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REMNANT SALE!

5000 Yards of Remnants to be Sold at Rock-Bottom Prices. These are best quality goods, running from 5 to 15 yards pieces, and of the following materials:

Percales, Lancaster Apron Ginghams, Lonsdale Cambric, Long Cloth, Outing Flannel, Flannellette, Waist Ginghams and Wait Silks and Dress Goods. We will accept any reasonable offer by the piece.

Agent for the John B. Stetson Hats and the Crossett Shoes.

They're light enough to float, but her father selects his

Stetson

because its light weight is a guarantee of comfort. The quality of the materials and the method of the making assure strength and durability. In beauty and style the Stetson Hats are in a class by themselves.

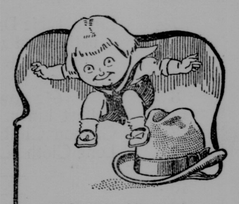
We have the latest Stetson Soft and Derby Hats.

10c. COUNTER.

A Large Stock of 5c and 10c Goods has just arrived.

Glassware,	Pictures,
Water Pitchers,	Agate and Tinware,
Sugar Bowls,	Dish Pans,
Butter Dishes,	Stew Kettles,
Preserve Dishes,	Sauce Pans,
Etc., Etc.,	Egg Beaters,
Castor Sets,	Wash Boards,
Crockeryware,	Rolling Pins,
Wash Bowls.	Bread Pans,
Gallon Oil Cans,	Etc., Etc.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.



The little fellow enjoys jumping over Dad's

Stetson

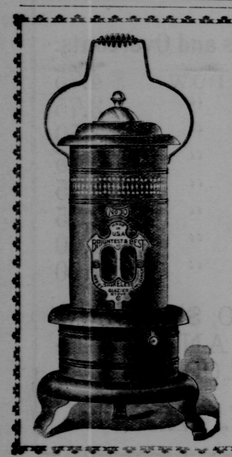
because, even if he should fall, he cannot hurt the hat.

His father always buys the Stetson because he cannot find a better hat anywhere, and millions of men in all parts of the world do likewise, season after season.

We have the latest Stetson Soft and Derby Hats.

WINFIELD R. WRIGHT,

DENTON, MARYLAND.



B. & B. Oil Heaters

They are the Acme of Perfection in Oil Stoves. Each one is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory, and is warranted to be perfect and to give absolute satisfaction. We must have confidence in our stoves to give a guarantee of this kind.

Each stove is fitted with a handsome polished Brass Oil Font which holds one gallon of oil and will burn ten to twelve hours.

Why not try one in your Bath Room, Bed Room, Library, Smoking Room or Office.

No. 25, Price $2.25.
No. 30, Price $3.00.
No. 33, Price $3.50.
No. 60, Price $3.75.
No. 10, Price $5.00.

Write for Illustrated Net Price Heating Stove Circular.

L. W. GUNBY CO.,
SALISBURY, MD.

DOLLY MADISON SHOES

ARE made by the hand-sewn process, on lasts with standard measurements. They are wonderfully comfortable because of ample width at the ball of the foot. Moreover, they have an individuality of their own. Dolly Madison styles are endowed with just enough "differentness" to lift them far above ordinary footwear. Your shoe troubles cease when once you are properly fitted with Dolly Madison Shoes.

$3.00 and $3.50

AT REPRESENTATIVE STORES

New Holland Feed Crushers.

8 Sizes.

Crush corn and cob, plain corn, wheat or small grain, faster than any mill on the market.

NO. 1. Crushes 30 bushels Corn and Cob meal per hour. Price $22.00.

NO. 2. Crushes 60 bushels Corn and Cob meal per hour. Price $35.

Suitable to use with steam engines, windmills, horse powers or gasoline engines. Write for catalogue. Sold by

Enterprising Agents Wanted, Write Us.

NEVIUS & FRAMPTON, Easton, Md.

Vehicles at the VERY Lowest Prices

Do you want to save money? If you do call at my place of business at Concord, Md. I have a fine line of

Two-Horse Wagons, Two-Horse Spring Dearborns, One-Horse Dearborns, Top Buggies, Runabouts, Road Carts, Surreys, Carriage Poles, Harness,

all the lowest prices on the Peninsula. These goods can be bought with note just the same as cash, or for the cash. Don't fail to call. I will treat you right.

12-30-6m] W. W. DUKES, Concord, Maryland.

First-Class Square Berry Cups, Berry Crates, Trays, Boxes, Baskets,

are manufactured and are on sale at reasonable prices at our works.

WE SELL: Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal Hay, and all kinds of

BOX SHOOKS.

