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Birthdays, Christmas, graduations, weddings, Easter—sometimes the question of "What shall I give?" becomes a really difficult one to answer.

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(6)

Eastern Shore Electric Service

IRON SALE

Beginning June 1st, and continuing for 15 days, we will sell the famous six pound Rutenber Electric Iron for..... $6.75

Hot weather is here and we are offering this $8.50 Iron for a limited time, in order that our customers may benefit by the reduction and make Ironing a pleasure during the warm weather.

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Always At Your Service

A. E. S. Cough Remedy

Will relieve all coughs and colds and bronchial troubles or money refunded.

Easy to Take Quick to Act

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FIRST-CLASS SQUARE BERRY CUPS
BERRY CRATES

Trays :: Boxes :: Baskets

Are Manufactured and are on Sale at Reasonable Prices at Our Works

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

BOX SHOOKS

THE HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.

Denton Maryland



A fixed determination to know what lay in that sinister brain replaced his temporary indecision. Events up to date had moved so quickly that he had hardly had time to get his bearings; even now the last twenty-four hours seemed almost a dream. And as he looked at the broad back and massive head of the man at the window, and from him to the girl idly smoking on the sofa, he smiled a little grimly. He had just remembered the thumbscrew of the preceding evening. Assuredly the demobilized officer who found peace dull was getting his money's worth; and Drummond had a shrewd suspicion that the entertainment was only just beginning.

A sudden sound outside in the garden made him look up quickly. He saw the white gleam of a shirt front, and the next moment a man pushed open the window and came unsteadily into the room. It was Mr. Benton, and quite obviously he had been seeking consolation in the bottle.

"Have you got him?" he demanded thickly, steadying himself with a hand on Peterson's arm.

"I have not," said Peterson shortly, eyeing the swaying figure in front of him contemptuously. "For heaven's sake, sit down, man, before you fall down." He pushed Benton roughly into a chair, and resumed his impassive stare into the darkness.

The girl took not the slightest notice of the new arrival, who gazed stupidly at Drummond across the table.

"We seem to be moving in an atmosphere of cross-purposes, Mr. Benton," said the soldier affably. "I hope your daughter is quite well."

"Er—quite, thank you," muttered the other.

"Tell her, will you, that I propose to call on her before returning to London tomorrow."

With his hands in his pockets, Peterson was regarding Drummond from the window.

"You propose leaving us tomorrow, do you?" he said quietly.

Drummond stood up.

"I ordered my car for ten o'clock," he answered. "I am quite sure that I shall be more useful to Mr. Peterson at large than I am cooped up here. I might even lead him to this hidden treasure which he thinks I've got."

"You will do that, all right," remarked Peterson. "But at the moment I was wondering whether a little persuasion now—might not give me all the information I require more quickly and with less trouble."

A fleeting vision of a mangled, pulp-like thumb flashed across Hugh's mind; once again he heard that hideous cry, half animal, half human, which had echoed through the darkness the preceding night, and for an instant his breath came a little faster. Then he smiled, and shook his head.

"I think you are rather too good a judge of human nature to try anything so foolish," he said thoughtfully. "You see, unless you kill me, which I don't think would suit your book, you might find explanations a little difficult tomorrow."

For a while there was silence in the room, broken at length by a short laugh from Peterson.

"For a young man, truly your perspicacity is great," he remarked. "Irma, is the blue room ready? If so, tell Luigi to show Captain Drummond to it."

"I will show him myself," she answered, rising.

Hugh saw a look of annoyance pass over Peterson's face as he turned to follow the girl, and it struck him that that gentleman was not best pleased at the turn of events. Then the door closed, and he followed his guide up the stairs.

The girl opened the door of a room and switched on the light. Then she



"Tell Me, You Ugly Man," She Murmured, "Why You Are Such a Fool."

faced him smiling, and Hugh looked at her steadily. "Tell me, you ugly man," she murmured, "why you are such a fool."

Hugh smiled, and as has been said before, Hugh's smile transformed his face.

"I must remember that opening," he said. "It establishes a basis of intimacy at once, doesn't it?"

She swayed a little toward him, and then, before he realized her intention, she put a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you understand," she whispered fiercely, "that they'll kill you?" She peered past him half fearfully, and then turned to him again. "Go, you idiot, go—while there's time. Get out of it—go abroad; do anything—but don't fool round here."

"It seems a cheerful household," remarked Hugh with a smile. "May I ask why you're all so concerned about me? Your estimable father gave me the same advice yesterday morning."

