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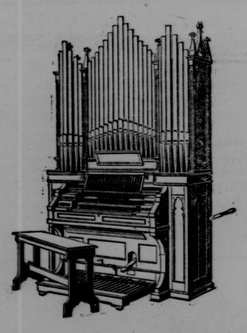
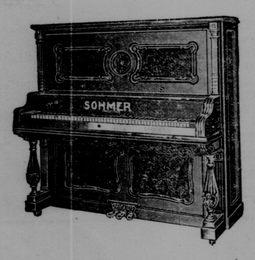




A Special Exhibition and Sale

—OF—

PIANOS AND ORGANS

WILL BE HELD IN MASONIC BUILDING, DENTON,

DURING THE APRIL TERM OF COURT

THE DISPLAY will consist of a large assortment of sample instruments representing the complete line as carried by J. P. CAULFIELD & CO., in Baltimore—a line which includes the latest and best made by a number of the most celebrated manufacturers. The object of the exhibit is to give the citizens of Caroline county an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with our instruments. The following are a few of the makes represented:

SOHMER PIANOS STULTZ & BAUER PIANOS
DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANOS
PEASE PIANOS BECKER BROS. PIANOS
MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS
WILBUR PIANOS MOLLER ORGANS

THESE INSTRUMENTS HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO THE FOLLOWING DISTINGUISHED PATRONS:

Queen Victoria
Empress Eugenie
King of Norway and Sweden
Sultan of Turkey
Westminster Abbey
Gottschalk
Royal Museum, Berlin

Peabody Institute
H. H. Rockefeller
Henry Havemeyer
Alfred Dolge
Anton Seidl
United States Navy

Franz Liszt
Theodore Thomas
Walter Damrosch
New York Conservatory
Philadelphia Conservatory
Johnstown Conservatory
Arnold Conservatory

Many of these instruments, previously sold by us, are now in use in Denton and vicinity, and we can refer those interested to some of the best people in the section. It is a matter of pride with us that wherever we have done business we can refer to our patrons without restriction. We sell only reliable instruments, and each one is sold under an absolute guarantee.

It is part of our plan to leave some of these splendid sample instruments here with the most representative citizens as a life-long advertisement, and consequently we will offer them at a substantial reduction in price. This is an opportunity to secure an exceptionally fine instrument at a low price, and those looking for a bargain will do well to investigate our offer.

In Connection with the Exhibit we have also Arranged to give

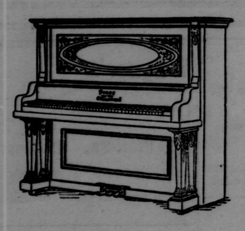
TWO FINE CONCERTS

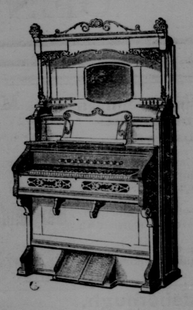
ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

There will be no charge for admission to the Concerts, but tickets will be necessary, and these can be obtained by calling at the Exhibit any time during the week. No tickets will be given to children. Do not fail to call. Everybody welcome.

J. P. Caulfield & Co.

Exhibiting at Masonic Building, Denton. Baltimore, Maryland.





BEYOND HIS MEANS

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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THE brief advertisement stated that an unfurnished apartment, "rent very reasonable," was to be had at a certain address. The locality was not remote from fashionable regions, but was itself somewhat on the decline. Mr. Bransfield had a fair mental picture of it showing a row of small, old style buildings between more modern structures adjoining the avenues. Possibly a young man in hard luck and condemned to the severest economy might find something suitable to his means.

The street seemed to have improved, however, when Bransfield came to it, or was the difference in his own pocket?

The last time that he remembered having passed that way was in May. He was then the local manager of the Farrell Aluminium company, with a salary of $300 a month and fat commissions, and, though he had just lost nearly all his savings in an unwise investment, he certainly did not feel poor. But in October there wasn't any Farrell Aluminium company on earth and hadn't been any since the grand smashup of early June, and Edgar Bransfield was manager of nothing, with a salary of nothing and no commissions.

