DENTON JOURNAL.

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Swinney's Department Store,

At the Bridge, West Denton.

The buying public anywhere within miles of Denton will be interested in our Announcement this week as our ½ dozen departments embrace New Goods of the latest styles and at hard time prices.

Shirt Waist.

29c. For ready-made Shirt Waist, worth 50c, 75c and $1.00. Come quick and get first selections.

Straw Hats.

Way down prices but on top for style.
Children's Sailors 15c, worth 25c. Children's Sailors 25c, worth 50c.
Children's Sailors 50c, worth $1.00.
Men's Porto Rico Straws 50c, worth $1.25.
Men's Porto Rico Straws $1.00, worth $2.00.
Men's Light Weight Mackinaws were $2.00 now 1.50.
Double Rim Split Yachts 75c, worth $1.25.
Double Rim Split Yachts $1.00, worth $1.50.
Also Sennets, Cantons, Milans, rough and many other grades of straws to be closed out.

Men's Working Shirts,

The best you ever saw at 23c. The best you ever saw at 48c.
The Best Black Sateen Shirt, full cut, at 48c.

Shoe Department.

Oxford Ties and other Shoes will be closed out at a sweeping reduction. Come in and see them. You will be convinced that we are leaders in this line, and that we can save you money. It will pay you to come a distance to get these bargains.

Clothing.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits that we are positive you can not duplicate for the same money. Come to us and get the best bargain you ever had in Clothing.

Matting. Clean up sale on mattings from 9½c. up.

Highest Prices for Country Produce. Bring Your Trade.

Return Check No. 456 and received a Lawn Dress Pattern.

Swinney's Department Store

To Farmers and Others.

WE INVITE your attention to our summer goods, which we are going to sell at and below cost.

$1.75 Fly Net at		$1.35
$1.50	"	1.19
$1.25	"	.95
.90	"	.65

We have something right new in harness which we know is the best on the market for $10.00; also for $15.00, lined saddle with half-round reins, either black or yellow.

We handle a full line of SYRACUSE PLOWS and repairs, and we guarantee everyone of these plows. They will run in the hardest kind of ground, and several of our customers say the shares will outwear any plows they have ever tried.

The canning season is now upon you. This is the place to get your GLASS JARS, Tops and Rubbers.

Peach Ladders and Peach Pickers.

Oil Stoves at lowest prices.

We handle a full line of picture moulding and cardboard, and we frame pictures promptly.

SMITH & WALLS,
LAW BUILDING, DENTON, MD.

WILLOUGHBY NOWELL,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
UNDERTAKER **FUNERAL DIRECTOR** EMBALMER

Mr. Nowell answers calls day or night, any distance. Meets the remains of deceased at any railroad station. Furnishes any supplies that go to make a first-class funeral.

KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO
DOVER, DELAWARE.
INCORPORATED 1847.
Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning
BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.
Insurance in Force, $9,553,216.00

JOHN T. CARTER, Jr., AGENT, Denton, Md.
L. IRVING JONES, AGENT, Greensboro, Md.
ALEX. NOBLE, AGENT, Preston, Md.

Bilious?

Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **Buckingham's Dye**
50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H

Ice and Wood.

Springwater ice and a good supply of wood always on hand.
BRADFORD DOWNES.
[4-30-6m.] Denton, Md.

F. P. COVEY
AUCTIONEER,
AGNER, MD
Satisfaction guaranteed. In Denton Tuesdays

First Grade Flour
"White Dove" Brand,

Buckwheat and Hominy in season; Meal, Middlings, Horse Feed, Horse and Cattle Powders, Chicken Powders, Rock Salt, etc.

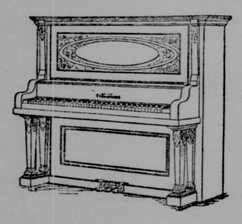
For sale at the
DENTON FEED STORE,
SAMUEL LEWIS,
(Successor to T. Fred Garey), Proprietor.

