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YOU notice how dressy, stylish, distinguished in clothes, some men always look. Do you know how they do it? We'll tell you. They buy here

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

clothes; that means all-wool, perfect tailoring, and correct style to begin with. They buy, in addition to a fancy weave suit, a black thibet or cheviot, or a blue serge; and occasionally change off for a week, get the suit they're not wearing pressed, give it a little rest in the closet; and then put it on fresh, and new looking.

You can do that; and you ought to; it's clothes-economy.

We'll see that you're dressed right all the time if you say so

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT,

CARTER BLOCK, DENTON, MARYLAND.

The Poison Of Distrust

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1908, by C. W. Hooke.

IT may have been about a week since Richard Clavering and Muriel Deane became engaged. Upon a certain evening they sat before a cheerful wood fire at her home, and the man's soul awoke with surprise to a consciousness of peace.

For nearly a year he had been in a state of torment, harassed by the most pressing anxieties, haunted by suspicions which gradually developed into certainties and driven to the very last resources of cunning in sheer self defense. A business associate, a man whom Clavering had called his best friend from the days of their early youth, had fallen a victim to the money mania of the times and had played some tricks which even the highest financiers with their sleeves full of extra aces might blush to imitate. His aim had been a large property of which Clavering was trustee, and he had very nearly stolen it in such a way as would have buried Clavering under a load of debt and dishonor from which he could never have hoped to emerge.

This battle was over, but there was a scar of it on every nerve in Clavering's body. His victory had brought no sense of triumph to him, but only horror and a sad loss of faith in human nature. He had a tendency to think that everything which was said

"DID MISS DEANE MENTION CURTIS MORTIMER?"

to him was a lie and that the simplest acts were prompted by treacherous motives.

Even his personal appearance had suffered in the struggle. He was lean and haggard. There was a deep line down the middle of his forehead, and he had lost a part of that peculiar grace of attitude and gesture which had once distinguished him.

In the firelight, however, he looked more like himself, and Muriel, who had never seen him before the days of his trouble and therefore could not miss what was gone from him, was deeply sensible of the charm that still remained.

"Do you remember a Miss Winston?" said he. "I met her today. Her father had some business with me, and she came with him to my office."

"I do not remember her," said Muriel.

"She merely met you once at some social affair in Carlingford about two years ago. She said you lived there. I didn't know it."

"Mother and I lived there for a time—not very long. Then we went abroad and on our return came here."

"I have heard that it was a pretty place. Did you like it?"

"Carlingford?" said she. "I liked it so little that I would rather not speak of it."

"You have unpleasant memories?"

"Yes."

The devil that was in Clavering's nerves awoke at this. He could not have told why he wished to know what those unpleasant memories were, but he was conscious of a craving.

"Doubtless you have friends there," said he and knew not why.

"None," said she. "I have forgotten that Carlingford exists. Please do not remind me."

She spoke with an earnestness which was clear enough to Clavering's sharpened wits, although he tried to veil it. What secret lay behind her wish to avoid this subject even in her own thoughts? She had given him always the most charming impression of frankness and good faith. It was that which had won his heart, weary of deceptions and treachery. And yet he now perceived that she had hidden a whole year of her life. It seemed almost like a trick that she should have spoken like herself, so unreservedly, of her romantic school girl dreams, of the attentions she had received abroad, of everything indeed except this single passage, this year at Carlingford. What could have happened there?

He had strength enough to keep such thoughts out of the center of his mind, but he had acquired recently a habit of double thinking. It was becoming nearly impossible for him to avoid this duality of mind. He would listen to what was said to him and automatically invent and hear another statement which always seemed to be the truth. But in Muriel's presence he had rarely done this. Now for the first time her influence was powerless. All through the evening he felt himself impelled to question and amend whatever she said. His peace of mind was gone.

On the following day he met Mr. Winston again, and only with the greatest difficulty could he avoid asking questions about Carlingford. The name of that city hovered upon his lips until it finally obtained utterance, though quite harmlessly.

"Oh, by the way," said Winston, "did Miss Deane ever mention to you a man named Mortimer—Curtis Mortimer? Brilliant, but untrustworthy. He was cutting quite a figure when I was in Carlingford—a handsome young rascal and a great favorite with the ladies. I've often wondered what became of him."

"I don't think Miss Deane knew him," replied Clavering. "She never mentioned him."

"Well, that's odd," said the old gentleman.

He eyed Clavering for a moment and then turned the conversation to an other topic.

