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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.

THE STATE OF MARYLAND

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.
Annapolis.

April 30th, 1910.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Notice is Hereby Given, That application has been made to His Excellency, Austin L. Crothers, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of Robert Collins, who was convicted at the April Term, 1909, of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, of larceny, sentence having been suspended and said Collins paroled.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Saturday, the 7th day of May, 1910, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor. By order of the Governor.

N. WINSLOW WILLIAMS,
Secretary of State.

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, Links, Dutch Collar Pins, 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

BALTIMORE'S BIGGEST, BEST STORE

STEWART & Co.
HOWARD AND LEXINGTON STS.

New York Connection—Jas. McCreery & Co.
HIGH-GRADE MERCHANDISE AT POPULAR PRICES.

OUR ANNUAL
Profit-Sharing
Sale Continues

Immense Purchases of Desirable Merchandise at Enormous Discounts, and Odd Lots and Broken Assortments from Our Regular Stocks

ALL AT ABOUT
ONE-HALF PRICE!

Every Thing for Personal Wear and Household Use Included In This Sale

SEND US YOUR ORDERS
They Will Be Promptly and Carefully Filled

DENTON NATIONAL BANK

President:
HARVEY L. COOPER.
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THE Board of Directors of the DENTON NATIONAL BANK, by circular letter dated March 31st, ult., gave notice to all the depositors in the Savings Department that beginning May 1st the rate of

FOUR PER CENT. ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

would be paid, an increase of one per cent. allowed. The circular letter making the announcement is of interest to the public generally and extracts therefrom are given below, as follows:

"With this rate, the Savings Department of our Bank offers you a higher interest rate investment than does the United States government in the sale of its bonds, and we are glad to state that your money in our institution is as safe as it would be if you were to invest in government bonds.

"At this time, when competition is so strong among banks to secure depositors and the interest rate abnormally high, you are fortunate in having placed your deposit in the Denton National Bank, which has a Capital Stock of $75,000, a Surplus of $100,000, and Undivided Profits of $20,000. No other banking institution in the county can offer such a guarantee to depositors as does the Denton National Bank. It may be of interest to you to know that in the rating given by the Comptroller of the National Treasury the Denton National Bank stands eighth in the State.

"You can render your friend, who is seeking a safe investment for his money, no better service than to advise him to leave his money at the Savings Department of our Bank.

"Our institution is regularly examined by the national government. Your money is absolutely safe with us. You have no worry about it, for 'it works while you sleep.'"

THE BRIEF DEBUT OF TILDY.

How an Apology Ended a Restaurant Romance.

By O. HENRY.

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

If you do not know Bogle's chop-house and family restaurant it is your loss, for if you are one of the fortunate ones who dine expensively you should be interested to know how the other half consumes provisions. And if you belong to the half to whom waiters' checks are things of moment you should know Bogle's, for there you get your money's worth—in quantity at least.

Bogle's is situated in that highway of bourgeoisie, that boulevard of Brown-Jones-and-Robinson, Eighth avenue. There are two rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a caster stand containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may expect nothing.

At the cashier's desk sits Bogle, cold, sordid, slow, smoldering, and takes your money. Behind a mountain of toothpicks he makes your change, files your check and ejects at you, like a toad, a word about the weather. Beyond a corroboration of his meteorological statement you would better

ASKED HER TO GO TO "PARSIFAL" WITH HIM.

not venture. You are not Bogle's friend; you are a fed transient customer, and you and he may not meet again until the blowing of Gabriel's dinner horn. So take your change and go—to the devil if you like. There you have Bogle's sentiments.

The needs of Bogle's customers were supplied by two waitresses and a voice. One of the waitresses was named Aileen. She was tall, beautiful, lively, gracious and learned in persiflage. Her other name? There was no more necessity for another name at Bogle's than there was for finger bowls.

The name of the other waitress was Tildy. Why do you suggest Matilda? Please listen this time—Tildy, Tildy! Tildy was dumpy, plain faced and too anxious to please to please. Repeat the last clause to yourself once or twice and make the acquaintance of the duplicate infinite.

The voice at Bogle's was invisible. It came from the kitchen and did not shine in the way of originality. It was a heathen voice and contented itself with vain repetitions of exclamations emitted by the waitress concerning food.

Will it tire you to be told again that Aileen was beautiful? Had she donned a few hundred dollars' worth of clothes and joined the Easter parade and had you seen her you would have hastened to say so yourself.