Real Estate and Investments.
ELMER W. DEEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Money to loan on first mortgage

C. C. DEEN,
Surveyor and Conveyancer,
FOWLING CREEK, MD
Official Surveyor for Caroline county.

A FEW BARGAINS IN

PIANOS AND ORGANS



We have a few slightly used upright pianos of good makes which will be sold at a low price to immediate buyers. While remodeling our wareroom we find it necessary to clear the floors as much as possible; hence these instruments will have to be sacrificed. Every instrument is in good order. Write at once for priees.

J. P. GAULFIELD & CO.
222 N. Howard Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Mid-Summer Reduction Sale!

To clean up our warm weather stuffs, we are offering some great values. Just the time you want them, and we want the room.

Every Straw Hat in stock to go at cost

Lawns, 6c. Per Yard. We are making a clean up sale of our 12c. to 15c. goods.

A Few Patterns of Cotton Voiles, reduced to 10c. per yard.

Lot of Ladies' Oxfords in black and russet at half price.

Lot of Men's Oxfords in russet and black at half price.

Lot of Women's Shoes. Prices were $2.00, some 2.50 and 3.00, going at 1.00 a pair.

If You Want a Matting see us, the price will be no objection to a purchaser.

We have lots of other items not named that you can save money on in this Mid-Summer Reduction Sale.

Our 5-cent and 10-cent Bargain Counters, we forgot to mention. We have just loaded them with a new assortment this week.

W. R. WRIGHT'S
UNDERSELLING STORE,
Denton, Maryland.

FRANK EHLEN, Receiver

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.					
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			NOON	P.M	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
9.00	3.15	2.30	7.15		Lv.. Baltimore... Ar.	12.00	10.30	9.30	10.30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15		Ar.. Love Point.. Lv.	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....		Ar. Queenstown.. Lv.	.....	7.30	6.30	.....	
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday Sat. and Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	9.25		Lv... Love Point... Ar.	9.50	8.20	7.20	8.00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55		.... Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20		.... Centreville	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.45	f5.21	10.03		.... Wye Mills.....	f9.05	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.35	10.12		.... Queen Anne	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39		..... Denton	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55		.... Hickman ...	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10		.... Greenwood. ...	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32		..... Ellendale.....	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45		..... Milton.....	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05		..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30		Ar... Rehoboth ... Lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth.

JOHN C. BOSLEY, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.
W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRICKS

From Maker to Consumer.
No Middlemen.

We respectfully invite inquiry from contractors and the building trade generally.

The best quality of brick manufactured on the lower Delaware-Maryland Peninsula.

Write For Prices.

Prompt delivery made on any quantity.

Conwell & Company,
MILTON, DELAWARE.

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 214 Light Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Her Great Catch

"You can stay for the preacher if you like; I'm going fishing," Alicia said, stabbing the spring air viciously with her rod.

It was a long reed, cut from the canebrakes down on the river, innocent of reel and equipped with a home-made line, a cork float and bullet sinkers above the cheap hook. Her frock, a clean, but faded, calico, was short enough to show stout leather shoes, with a glimpse of home-knit stockings above. But none of these things dimmed sparkling eyes or paled the wild rose flush in delicately molded cheeks. Alicia was a beauty quite independent of clothes—her dearest friends admitted it. Susan Kates, to whom she had spoken, was pretty in a way, but largely by the help of artifice.

Susan was also pious—just the girl for a preacher's wife, all Brush Creek neighborhood declared. Hence, when it was known that the new Methodist minister was a bachelor and something of a beau, the amen corner sisters all agreed that it was a clear case of providential interference. Susan herself shared their opinion, albeit she was too wise to say so. She had come the day before to spend a week with Alicia, although the Blair homestead was but three miles from her father's farm.

Mme. Blair, Alicia's grandmother and guardian, was the leading spirit in Methodism thereabouts—as such she had sent word to Rev. Paul Redmond to make her house his home "until he could suit himself better."

The invitation made gossip, of course.