For more than a week Clavering struggled with his desire to mention Curtis Mortimer's name to Muriel. He had no special question to ask. He merely felt drawn toward the topic as if by some occult attraction. There was a family named Mortimer in their social circle, and the name was therefore common in their conversation. Whenever it was uttered a spring inside of Clavering's mind would work like the mechanism of an alarm clock, and an inward voice would say, "There was a Curtis Mortimer in Carlingford."

One evening he said it aloud.

"How did you know that?" asked Muriel in a tone not quite familiar to his ear.

"Mr. Winston mentioned him," replied Clavering, filled with that peculiar terror which the man of wretched nerves feels when they betray him.

"What did he say?"

Clavering repeated the conversation between himself and Winston with such ready accuracy as revealed the fact that it had been often in his mind. Muriel was silent for some moments and then spoke of other matters.

When Clavering left her house that evening he dared not go home and be alone. He was afraid of his own uncontrollable thoughts. He felt no impulse toward any friend. Mere human companionship, with its restraints, was all that he desired. There was a billiard room near by where he had often played. The game was his favorite recreation, and he was very expert. Perhaps he might find some one in the hall whom he knew, but there was only one acquaintance present, and he already had an opponent.

Clavering watched the game for a few minutes when the proprietor of the room came up to him.

"Would you care to play with a stranger?" said he. "I don't know him, but he's a gentleman all right. And he plays a good game. He was practicing here a little while this afternoon."

Clavering turned toward the stranger, who had come in just behind him, a tall young man, extremely good looking and very carefully dressed. It seemed to Clavering that he remembered having passed the man on the street near Muriel's house.

"Yes," said he, "I'll play."

It appeared that the stranger bore the name of Jones, so far as Clavering could judge by the mumbled introduction of the proprietor, and it presently became evident that his skill had not been overrated. Clavering was no more than his equal in the best of circumstances, and upon this occasion his condition told heavily against him. There is probably no other game which is such a searcher of weaknesses in a man's nervous system.

Clavering lost two games and declined a third. He was so nervous that his knees were shaking when he stooped to take his coat from the rack under the table, where it lay folded.

As he began to draw it out he was aware of an object in the breast pocket which seemed unfamiliar, a large envelope containing something hard. This he pulled out of the envelope to see what it was and beheld a familiar photograph of Muriel Deane.

He was still stooping under the end of the table. The stranger had gone to the corner of the room where cigars were sold. A great battle raged in Clavering's mind, and he lost. He positively could not help taking the envelope partly from the pocket that he might see the address. The envelope was torn. Clavering saw only the name Carlingford and the state in Muriel's hand.

Shame rushed upon him. He thrust back the envelope and rose.

"Those are my things there," said the stranger, approaching. "Yours are at the other end of the table."

"Yes," said Clavering. "So I perceive."

He walked the streets all night, a prey to the most absurd confusion of thought. His mind wheeled about like a bird and returned always to one central spot. Muriel had lied to him. She had told him that she had no friends in Carlingford and that she had severed all relations with the town and its inhabitants, but she had sent her latest photograph to the man who called himself Jones in Carlingford.

"Jones" might be Curtis Mortimer or he might not. So much as he had seen on the envelope was far more suggestive of Mortimer than Jones. Certainly there seemed to be an M. But Clavering was quite willing to leave all this aside. He was willing to admit that Muriel might be perfectly within her rights in sending a photograph of herself to Curtis Mortimer, rascal though he was. He said to himself that he must refuse to entertain a doubt of Muriel's ability to explain her conduct in a manner which would be satisfactory to the most censorious critic, the most jealous worshiper.

But this he knew—that if he should again become involved in any maze of falsehood which should destroy his faith in some one whom he loved and trusted he must go mad and die. There was no strength in him for such an ordeal.

"Muriel might better shoot me than lie to me," he repeated frantically aloud in the empty streets.

At dawn he stood upon a height that overlooked the town. The eastern sky blazed with color, and he had no pleasure in it, he to whom the face of nature had once been a perpetual joy. He laughed bitterly.

"Even the sunrise is wrong," he said. "It's not what it used to be. The world and its blue ceiling are ashes, and I have just found it out. Let me think this over. There is something in it."

In the middle of the afternoon he called upon Muriel. The gentleman with whom he had played billiards on the previous evening was just leaving. A moment later they were alone.

"Muriel," said he, "has my conduct vexed you?"

"No," said she.

"But I know that it has," he protested gently. "I have seen it very clearly."