The Hughes Lumber and Coal Co.,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

R. T. CARTER,

Denton, Maryland.

WILL WRITE THE

Best LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE

OBTAINABLE AT THE MOST

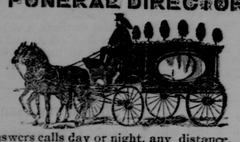
REASONABLE RATES.

Get estimates on all your property.

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.

JAMES T. COOPER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters entrusted to his care. All calls either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite the new drug store.

The Retreat of Ensign Beebe

By ALICE LOUISE LEE

Copyright, 1905, by Alice Louise Lee

ENSIGN BEEBE turned to Hymn 160, gathered himself together and arose. It was a process worthy of note, a gradual unfolding, as it were, of bone and muscle joint by joint until the result stood six feet four, his substantial feet firmly planted on the floor of the Sunday school room, his bare crown brushing the cobwebs from the ceiling.

His heavy bass voice rumbled against the windows, an unintelligible roar taking the place of any word which he failed to see distinctly. Such wordless sounds were becoming more frequent, although he held the book far from his spectacle-less eyes, whose muscles strained valiantly in the effort to prove the youthfulness of their owner.

He towered above two rows of very little boys whose childish treble was lost in their teacher's bass. They faced two rows of very little girls whose presiding genius sang in a small musical soprano, while one hand made hurried excursions to her bonnet to assure herself of its angle, to the back of her waist to push down her belt, to her throat to ascertain the relations existing between her collar and tie.

All these movements were largely reflected in the eyes of Ensign Beebe as he sang lustily, "And before I'd (indistinct roar) my Saviour I'd lay me (confused mixture of consonants) and die." In an unguarded moment he allowed his gaze to wander in the direction of the little girls. The next instant he rolled his eyes about apprehensively to see if he had been observed. The giggles from a class of sixteen-year-old girls left him in no doubt. Immediately a wave of blood rolled upward through his long neck and submerged his face until, its passage being disputed by his high cheek bones, it overflowed his ears and nose in a glowing flood.

When the school was dismissed Ensign, writhing to the depths of his sensitive soul, hastily dodged the hanging lamps and strode out into the churchyard. Here he was promptly waylaid by a brother whose zeal outran his discretion and whose wit fell short of both.

"Hello, Ensign! It can't be that you're havin' very promisin' weather up your way these days or else you and Lizzie would be comin' to church in a double rig."

It was a speech he had rehearsed to himself carefully for an hour, and the men around him loudly appreciated it, all save its victim. He gave one wild glance in the direction of Mrs. Lizzie, who, with skirts carefully raised, was approaching her carriage, and then stammering, "It—it—the weather is"—drove hastily away, followed by good natured roars.

A mile from the church he drew rein in front of a barn which had its counterpart across the road. Hastily stall-

HERE HE WAS PROMPTLY WAYLAID.

ing his horse, he entered the house a few rods beyond. The house also had its counterpart across the road.

Clouds of dust down the turnpike announced the more leisurely home going of his brother churchmen. Usually on a fine day Ensign was wont to sit out on his porch within a stone's throw of the other porch and exchange greetings with the passersby, but today he shut his front door, closed the blinds, opened the slats and sat behind them in a state of gloom without and within.

Mrs. Lizzie soon arrived at the house opposite and disappeared into the barn with her horse. Ensign ducked his head in shame at the sight. He had taken care of her horse ever since her husband's death, but only the day before in the blacksmith's shop he had been rallied on his gallantry. "Ah, Ensign, I see you've taken possession of t'other barn already soon," accused the blacksmith of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, and the remark was rankling yet.

The Browns rolled along, one horse half a length behind the other. Their big wagon was full of smiling faces turned toward the closed slats. Every smile touched a weak spot in Ensign's armor. "Makin' a lot of fool comments on her and me, I suppose," he muttered and then felt the blood surge over his face. He writhed in anguish of soul at the six feet four blushing. But the harder he writhed the redder his face became.

Mrs. Grey came out on her porch and sat down comfortably. She was a plump, wholesome, restful woman who had smiled through a married life overshadowed by a ne'er do well husband and was smiling still.

Every one liked the placid, comfortable, cheerful Lizzie. Every one liked the big hearted, generous, jovial Ensign. As a result every one was cheerfully contributing to the misery of both.

After the last vehicle had passed he arose and went about his solitary dinner. "It'll come worse than pullin' eyeteeth," he said aloud. "But Wilson can manage it if anybody can."