The customers at Bogle's were her slaves. Six tables full she could wait upon at once. They who were in a hurry restrained their impatience for the joy of merely gazing upon her swiftly moving, graceful figure. They who had finished eating ate more that they might continue in the light of her smiles. Every man there—and they were mostly men—tried to make his impression upon her.

Aileen could successfully exchange repartee against a dozen at once. And every smile that she sent forth lodged, like pellets from a scatter gun, in as many hearts, and all this while she would be performing astounding feats with orders of pork and beans, pot roasts, ham and sausage and the wheats and any quantity of things on the iron and in the pan and straight up and on the side. With all this feasting and flirting and merry exchange of wit Bogle's came mighty near being a salon, with Aileen for its Mme. Recamier.

If the transients were entranced by the fascinating Aileen the regulars were her adorers. There was much rivalry among many of the steady customers. Aileen could have had an engagement every evening. At least twice a week some one took her to a theater or to a dance. One stout gentleman whom she and Tildy had privately christened "the hog" presented her with a turquoise ring. Another one known as "freshy," who rode on the traction company's repair wagon, was going to give her a poodle as soon as his brother got the hauling contract in the Ninth. And the man who always ate spareribs and spinach and said he was a stockbroker asked her to go to "Parsifal" with him.

"I don't know where this place is," said Aileen while talking it over with Tildy, "but the wedding ring's got to be on before I put a stitch into a traveling dress. Ain't that right? Well, I guess!"

But, Tildy!

In steaming, chattering, cabbage scented Bogle's there was almost a heart tragedy. Tildy, with the blunt nose, the hay colored hair, the freckled skin, the bag o' meal figure, had never had an admirer. Not a man followed her with his eyes when she went to and fro in the restaurant save now and then when men glared with the beast hunger for food. None of them bantered her gayly to coquettish interchanges of wit. None of them loudly jollied her of mornings as they did Aileen, accusing her, when the eggs were slow in coming, of late hours in the company of envied swains. No one had ever given her a turquoise ring or invited her upon a voyage to mysterious, distant "Parsifal."

Tildy was a good waitress, and the men tolerated her. They who sat at her tables spoke to her briefly with quotations from the bill of fare and then raised their voices in honeyed and otherwise flavored accents eloquently addressed to the fair Aileen. They writhed in their chairs to gaze around and over the impeding form of Tildy, that Aileen's pulchritude might season and make ambrosia of their bacon and eggs.

And Tildy was content to be the unwooed drudge if Aileen could receive the flattery and the homage. The blunt nose was loyal to the short Grecian. She was Aileen's friend, and she was glad to see her rule hearts and wean the attention of men from smoking potpie and lemon meringue. But deep below our freckles and hay colored hair the unhandsomest of us dream of a prince or a princess, not vicarious, but coming to us alone.

There was a morning when Aileen tripped in to work with a slightly bruised eye, and Tildy's solicitude was almost enough to heal any optic.

"Fresh guy," explained Aileen, "last night as I was going home at Twenty-third and Sixth, sashayed up, so he did, and made a break. I turned him down cold, and he made a sneak, but followed me down to Eighteenth and tried his hot air again. Gee, but I slapped him a good one side of the face! Then he give me that eye. Does it look real awful, Til? I should hate that Mr. Nicholson should see it when he comes in for his tea and toast at 10."

Tildy listened to the adventure with breathless admiration. No man had ever tried to follow her. She was safe abroad at any hour of the twenty-four. What bliss it must have been to have had a man follow one and black one's eye for love!

Among the customers at Bogle's was a young man named Seeders, who worked in a laundry office. Mr. Seeders was thin and had light hair and appeared to have been recently rough dried and starched. He was too diffident to aspire to Aileen's notice, so he usually sat at one of Tildy's tables, where he devoted himself to silence and boiled weakfish.

One day when Mr. Seeders came in to dinner he had been drinking beer. There were only two or three customers in the restaurant. When Mr. Seeders had finished his weakfish he got

KISSED HER LOUDLY AND IMPUDENTLY.

up, put his arm around Tildy's waist, kissed her loudly and impudently, walked out upon the street, snapped his fingers in the direction of the laundry and hied himself to play pennies in the slot machines at the amusement arcade.

For a few moments Tildy stood petrified. Then she was aware of Aileen shaking at her an arch forefinger and saying:

"Why, Til, you naughty girl! Ain't you getting to be awful, Miss Slyboots! First thing I know you'll be stealing some of my fellows. I must keep an eye on you, my lady."

