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The Shadow of Death

What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him

By F. A. MITCHEL

The following narrative is given exactly as it occurred with scarcely any filling in transforming it from ordinary parlance to the story form:

One of the saddest features of the war between the states was the arraying against one another of the different members of the same family. Such cases were more especially to be found on the border line between the United States and the Confederacy. In east Tennessee the prevailing sentiment was for the Union. Kentucky was about equally divided. Maryland was in favor of the Confederacy. All these states, however, were held for the Union by being occupied by Federal troops in the early part of the war. In Missouri, which was geographically a northern state, the institution of slavery had been planted, and both Confederates and Federals waged war for its possession, the latter gaining the day during the early part of the war.

For years the mutterings of the strife that was to come were heard in the land, and for months those who were farseeing began to fear that it was about to break forth. Then came the day of firing on Fort Sumter, and the people began to range themselves on the side with which they sympathized.

One day two brothers, Allmon and George Vaughan, bade each other good-by in the town of Canton, Mo. Allmon's sympathies were with the north in the struggle about to take place, while George's were with the south.

"I am sorry, George," said Allmon, "that you are determined to take the Confederate side in this contest, but I grant that you are honest in your convictions. You are to be in the Confederate army; I shall fight with the Federals. I hope that we shall never meet on the field of battle."

"And I regret, Allmon, that you will not be convinced of the wrong the northern people are doing the south and that you will not join me in defending her. However, since I can't convince you we must part."

"Goodby, George. I hope that we will both come out of the struggle alive and shall meet again here at our home, but something tells me that the war will be a long one and before that can be we shall both be exposed to terrible dangers."

Little did either of the brothers foresee the great danger that would befall one of them and the efforts to be made by the other to save him from a fate worse than death on the battlefield or under the surgeon's knife. George Vaughan made his way to the south, while Allmon was given a position on the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend of the Vaughan family.

About a year after the parting of the brothers George Vaughan determined to pay a visit to his home in Canton. Being a Confederate soldier, this could only be done secretly. Disguising himself, he passed the Union lines and reached Canton without his identity being discovered. He was received with joy, mingled with fear and trembling, by the members of his family. To Mrs. General Green, on whose husband's staff his brother Allmon was serving, he bore messages from friends in the Confederacy. Quite likely the lady was a southern sympathizer, for most of the women in the border states were on the southern side, even the wives of Union officers not concealing their preference.

When George Vaughan returned from his visit he was recognized by one who had known him before the breaking out of the war, and since he was known to have gone south to enlist in the Confederate army, and caught within the Union lines in disguise he was arrested and lodged in jail at Palmyra.

The record does not state that the prisoner was bearing information concerning the Union forces or plans to the southern leaders, but it is probable that he was. Having brought messages to Mrs. Green, it is quite likely that he took messages from her and perhaps to friends in the Confederacy, and it is not unlikely that there were written messages containing the contraband information.

George Vaughan was transferred from Palmyra to St. Louis, where a charge of being a spy was preferred against him, and a court was convened to try him. His defense was that he had gone to his home for no other purpose than to visit his family. Whether or no he was bearing information to the Confederates, having been caught within the Federal lines in citizen's dress was sufficient to convict him. At any rate, such was the result of the court martial, and he was sentenced to be shot.

Here was a singular case. The brother of a captain in the Union army was to be executed by the Federal officers. Allmon Vaughan heard of his brother's danger with dismay. There was but one hope for a man sentenced by a court martial, and that was in President Lincoln. John B. Henderson was then one of the senators from Missouri, and Allmon Vaughan appealed to him to use his influence with the government to help his brother out of the terrible position into which he had fallen. And yet there was but little hope, for during that war when a man was sentenced to death for being a spy he was usually executed. However, Senator Henderson began his efforts in behalf of the prisoner by laying the case before the secretary of war. Mr. Stanton made an investigation of the case and decided that the sentence of the accused was deserved and must be carried out.

Then Senator Henderson appealed to the president.

Mr. Lincoln during the war was regarded by those high in command as a stumbling block to military discipline. So tender hearted was he that he could not refrain from interfering in the case of deserters from the Union army and such persons on the Confederate side as were caught smuggling contraband goods or information into the south. Often, where the accusations were clearly proved, the president would defeat justice by a pardon. It is related that Secretary Stanton, to whom was given great power to thwart this interference on the part of the president, on presentation of an order from Mr. Lincoln in behalf of some luckless individual would tear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in this case the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an effort in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released."