"You are mistaken."

"I have worried you about Carlingford and your life there. Surely I have."

"No," said she, "not in the least."

"You would not care to have me behave otherwise? My constant irritable suspicion and fretful questioning are nothing to you?"

"My dear, my dear!" she cried, with sudden tenderness that brought the tears of her eyes. "Do you fancy that I cannot see beneath this veil of conduct? Am I some wretched lawmaker that I do not know the difference between a man and his acts? I love you. I am too intent upon what you are to waste my time in worry over what you do.

"You have passed through a bitter trial and have saved your goods and your repute before the world, but have you saved your character? Richard, your friend has robbed you indeed. He has stolen your faith. You must restore the balance of your soul."

"It is true," said he. "I learn it for the second time today. I learned it first from the sunrise. I tested my sight upon it. The face of nature looked as false and hostile to me as any human countenance. Then the fault must be in me."

"All this may be repaired," said she. "You stand where every one of us is always standing, with the depths of the pit below you and the heights of heaven above. You have the power to rise or fall and as far as you choose."

"I know it," he replied, "and I will surely rise, at least to where I stood before. My soul shall drag my body after it, and these nerves of mine shall be as steady as a rock. They know it; they feel it already. You yourself can see it."

"Very clearly," said she, "and I am very happy. I think you may hear about Mr. Mortimer of Carlingford now, though I had resolved not to speak of him to you. I have told you

"MR. JONES?" SAID CLAVERING. "OH, YES!"

that my mother and I have suffered some losses. I did not give you the details. For full details apply to Mr. Mortimer, if you can find him. The police have been unable to do so. The reason why I did not tell you was that I should have had to lay before you another character precisely like that of your friend who tried to defraud you. It seemed to me that the spectacle would not be beneficial, but now it cannot harm you."

"Not in the least," said he. "There are all kinds of men and women, and most of them try to do right a fair share of their time."

"Speaking of nerves," said she after a brief pause, "I think my own would be the better for some good resolves. I have just learned of an odd thing that I did which shows a loose wheel in my mental machinery somewhere. I wrote to some photographers in Carlingford to send copies of a certain picture for which I sat while there, and I inclosed to them one of my latest photographs taken here. A member of the firm happened to be coming to this city, and he brought my picture back to me and received the one that I had meant to send."

"Mr. Jones?" said Clavering. "Oh, yes! He trounced me soundly at billiards last evening."

MASTODONS.

Why Their Bones Are Found Near Salt or Sulphur Springs.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct. Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which when they felt death coming on always made for the nearest stream or pond and, if they could get there, died in the water.

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicates that the animals went there to drink the water and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great numbers of the bones do not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones. Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called "the bone yard" because the bottom and sides are masses of mastodon bones."

A Futile Boast.

"Love me and the world is mine," he said.

"What's the use of saying that?" she replied. "I've been loving you for weeks and you haven't even succeeded in getting a good job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness.—Mme. de Rieux.

WARNED BY SPECTERS

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER.

How an Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine.

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the west, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginings.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and, when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitant stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but the secret of these strange sights which sometimes greet the eye of mortals is hidden in this unknown range of vibrations, hiding a world that is all about us, mingling with and overlapping, surrounding and telescoping our common humdrum daily life and only in rare moments of attunement drawing the veil aside for a glimpse into the unknown.—New York Herald.

Fine Groceries, Salt Meats, Fish, Etc., Etc., are always to be found at the store of

GEO. C. SKIRVEN,

CARTER BLOCK, DENTON,

Dealer in "GOOD THINGS TO EAT." All the housekeepers of Denton and vicinity are specially invited to call and inspect the stock and leave their order, or call on the phone.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscribers, of Caroline county, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Burton W. Parker, late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 10th day of March, 1909, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this 18th day of August, 1908.

WILMER B. PARKER,
HENRY R. LEWIS,
Administ'tors of Burton W. Parker, dec'd.

Greensboro Barber Shop For Sale.

One of the best located and equipped barber shops on the Eastern Shore will be sold at a bargain. A chance of a lifetime for an up-to-date barber. No other need apply. Price $200. Immediate possession. Inquire of

R. R. SHULL,
8-8-tf] Greensboro, Md.

Boat Patterns.

I have 25 good boat patterns for sale, cheap. Apply to

G. L. BUTLER,
Near Fowling Creek, Md.
P. O., Preston, Md. (7-11-8t)

Grain Notice.