Wilson Beebe, a young Scranton lawyer, was Ensign's idol and confidant. He frequently ran "up country" for a day and usually found his uncle hanging over the picket fence in front of the house waving his hat in hilarious welcome. But the following morning when he arrived he was surprised to find the fence deserted, the door closed and the blinds shut. He traveled the length of the house before discovering the disconsolate householder sitting in a round shouldered heap on a broken chair which decorated the back porch.

"Hello, here!" cried Wilson in a ringing, hearty voice. "What are you up to back here, I should like to know?"

"Wilson," said Ensign, partially unfolding as he gripped the other's hand, "I ain't enjoyin' myself."

Wilson dropped on the edge of the porch and leaned against a post. "Why not?" he asked breezily. "Sick?"

"No," returned Ensign solemnly—"no, not sick in my bones, only in my feelin's!"

Wilson whistled. He was not accustomed to seeing his favorite relative in this despondent condition.

"What under the canopy is up?" he demanded.

"Everybody is"— Ensign's tone was rueful. "That's the trouble. Everybody is up right early attendin' to my affairs."

A gleam of understanding shot into Wilson's eyes. "It's Mrs. Grey," he said simply.

Ensign nodded. "Yes. It's Lizzie Grey."

He extended his feet to the edge of the porch and clasped his hands over his vest, announcing darkly: "Wilson, there's goin' to be a big change here shortly—a big change. There's got to be. I'll leave it to you that there's things a man can't stand forever."

"For instance?" prompted Wilson.

"Well, there's church. I've got to give it up."

"You give up church?" cried the other in genuine surprise. "Why, uncle, you'd be a fish out of water Sundays!"

"Yes, sir'ee. I've stood church goin' now as long as I can. I'll leave it to you. I set right back of her. If I look at her the idiots up in the choir giggle and say I can't keep my eyes off her. If I don't look at her they say I daresn't. And either way—I, well, you know how my face gets, Wilson, and me fifty years old."

Wilson nodded and refrained from smiling.

"In Sunday school it's just as bad. Our classes are close together and facin' each other, with a parcel of pesky gigglin' girls one side of us."

There was a pause and a long sigh. Still Wilson faced his uncle soberly.

"And back here home it's just the same with her across the road and some neighbor or other at every door and window around us, watchin' to see what I'm up to. If I set out in front, they tell me I better not wear out my own porch so long as there's another waitin' for me. If I set back here, some one who hasn't got enough business of his own to attend to starts the story that she's give me the mitten."

When he spoke again his tones were unmistakably stubborn. "I've made up my mind, Wilson, to be quit of this foolin'. I'll show folks that I'm not gee-ed and hawed around as easy as they think for. I'll give 'em somethin' to talk about all their lives, I'll be blamed if I don't!"

When his uncle first unfolded his plan Wilson was amused. Later he became alarmed. He argued and remonstrated in vain. "I'll be quit of their foolin', I will," was all the reply he received, and when the stage bore him away in the afternoon he was pledged to aid and abet his unhappy relative.

So quickly did he fulfill his pledge that the week was not yet ended when Ensign received a Scranton daily with an advertisement heavily marked in blue pencil. On the margin was scribbled, "Have made inquiries and hear she is an estimable woman."

The advertisement read:

Wanted.—A position as housekeeper or companion, by a competent woman with good references. Address 201 Irving street, Scranton, Pa.

Ensign studied the little paragraph as he sat at the little table, his feet braced against the wall beyond. "Housekeeper or companion," he mused aloud and planted his forefinger on the latter word. It had but one meaning for him. Presently he uncovered the term and looked at it thoughtfully. His face did not express unalloyed joy. He arose and gazed mournfully through the closed blinds at the house opposite. Mrs. Lizzie was on her way to the barn, milk pail in hand.

Such a sudden hatred of that other "estimable woman" arose in Ensign's breast that he precipitately gathered together pen, paper and ink before Mrs. Lizzie's pleasant face should entirely obscure the advertisement. It was pure obstinacy which drove his pen as he composed a letter addressed to 201 Irving street:

To Miss or Mrs. —:

Dear Madam—I notice an ad. in the Scranton Press of some one there who would keep house or become a companion. I take the liberty at this time to make known my wants. I have a house all furnished that I would be glad to get a woman to keep and would take such a one for a companion if it was agreeable to both. I will be there tomorrow evening to see if it would be.

When he arose the following morning his mood was no darker than the sky. He ate breakfast gloomily, furled his great cotton umbrella and boarded the stage. Even his obstinacy was endangered as he looked back and saw Mrs. Lizzie, her sleeves rolled above her round elbows, standing in the midst of her chickens scattering grain.

