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WRIGHTS' | WRIGHTS' | WRIGHTS' | WRIGHTS' | WRIGHTS'

WRIGHT BROS.' DEPARTMENT STORE

IS GETTING

READY

FOR

CHRISTMAS!

THEIR LINES WILL BE

MOST VARIED

Read Their Advertisement

In Our Next Issue!

GREAT PREPARATIONS

ARE BEING MADE

AT THE STORE OF

H. C. & W. R. WRIGHT

CARTER BLOCK DENTON, MARYLAND

RAIRIGH & BRUMBAUGH'S

Greensboro Store Announcement

A FINE DISPLAY OF

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

OUR firm desired, particularly, a line of Men's Clothing that would give the Men and Young Men of Greensboro and the country around the greatest value for their money—a make of Clothes that would permit us to say in all sincerity: "We stand by what you buy." After extended and searching investigation we reached a most fortunate conclusion. We secured the brand of Clothing against which nothing could be urged by one who desires first-rate material, thorough workmanship in the making and correct style, the

Famous Kuppenheimer Clothes,

Made and Designed by B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Prices: $15.00 to $25.00
Others: $6.50 to $15.00
Youths' Suits: $7.50 to $16.50
Boys' Suits: $2.50 to $8.50
Overcoats and Raincoats—$7.50 to $22.50
Boys' Raincoats—$7.50 to $8.50

Gents' Furnishings

Our furnishing department is new and full of the very best values, such as Crossett Shoes, Cluett Shirts, Stetson Hats, Strause Neckwear, Sable Caps, Rockwood Underwear, Etc.

Ladies' Suits & Coats

Ladies' Tailored Suits and Coats—Distinctive Outer Apparel for Women and Misses. Splendid display of fashionable Cloth Coats and Suits. Artistically tailored garments that reflect exclusive ideas.

Our prices are interesting. Call and look them over.

Don't forget our Fur, Sweater and Glove departments. They are full of the best productions for the season.

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

RAIRIGH & BRUMBAUGH, Greensboro, Md.

Order of Publication.

William H. Wright
vs.
Nellie Wright

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

The object of this suit is to procure a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* by the Plaintiff from the Defendant.

The amended Bill states:

That the plaintiff and defendant were married on the day of 1881, and that they resided together in Caroline county until the day of 1894.

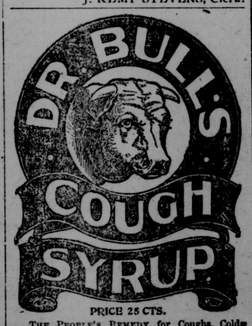
Second—That though the conduct of the plaintiff toward his wife, the said Nellie Wright, the defendant, has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach, the said defendant has, without any just cause or reason, abandoned and deserted him and the said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for at least three years, and is deliberate and final, and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

Third—That the said Nellie Wright is a non-resident of the State of Maryland and resides in the State of New Jersey.

It is thereupon this twenty-third day of November, 1910, by the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in Equity, ordered that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 26th day of December, 1910, giving notice to the said non-resident defendant of the object and substance of the Bill, warning her to be and appear in said Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 11th day of January, 1911, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

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



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A FATHER'S DREAM

The Last Scheme Herr Bischoff Planned For His Son.

By HELEN COMFORT.

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In the center of a large tract of land in Germany a hundred years ago stood a hunting lodge owned by Wilhelm Bischoff, a retired merchant of Berlin. Both Bischoff and his son Carl were sportsmen and used to go to this lodge in the proper season to hunt. The wild boar was at that time still to be found in certain parts of that country. When food was scarce the woods were infested with wolves.

The elder Bischoff was an optimist, often surprising his family by some visionary scheme. His son Carl, who inherited the traits of his mother rather than those of his father, was of a more equitable mental organization.