"I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing."

"See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the iron secretary, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow that was then hanging over the only man who could save him he would have lost all hope.

It was the 14th of April, 1865. Senator Henderson called upon the president to report the issue of his final effort with the secretary of war. The senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president is the Shadow of Death, wearing a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim, satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent to his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

Half a century has passed since the tender hearted president was martyred. There have been many anecdotes told of him, but none so affecting as this writing of a pardon for a Confederate officer and going directly to his death at the hands of Booth. We have Mr. Lincoln's speech at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. Every day is advancing Mr. Lincoln in the admiration and the hearts of the civilized world. Beside its impressive words should stand this last act of his life from which the pardoner went to his own death. His words of consecration on the battlefield were long in being recognized for their true value and in finding the place among men they occupy today. Perhaps at some future date this last official act—an act of clemency—may take its place beside his words at Gettysburg.

How to Quit Smoking.

Do not light the first cigar less than half an hour after breakfast. The more difficult this delay may be the more need there is for a cure. The remainder of the day smoke the same as usual. It is only the first cigar with which we are dealing. Keep this up for a week, then lengthen the interval to an hour for another week, then make it one and a half hours, two, two and a half, and so on. If you have an "all gone" sensation, a longing for something, eat an orange or apple or almost any kind of fruit, but don't smoke until the time is up. The nerves, being deprived of their morning stimulant, are crying for nourishment, which nature is hastening to supply through increased appetite to supply digestion. By the time the first cigar is entirely eliminated the cure is effected with no serious derangement of the heart or digestive apparatus.—Exchange.

Vanilla Beans.

The vanilla bean is the costliest bean in the world. It flourishes in Mexico, chiefly in Papantla and Misantla. It grows wild and is gathered and marketed by the natives. Just as they come from the forests the beans sell at $10 per 1,000. After the beans are dried and cured they are worth from $10 to $11 a pound, according to quality. They are used by druggists and confectioners and are an important article of commerce.

Warning Him.

"My dear, I can give you a satisfactory explanation of my delay in getting home this evening."

"You may have an explanation, Henry, but I can tell you in advance that it won't be satisfactory."—Detroit Free Press.

A Reasonable Propositon.

Bumper—You owe me $30,000, which you say you can't pay. Why don't you marry Miss Oldgirl? She's worth twice that amount. Jumper—No; I can't do that. But you might marry her yourself and pay me the difference.—Fliegende Blaetter.

JIM GAY

A Story of a Reformed Card Sharp

By ELEANOR MARSH

A man rode up to a settler's cabin in the far west, threw himself from his horse and asked for something to eat. The settler was not at home, but his wife received the stranger, and her daughter, a child of twelve, looked up at the man with a pair of big black eyes wonderingly.

The mother was evidently troubled at his coming, but children are not aware of the differences in persons, and the daughter, who seldom saw any one except her parents, did not seem ill disposed toward him. On the contrary, his arrival was something out of the common in her life. The man was young, not over twenty-one, and not bad looking, but there was something in his appearance to make the elder woman shudder. She set out some bread and meat for him. It was not very tempting, and he asked if it was the best she could do.

"Mother," said the girl, "you have forgotten that you made pies yesterday."

The mother cast a quick reproving glance at her daughter and, going to a cupboard, took out a pie and placed it on the table before the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" asked the child.

"Reckon I would," replied the man.

The woman frowned, but her back was turned toward the man, and he did not see her face. Besides, his attention was fixed on the child, who was instrumental in bringing forth what there was in the larder. He was fighting his way through the world. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He was touched by the only kindness he had received in a long while.

The woman made the stranger a cup of coffee, and, having eaten and drunk, he said:

"I've had a square meal, thanks to you, sissy. Now I'm going to have a sleep. In case you hear or see any one coming, little girl, wake me at once."

"If you're sleepy," said the child, "why do you want to be wakened?"

"See here, younker; if some men come along they're probably hunting for me, and the sooner you awaken me the better it will be for me."

"Why are they hunting you?"

"To hang me."

The girl paled, but asked no further questions. The man stretched himself on a bunk fixed to the wall in the living, dining and bedroom in one, while the woman went to the other room, the kitchen, and washed the dishes. The stranger must have been long without sleep, for no sooner had he stretched himself on the bunk than he fell into a deep slumber.