As the train bore him farther and farther from the carping tongues of his neighbors Mrs. Lizzie loomed larger and larger in his mind's eye until it was with a feeling of positive homesickness that he strode through the station at Scranton and out on Lackawanna avenue. He had intended to go directly to Wilson's office, but he found that his heart was too heavy to be moved that far. It was beginning to rain, and the unhappy traveler, after wandering aimlessly up the avenue a few blocks, sought shelter in a restaurant and established himself dismally at a corner table.

"LIZZIE GREY!" HE EXCLAIMED.

He ordered more dinner than he could eat, paid his bill and sat on, heedless of the exasperation of the waiters. The afternoon passed. The proprietor of the place looked him over, concluded he was sober and went away.

After supper he seized his umbrella heroically, turned up his trousers one fold and splashed out into the rain and approaching darkness. As he plodded down the avenue he summed up his afternoon's meditations in one half hearted sentence, "I wrote, though, if 'twas agreeable to both!"

On toward Irving street he walked slowly, watching the moving feet of his fellow pedestrians, all that was visible beneath his overhanging umbrella. Presently he found himself following a black skirt whose damp hem slapped dejectedly against reluctant heels. He drew nearer. A black gloved hand appeared holding a heavy bag. Ensign's heart suddenly pounded in his throat. He raised his umbrella in trepidation and beheld the plump figure of Mrs. Lizzie.

One long stride placed him beside her with Irving street forgotten.

"Lizzie Grey!" he exclaimed, with a joyful ring in his tone.

"Is that you, Ensign?" quavered a tired voice.

The little umbrella was closed, the baggage changed hands, and Lizzie, giving a sigh deep with content, tucked her fingers beneath his arm. No one noticed them, no one smiled at them, and Ensign arose to his full height mentally and physically.

"I'm all tuckered out," sighed Mrs. Lizzie, with tears in her voice. She drew unconsciously nearer Ensign and pushed her hand farther under his arm.

"It's a rainy day to get around in," he responded brilliantly. His manner contained all the rays of the hidden sun, for his thoughts were taking a daring but happy flight.

"I guess it is," returned Mrs. Lizzie.

"How far do you go?" Ensign asked, and her reply brought him down from his joyful height.

"Oh, it's only a little ways—just to Irving street. My niece telegraphed me this afternoon that a—a—some one wants to see me tonight, so I had to come off in a hurry."

"Why, I am going to Irving street myself," Ensign faltered and then added in a jerky tone, "201."

There was a quick movement under his arm. "Why, there's where I'm going. My niece lives there!" cried Mrs. Lizzie.

An idea occurred simultaneously to both, and they stopped short. Mrs. Lizzie's shoes lingered in a muddy pool, while Ensign's broad back barred the path of a man racing home to dinner. The man recoiled, damaged in speech and feelings, but Ensign was unconscious of the impact."

"Then it's your advertisement!" Ensign cried, with such a ring of relief in his tone that Mrs. Lizzie moved hastily on, although her own voice sounded brighter as she returned:

"And you answered it?"

Ensign wabbled his umbrella joyfully into the eye of a passing policeman. "If I'd only known you was back of it I'd not felt like as if I was attendin' my own funeral day, I can tell you!"

Mrs. Lizzie increased her speed. "Folks' tongues was that upsetting," she began confusedly, "that I thought if I could get a place as housekeeper or companion to some nice lady"—

"Nice lady!" exploded Ensign. "Companion to a nice lady!"

His tone of blank amazement enlightened Lizzie. "Ensign Beebe," she began indignantly, "you surely didn't think"—

Ensign interrupted in a voice suddenly resolute. "I'm thinkin' hard enough now, Lizzie, that bein' a companion to a nice lady ain't the situation I want you to take!"

Safety In Elevators.

Many persons have an objection to riding in elevators, or, more properly speaking, this objection should be classed as a feeling of dread or fear. But according to the superintendent of a big office building in Philadelphia the safest place for a person to be is in an elevator—that is, statistically speaking. In the set of elevators for which statistics have been kept by the superintendent there has been an average transportation of 2,400,000 persons each year for seven years, an aggregate of 16,800,000, and of this number but one person has been injured, and that injury did not result fatally.—Rochester Post-Express.

A Famous Widow.

One of the most famous widows of antiquity was Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus. During the lifetime of her husband she attended him in all his campaigns and shared his dangers. Suspecting that her husband had been poisoned, she had his presumed murderer assassinated and was herself soon after treated with such indignity by Tiberius that she was driven to despair and starved herself to death.

Tradition Defied.

The bull had just entered the china shop. "Here," he remarked, "is where I knock tradition endwise." Carefully backing from the place without so much as jarring a saucer, he inquired the route to the stockyards and went his way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CUCKOO.