Another thing dawned upon Tildy's recovering wits. In a moment she had advanced from a hopeless, lowly admirer to be an Eve sister of the potent Aileen. She herself was now a man charmer, a mark for Cupid, a Sabine who must be coy when the Romans were at their banquet boards. Man had found her waist achievable and her lips desirable. The [illegible] and amatory Seeders had, as it were, performed for her a miraculous piece of one day laundry work. He had taken the sackcloth of her uncomeliness, had washed, dried, starched and ironed it and returned it to her sheer embroidered lawn—the robe of Venus herself.

The freckles on Tildy's cheeks merged into a rosy flush. Now both Circe and Psyche peeped from her brightened eyes. Not even Aileen herself had been publicly embraced and kissed in the restaurant.

Tildy could not keep the delightful secret. When trade was slack she went and stood at Bogle's desk. Her eyes were shining. She tried not to let her words sound proud and boastful.

"A gentleman insulted me today," she said. "He hugged me around the waist and kissed me."

"That so?" said Bogle, cracking open his business armor. "After this week you get a dollar a week more."

At the next regular meal when Tildy set food before customers with whom

"DON'T YOU FRET, TIL," SAID AILEEN.

she had acquaintance she said to each of them modestly, as one whose merit needed no bolstering:

"A gentleman insulted me today in the restaurant. He put his arm around my waist and kissed me."

The diners accepted the revelation in various ways, some incredulously, some with congratulations. Others turned upon her the stream of badinage that had hitherto been directed at Aileen alone. And Tildy's heart swelled in her bosom, for she saw at last the towers of romance rise above the horizon of the gray plain in which she had for so long traveled.

For two days Mr. Seeders came not again. During that time Tildy established herself firmly as a woman to be wooed. She bought ribbons and arranged her hair like Aileen's and tightened her waist two inches. She had a thrilling but delightful fear that Mr. Seeders would rush in suddenly and shoot her with a pistol. He must have loved her desperately, and impulsive lovers are always blindly jealous.

Even Aileen had not been shot at with a pistol. And then Tildy rather hoped that he would not shoot at her, for she was always loyal to Aileen, and she did not want to overshadow her friend.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the third day Mr. Seeders came in. There were no customers at the tables. At the back end of the restaurant Tildy was refilling the mustard pots and Aileen was quartering pies. Mr. Seeders walked back to where they stood.

Tildy looked up and saw him, gasped and pressed the mustard spoon against her heart. A red hair bow was in her hair. She wore Venus' Eighth avenue badge, the blue bead necklace with the swinging silver symbolic heart.

Mr. Seeders was flushed and embarrassed. He plunged one hand into his hip pocket and the other into a fresh pumpkin pie.

"Miss Tildy," said he, "I want to apologize for what I done the other evenin'. Tell you the truth, I was pretty well tanked up or I wouldn't of done it. I wouldn't do no lady that a-way when I was sober. So I hope, Miss Tildy, you'll accept my 'pology and believe that I wouldn't of done it if I'd known what I was doin' and hadn't of been drunk."

With this handsome plea Mr. Seeders backed away and departed, feeling that reparation had been made.

But behind the convenient screen Tildy had thrown herself flat upon a table among the butter chips and the coffeecups and was sobbing her heart out—out and back again to the gray plain wherein travel they with blunt noses and hay colored hair. From her knot she had torn the red hair bow and cast it upon the floor. Seeders she despised utterly. She had but taken his kiss as that of a pioneer and prophetic prince who might have set the clocks going and the pages to running in fairyland. But the kiss had been maudlin and unmeant; the court had not stirred at the false alarm; she must forevermore remain the "sleeping beauty."

Yet not all was lost. Aileen's arm was around her, and Tildy's red hand groped among the butter chips till it found the warm clasp of her friend's.

"Don't you fret, Til," said Aileen, who did not understand entirely. "That turnip faced little clothespin of a Seeders ain't worth it. He ain't anything of a gentleman or he wouldn't ever of apologized."

Pre-Columbian Voyages.

Concerning the subject of the discovery of America John Fiske says: "Nothing can be clearer from a survey of the whole subject than that these pre-Columbian voyages were quite barren of results of historic importance. In point of colonization they produced the two ill fated settlements on the Greenland coast and nothing more; otherwise they made no real addition to the stock of geographical knowledge. They wrought no effect whatever upon the European mind. In no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and western halves of our planet until the great voyage of Columbus in 1492."