He had never sought employment before. He had been thrust into the aluminium company immediately upon leaving college and for eight years had climbed from one round of the ladder to the next. Suddenly the ladder itself had vanished, leaving him standing with both feet planted on the empty air. He had been hopeful at first, then perplexed and finally scared. His faith in himself as a business man was unimpaired, but he had discovered that there was one commodity which he did not know how to sell—namely, his own services.

At the time when he went in search of an unfurnished room—to be fitted up with a few odds and ends rescued from the aluminium company's offices—he was considering an offer of a position with a salary that would just fall short of paying his board in the house where he had been living; hence the need of a change in his arrangements.

As he walked along the street he was grieved to discover that the number mentioned in the advertisement designated was one of the best kept and most attractive buildings. It looked like a nice place to live, but not for Edgar Bransfield. He would have preferred to see a somewhat shabby exterior.

His own exterior, by the way, was anything but shabby. He was wearing a suit of clothes so good that he had been tempted that morning to pawn it, but had passed sentence upon his dress clothes instead and had obtained a loan of $7 upon them. He still had a small sum in a bank, but had resolved that it should not be less until he had taken employment promising an income in excess of his expenses.

He looked up at No. 37 and observed a push button labeled "Janitor," but when he had ascended the steps he hesitated. After all, why ring the bell? A mere glance inside would satisfy him that the building contained no room at the proper price, and he might be spared a petty humiliation.

As he stood irresolute in the hall a young gentleman came in hurriedly and called out, "Hello, Allen!" but

A YOUTH IN SHIRT SLEEVES APPEARED.

apologized as soon as Bransfield turned to face him. Obviously there must be a bulky six footer named Allen among the tenants.

"Looking for the janitor?" inquired the young gentleman, pausing upon the stairs. And then, without waiting for a reply, he put his head over the banister rail and yelled "Jack!"

Instantly a youth in shirt sleeves and without a hat appeared from below as if shot up through a trapdoor. He had yellow hair in a wavy pompadour and bright blue eyes; upon the whole, a very animated and cheerful person to have about the house. Bransfield admired enthusiasm and despised a sour man in any station, yet he felt himself too nervous upon the present occasion to appreciate so prompt and startling a servitor.

"Right this way, sir," said the janitor and was halfway up the first flight of stairs before the words were fairly out of his mouth. Bransfield followed because he was ashamed to flee.

They ascended a second flight and turned toward the front of the house. Bransfield wished it had been the rear, for his mind was engaged in saving money. A lock clicked and a door swung open. He beheld a small room tastefully papered, having a hardwood floor as clean as a plate, a spotless ceiling and glass in the window washed to the point of invisibility.

"How much?" he began.

"Open plumbing, hot and cold water," said Jack. And Bransfield, looking over his shoulder, saw an alarmingly elegant bowl with gleaming spigots.

"I'll commit a small extravagance for this outfit," said he to himself. "Say eighteen a month."

"Always plenty of hot water here and in the bath," said Jack, opening a door.

"The bath!" echoed Bransfield.

"There's a tub that's big enough to swim in," said the janitor, with pride.

He crossed the room and pulled aside a curtain.

"This 'pourteer,'" said he, "stays if you want it. The tenant didn't take it away, and we throw it in. Now we'll look at the parlor."

"The parlor!" murmured Bransfield, putting his hand to his forehead.

He passed the "pourteer" and entered a very cheery room as neat as the other and exceedingly attractive.

"Steam heat," said Jack, "and a nice grate if you like to use it. Here's a locker where you can keep a bit of soft coal, or I'll bring it up from the cellar as you need it. Either way will suit me."

"My young friend"— began Bransfield sadly, but the sprightly janitor interrupted him.

"Telephone connections," said he, touching some stubs of wire that protruded from the wall. "Most gentlemen want a telephone these days, but, of course, you don't have to have it."

Bransfield could not think of anybody whom he should ever care to call up unless it might be the commissioner of public charity, yet he viewed the wires with a melancholy interest.

