American metropolis.

The colonial governors, Sir Henry Moore and Sir Danvers Osborne, were buried here; also the wives of Governors Clarke and Cornbury. Each of these representatives of foreign government resided in the fort south of Bowling Green.

Here are also the royalist judges, James Delancy, who presided at the trial of Peter Zenger, and Daniel Horsmanden, who, though devoted to the maintaining of the prerogatives of the crown, withstood Governor Colden's arbitrary acts, and David Jamieson, attorney general of the province and recorder of the city of New York; Robert R. Livingston and Leonard Lispenard, members of the stamp act congress, and John Cruger, delegate to that congress and the first native born mayor of New York. Judges, delegates and mayors all performed their work in the city hall on the site of the Treasury building.

And here lie General John Lamb and General John M. Scott and General Marinus Willett, boldest of Liberty Boys, whose voices were heard with Hamilton's in the great meetings of the people on the commons, then called the Field of Freedom, now the City Hall park; also John Holt, the patriot printer of The Gazette and Post Boy.

School Meals In France.

In the rural districts of France every pupil, boy or girl, takes to school in the morning a handful of vegetables and puts them in a large pan of water. They are washed by one of the older pupils, who take turns at performing this duty. Then the vegetables are placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork and are cooked while the lessons are going on. At 11:30 o'clock each member of the co-operative association has a bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of fuel and meat those pupils who can afford it pay from 2 to 4 sous a month. In most of the cities of France the pupils in the public schools are now furnished their noonday meals at "school canteens," maintained either by the municipality or by private generosity.

Antiquity of Earrings.

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. While excavating the ruins of ancient Thebes archaeologists brought to light sculptured remains bearing representations of the articles. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes. From the very earliest times the male Asiatics wore them. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great when he invaded India found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

A Unanimous Verdict.

Some years ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson made one among the little colony of art students and others at Barbizon, a discussion arose as to who out of all their number could best be spared by the world at large—he, in short, who never would be missed by the general public. There was some difficulty about coming to a decision, so finally every one present inscribed the name of his candidate on a slip of paper. The slips were folded, placed in a hat and on being opened and read proclaimed that all, himself included, had voted for Stevenson.