On one of Carl's visits to the lodge when his father remained at home he stopped one day while hunting at an ancient schloss occupied by one of those impoverished German noblemen whose ancestors were great men and whose descendants have had to pay for their progenitors' prominence. The schloss had always belonged to the Gehrensteins, whose living had been gained by plundering. But that part of the country did not fill up with the rest, and the laws gradually did away with the employment of the robber barons. He who occupied the schloss at the time the incident narrated in this story occurred had a pitiful income, which he supplemented by game.

Carl Bischoff was entertained by the baron, the only member of whose family living was Gretchen, a fair haired, blue eyed maiden of nineteen. Brought up in a wild region, a certain uncouthness marked her movements. Yet she had inherited the peculiar superiority of her ancestors. Carl followed her with his eyes wherever she went and saw in her the lady of the middle ages of which he had often read. Indeed, having lived in the same schloss, in the same wild country as they, she could not be anything else.

Instead of hunting the wild boar Carl Bischoff remained at the schloss till the time had arrived for his return to Berlin. He went away desperately in love with Gretchen Gehrenstein, and as he was the first young man

PICKED HIM OFF WITH UNERRING AIM.

of quality she had ever seen his love was returned. And, being returned, it was returned tenfold.

When Carl reached his father's house the hunting season was drawing to a close. The elder Bischoff had been detained from his accustomed outing and a few days after his son's return started for the lodge. Before going he called Carl into his library and said:

"Carl, I have just completed negotiations for your marriage with the daughter of Herman von Hecker, who is in high favor with the king. I can settle upon you a fortune, and with this alliance you will be received at court. This will give you an opportunity to distinguish yourself either in the diplomatic service, the army or some department of the government.

"So?" said the young man, who was used to his father's schemes and thought it better to wait for him to replace the present one with another. "That will be fine indeed."

Bischoff was much pleased with his son's compliance and went off to the lodge in a very good humor. A few days after his arrival the Lady Gretchen was riding through the forest when she came upon a riderless horse nipping what grass remained after the frosts preliminary to winter. The trappings denoted that the rider was above the ordinary woodchopper and trapper, and it was evident that some gentleman had met with an accident. She rode about till she caught sight of a man sitting on the ground leaning against a tree. Riding up to him, she asked him what was his trouble. She did not know that he was the father of her lover, and he did not know that she was his son's sweetheart.

"I am much pleased to see you, my dear young lady," he said feebly. "In chasing a boar my horse stumbled and fell, his whole weight coming down on my leg, which I fear is broken. I beg of you to catch him that I may get back to my hunting lodge."

Gretchen dashed away after the horse and soon returned leading him by the bridle. Dismounting, she endeavored to assist the man to rise, but in the effort to do so the pain of a broken leg threw him into a faint. Gretchen waited till he had come back to consciousness, when the two consulted what should be done. They were very near a wood road. It did not seem possible for them to make any move. Their only plan was to wait for some woodcutter to come and remove the injured man on his sledge.

An hour passed, it was coming dark, and yet no one had come. The invalid was growing despondent and somewhat terrorized at the prospect of spending the night in the forest. Then the girl asked him if he would consent to stay alone while she went for assistance. He agreed to the plan. She mounted her horse and was about to ride away when a distant bark was heard. She waited, listening. The bark was answered by one near by.

"I cannot leave you," she said. "There are wolves near at hand."

Bischoff blanched. "But, my dear lady," he said, "if there are wolves you must go. I cannot consent that you should perish because I must perish."

She looked at him with a surprised expression, not seeming to understand him. Her ancestors had not been accustomed to fear any danger. It was a part of their lives. And as to leaving one of their companions to suffer death to insure their own safety, such a thing had not occurred to them. It did not occur to this faraway offspring that had never known any surroundings except those in which they had lived. She cast a quick glance at the horses, as much as to say, "They will suffice to feed the wolves if there are not too many of them." Then she took up Bischoff's rifle and examined it. It was no breechloader of the present day. Every charge had to be rammed home before another could be fired. A small rifle was hanging from the saddle of her horse. She unhooked it and laid it beside the man. Then she led her horse some fifty yards away, tied him to a tree and did the same with Herr Bischoff's horse, placing the animals on different sides of them. All these preparations she made as a general expecting an attack would dispose of his means of defense. The last preparation was the gathering of what wood she could find and the lighting of a fire.