There is something so inoffensive, so powerless, about a sleeper as always to attract sympathy. In this case sleep seemed to relax the man's features so that the animosity against mankind so marked upon it when he was awake disappeared. Twenty-one is the very beginning of manhood, and the youngster, his face being in repose, was singularly handsome. Perhaps the girl was old enough to feel drawn to one of the opposite sex. At any rate, she looked upon him sympathetically out of her great black eyes and presently got a blanket and threw it over him. Then, remembering what he had said to her, she went outside and scanned the country roundabout. Far in the distance she saw several men on horseback galloping toward the cabin.

The sleeper was conscious of hearing voices.

"Mother, some men are coming. I'm going to wake him up."

"Do no such thing. He's a desperado, quite likely a horse thief. Let him alone, and they'll get him."

"I won't; they'll hang him."

Then the man felt himself shaken. He started up.

"They're coming," said the girl.

The man sprang to the door, shaded his eyes with his hand against the sun, caught the child in his arms, kissed her, vaulted on to his horse and dashed away.

Not long after his departure a posse rode up to the house.

"Anybody been here?" asked one of them.

"Who are you looking for?" asked the woman.

"Jim Gay, the card sharp. He took $500 last night from a greenhorn in Silver City."

"Well," replied the woman, "a young fellow has just been here and lit out. Reckon if you go that a-way (pointing) you'll be on his track."

The men rode on, leaving the mother and daughter together, the latter receiving a scolding for protecting the stranger. The father came in later, and when told that Jim Gay, the card sharp, had been there and had been saved from capture by his daughter he gave her another scolding.

"Who is the fellow anyway?" asked his wife.

"I never saw him, but they say he's the slickest man at cards in the territory. He doesn't take much interest in doing a sucker. He rather runs to men who pride themselves on being up to all the dodges in the profession. But he's skinned so many of them that they won't tackle him any more."

"Papa," said the girl, "is it wicked to play cards? You play cards sometimes, don't you?"

No response was made to the question. The father's besetting sin was the gambling table.

* * * * * * *

During five years following this episode the country round about the settler's cabin was filling up, but with that rough element which seeks new countries. Silver was what attracted the crowd, and many were growing rich from the mines. Scarborough, the settler, was in a position to avail himself of opportunities; but, being subject to a passion for gambling, whenever he got a good thing he gambled it away. In vain his wife pleaded with him to keep away from the gaming tables. It is singular how credulous are those who are afflicted with this passion. And yet is not the passion so strong that they are swept away by it knowing that the chances are all against them?

Meanwhile the little girl who had saved the card sharp was growing to be a woman. She was a serious character, for she lived in a country where she saw a great deal to indicate to her that the world is not a bed of roses. Then, too, she experienced trouble at home. Her father was a bright man, but they say "death loves a shining mark," and it is hard to find a person with a superior intellect who is not handicapped by some glaring defect. Just as soon as Scarborough made a deal by which he pocketed a handsome profit he would go to a gambling den and lose it, and that too, to men who were his inferiors.

One evening Scarborough, who had just sold a piece of property for $3,000, was being relieved of it by a gang of sharpers. While he was playing a young man of clerical cut and wearing a white cravat entered the den and taking position in the center of the room, began to speak against the gambling passion. The proprietor looked at him as though uncertain whether to stop him or let him proceed. Seeing that no one in the room paid any attention to the speaker, he chose the latter course.

While the young clergyman was inveighing against the sin of gambling a girl of seventeen entered and, moving straight to Scarborough, put her arms about his neck and begged him to come away.

"Mother says that you will lose all the money received for the sale of the property," she pleaded.

"I've lost it already, but I'll get it back again, and more too."

"Oh, father!"

"Just you go home and tell your mother not to worry. I'll come out all right."

When the girl entered the gambling house the clergyman ceased his remarks on the sin of gambling and fixed his eyes upon her intently. He heard what she said to her father, and when he refused to go away with her the clergyman went over to the table where her father was playing and looked over the game.

"Gents," he said presently, "would you mind a man of the church taking a hand in this game?"