"Don't ask why," she answered feverishly, "because I can't tell you. Only you must believe that what I say is the truth—you must. It's just possible that if you go now and tell them where you've hidden the American you'll be all right. But if you don't—" Her hand dropped to her side suddenly. "Breakfast will be at nine, my Hugh; until then, au revoir."

He turned as she left the room, a little puzzled by her change of tone. Standing at the top of the stairs was Peterson, watching them both in silence. . . .

TWO.

In the days when Drummond had been a platoon commander he had done many dangerous things. The ordinary joys of the infantry subaltern's life—such as going over the top, and carrying out raids—had not proved sufficient for his appetite. He had specialized in peculiar stunts of his own: stunts over which he was singularly reticent; stunts over which his men formed their own conclusions, and worshiped him accordingly.

But Drummond was no fool, and he had realized the vital importance of fitting himself for these stunts to the best of his ability. Enormous physical strength is a great asset, but it carries with it certain natural disadvantages. In the first place, its possessor is frequently clumsy: Hugh had practiced in France till he could move over ground without a single blade of grass rustling. Van Dyck—a Dutch trapper—had first shown him the trick, by which a man goes forward on his elbows like a snake, and is here one moment and gone the next, with no one the wiser.

Again, its possessor is frequently slow: Hugh had practiced in France till he could kill a man with his bare hands in a second. Otaki—a Japanese—had first taught him two or three of the secrets of his trade, and in the intervals of resting behind the lines he had perfected them until it was even money whether the Jap or he would win in a practice bout.

And there were nights in No Man's Land when his men would hear strange sounds, and knowing that Drummond was abroad on his wanderings, would peer eagerly over the parapet into the desolate torn-up waste in front. But they never saw anything, even when the green ghostly flares went hissing up into the darkness and the shadows danced fantastically. All was silent and still; the sudden shrill whimper was not repeated.

Perhaps a patrol coming back would report a German, lying huddled in a shellhole, with no trace of a wound, but only a broken neck; perhaps the patrol never found anything. But whatever the report, Hugh Drummond only grinned and saw to his men's breakfast. Which is why there are in England today quite a number of civilians who acknowledge only two rulers—the King and Hugh Drummond. And they would willingly die for either.

The result on Drummond was not surprising; as nearly as a man may be he was without fear. And when the idea came to him as he sat on the edge of his bed thoughtfully pulling off his shoes, no question of the possible risk entered into his mind. To explore the house seemed the most natural thing in the world, and with characteristic brevity he summed up the situation as it struck him.

"They suspect me anyhow: in fact, they know I took Potts. Therefore, even if they catch me passage creeping, I'm no worse off than I am now. And I might find something of interest. Therefore, carry on, brave heart."

It was dark in the passage outside as he opened the door of his room and crept toward the top of the stairs. The collar of his brown lounge coat was turned up, and his stocking feet made no sound on the heavy pile carpet. Like a huge shadow he vanished into the blackness, feeling his way forward with the uncanny instinct that comes from much practice. Every now and then he paused and listened intently, but the measured ticking of the clock below and the occasional creak of a board alone broke the stillness.

To the left lay the room in which he had spent the evening, and Drummond turned to the right. As he had gone up to bed he had noticed a door screened by a heavy curtain which he thought might be the room Phyllis Benton had spoken of—the room where Henry Lakington kept his ill-gotten treasures. He felt his way along the wall, and at length his hand touched the curtain—only to drop it again at once. From close beside him had come a sharp, angry hiss. . . .

He stepped back a pace and stood rigid, staring at the spot from which the sound had seemed to come—but he could see nothing. Then he leaned forward and once more moved the curtain. Instantly it came again, sharper and angrier than before.

Hugh passed a hand over his forehead and found it damp. Germans he knew, and things on two legs, but what was this that hissed so viciously in the darkness? At length he determined to risk it, and drew from his pocket a tiny electric torch. Holding it well away from his body, he switched on the light. In the center of the beam, swaying gracefully to and fro, was a snake. For a moment he watched it, fascinated as it spat at the light angrily; he saw the flat hood where the vicious head was set on the upright body; then he switched off the torch and retreated rather faster than he had come.

"A convivial household," he muttered to himself through lips that were a little dry. "A hooded cobra is an unpleasing pet."

Hugh had just determined to reconnoiter the curtained doorway again to see if it was possible to circumvent the snake, when a low chuckle came distinctly to his ears from the landing above.

He flushed angrily in the darkness. There was no doubt whatever as to the human origin of that laugh, and Hugh suddenly realized that he was making the most profound fool of himself. To be laughed at by some dirty swine whom he could strangle in half



He Laughed Gently; Then He Fought in Silence.

a minute—was impossible. His fists clenched, and he swore softly under his breath. Then as silently as he had come down, he commenced to climb the stairs again. He had a hazy idea that he would like to hit something—hard.