Madame was a keen one; she meant to marry off that flighty Alicia! The new preacher would be sacrificed to her before he fairly knew it. Didn't somebody say he had been to college and was moreover pretty well off? Mme. Blair had an eye to the main chance, the same as the ungodly—she had broken up the affair between Alicia and that scatter-brained young Clarkson with a mighty high hand. Clarkson was poor and likely to stay so, but then Alicia would have plenty for two.

Usually new ministers came in the fall. Paul Redmond was a "supply," taking the place of the regular itinerant, who had fallen ill. The makeshift parsonage had been rented out, and the supply minister might have boarded around all over the circuit but for Mme. Blair. Alicia was angered by her grandmother's interference.

She had not been very much in love with Billy Clarkson until Grandmother Blair had come between them. She was not in love with the real Billy even now, but cherished passionately an ideal she called by Billy's name. Naturally she resented Redmond and all his works. Quite as naturally she had inveigled the coy yet willing Susan into this long visit, with a set purpose of flinging the pair at each other's heads and if possible compassing an engagement before a fortnight passed.

"I don't think it looks respectful—to the Gospel nor—nor anything," Susan said primly, sitting down upon the upper step of the porch. Alicia laughed—so grimly it showed she was a Blair all through. "Then you stay here and be respectful—to the Gospel—for both of us," she said, with her chin high, whistling the next minute to Flossy, her pet Shepherd dog, and swinging down the path to the back gate.

The creek was less than half a mile away, with Blair fields on each side of it. Alicia knew every bend and ripple of it and loved them as well as knew them. She meant to fish first the Blue Hole, which lay just inside the upper water gate, going thence down stream and ending at the lower gate, so as to go home by the big road.

Only a blind track ran past the upper gate. Stragglers never found it out, not even the most inveterate fishermen who might be lured by this exceptional morning, with water in just the right stage. Something in the day made Alicia want to sing. She did not do it, being firmly of opinion that fish have ears and are mighty wary of human sounds. And today she was bent on catching the patriarch of the pool, a big trout, known to inhabit it this three years or more, which quite disdained to notice the most artistic flies of the gentlemen sportsmen, or their liveliest minnows. His special haunt was beneath the roots of the big bending sycamore, which leaned far out over the stream. Without a tremor she climbed into the tree's low crotch by a pathway of loosely laid rails, established herself as comfortably as possible and dropped her hook right in front of the big fellow's nose,

She could not see him—the water was just delicately turbid from rains two days back—but she felt him nibble a bit, then saw the water swirl as with an upward rush. Presently she saw him leap half out of the water 10 yards. She drew in her hook to find half the bait bitten off, and as she put on fresh worms she said with a smiling nod: "Old man, Sukey ought to have come along. She could have got points on how to hook and land the preacher."

She was too intent on sport to hear a little stifled laugh. Indeed, she had no consciousness of anything just then but the matter in hand. She had cast a little way from where the trout broke. For perhaps two minutes the float lay aggravatingly expressionless, simply drifting a bit in the eddy of the pool. Then it went under with a rush, to come up two yards away and go down almost instantly. The trout, bold from long impunity, had swallowed the hook.

Alicia did not try to haul him in at once. Instead she let him play upstream and down, taking in the slack with bare hands and letting it go back with a rush that must have bewildered her captive. After a 10 minutes' fight she hauled in her quarry, two pounds of gleaming silver, and holding him fast, made to scramble down to the banks.

Dismay smote her as she turned about. The rails had slipped down. She was fairly entrapped. The tree crotch overhung the water, which was, she knew, well over her head. Although she could swim a little, she did not like to risk a plunge, yet there seemed no alternative. The landward side of the big trunk was not to be reached from where she sat. She made an impatient little swing to her catch, saying: "There! You'll get back into the water after all, and take me with you. I think I'll tie you to me and make you swim out"——

"Better not!" a man's voice said a little way off. "I don't believe he would swim out; he'd rather keep you down at the bottom."