Nature's Work.

There is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—Ruskin.

Considerate.

"Young man, I'm sure I heard you kiss my daughter."

"Did you, sir? Next time I'll tip over a chair or shuffle my feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Creation lives, grows and multiplies. Man is but a witness.—Victor Hugo.

FIERCE ESKIMO DOGS.

They Retain Their Wild Nature Despite Long Training.

AS SAVAGE AS THE WOLVES.

And Like Their Ferocious Congeners They Always Hunt In Packs—Instances In Labrador Where They Have Devoured Human Beings.

There undoubtedly is an affinity between the wolf and the Eskimo dog. For generations the dog has been trained by the Eskimos, chiefly by the women, and taught to haul a sledge in winter. The Hudson Bay company's agents and the settlers on the coast of Labrador vie with each other in getting together splendid teams. One would naturally suppose that dogs of this kind, so long trained and associated with men, would become more or less domesticated and lose their original savage character. It is, however, quite otherwise.

The Eskimo dog of today is still a pure, unmitigated savage. Like his congener, the wolf, he always hunts in packs. Quite recently an Eskimo, with his wife and child, was making a journey with his team to a nearby settlement. On his way the driver became ill and weak and quite unable to control his team. The dogs turned on them and devoured the whole family.

An old resident at Labrador told me that one winter's evening he was sitting reading when he heard a furious barking among his dogs outside. Fighting among the pack was so common that he took no notice of the disturbance. Next morning the cause of the row was discovered. A poor Eskimo woman was coming to the house for medicine for her sick child. She stumbled over the heap of snow near the door. The pack sprang on her, and some rags and bones discovered next morning told the tale of her tragic fate.

The Newfoundland fishermen often bring home these Eskimo dogs from Labrador. They invariably turn out sheep killers, and the crossbred ones have all the same savage instinct. They have been known to kill a score or more sheep in one night, all being found with their throats torn, but not one eaten. It is simply the savage lust for blood. The early settlers in Newfoundland found the great timber wolves a terrible pest. They killed their sheep and cattle and sometimes attacked women and children. They were continually chased and killed, but still they increased. A handsome bounty on wolfskins, however, eventually brought about their extirpation.

Animals that hunt or move together in packs always retain this characteristic. The reindeer in Lapland have been trained and domesticated by man for countless generations, but they still retain this instinct of the pack. As soon as the team moves all the reindeer start off; nothing can stop them. While the savage pack hunting character of the Eskimo dog remains so long unchanged, we have, on the other hand, in setter and retriever dogs a very striking illustration of how an artificial character can be given to the dog and a special characteristic firmly implanted in a breed and retained for centuries. It is, however, purely artificial and is easily lost. For instance, setters and pointers kept by ladies as pets and not trained lose the instinct to point. The untrained breed within a generation lose it altogether. Every sportsman knows that the young ones are very easily trained and point naturally. I have seen setter pups only six weeks old setting at flies.

The instinct for retrieving is perpetuated in no breed so strongly as the real Newfoundland dog, the fisherman's friend and constant companion and the most splendid of all retrievers. A remarkable instance of his gifts and courage is the story of a Newfoundland settler, George Harvey, how with the aid of his dog and two children he saved 163 lives in 1832. In the autumn of that year the brig Dispatch, on her way to Quebec with emigrants, in a tremendous gale of wind struck a rock about three miles from Harvey's residence at Isle aux Morts. Harvey heard the signals of distress and immediately launched his boat. His only help was a boy of twelve, his girl, sixteen years old, and his dog. To get close to the doomed ship in such a sea was to court destruction. Harvey's dog understood what was required of him. He swam toward the ship. The seas overwhelmed him and drove him back, but finally he came near enough. The sailors threw him a rope, which he caught with his teeth. At last he got back to Harvey's boat almost dead from exhaustion, but with the rope's end firmly clinched in his teeth. Communication between the boat and the ship was then established, and with care and the most laborious efforts every soul was saved.—Judge Prowse in London Standard.

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but this fact has been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and through an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence a breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of the pleasure we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.—New York Herald.

Contradictory.

"Mrs. McManus, you're a lady and your husband is a gentleman, but thet son Moike of yours, be hivins, he comes from a family of robbers, so he does."—Boston Transcript.

Defer not till tomorrow to be wise.—Cosgrove.