It was quite dark before the first wolf was seen, and then only two eyes like coals of fire appeared. Frightful neighs were heard from both the horses as the brutes sprang upon them. The fire kept off the wolves, though Gretchen stood before it, her rifle in hand, and if one of them came too near she picked him off with unerring aim, reloading immediately. There was plenty of powder and ball at hand and so long as it was not necessary to fire rapidly the ammunition could be utilized. Bischoff sat with his rifle ready to shoot, while Gretchen reloaded, and with the two, the fire and the horses to satisfy the wolves' hunger the prospect was fair—that is, if not too far prolonged.

Herr Bischoff always referred to that period from the fall of darkness till daybreak as the "horrible night." For twelve hours the girl stood defending him, and then when a light began to permeate the forest the wolves were seen stealing away between the trunks of the trees. An hour later a man with a horse and an empty sledge came by on his way for wood. Bischoff was lifted on the sledge and driven to the schloss.

One morning Carl Bischoff, who was attending lectures at the university, received a letter from his father giving an account of his adventure and telling his son that he was at an old tumbledown schloss not far from the lodge with a broken leg. He desired Carl to come to him and as soon as he was able to be moved to take him home. Carl first went to the lodge, where he communicated with Gretchen, telling her that she had saved and was nursing his father and asking her not to recognize him (Carl) when he appeared.

This matter having been arranged between the lovers, Carl appeared at the schloss. When he had embraced his father and they had rejoiced that he had been spared to his family the latter said:

"Carl, I have a new scheme for you."

"Oh, father," said Carl, "you are always having new schemes! What is this one?"

"You remember the marriage plan I had for you. Well, I have changed my mind. This girl who has saved me is in truth a wild looking thing"—

"Very."

"But she has descended from great people. I think it quite possible your mother can take her and make a lady of her. Now, I wish you—if I can get her for you—to marry her. It is quite likely that by repairing this venerable pile and your taking the additional name of Gehrenstein at her father's death you may assume the title. This will be a better platform from which to enter public life"—

"Father, say no more. I cannot consent one day to please you by falling in with your selection of a wife for me and another falling in with another scheme."

"I will double the amount to be settled on you."

"Desist."

"I will spend a hundred thousand marks on this schloss."

"Do not tempt me. I am in love."

The father sighed. "With whom?" he asked lugubriously.

The son put his arms about his father's neck.

"With this girl, my old poppy, whom you have called a wild thing and who has preserved you for us."

"You love this girl?"

"Yes."

"And yet only last week you agreed to marry another."

"I knew you would change your mind."

This was the last dream Herr Bischoff had for his son, and it turned out a reality. The schloss was renewed in more than its ancient splendor, and Carl is now Carl Bischoff von Gehrenstein.

A Healthful Town.

"If this town is as healthful as you say it is, why do there happen to be so many doctors' signs in evidence?"

"They are nearly all the signs of eye doctors. The people are so healthy here that they stay up nights enjoying the climate and injure their eyes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Evidence of Faith.

Mrs. Brooke—Have you any faith in life insurance? Mrs Lynne—Yes, indeed; I've realized $100,000 from two husbands, and they weren't very good ones either.—Judge's Library.

Descriptive.

Stella—Would you say she was a well dressed woman? Bella—No; she looks like a Wall street bear who has covered in a desperate hurry.—Puck.

Manufacturing sorrow is one of the worst of sins.

A SEA MYSTERY.