"Then come and take me down," Alicia said disdainfully, angry beyond words that anything masculine could thus calmly contemplate her plight instead of fleeing to the rescue. She heard long firm steps approaching. By craning her neck severely she saw a man, young, handsome, well set up, evidently an athlete, and fashionably dressed. "So you are Alicia Blair—my hostess in part."——

"And how came you here, when you are looked for at the house?" Alicia demanded severely.

Paul Redmond laughed. "Because I had rather be here," he retorted. "My traps have gone on houseward to announce me; but I heard so much of that 'tom-boy granddaughter' on the way from town, when my guide, Deacon Estis, who fetched me by the short cut to show me—well, several things—said, 'there she is, right now, a-feeshin', I simply had to come and see for myself."

"How long since!" asked Alicia, her face scarlet. Redmond laughed again. "The point is—immaterial," he said. "Just now the burning question is, "How shall I get down?'"

"That's easy; put up the rails and —go away," Alicia said.

Redmond shook his head. "I can't leave you, the rails might slip," he said. "I know a better way; but first fling me your fish."

Obediently Alicia swung him her gasping prize. He at once slipped a lumber pronged twig through its gills and anchored it comfortably in the stream, saying: "Let the example bear fruit, Miss Alicia. Don't give any of your later captives needless agony."

"You don't seem to care about me; I'm very uncomfortable," Alicia said with spirit. "If you won't put up the rails, at least go away, the water is deep—still"——

"You are not going into it," Redmond said quickly, stepping upon the leaning trunk and clinging fast to it with one arm. He held the other out toward her saying with a twinkle: "One, two, three! Here we go! Jump! I'll catch you right as a trivet."

"I won't jump," Alicia, said with her grandest air.

Redmond looked at her severely. "You will jump!" he repeated, "and right straight off. It's going to rain like fun in about 20 minutes, and unless you take me to the house I shall get very wet"——

"I think you are despicable," Alicia pouted. But as he looked at her, smiling more roguishly than ever, she gave a spring, was caught and swung safely to the bank. There Redmond said to her, his eyes fairly dancing: "I don't know Sukey, but really she should have come along; she would certainly have got points on—landing a minister."

Which proved to be prophetic. Six months later Alicia Blair was Alicia Redmond and not only resigned to the change, but happy over it.

The Campaign for Mr. Smith.

From the Snow Hill Messenger.

The Caroline friends of Mr. Smith are making an arduous campaign for him, and the *Denton Journal* gives some excellent reasons why he should be nominated.

Dr. Thos. Greenley

The first instalment of an interesting autobiographical sketch obtained from Dr. Thomas B. Greenley, LL. D., of Meadow Lawn, Ky., was published last week in this paper. The concluding paragraphs follow:

The valley below the city of Louisville for twenty miles was called the pond settlement, and it had its right name, as a great many ponds existed, some covering as much as thirty or forty acres. Since that time the section has been pretty well drained and is now in cultivation. We now have but little malarial sickness. I saw but two cases last fall, one of remittent and one of intermittent fever. There has not been a case of pernicious chills in the valley for many years. When I came to Louisville in 1838 it was quite a malarial town, caused by the want of proper drainage. A good many ponds existed along the streets. It is now one of the most healthy cities in the country. In 1838 it had 19,000 inhabitants; it now has 228,000. It has made steady and regular growth. Its annual mortality now ranges between 16 and 17 per 1,000. This is my sixtieth year I have practiced medicine. I tell my friends if I had commenced the study of medicine when I was a young man I would now be an old doctor.

I was raised a plain, old-fashioned, straight-breasted Methodist. The preachers in that church, in those days, wore straight breasted coats and standing collars. The women wore but few furbelows about their dress. There were no bird feathers in their hats in those days, only, you might say, a bow of ribbon. Birds were of longer longevity than in the present day. Methodists were not quite as plainly dressed as the Quakers; the only difference they wore hoods with simply a band of ribbon tied under their chin. But I am glad to say there were no better people than the old-time Methodists. They lived up closely to their professions.