Mr. Charles H. Whitby, the agent at Denton of the steamer Plymouth, Captain Brockway, will pay the highest cash prices for grain. Call on him at West Denton or at his home in Denton.

For Rent,

A comfortable dwelling on Third street, Denton. Apply at the home.

MRS. S. I. FULLERTON,
8-8-tf] Denton, Md.

BOLGIANO'S "GOLD" BRAND TIMOTHY SEED

Is Entirely Free From Weeds and Filth.

Every Sack is stenciled "GOLD" at the Mouth.

If Your Merchant Does Not Sell It, Accept No Substitute.

Insist Upon Having "GOLD" Timothy. Then You Will Have Pure Seed For Your Fields.

J. BOLGIANO & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Order Nisi.

Harvey L. Cooper, Assignee,
vs.
Samuel W. Jackson and Emma Jane Jackson, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 13th day of August, A. D., 1908, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harvey L. Cooper, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of October, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 14th day of September, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $200.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

For Sale.

Nine acres of land, with a 12-room dwelling thoroughly repaired and remodeled, papered and painted new; barn and outbuildings, nicely arranged. Large lawn, sloping to water's edge. Has full water frontage, solid sandy shore, joining wharf property at Denton Bridge. Terms easy. Apply to

F. B. NUTTLE,
7-18-08] Denton, Md.

Cider For Sale.

Sweet Cider for sale at five cents per gallon. THOS. WRIGHT,
(8-22-3t) Near Concord, Md.

Washington College,

Chestertown, Maryland.

127th Session Begins September 16th, 1908.

The college offers four courses of study—
Classical, Latin-Scientific, Scientific, (each leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts)
and Normal
(leading to the Normal Diploma, which entitles the holder to teach in any county of the State without examination.)

Sub-Freshman and Sub-Normal classes are maintained for the benefit of those who desire a thorough preparation.

In the Collegiate Department the elective system enables each student to select the studies suited to his particular needs.

Students are provided with good board and comfortable well-furnished quarters. The buildings are equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, electric lights, baths.

Here students may pursue their studies in a highly moral community, amid beautiful and healthful surroundings, under careful supervision of health and habits, at very low rates.

For catalogue and other information address, JAS. W. CAIN, LL. D.,
7-18-3m] President.

Order Nisi.

Sarah E. Williams et al.
vs.
Celia Leigh et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1310.

Ordered, this 1st day of August, 1908, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Elmer W. Deen, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of October, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 8th day of September, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $4500.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Elizabeth A. Taylor, late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 10th day of March, 1909, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 18th day of August, 1908.

ROBERT P. TAYLOR,
Adm'tor of Elizabeth A. Taylor, dec'd

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph W. Gibbs and Laura E. Gibbs to Saulsbury Hobbs, bearing date the 20th day of January, 1899, and recorded in Mortgage Record C. W. H., No. 2, folio 3, one of the Mortgage Records for Caroline county, Md., which said mortgage by sundry assignments was finally assigned to Henry R. Lewis on the 14th day of August, 1908, all of which said assignments are recorded at the [illegible] of the record of the original mortgage, the undersigned, as assignee, aforesaid, will sell the hereinafter described mortgaged property, in front of the Court House Door in Denton, Md., on

Tuesday, the 8th day of September,

1908, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m. of that day, as follows, to wit:

ALL THAT TRACT,

piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the First election district of Caroline county, Maryland, on the road leading from Burnt Church to Boardley place, and where Joseph W. Gibbs now resides, said land being composed of three tracts, one conveyed to the said Joseph W. Gibbs by Joshua Gibbs and Francis Gibbs, by deed dated February 27, 1882, one conveyed to Joseph W. Gibbs by Eliza J. Downes by deed bearing date February 12, 1877, and one conveyed to Joseph W. Gibbs by Charles W. Smith, executor; all of which said deeds are duly recorded among the Land Records for Caroline county. The said several pieces are now used as one tract and contain in the aggregate

26 1-4 Acres of Land,

be the same more or less.
The improvements consist of a

One and a Half Story

Frame Dwelling, with necessary outbuildings, all in fair repair.

There is fruit and fire wood sufficient for the use of the place. The place is well located for shipping purposes and well adapted to the growth of fruits, truck, &c.

TERMS: CASH ON DAY OF SALE.

Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
JOHN W. CLARK, Assignee.
Auctioneer.

For Sale.

An Olds runabout, in good order, complete with lamps and top; will sell for $200 cash. Apply to

F. B. NUTTLE,
Denton, Md.