Mrs W F Towers 2 9

DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 64. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1910. NO. 23

BRIDAL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

You will find in abundance by looking through our stock.

We show the largest lines of Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, Imported Hand Painted China, High Grade Hollow and Flat Plated Ware, and Clocks.

Our prices you will find most reasonable.

Beautiful Chests of Plated Ware at $10 and $18.

Attractive 4-piece Tea Sets, $10 and up.

ERNEST D. STURMER,
Jeweler and Optician,
EASTON, : : : MARYLAND.

ACADIA BUTTER

—The Butter That's Always Good.

¶ Many a good dinner has been spoiled by a poor Butter. If you would have a Butter that's ALWAYS GOOD try Acadia.

¶ Those who have used Acadia Butter know how good it is. They know its delicious flavor; they know how it comes packed in hermetically-sealed cartons to preserve its good qualities; they know it is a PURE Butter; they know all these things, and that is why they continue to use it year after year.

¶ This advertisement is not meant for those who know. It is for the benefit of those who have not yet become acquainted with Acadia Butter.

¶ Sold by all first-class grocers. Don't take any other—insist upon Acadia.

Middletown Farms
Pure Dairy Products
Middletown, Del.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
Personal Property.

Intending to make a change in farming, I will offer at public sale at my residence, one mile west of Smithville, on

Wednesday, April 6th, 1910,

if fair—if not, the next fair day—commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following property:

CATTLE—Two cows, 5 and 7 years old; two heifers, 20 months old—all to be fresh soon.

Lot of S. C. W. Leghorn chickens.

FARM MACHINERY—One 2½ h. p. Fairbanks-Morse gasoline engine, one No. 1 New Holland feed mill, one Farmers' Friend swing table wood saw, with rip saw and saw table; one 2-hole power corn sheller, one 8 spout improved disc Farmer's Favorite grain drill, one Adriance mower, chain drive; one Price farm wagon, 1¾ axles; one duplex spring dearborn, 1⅛ in. axle; one York carriage; one spindle buggy; one set wagon harness; one set double dearborn harness; two sets double reins; one 1-horse tomato rack; one set warehouse trucks; one half-bushel; one river barge; four set nets; lot of corn; lot of cow peas.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE—One Apollo range; three airtight and one coal oil set stoves; one 10-ft extension table; one buffet refrigerator; one hall rack; one lounge; dining room, hall and a lot of other small lamps; two 10x10 ft. bamboo porch screens; one baby coach; one ice cream freezer; one separator, 10 gal.; one 60-gal. oil tank, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

This is a chance to get some good cattle and machinery, as this machinery is nearly new and in first-class order.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums of and under $10, cash; over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given, purchaser giving interest-bearing, properly secured, bankable note.

S. M. LIDEN, Owner.
LEONARD COVEY, Auctioneer.

Order of Publication.

Gladys Downs Braeumlick
vs.
Peter Braeumlick.

In Equity in the Circuit Court for Caroline County. No. 1416 Chancery.

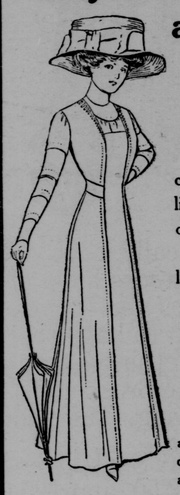
The object of this suit is that Gladys Downs Braeumlick may procure a decree of divorce a vinculo matrimonii from her husband, Peter Braeumlick.

The bill states that the said Gladys Downs Braeumlick was married unto the said Peter Braeumlick on or about the 8th day of February, 1898; that the said parties lived together until in or about the month of March, 1902; that the said Peter Braeumlick, in or about the month of March, 1902, abandoned and deserted the said Gladys Downs Braeumlick without any just cause or reason; that the abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for at least eight years and is deliberate and final, and the separation of the said parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation; that the said parties have no children born to them from said marriage; that the said Peter Braeumlick is a non-resident of the State of Maryland and of full age, and that the said Gladys Downs Braeumlick has resided in this State, in the county of Caroline, for more than two years next preceding this suit.