I married a Baptist girl, and came to the conclusion that it would be best for us to live in the same house, so I was baptized in the Ohio river by the noted Baptist pulpit orator, Thos. Fisher. I never regretted becoming a Baptist on her account, as we lived together happily for nearly sixty-one years. She died February 11th, 1903, in her 82nd year. I am happy to think there was no better woman ever lived than my dear old wife. She was friendly to everybody and everybody seemed to be her friend. I feel confident she is at rest in the Heavenly abode; and I am endeavoring to live in such a way as to enable me to meet her there. I have four children living—three daughters and one son, all church members. My wife was the oldest Baptist in this section of the country—being 71 years a member of the church, joining in her 11th year.

When I graduated in medicine, one of my good old faculty, who was one of the editors of a Medical Journal, said to me, "now, my friend, when you have a case of sickness, of interest, keep notes of it, and when through, write a history of it and send it to us and we will publish it in the Journal." I commenced right away and have been scribbling ever since. Some time last year a friend of mine in Louisville who was editing the Journal I had been writing for so long, asked me on how many subjects I had written since I began the practice of medicine. I could not give a definite answer, but I had kept the original draft of the most of them, and could count them up. He wished to have a list of them. When I came to count them I found 177 and gave a list of them. They are not all on medical subjects. I have written and delivered four lectures pertaining to man; several on Washington's birthday and temperance addresses. I delivered the centennial Sunday School address in 1876.

Several of my good friends in the city of Louisville came to the conclusion that I was old enough, and had done enough hard work, both mental and physical, to have a degree of honor conferred upon me ante-mortem, and not wait for post-mortem. By the recommendation of a good many of my friends, that good old-time college, of Georgetown, conferred upon me the honorable degree of LL. D. This was done while I was on my visit to the East. Of course I feel somewhat proud of the honor conferred.

I had a very pleasant time on my visit to my dear old native land. Four years had elapsed since my previous last visit. In that time several of my good friends had departed, two of them being relatives. But the kindness and affection of those I met, to a great extent, tended to modify my sorrow for the lost ones. On my way from Atlantic City, where I went to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association, I stopped over in Baltimore to see some old-time friends. There are four brothers by the name of Whiteley, who were raised near my place of nativity on the Eastern Shore of old Maryland. We were boys together. The oldest, Benjamin, will be 89 the coming fall, and it is astonishing to see him take up his pen, without specks, sit at his desk and write letters as rapidly and as well as he did in his younger days. We correspond, and for curiosity I keep his letters to show people what an old man can do. He has a country-seat about a mile outside the limits of the city. He calls it Herndon; it contains about 30 acres, and is beautifully embellished with trees, shrubbery of different kinds and many varieties of flowers. He showed me large trees he planted over fifty years ago. He also has fine gardens of vegetables. He walks about over his grounds every day. Another brother, William, also retired from business, has his country-seat in the suburbs of the city. He has fifteen acres adjoining his residence, which is also beautifully set out in shrubbery, trees and flowers. It is a beautiful place. He is 80 years old, but like his elder brother quite active. Their brother, James, is an old bachelor. He is 82 years old. The younger brother, Calvin, is 75 years old. He and James still reside in the city. They are all old-time merchants and were quite successful in business. Their parents were as good people as I ever knew. I was as much at home at their house as at my father's; and their sons are endeavoring to imitate them in the way of good qualities.