Showing That Hate Is Stronger Than the Elements.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I have been on the sea for forty years and have passed through many dangers. Thus I have had ample opportunity to observe how different people will act in the presence of death. Three times have I been carried from a stranded ship over boiling seas in a breeches buoy and twice gone down with the ship. While I can't say that I have become used to it, yet I have gained self control in the presence of death, and this has enabled me to take notice of the action of others similarly situated.

Up to a certain point a marine disaster is like a battle, many on board being sustained by an endeavor to avert the catastrophe. But once all effort has become useless those exposed to the merciless waters sink to a condition of despair. Then the timid woman may rise above the vigorous man, and a little child may show more fortitude than all. Once, and only once, in my long experience have I witnessed a case where the fear of death from the waves was swallowed by something stronger.

In 187— I was captain of a steamer fitted up for the passenger service and running between New York and Bermuda. One trip we made at a season when travel was at a minimum and carried very few passengers. The day we sailed the weather was fair. The few passengers were supposed to be on board, and the gangplank was about to be drawn in when a man was seen running through the dock house for the steamer. I was leaning over the rail at the time to see that all was clear for pulling out, and as soon as the newcomer was aboard I turned away. Then I saw a passenger standing on the deck pale as a ghost.

"Did he get aboard?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied and gave the signal to move. I had too much on my mind to give any thought to the incident,

LET FALL HIS BLOWS WITH THE FURY OF A DEMON.

and it did not occur to me again till later in the voyage.

The next morning after breakfast as I was going up on to the bridge a man stopped me and said:

"Captain, since you have sailed one of your passengers has disappeared."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Never mind how I know it. I simply report the fact."

"Which one is missing?"

"His name is on the list as Elbert Carpenter."

"I will have a search made."

I called for the purser, went over the list with him and told him to find Elbert Carpenter. He made a search and reported that no such man was aboard the ship. A stateroom had been engaged under the name, but the key had not been called for. No one knew him, and it was not known whether he had come aboard or not. I sent for the passenger who had reported the matter and told him that it was probable the man had been left behind.

"No, he wasn't," said the informant. "I saw him on deck standing beside you when I came aboard."

"Are you the man who came late?" I asked.

"Yes. I was the last one to go up the gangplank."

Then I remembered the passenger who seemed to have been affected by the other's coming.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Burton—Edgar Burton."

"Well, Mr. Burton, will you be good enough to tell me why you take so great an interest in this man Carpenter?"

Without reply he turned on his heel and left me. I asked the purser what it all meant, and he said he didn't know. A man had engaged passage under the name of Elbert Carpenter, but he had seen nothing of him. He had searched the ship and had not found him, but admitted that it was quite possible for a man to hide, especially by going away down into the depths of the hold. I took a look at all the passengers—there were but twelve of them—with a view to discovering if I could recognize the man who had stood beside me when we sailed. After examining them all I was sure he was not among them.

The affair was a mystery. The officers made it a topic of conversation while on and off duty, and the passengers in the smoking room talked and made bets about it. A pool was laid based on different solutions of the problem whether Carpenter had com aboard, was still aboard or had gone overboard. The only person from whom it seemed probable that information could be obtained was Mr. Burton, but when approached on the subject he shut himself up like a clam.

The more I thought about the missing man the more I recalled his appearance. He was rather long of body and short of leg, long neck and red hair, his face being sprinkled with freckles. Mr. Burton was in appearance his antipodes. His body was not long enough for his legs, which were like stilts. His complexion was dark, and his face wore a sinister expression. A scar on his left cheek was noticeable. His head was small, round as a bullet and set down on his high shoulders without any interval of neck.

I instructed the purser to continue to search for the missing passenger, for I had seen him, and he must have come aboard. Of course as soon as we made port his loss would be common property, the reporters would make a good deal out of it, and I preferred that we should be able to give an explanation. But the purser, I was told, poohpoohed both my evidence and that of Mr. Burton, which concurred, and made only a half hearted effort to find the man. His theory was that Carpenter had not come aboard.