It is thereupon, this 24th day of March, 1910, ordered by the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 25th day of April, 1910, give notice unto the said Peter Braeumlick of the object and substance of this bill, warning him to appear in this court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 11th day of May next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

YOU Can Make This Pretty Semi-Princess Dress at Small Expense



by the use of Ladies' Home Journal Pattern No. 4733.

This is a charming, simple summer costume, which can be made up in linen, linene, mercerized poplin, silk-and-cotton or all-silk rough pongee, or foulard.

It closes at left side-front, and has lining guimpe closed in the back.

The price of the pattern is 15c—postage prepaid

Below we mention a few fabrics specially adapted for use in making this dress. Incidentally, they will show the low prices which are characteristic of Baltimore's Best Store.

Tan Linen, 27 inches wide, ... **15c yard.**
Every thread pure linen; natural color.

White Costume Linen, 36 inches wide, . . . **25c yard.**
Pure linen; medium weight; excellent quality.

Canvas Weave Linene, 27 inches wide, . . . **10c yard.**
In all the newest shades, including white and black.

White Mercerized Poplin, 27 inches wide, . . **25c yard.**
A handsome fabric, highly mercerized; looks like silk.

Silk Finished Percaline, 36 inches wide, . . **25c yard.**
For the guimpe; obtainable in white and the newest shades.

All Silk Shantung Pongee, 27 inches wide, . **50c yard.**
Heavy and lustrous; all colors and black.

Showerproof Foulard, 23 inches wide, . . . **79c yard.**
The best American make; in exclusive designs and colorings.

Samples of the above or any other fabrics will be gladly sent to you on request.
The Monthly Style Book—an illustrated fashion magazine—will be sent you for a year, if you ask for it on a post card or letter.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
BALTIMORE

LOST ON DRESS PARADE.

A Romance That Might Have Been, but Fate Intervened.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Mr. Towers Chandler was pressing his evening suit in his hall bedroom. One iron was heating on a small gas stove, the other was being pushed vigorously back and forth to make the desirable crease that would be seen later on extending in straight lines from Mr. Chandler's patent leather shoes to the edge of his low cut vest.

Our next view of him shall be as he descends the steps of his lodging house immaculately and correctly clothed, calm, assured, handsome—in appearance the typical New York young clubman setting out, slightly bored, to inaugurate the pleasures of the evening.

HE DECIDED TO ASK HER.

Chandler's honorarium was $18 per week. He was employed in the office of an architect. He was twenty-two years old.

Out of each week's earnings Chandler set aside $1. At the end of each ten weeks with the extra capital thus accumulated he purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time. He arrayed himself in the regalia of millionaires and presidents; he took himself to the quarter where life is brightest and showiest and there dined with taste and luxury.

This one delectable evening culled from each dull seventy was to Chandler a source of renascent bliss. To the society bud comes but one debut—it stands alone sweet in her memory when her hair has whitened—but to Chandler each ten weeks brought a joy as keen, as thrilling, as new as the first had been. To sit among bon vivants under palms in the swirl of concealed music, to look upon the habitues of such a paradise and to be looked upon by them—what is a girl's first dance and short sleeved tulle compared with this?

Up Broadway Chandler moved with the vespertine dress parade. For this evening he was an exhibit as well as a gazer. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d'hotes, at whirlwind lunch counters, on sandwiches and beer in his hall bedroom. He was willing to do that, for he was a true son of the great city of razzle-dazzle, and to him one evening in the limelight made up for many dark ones.

Chandler protracted his walk until the Forties began to intersect the great and glittering primrose way, for the evening was yet young, and when one is of the beau monde only one day in seventy, one loves to protract the pleasure. Eyes bright, sinister, curious, admiring, provocating, alluring, were bent upon him, for his garb and air proclaimed him a devotee to the hour of solace and pleasure.

At a certain corner he came to a standstill, proposing to himself the question of turning back toward the showy and fashionable restaurant in which he usually dined on the evenings of his especial luxury. Just then a girl scudded lightly around the corner, slipped on a patch of icy snow and fell plump upon the sidewalk.

Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the wall of the building, leaned against it and thanked him demurely.

"I think my ankle is strained," she said. "It twisted when I fell."

"Does it pain you much?" inquired Chandler.

"Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two."

"If I can be of any further service," suggested the young man, "I will call a cab, or"—

"Thank you," said the girl softly, but heartily. "I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horridly common sense. I can't blame them at all."

Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way, and her eye was both merry and kind. She was inexpensively clothed in a plain black dress that suggested a sort of uniform such as shopgirls wear. Her glossy dark brown hair showed its coils beneath a cheap hat of black straw whose only ornament was a velvet ribbon and bow. She could have posed as a model for the self respecting working girl of the best type.

A sudden idea came into the head of the young architect. He would ask this girl to dine with him. Here was the element that his splendid but solitary periodic feasts had lacked. His brief season of elegant luxury would be doubly enjoyable if he could add to it a lady's society. This girl was a lady, he was sure—her manner and speech settled that. And in spite of her extremely plain attire he felt that he would be pleased to sit at table with her.

These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, and he decided to ask her. It was a breach of etiquette, of course, but oftentimes wage earning girls waived formalities in matters of this kind. They were generally shrewd judges of men and thought better of their own judgment than they did of useless conventions. His $10, discreetly expended, would enable the two to dine very well indeed. The dinner would no doubt be a wonderful experience thrown into the dull routine of the girl's life, and her lively appreciation of it would add to his own triumph and pleasure.

"I think," he said to her, with frank gravity, "that your foot needs a longer rest than you suppose. Now, I am going to suggest a way in which you can give it that and at the same time do me a favor. I was on my way to dine all by my lonely self when you came tumbling around the corner. You come with me, and we'll have a cozy dinner and a pleasant talk together, and by that time your game ankle will carry you home very nicely, I am sure."

The girl looked quickly up into Chandler's clear, pleasant countenance. Her eyes twinkled once very brightly, and then she smiled ingenuously.

"But we don't know each other. It wouldn't be right, would it?" she said doubtfully.

"There is nothing wrong about it," said the young man candidly. "I'll introduce myself—permit me—Mr. Towers Chandler. After our dinner, which I will try to make as pleasant as possible, I will bid you good evening or attend you safely to your door, whichever you prefer."

"But, dear me!" said the girl, with a glance at Chandler's faultless attire. "In this old dress and hat!"

"Never mind that," said Chandler cheerfully. "I'm sure you look more charming in them than any one we shall see in the most elaborate dinner toilet."

"My ankle does hurt yet," admitted the girl, attempting a limping step. "I think I will accept your invitation, Mr. Chandler. You may call me Miss Marian."

"Come, then, Miss Marian," said the young architect gayly, but with perfect courtesy. "You will not have far to walk. There is a very respectable and good restaurant in the next block. You will have to lean on my arm—so—and walk slowly. It is lonely dining all by oneself. I'm just a little bit glad that you slipped on the ice."

When the two were established at a well appointed table with a promising waiter hovering in attendance Chandler began to experience the real joy that his regular outing always brought to him.

The restaurant was not so showy or pretentious as the one farther down Broadway which he always preferred, but it was nearly so. The tables were well filled with prosperous looking diners, there was a good orchestra playing softly enough to make conversation a possible pleasure, and the cuisine and service were beyond criticism. His companion even in her cheap hat and dress held herself with an air that added distinction to the natural beauty of her face and figure. And it is certain that she looked at Chandler, with his animated but self possessed manner and his kindling and frank blue eyes with something not far from admiration in her own charming face.

SO HE BEGAN TO PRATE OF CLUBS.

Then it was that the madness of Manhattan, the frenzy of fuss and feathers, the bacillus of brag, the provincial plague of pose, seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had not the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and cotillons and tours abroad and threw out hints of a yacht lying at Larchmont. He could see that she was vastly impressed by this vague talk, so he indorsed his pose by random insinuations concerning great wealth and mentioned familiarly a few names that are handled reverently by the proletariat. It was Chandler's short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that could be had as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

"This way of living that you speak of," she said, "sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven't you any work to do in the world that might interest you more?"