How This Selfish, Restless Bird Gets Its Eggs Hatched.

A popular fallacy tells us that a cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest. She does not. She lays eight eggs on the ground. The eggs are in size, color, spots and shape in accordance with the information obtained, say, in Leigh woods: Out of the eight eggs five or six would closely resemble the hedge sparrow's. The other two might be those of a titlark, a wren or a linnet. Her male friends—about three or four to each lady—now come forward, select each an egg and carry it in its mouth to the nest of the prearranged foster mother. Only one cuckoo egg is placed in one nest. If he finds a cuckoo has preceded him on the same errand he seeks another cradle, knowing in a moment amid all the eggs present the cuckoo pedigree.

The deluded mother hatches the intruder with her own brood, and the interloper, having the faculty of being hatched sooner than the others, is of course the first to come out of his shell. He manages to wriggle underneath his brothers and sisters and presents them as a heave offering to the expectant rodents, mice, rats, stoats, and what not, and within twelve hours of his existence is the supreme occupier of the nest. He keeps his black mouth wide open continually, which the father and mother of the departed chickens as constantly fill until his body is too big for his home, and he departs therefrom forever.

The cuckoo leaves the last week of July. He is a restless being. After leaving Europe he begins in the north of Africa and ends at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he returns to Europe in the spring. Why does he go away and why come back? Food—the food he loves—the hairy caterpillars. He will eat other grubs, but these are his hourly bread.

It has been estimated in round numbers that out of every 100 hairy caterpillars that wriggle into life 99 are devoured by cuckoos. Everywhere nature is careful to maintain her balance. The cuckoo keeps down the millions of billions of hairy caterpillars and preserves our cornfields from being eaten up by hedge sparrows. The cuckoo is a born conservative and as long as he lives returns annually to the neighborhood of his birth.—Western (England) Press.

Self Acting Weapons.

A common story in Japan was to the effect that a Muramasa sword was once on a time pledged to a pawnbroker. The fellow thought this a fine opportunity to parade himself as a gentleman, and accordingly on a festival day he wore the sword. Quarreling with some idle fellows, he essayed to use the weapon, but his unfamiliarity with it excited the derision of the bystanders, who unmercifully ridiculed his bungling manner. But the merriment of these individuals was short lived. The sword itself took the matter in hand, as though the taunts impugned its own skill, and soon laid low all its tradneers. Then it turned against the unfortunate pawnbroker and killed him.

Another story is the basis of a popular Japanese drama and tells of the adventures of a samurai with a strange sword which he had borrowed from a pawnbroker. He lightly hit a man with the blade without apparently wounding him in the least. Some time after the man suddenly dropped dead, and it was found that the sword had inflicted a mortal wound even when it had scarcely drawn blood. Upon examination this was found to be a Muramasa, which, though coming from the dishonor of a pawnshop and carried in the hands of an incompetent, had thus made manifest its power.

When to Measure the Foot.

Just before going abroad one of the male leaders of New York society stepped into his bootmaker's place to get measured for several pairs of shoes for use during his tour. It was then comparatively early in the day, and the shoemaker, who prides himself upon his artistic work, asked his customer to defer the measuring of his foot until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"But why not measure me now?" asked the social leader, with some annoyance.

"It is too early, sir," was the reply. "Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would all be a little too small. Walking about on our feet as we do, sir, the feet grow, develop, swell—whatever you choose to call it—from rising time till about 3 in the afternoon. At 3 they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire, when they shrink up again for the night; hence to have well fitting, comfortable shoes it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."—New York Press.

Drove an Eighteen-in-hand.

Many years ago a well known New Yorker, one of the Livingston family, who had lived for many years in Florence, used to drive six-in-hand there every afternoon. He was a very eccentric individual and gradually increased the number of his horses until strangers in Florence would note with amazement every afternoon on the Cascine a white headed gentleman driving an extraordinary procession of horses harnessed together two and two, sometimes as many as eighteen. It was one of the sights of Florence. Old Mr. Livingston tooled his team safely for a few years, but finally they bolted and ran away. Nothing could stop eighteen horses, and the smashup was something terrific. After that the authorities of Florence forbade Mr. Livingston to drive more than four, and in disgust he shook the dust of Florence from his feet and never returned.

The One to Brag.

"He's bragging that he doesn't owe a cent to any man in the world."

"Well, he needn't brag that he does not owe me."

"Why not?"

"I'm doing the bragging for that."—Omaha News.

Not money, but the love of it, is the root of evil. The right use of money brings only good.