While I was on the Eastern Shore I had the pleasure of visiting the good old towns of Greensborough, Denton and Hillsborough. I was at Hillsborough several days stopping with the Rev. Dr. Beaven, who is rector of the Episcopal Church at that place. He is a very popular and learned gentleman. Although his next birthday will make him 80 years old he is quite active and enjoys good health. He takes great interest in raising poultry. He married my sister-in-law, widow of my brother, Alexander, who used to be a merchant of Hillsboro. While at Denton I had the pleasure of meeting with several old-time friends. I dined with Dr. Hardcastle, who, with his sister, Mrs. Goldsborough, of Greensborough, are the last of that good old family, who were raised in the upper part of Caroline county. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Richard Carter, and her son, Richard, and family. Richard Carter, Sr., deceased, and I were boys and friends when I was clerk for James Sangston in Denton. Since I was at Denton four years ago, Judge Russum and Mrs. Fountain have passed away. I had the pleasure of taking tea with her oldest daughter on my late visit. I had the pleasure of meeting Richard Comegys, of Greensborough, who is the only person now living who was in that town when I clerked for his good old father, Captain Comegys. I was glad to see him. I am always glad to have an opportunity to visit my good old native land. My love for it and the old-time people is inexpressible. I think, and am glad to believe there was, nor is, any better people living. I have great hopes of visiting it again early in the future.

Longevity of Boats.

The ancient schooner Polly, said to be the oldest American-built vessel now afloat and in commission, was towed up the Merrimac river on Sunday to Amesbury, where she was constructed 99 years ago, and will be one of the attractions for the Old Home week celebration. Built on the banks of the Merrimac away in 1805, the Polly served successively as a coaster, then a privateer in the War of 1812, again in the coasting trade, and she is now to serve as a feature of one of the gatherings that are becoming the rage of the New England States.

There are many stories told of the Polly, the 54-ton privateer that chased British schooners of twice her size and more, and from all accounts she must have been a terror. Her log is now preserved in the Portland custom house, and it is better reading than some things in the naval books.

Her last fight was with an armed British merchantman, at a point half way between Mount Desert and the Duck islands, off the coast of Maine, in which she was victorious, and captured her opponent, a rich prize for those days. Since then, she has been constantly engaged in the coasting trade, and only one other vessel, so far as is known, approaches the Polly in length of active service—the schooner Good Intent, launched in Braintree in 1813 and now hailing from Bucksport, Maine.

This is a Democratic year.

From the Snow Hill Messenger.

There is no division of sentiment among Democrats in this Congressional District because of the nominations made at St. Louis; all are in favor of the election of Parker and Davis, and the Democratic nominee for Congress will poll the entire party vote, and as many more from the Republican party as his personal popularity and high character will succeed in influencing.

Every Democrat feels it in his bones that this is going to be a Democratic year—not only in Maryland, but throughout the country, therefore we should be careful in the selection of a candidate for Congress to represent this District. We should select a live, energetic man, fully able to canvass the district and show the people that he has the ability to serve them well as a Congressman.

Origin of "Abide with Me."

How the beautiful hymn "Abide with Me" came into being is recalled by the efforts which are being made to complete the rebuilding of the Lower Brixham church, England, which was begun thirty years ago in memory of the author of the hymn, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. At the age of 54 he found himself doomed to die of consumption. In sorrow at having to leave his work unfinished he prayed that it might be granted to him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. His prayer was granted and he wrote "Abide with Me" on the last evening that he ever spent at Brixham, after preaching to his congregation for the last time.

Engagement Announced.

A card party was given Wednesday by Mrs. Calvert Orem to announce the engagement of her daughter, Helene, to Mr. Laurence Savary Cherbonnier. The house was beautifully decorated, pink being the predominating color. Miss Orem is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Orem, of Cambridge, Md., and is the niece of ex-Senator Johnson. Mr. Cherbonnier is the son of Dr. and Mrs. P. O. Cherbonnier and nephew of James L Bartol, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals. The wedding will take place in the fall.—*Easton Star Democrat.*

A Democrat of the Thorough Kind.

From the Cecil Democrat.

Among the few avowed candidates is Thomas A Smith, of Caroline. Mr. Smith served a term in the State Senate with credit and later as Labor Statistician made an enviable record. He is a Democrat of the thorough kind and if nominated ought to poll the full strength of the district.

The latest patterns in Wall Paper 5c a piece; Gilt, 8c a piece. Window Shades, 22c each. Thomas & Messer, 1015 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore.

The lima bean crop, as usual, is a good one.