"My dear Miss Marian," he exclaimed—"work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon, with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart's gait! We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land."

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously fed, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

"Thank you for a nice time," she said frankly. "I must run home now. I liked the dinner very much, Mr. Chandler."

He shook hands with her, smiling cordially, and said something about a game of bridge at his club. He watched her for a moment, walking rather rapidly eastward, and then he found a cab to drive him slowly homeward.

"I COULD LOVE A MAN WITH DARK AND KIND BLUE EYES."

In his chilly bedroom Chandler laid away his evening clothes for a sixty-nine days' rest. He went about it thoughtfully.

"That was a stunning girl," he said to himself. "She's all right, too, I'd be sworn, even if she does have to work. Perhaps if I'd told her the truth instead of all that razzle-dazzle we might— But, confound it, I had to play up to my clothes!"

Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwams of the tribe of the Manhattans.

The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she entered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out the window.

"Oh, you madcap!" exclaimed the elder girl when the other entered. "When will you quit frightening us this way? It is two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat. Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless puss."

The elder girl touched a button, and a maid came in a moment.

"Marie, tell mamma that Miss Marian has returned."

"Don't scold, sister. I only ran down to Mme. Theo's to tell her to use mauve insertion instead of pink. My costume and Marie's hat were just what I needed. Every one thought I was a shopgirl, I am sure."

"Dinner is over, dear; you stayed so late."

"I know. I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle. I could not walk, so I hobbled into a restaurant and sat there until I was better. That is why I was so long."

The two girls sat in the window seat looking out at the lights and the stream of hurrying vehicles in the avenue. The younger one cuddled down with her head in her sister's lap.

"We will have to marry some day," she said dreamily—"both of us. We have so much money that we will not be allowed to disappoint the public. Do you want me to tell you the kind of man I could love, sis?"

"Go on, you scatterbrain," smiled the other.

"I could love a man with dark and kind blue eyes, who is gentle and respectful to poor girls, who is handsome and good and does not try to flirt. But I could love him only if he had an ambition, an object, some work to do in the world. I would not care how poor he was if I could help him build his way up. But, sister dear, the kind of man we always meet—the man who lives an idle life between society and his clubs—I could not love a man like that even if his eyes were blue and he were ever so kind to poor girls whom he met in the street."

A Fair Proposition.

The house committee of a New York club once received this unique complaint:

"I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well known gourmets. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future when an omelet is served for four persons it should be either with (a) four flies or (b) no flies at all."

Hope.

"Say, pop, I've got to write a composition on 'Hope.' What is 'hope,' anyway?"

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expectation of being able to dodge our just deserts."—Life.

A Short Fall.

"Golly, Mike, are you alive after falling two stories?"

"Why, that's not far; this is a fifty-one story building."—Judge.

The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself.—Bruyere.

TRICKED THE SAVAGE.

The Explorers Forced Him to Lead Them to Water.

A party of explorers, four in number, were traveling across the sandy plains of Western Australia. They had been struggling on for weeks and were now greatly in need of water. Their two camels had not had any water to drink for nearly a fortnight.

After a time they came to a deserted camp hidden among some trees.

While they were looking at the still smoldering campfires they were startled by some dreadful yells, and a shower of spears, thrown by a number of black savages, came flying about them.

This made the travelers so angry that they rushed after the blacks, who fled in all directions. After a stern chase they found one of the savages up a tree. As he would not come down, one of the travelers climbed the tree after him.

Presently a branch of the tree gave way, and they both came tumbling down, but without hurting themselves much.

The travelers asked the black man where they could find some water, but he would not say.

Then they tried to get friendly with him and gave him some food. But, although he enjoyed the food, he would not tell them where water was to be found.

Then one of them had an idea.

He took some tinned meat, mixed into it a handful of salt and gave it to the hungry savage. The black soon cleared it up and seemed to enjoy it, much to the amusement of the travelers. Then they sat down and waited.