Jack darted a glance at him and mistook the symptoms. He compressed his lips, hitched up his trousers and doubled his enthusiasm.

"They may look a little bare with nothing in 'em," said he, "but when you get all your stuff in here and fixed up nice—couches and hangings and pictures and all that—I tell you it will look out of sight."

Bransfield slowly shook his head.

"Yes, it will," persisted Jack. "You ought to see Mr. Allen's rooms. They're just like these, only they're at the back. Come on, he'll let you look at 'em. He'll be glad to. And then you'll see what you can do with these."

"Couldn't think of it—impossible—perfect stranger," protested Bransfield. But Jack was already in the hall.

Bransfield took a last regretful look at the elegant little sitting room which could never be his and made a lingering and wistful exit. Immediately he was aware of a big handsome fellow in a dinner coat who stood by an open door at the other end of the hall.

"What does he look like, Jack?" he demanded in a heavy, deep toned voice which he had tried to suppress to a whisper. And then he caught sight of Bransfield in the broad light from the doorway. "Certainly," he cried. "Delighted. Come in, won't you?"

The manner of this invitation was most flattering, involving the instant recognition which a gentleman values, especially after three months of such humiliations as attend the dreary process of looking for a "job." Bransfield permitted himself to be ushered into an apartment which was a man's room at the first glance, full of such things as a fellow of spirit gathers and values, having the simplicity and directness of the old college style, with gleanings from the broader world harmoniously added.

"Upon my word," said Allen, "this is too good to be true. You must understand," he added, "that I'm more or less of a crank. I take strong likes and dislikes, and, really, if you could have seen your predecessor"—

"He was pretty loud for fair," said Jack. "I always spoke well of him while he was here, but he was a whole band wagon; that's what he was."

Allen raised his right forefinger with an almost imperceptible gesture, which had an immediate and beneficial effect upon the too exuberant janitor.

"I think I heard the bell, sir," said he. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

"In one month," said Allen, closing the door, "we can train that boy up to the level of the ideal. As for taking care of the rooms, there never was his equal, and his cheerfulness is worth $10 off the rent. But he's been spoiled." And Allen frowned in the direction of the front rooms.

"I am afraid you may be disappointed in me as a neighbor," said Bransfield. "I am not Stealthy Foot, the human mouse. I make some noise once in awhile."

"It isn't what a man does; it's what he is," responded Allen. "You may celebrate the Fourth of July every day in the year if you feel like it. Your predecessor's loudness was not so much audible as visible. He wore an automobile lamp on the third finger of each hand, and all his acquaintances were out of town customers whom he used to hold firmly by the arm as he led them upstairs. The air was full of dollar signs after they had passed."

"No such nimbus has surrounded me," said Bransfield, "since the Farrell company"—

"By jingo!" exclaimed Allen. "You're Edgar Bransfield of that aluminium concern. A fellow pointed you out to me one day—classmate of yours. I'm a Cornell man, too; freshman when you were a senior, so of course you don't remember me. It's a pity that company of yours went up, but of course a fellow of your reputation wouldn't have any difficulty in making another connection."

"The fact is," stammered Bransfield, "I—I haven't done it yet, and perhaps that's why I'm feeling economical."

"Quite so," responded Allen. "But, after all, those rooms are good enough. I don't see anything in this extravagant living. Why pay for a lot of elevators and uniformed lackeys and other frills that are mere nuisances? You'll be far better contented in a quiet place like this at fifty a month."

"Fifty," said Bransfield. "Very moderate, of course. Yet"—

"I'll tell you what!" cried Allen. "Come around to the club and dine with me, and we'll talk it all over."

"I'm not in dress," pleaded Bransfield. "I haven't been going out much.

BRANSFIELD WAS INTRODUCED TO COLONEL AUSTIN MILLER.

All my evening clothes are packed away."

"Confound the clothes! Or see here! Fellows from one college, and all that, you understand, we're built as near alike as my two thumbs. I can fit you out from collar to shoes. Your hat's all right. It'll save a lot of time."