But that occurred which put the mystery out of the heads of all of us. Before sailing the signal service had given a warning of a hurricane in the West Indies. I watched the barometer and one morning about four bells saw it drop like lead. It wasn't long after this that the wind began to send fragmentary clouds across the heavens, increasing hour after hour in violence till it was plain that we were in the teeth of the hurricane.

Our vessel was of average strength, but any ordinary ship having to stand the wind and waves of a hurricane is liable to give way. When a wave struck us it was as if several tons of rock had been hurled against us out of the mouth of a gigantic gun. The drops of water beating against my cheek struck like gravel stones. The only passenger on deck was Mr. Burton. I was on the bridge when I saw him come up the companionway, turn and look at the storm. It seemed to make no more impression on him than a twelve knot gale. Then, looking up at me, he sang out:

"This will drive him out."

At any other time the words would have seemed ludicrous, but now, knowing that if the hurricane did not blow itself out very soon our vessel would not be able to stand up against it, I had no interest in what the man meant. Indeed, soon after this I heard an ominous creaking and when the bow plunged down in between the monster waves and rose again I felt the ship bend at the waist. From that moment I knew she was liable to break in two.

It was half an hour after this that I left the bridge in charge of the first mate and went below to make an examination. By this time the passengers knew that the ship was about to go to pieces. Passing through the cabin, I found them all, except Burton, grouped while one of them was praying.

"Are we lost, captain?" asked all at once.

"I am going to see," I replied and hurried away. Passing down a companionway, I entered a lower deck. It was dark, but not so dark that I could not discern objects. And this is the sight I saw through the gloom.

There was the long bodied, short legged carpenter defending himself against the stilted Burton. Carpenter's weapon was a heavy furnace poker, Burton's a cutlass that he had stolen from among a lot of old arms that had been locked up in the ship for years. Burton made his thrusts and let fall his blows with the fury of a demon, while Carpenter, though on the defensive, had been driven to bay and was no less wildly vindictive. Both men were covered with blood.

The contrast between this picture and that of the huddled passengers I had just left occurring under the frightful conditions made my blood run cold. The ship and passengers were in my care. I was going to find out how great was the damage from the strain—whether, indeed, we had minutes or hours before being engulfed—and yet my steps were momentarily arrested by the sight of two human beings seeking to kill each other in the very presence of another, a more fearful, ending. Yet it was but a glance I gave them, then hurried on.

I found the strain great, but there were braces that bid fair to still hold the ship together for some time. Having noted this, I hurried back to the bridge by another route than that by which I had come, for I desired to shut off both the praying passengers and the fighting enemies. As soon as I reached the deck I noticed a lull in the wind and saw a yellow strip of light on the horizon in the direction from which the storm had come. I sent an officer to the passengers below to tell them the hurricane had passed and there was hope that the ship would not break in two.

It was not till the next morning that I considered the danger past. Then I went below to announce the good news to the passengers. All were in the cabin except Burton and Carpenter. As I left them I heard the voice of a passenger raised in thanksgiving for having been spared. I went on into the place where I had left the two men fighting and found them lying stone dead. What the elemental tempest had passed over the storm of hate had taken.

Their secret died with them. Nothing ever afterward came up to give a clew to the nature of the feud between them. We buried them at sea, sliding both over the ship's side together.

An Accurate Description.

"Did you ever run into a telegraph pole?" inquired the elderly passenger.

"Yes, ma'am," said the chauffeur, slowing up the taxicab to avoid a collision with a street car. "I've bumped into telegraph poles, I reckon, two or three times."

"Brings you to a pretty sudden stop, doesn't it?"

"No, ma'am; the machine stops, all right, but I always keep on going."—Chicago Tribune.

Curious.

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Corntossel.

"What was it?"

"A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."—Washington Star.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied.—Saadi.