In about an hour the savage began to get fidgety and wanted to leave them, but they would not let him go. Presently he began to wail: "Water! Water!"

Jumping up, he ran to the densest part of the scrub, followed by the white men.

Clearing away some twigs, he revealed a hidden pool of clear water. That is the way the spring was discovered.

A HENRY CLAY STORY.

Fate of the Resolution Instructing Him How to Vote.

Adlai Stevenson in "Something of Men I Have Known," commenting on Henry Clay, tells this anecdote:

Possibly since the foundation of the government no statesman has been so completely idolized by his friends and party as was Henry Clay. Words are meaningless when the attempt is made to express the idolatry of the Whigs of his own state for their great chieftain. For a lifetime he knew no rival. His wish was law to his followers. In the realm of party leadership a greater than he hath not appeared. At his last defeat for the presidency strong men wept bitter tears. When his star set it was felt to be the signal for the dissolution of the great party of which he was the founder. In words worthy to be recalled, "when the tidings came like wailing over the state that Harry Percy's spur was cold the chivalrous felt somehow the world had grown commonplace."

The following incident along the line indicated may be considered characteristic. While Mr. Clay was a senator a resolution, in accordance with a some time custom, was introduced into the Kentucky house of representatives instructing the senators from that state to vote in favor of a certain bill then pending in congress. The resolution was in the act of passing without opposition when a hitherto silent member from one of the mountain counties, springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, am I to understand that this legislature is undertaking to tell Henry Clay how to vote?" The speaker answered that such was the purport of the resolution. At which the member from the mountains, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Great heaven!" and sank into his seat. It is needless to add that the resolution was immediately rejected by unanimous vote.

The Aged and Infirm One.

The Haldane family has always been noted in England for its famous walkers, and the present head of the family tells this story of one of his ancestors:

This old gentleman, having been prayed for by a clergyman as "thine aged and infirm servant," immediately suggested a little walk with his surprised clerical friend. The latter consented, and the "aged and infirm" Mr. Haldane took him for such a tremendously long walk that when the clergyman returned, utterly exhausted, he fell asleep and could only with difficulty be awakened to conduct a religious service.—London M. A. P.

Playful Monkeys.

Apes and gorillas are usually vicious and resentful and less addicted to playful tricks than the common monkey. Indeed, the monkey, as we all know, is a trickster both in his wild and domestic state. In their native forests monkeys spend hours in swinging from the branches of trees, suspended by their tails, and chattering and grimacing with evident signs of delight. Humboldt mentions seeing over a hundred so employed in a South American forest.

Profanity of His Profession.

"Who is that scientific gent in room 15?" asked the scrub lady.

"I dunno," answered the broom gentleman. "But he's a funny one to swear. You ought to hear him. When he saw a lot of mold on top of his ink he said, 'B'cillus!' just that way."—Chicago Tribune.

Safer.

"Those two statesmen are so angry they won't speak."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "that's better than starting a controversy."—Washington Star.

Quite Fresh.

She—Did you see many fresh faces at the opera the other night? He—Oh, yes. Some of them had only just been made that evening.—Boston Transcript.

SECOND ANNUAL
Automobile Show!
at the Garage, Denton, Md.,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
April 5, 6, 7, 8.
(COURT WEEK.)

A large number of up-to-date machines, including several models each of the famous

Brush, Buick, Chalmers-Detroit, E. M. F., Flanders 20, Ford, Hudson, Hupmobile, International, Maxwell, Mitchell, Overland, Packard, Reo, Scacht

and others, particularly adapted to use in this part of the country, will be on exhibition. Also, the noted

CHASE AND INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS

Music, afternoons & evenings—Robinson's Orchestra, of Wilmington

☞ Special Low Rate Round Trip Tickets (2 cents a mile) good for four days, will be issued by the M., D. & V. Railway Co.

IF IT IS
JEWELRY
YOU WANT
YOU CAN DO NO BETTER THAN VISIT
FRANK L. ROBERTS
Successor to H. Lay Beaven
Cor. Washington & Dover Sts.
EASTON, MD.