There were nine stairs in the first half of the flight, and it was as he stood on the fifth that he again heard the low chuckle. At the same instant something whizzed past his head so low that it almost touched his hair, and there was a clang on the wall beside him. He ducked instinctively, and regardless of noise raced up the remaining stairs, on all-fours. His jaw was set like a vise, his eyes were blazing; in fact, Hugh Drummond was seeing red.

He paused when he reached the top, crouching in the darkness. Close to him he could feel some one else, and holding his breath, he listened. Then he heard the man move—only the very faintest sound—but it was enough. Without a second's thought he sprang, and his hands closed on human flesh. He laughed gently; then he fought in silence.

His opponent was strong above the average, but after a minute he was like a child in Hugh's grasp. He choked once or twice and muttered something; then Hugh slipped his right hand gently onto the man's throat. His fingers moved slowly round, his thumb adjusted itself lovingly, and the man felt his head being forced back irresistibly. He gave one strangled cry, and then the pressure relaxed. . . .

"One half-inch more, my gentle humorist," Hugh whispered in his ear, "and your neck would have been broken. As it is, it will be very stiff for some days. Another time—don't laugh. It's dangerous."

Then, like a ghost, he vanished along the passage in the direction of his own room.

(To Be Continued.)

Naval Reservists On Training Trip

The first cruise of the Maryland Naval Reserves since the post-war reorganization began at 2.50 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, when the United States monitor Cheyenne, with 108 officers and men, under Captain Charles F. Macklin, left its slip at East Falls and Eastern avenues and headed for the Chesapeake Bay.

For the next 15 days the Cheyenne will cruise in the Chesapeake and its tributaries for the purpose of giving the Maryland sailors of Subdistrict A, Fifth Naval District, sea training.

OLD TIME REVIVAL AT GREENSBORO TABERNACLE

An old-fashioned revival is in full swing at the Baptist Tabernacle at Greensboro. People are coming regardless of the many other attractions. It was thought by some that on account of so many counter attractions in the town and county the revival would fail. This revival was planned some months ago, and is now being pushed to successful ends. There are many indications that it will be the most successful and far-reaching campaign ever held in the Tabernacle.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Sheets are as popular as ever. Their gospel songs are winning new friends every night. There will be services every night including Saturday at 7.45. Mr. and Mrs. Sheets conclude their engagement on next Wednesday night.

EARLY POTATOES VERY IMPORTANT

Some Essential Points in Growing That Average Gardener Is Apt to Overlook.

FOOD SUPPLY MUST BE READY

Good, Plump, Disease-Free Seed and Plenty of Fertilizer Are Essential —Keep Bugs Off by Dusting or Spraying.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Irish potatoes are grown in most home gardens, but there are just a few points in the potato-growing game that the home gardener is likely to overlook which are very important. First of all, potatoes grow quickly, and their food supply must be all ready and waiting for them in the soil. Second, they are heavy feeders and want plenty to draw upon. In other words, the soil for Irish potatoes must not only be rich but it must be rich in plant food of certain kinds. Land that was well manured the previous season, and which contains plenty of organic matter is best. The first step in preparing the soil will be to spade or plow it in to a depth of eight or nine inches, then break up the clods, if there be any, and pulverize the soil practically as deep as it is spaded or plowed.

How to Use Fertilizer.

Common fertilizers give good results for growing potatoes, especially if the fertilizer contains potash, as potatoes require more potash than is usually present in the soil. Fertilizer manufacturers mix special brands for potatoes, and these are generally rather rich in potash. How much fertilizer to use will depend upon the fertility of the soil, but as a rule eight pounds to each 100 feet of row will be about right. A good way to apply the fertilizer is to make the holes or burrows and drop the pieces of seed potato, cover them with an inch or two of soil, then scatter the fertilizer along the row so that it will become well mixed with the soil in completing the covering of the seed. Another method is to scatter the fertilizer in the furrow and mix it with the soil before dropping the pieces of seed potato.

Best Kind of Seed.

Small, shriveled potatoes, left in the bottom of the barrel at the end of winter, are not fit for seed. Only plump, disease-free potatoes, on which the sprouts are beginning to start, should be used for seed. Seed grown in Maine, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, or some other special seed producing section will as a rule give best results. Seedsmen get the seed potatoes



Potatoes Should Be Cut Into Chunky Pieces With at Least One Eye to a Piece.

shipped in by the carload and then sell them to gardeners in small quantities. It takes about ten bushels (600 pounds) of seed potatoes to plant an acre. One bushel of seed will plant one-tenth of an acre, which is a space 43 feet wide by 100 feet long. A peck of seed potatoes (10 pounds) should plant 360 feet of row, each potato being cut into chunky pieces having at least one good eye to a piece.