During the brief walk to the club, however, he recovered his self command, and he resolved to give Allen a complete statement of the situation while they were dining, but just as he began this painful recital two men paused beside the table, and Allen introduced his guest, with the result that the four ate together with great good fellowship. Bransfield could not summon up courage to proceed with his story in the presence of so numerous an audience, and afterward when they had adjourned to the billiard room the situation was no better.

In the course of the game which followed Bransfield noticed that Allen exhibited a certain uneasiness and that he frequently glanced toward the door. The entrance of a tall, florid man of fifty years relieved the tension; obviously it was he for whom Allen had been waiting.

Between shots Bransfield was introduced to Colonel Austin Miller, and in the next interval Colonel Miller said:

"Mr. Allen tells me that you were with the Farrell company."

"Yes," said Bransfield; "yes."

Before he could say more it was his turn to play. He ran half a dozen and marked them up.

"Our young friend informs me that you are about to make another connection," said Colonel Miller.

A cold sweat broke out on Bransfield's back. He perceived that Allen had recommended him to Colonel Miller and that he ought to say or do something to help the good work along. What, oh, what?

A miss by his opponent rescued him, but his own nerves were in such bad shape that he shot wide.

"From what Mr. Allen tells me," said Colonel Miller, "I think it might be worth while for you and me to have a talk before you make a decision."

"The fact is"— Bransfield began, and just then the other fellow miscued.

"The fact is," said Allen, but Bransfield did not wait to hear what it was. When he finished his inning Colonel Miller handed him a card.

"If those other people are pressing you for an answer," said he, "perhaps you'd better see me tomorrow forenoon—the Miller-Kirkwall company."

"Thank you," said Bransfield. "This is really kind. You see, I"—

"Your shot!" interposed Allen in his thundering bass.

Bransfield studied the position, trying to steady his nerves meanwhile. Then he missed by a long inch. When he turned Colonel Miller had disappeared.

"I sent him away," said Allen. "I was afraid you might thank him again. Why the deuce should you thank him? He's been having a confounded hard time to find a good man, as I happen to know. Now he's found one, and the tickets for the ice cream soda are on him. They're not on you, and don't you forget that tomorrow morning. I told him what the Farrell company paid you, and it didn't frighten him a bit."

"How the deuce did you know what they paid me?" demanded Bransfield.

"I imagined it, by jingo!" exclaimed Allen. "A hundred a week and commissions. Is that enough?"

"Saints of paradise!"

"Now, will you take those rooms?"

"I may not land him," Bransfield began.

"Land him? I've landed him. Now let's go home and break the good news to Jack."

AN ODD WHIST HAND.

It Looks Like a Sure Winner, but Can Take Only Six Tricks.

To any one familiar with whist the following hand is bound to look pretty good:

Hearts.—Ace, king, queen, jack, ten and nine.
Diamonds.—Ace, king and queen.
Spades.—Ace and king.
Clubs.—King and jack.
Hearts are trumps.

It looks like a good thing for eleven tricks sure and possibly for twelve. Should any whist player of experience get such a hand, however, he will be mighty apt to be as suspicious as the poker player who is dealt four kings. It is what is known as a "yarborough" in whist circles, and this is the denouement: The dealer holds the other seven hearts (trumps) and six small clubs to the ten. The dealer's partner holds the ace and queen of clubs and one small club. What his other ten cards are makes no difference.

The partner of the person holding the good hand holds the thirteen other cards, and it makes no difference what they are. The "good" hand has the lead, and if any whist player wishes to verify the assertion he may try from now until doomsday and yet not be able to take more than six tricks with the hand. It is impossible by good, bad or indifferent play to take a single trick more, provided, of course, the dealer and his partner play their hands properly.—Baltimore Sun.

LIVING AT A HOTEL.

Sensible Advice to Women Who Have to Travel Alone.

When you go to a hotel you will be met at the door by a porter, and you can either go to the office with him or ask him to engage a room for you from the clerk. But it is altogether customary for a woman to go to the office to engage her room, and you need not feel that you are doing anything conspicuous. State what sort of room you wish and learn the price. The clerk will give you the key of your room. When you are there, do as you please. If you want the chambermaid, ring for her and tell her what you need. After that behave as you would in any private house where you felt at home. Leave the key at the office when you are going out. Bear in mind that for the time being the hotel is your home and that you have a right to order anything in it that you are prepared to pay for. Don't be afraid of any one.