There was a burst of laughter and much chaffing of the clergyman at having preached against gambling and then going back on all he had said. But the men at the table, except Scarborough, were all card sharps and thought what a fine thing it would be to fleece a parson. He was admitted to the game with a welcome and, taking $100 from his wallet, invested the amount in chips.

Never at that board had such hands been held as by the parson. If the best hand against him was a full of nines he held a full of tens. When he dealt the cards it seemed that he was enabled to give the others such hands as would draw them out, and he always topped them. The chips all came his way, and before long he had a pile before him that filled the others with envy. Then he said:

"Gents, no more playin' for chips. Cash those and let the game go on for hard money."

Since he was winner, there could be no objection to this, and the game proceeded on a money basis. When the parson had won more than $2,500 he suggested a jack pot. The betting was opened with a pair of queens. The parson bet so high that he drove all the rest out except one man. When he was called and showed his hand he was found to hold four kings and an ace. He won $500 on that hand alone. Turning to Scarborough, he said:

"How much money did you bring in here?"

"Thirty-two hundred dollars."

The parson counted out the amount, pushed it toward him, deducted the hundred dollars he had begun the game with and left the balance on the table.

"You're a fine parson, you are," said the man who had lost the jackpot. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Jim Gay, who used to be known in these parts for the slickest card shifter of all professionals.

"One day, when a posse was after me, I got into the cabin where this man and this girl were livin'. The girl was a child then, but against her mother's wishes she warned me of the coming of the committee and enabled me to show a clean pair of heels. Somehow I couldn't get her kindness out of my head, and it worked on me till it reformed me. I concluded to get an education to preach, so that I could spend the rest of my life exposing men who fleece and are fleeced. Do you remember me, little girl?"

"Yes, I do."

The three of them took the regained funds to Scarborough's cabin. It was invested in a silver mine and made the family comfortable. The father never gambled again, and Mabel Scarborough as Gay's wife, is now assisting him in his crusade against gambling.

DRY CLEANING AT HOME.

A Mixture That Is Said to Do the Work Easily and Harmlessly.

Make a stock solution of eight ounces strong ammonia, half an ounce of chloroform and half an ounce of ether. Cork tightly and keep away from the face, says the Scientific American. Dissolve a bar of naphtha soap in three gallons of hot water, add half a teaspoonful each of baking soda, salt and alum and three tablespoonfuls of the ammonia-chloroform-ether mixture.

To clean oriental or other rugs to their original brightness make a lather and dip a scrub brush in it, shaking out superfluous water. Go over the rug with this brush, and the lather dries out almost immediately. No harm whatever is done to the best oriental rug.

To sponge spots from clothing, even delicate silk and upholstery, dip a soft sponge in the lather, wring as dry as possible and sponge off the spot.

To wash sweaters, blankets or other flannels let the mixture become nearly cold, soak the garments in it half an hour or less, squeeze dry, rinse in clear water, squeeze dry again and hang up.

The various ingredients used not only remove grease and dirt, but set and brighten colors.

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FREE TEST Write postal for trial bottle to A. C. Meyer & Co., Sta. E. Baltimore, Md. Mention this paper.

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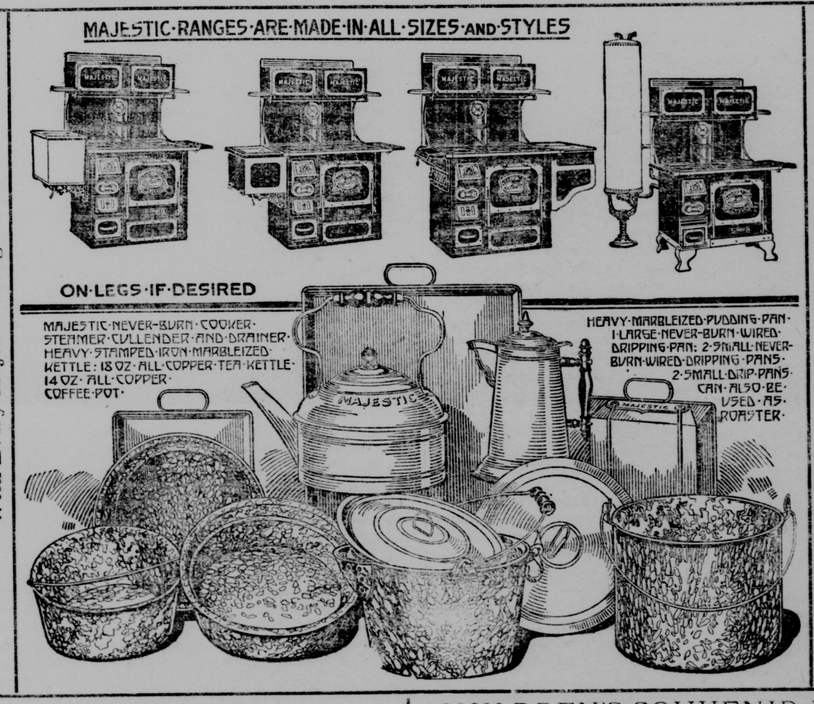