Seed potatoes should not be cut until all ready to plant. Whenever seed potatoes are cut and allowed to stand, the cut surfaces dry out, turn black and the seed loses vitality very rapidly. Scabby or diseased seed potatoes should not be used for planting. The variety of potatoes to plant will depend largely upon locality. Irish Cobbler is one of the leading early varieties while Rural New Yorker, Early Ohio, Triumph, Green Mountain, and others are grown extensively. Plant the variety most commonly grown in the locality, but be sure that the seed is free from disease and is in good, sound condition.

Do not plant potatoes too deep. Four inches is about the proper depth. Leave the surface almost level and see that there are no clods, stones, or pieces of sod directly over the hills. potatoes are one of the first garden crops to plant in the springtime, and it is safe to put the seed in the ground two or three weeks before the date of the last heavy frost. In case there is likely to be a freeze after the plants come up, cover them with an inch or two of loose earth to protect them. They may be uncovered as soon as the weather warms up or they come up through the soil themselves.

SHERIFF'S SALE of Valuable REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issue out of the Circuit Court for Caroline County on the twelfth day of May, 1921, and to me directed, at the suit of Lawrence B. Towers, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Silas Layton and Mae E. Layton; I have seized, levied upon and taken in execution all the right, title, interest, claim, and estate of the said Silas Layton and Mae E. Layton, of, in, and to the following described property.

All those town lots or parcels of ground situate, lying and being in the town of Denton, Maryland, and on the South side of Main street and at the intersection of 9th street, and known as lots Nos. 314 and 315, on Plat of L. B. Towers addition to Denton, said plat being duly recorded among land records of Caroline County in Liber L. B. T. No. 73 folio 386; said lots having a frontage of 50 feet on Main street and running back a depth of 180 feet. No improvements.

It being the same lots mentioned and described in a deed from Lawrence B. Towers and wife to the said Silas Layton dated January 7, 1913.

Therefore notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the above writ and authority I will sell at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1921

between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M. of that day, all the right, title and interest of Silas Layton and Mae E. Layton in the property so seized, levied upon and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy the above writ, debt, interest, and cost now due or to become due thereon.

OWEN N. DULIN,
Sheriff for Caroline County.
JOHN W. CLARK, Auct. 5-20-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Harriett Dyer, late of Caroline County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 5th day of December, 1921, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of May, 1921.

ALEXANDER MASON,
Administrator of Harriett Dyer, deceased. 20-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Dyer, late of Caroline County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 5th day of December, 1921, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of May, 1921.

ALEXANDER MASON,
Administrator of John Dyer, deceased. 20-3t

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS In Caroline County

Under and by virtue of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, pointed Owen N. Dulin, Esq., Sheriff the County Commissioners have ap- of Caroline County, Maryland, a Special Officer to issue Dog Licenses and Tags and to enforce the payment therefor. The new law requires every person who has possession of a dog over six months old to take out a license on or before July 1st, 1921, and the penalty for failure to do so is a fine or imprisonment in jail. This law will be rigidly and strictly enforced, and all persons not complying with the same will be prosecuted.

SHERIFF OWEN N. DULIN

will sit in the following districts at the hour, date and place hereinafter set forth to issue the said license and tags:

Marydel, June 6th, Heather's Store
Goldsboro, June 8th, Frank Lane's Store.
Henderson, June 17th, Walls' Store
Greensboro, June11-20, Clark's Store
Ridgely, June 10-22, Temple's Store
Denton, June 9th, Sheriff's residence
Hillsboro, June 13-23, Thompson's Hardware Store
American Corner, June 15-24, Lord's store
Federalsburg, June 18-27, Clellie E. Turner's Office.
Preston, June 16-25, Gallagher's Office

Between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. On all other days application from any of the above districts can be made at the Sheriff's residence, in the town of Denton.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Of Caroline County.
M. M. Luzader, Clerk.

The fixed fees by law are as follows: $1 for each male or female spayed dog; $2 for each female unspayed dog; $10 for kennel license, not exceeding 25 dogs; $20 for kennel license for more than 25 dogs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

REBECCA A. GIBSON

late of Caroline County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 2d day of December, 1921, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of May, 1921.

FRED R. OWENS, Adm'r.
Rebecca A. Gibson, Deceased. 3-3t

CHURCH OF BRETHREN TO HOLD CONFERENCE

The International Conference of the Church of The Brethren will convene at Hershey, Pa., June 8 to 15. The Rev. Ziegler is the delegate from the local church.

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