Keep the same thing in mind when you order meals. Take your time over the menu card. Select what you want as you would if the waiter were not there. If you look grave and dignied the attendants will think you are a haughty, reserved person who knows it all and will defer to you. Keep up this impression. Tip the waiter a quarter for any order of from $1 to $2 and beyond that on a scale of 10 per cent. The bell boy who takes up your bag will expect a dime tip. The chambermaid will look for a quarter if she has done anything especial for you. If not, don't tip her.

Don't be afraid of anything or any one. In all probability they are all as much in awe of you as you are of them.—Philadelphia North American.

CREEPING BAGS.

The Best Way to Make These Useful Baby Garments.

Absurd as a baby appears in one, there is no more useful garment than the practical creeping bag if correctly made. A closed end to the bag to cover the baby's legs and feet is a great mistake, as it seriously hampers the child's motions, but the bag made with length enough to turn up under the skirts and button or tie around the waist, entirely protecting the petticoats and yet leaving the baby's feet free for exercise, is a great success. The child uses his feet to propel himself or push himself over the floor, and of course his moccasins and stockings will be soiled in the process, but one can save the more perishable lace and lawn by using a creeping bag as a covering for his dress.

Gingham is the best material to choose, and two or three should be made, so that one may always be clean. One and a half yards of blue or pink gingham will transform the famly cherub into a little workingman. The lower edge of the apron or bag is to be gathered into the band, which is provided with a button and buttonhole and buttoned around the baby's waist after being turned up under his petticoats.— New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Wet cooking soda spread upon a thin cloth and bound over a corn will remove it.

If ice is applied to a burned finger until it stops smarting the skin will dry down and leave no blister.

A raw egg, swallowed, will usually detach any foreign substance, like a fish bone, if lodged in the throat.

A paste made of equal parts of brimstone, saltpeter and lard, if bound about a felon, will cure it. Renew as soon as it gets dry.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body such as a bead, seed or pellet enters it. Leave it absolutely alone and have a physician attend to it.

An ounce of alum stirred into hot milk makes a fine bath for parts affected with rheumatism. The curds which form when the mixture gets cold make an excellent poultice to put upon the parts overnight.

Soft Castile Soap.

Many persons who cannot use castile soap for the face and hands will find it agrees perfectly with the body, and in that case is better for the bath than any other soap. One of the most convenient things to have on every washstand is a jar of soft castile soap. This is made by scraping a cake of pure soap and adding about a pint and a half of water. Put them together into a saucepan and stand over a brisk heat, but not one that will boil the liquid. When the soap is dissolved pour into a wide mouthed jar. When the mixture cools it will be jelly. This is excellent to have by to rub on the hands when washing, diluted with more water to which a couple of pinches of soda are added. It is a harmless and cleansing shampoo to be rubbed into the head, which is then rinsed thoroughly.

A Homemade Antique.

A woman whose desire for beautiful things quite outstrips her pocketbook created from an old square piano case a magnificent library table. The works of the instrument had become absolutely worthless, so they were taken out. When the piano was closed it was a tight box of rosewood. The front piece was taken off, and a pine drawer was fitted in with the front piece for the front of the drawer. Two old fashioned glass knobs were screwed into the drawer for handles. The legs were beautifully carved, but were of course too long, so they were sawed off to make the top come to a convenient height for a table. The whole thing was polished highly, and the result was a table that could not be bought for $100.—Brown Book.

Snowdrifts In Sweden.

The worst snowdrifts experienced by any railroad are said to be those in Sweden. Although the cold is not so intense as in some of our western states, the snowfall is heavy and continuous. The snowplows of various kinds which are used on these roads are said to be the most powerful in the world. There are times, however, when even this machinery fails to clear the way, when hundreds of men must be employed to dig out the stalled trains.