Look Over This List:

brooches, Lockets, Bar Pins, Dutch Collar Pins, Links, Scarf Pins, Hat Pins, Combination Sets, Watch Fobs, Collar Buttons, Bracelets, Match Boxes, Pocket Files, Scissors, Pencils, Cut Glass Berry Bowls, Bon Bon Dishes, Celery Dishes, Sterling Silver Fancy Pieces, Silver Plated Articles, WATCHES, Solid and Filled, For Ladies and Gentlemen

Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Wood's Trade Mark
Grass and Clover Seeds
are best qualities obtainable, of tested germination and free from objectionable weed seeds.

Wood's Seed Book for 1910
gives the fullest information about all Farm and Garden Seeds, especially about Grasses and Clovers, the kinds to sow and the best way to sow them for successful stands and crops.

WOOD'S SEEDS have been sown for more than thirty years in ever increasing quantities, by the best and most successful farmers.

Wood's Seed Book mailed free on request. Write for it.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
SEEDSMEN,
Richmond, - Virginia.

SPECIAL SIZES.

Stouts, Slims, Extra Sizes, Long Stouts and Shorts, in sizes 34 to 50 Chest and Waist Suits and Trousers. Suits, $10 to $25; Trousers, $2 to $6. Regular cuts and sizes Suits, $5 to $30; Trousers, $2 to $6. Special cuts and styles for Young Men, in sizes 33 to 38, Suits, $10 to $25. Boys', 15 to 19 years, at $8 to $18. New Grey, Oxford and Black Overcoats, Topcoats and Raincoats, $10 to $25. Big line of the new Greys in Suits, $10, $12, $15, $18, $20 and $25, in sizes 33 to 42 chest. New Blue Serges, $8 to $25, in sizes 34 to 44. Boys' and Young Men's sizes, $8 to $18. Little Boys' 3 to 17 years' Suits, $4 to $10. White and Fancy Vests, Extra Trousers in every size in and ready.

Biggest Because Best — MULLIN'S Wilmington — Clothing Hats Shoes

SPRING GOODS Are Being Shown

Having closed my Special Sales on all Winter Goods, I am now ready to serve the public with a full line of Spring Goods, including

Dress Ginghams, White Madras, India Linon, Irish Linen, and Linen Suitings of all kinds, Poplins, &c.

Shoes, Fancy Hosiery, Neckwear.

A fine display of ready-trimmed Hats for Ladies. Also, a nice line of Hats for Men and Boys.

Can also give you special low prices on Floor Mattings and the American Fence Wire.

E. T. ORME,
ANDERSONTOWN MD.

NEW CLOTHES
AT OUR
NEW STORE
706 Market Street

Owing to our present quarters being inadequate for our steadily increasing business, it was necessary for us to seek more room. Therefore at our NEW LOCATION we will be able to render our many customers better service and display our exclusive line of imported suitings to better advantage. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

Thomas O'Connell,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
706 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, : : DELAWARE.

Brown Warrior

This well-known Jack, formerly owned by Mr. S. G. Nuttle, will stand on the farm of William H. Lord, near Concord, for the season of 1910. m26 3

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
PRICE 25 CTS.
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping-Cough and for the relief of Consumptive patients in incipient stages of the disease. Don't take a substitute. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best family medicine for coughs and colds. In use over 50 years.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Notice.

Persons who owe me will kindly pay at once. I am needing the money badly. My books were all burned in the fire—but nearly everyone knows what is due. W. I. KEEFER.

Sweet Potatoes Wanted.

I will buy sweet potatoes in carload lots, delivered at any point.

I want to buy also a good driving horse. M. H. DOWNES,
m26 3t Denton, Md.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Restaurant.

Call at Captain Dean's place next week, during the session of the court, for your dinner or lunch. On the bill of fare, among other dishes, will be fresh meats, stewed and fried oysters, and sandwiches.

Boarding.

Permanent and transient boarders accommodated in a new and well-appointed private home. All modern conveniences. MRS. MAUD JOHNSON,
Fifth avenue. Denton, Md.