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As a special inducement during our Demonstration Week only, with every MAJESTIC RANGE sold (prices always the same), we will give free one handsome set of ware as illustrated here.

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Do YOU intend to continue laboring, burning valuable fuel and destroying high-priced food with that old worn-out cook stove?

You KNOW that old stove eats up a lot of fuel each year.

You KNOW you have trouble in getting it to bake just right, in fact, spoil a batch of bread every once in a while—you know it costs considerable for yearly repairs.

Stop and think and figure. Wouldn't it pay you to buy a good range—a range with a reputation—

THE GREAT MAJESTIC Malleable and Charcoal Iron RANGE

YOU make no mistake in buying the Great Majestic—it's the range with the Reputation—ask your neighbors. Then, too, it's made just right and of the right kind of material—Malleable and Charcoal Iron—riveted together practically air tight—lined with pure asbestos—parts being malleable can't break—has a movable reservoir and an oven that doesn't warp—that's why the majestic uses so little fuel, bakes just right every day in the year (browns bread just right all over without turning), heats 15 gallons of water while breakfast is cooking—properly handled lasts a lifetime, and costs practically nothing for repairs.

Don't buy the range you expect to last a lifetime "unsight unseen"; you'll be sure to be disappointed. Come to our store during demonstration week, see the Great Majestic—have its many exclusive features explained—find out why the Majestic is 300 per cent. stronger than other ranges where most ranges are weakest.

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100 STORY BOOKS FREE

"THE QUILLIVERS' RIDE," By Claude Wetmore

A CHARMING STORY for boys and girls of the aeventures of the wee Quillivers in Big Folks' Land—a story that will hold any child's interest to the very end, and teach a lesson of life-long value. The first 100 boys and girls who present to the Majestic Range Salesman, at our store, between 3 and 5 p. m., Tuesday, written answers to the following questions will receive this fascinating story book free: 1. What range is your mother now using? 2. Give names of anyone you know needing a new range. 3. The Majestic Range has many points of superiority—which does your mother consider best? 4. What is your age? 5. When is your birthday?

$1.00 ARTICLE FREE. The boy or girl giving the neatest and best answer to the third question may select any $1.00 article from our stock in addition to the souvenir. A PRIZE FOR EVERYBODY. Don't be discouraged if you are not one of the 100 to get the story book. You will receive a Majestic Puzzle Card that will afford you many hours of amusement. Be sure to have your answers ready to hand in at our store Tuesday afternoon, between three and five. They must be written if you wish to receive a souvenir or prize.

SPECIAL All during this week a special demonstrator direct from the Majestic factory will be glad to show you "All About Ranges"—show you why the Majestic is the best range on earth at any price.

COME, IF YOU INTEND TO BUY OR NOT. Education lies in knowing things—know why the oven of a range is heated—know how the water is heated—how the top is heated—Why the Majestic uses so little fuel—know how a range is made inside and outside. This education may serve you in the future. Don't overlook a chance to know things shown by one who knows. COME.

Don't overlook the date. This is a special invitation to you and your friends and neighbors.

W. H. HOLLIS & SON, PRESTON, MD.

ATTORNEY'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE

UNDER and by virtue of power and authority contained in a mortgage from Thomas W. O'Day and wife to Leonard P. Voss, dated the 10th day of January, 1911, and recorded in Liber J. K. S., No. 12, folio 329, one of the mortgage records for Caroline county, the undersigned, as attorney named in the mortgage, will sell the said mortgaged property at the Court House door in Denton, Md., on

Tuesday, March 7, 1916

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

All that piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the 3d Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, on the south side of the road leading from Denton-Williston road to the Williston-Concord road, known as the James W. Saulsbury road, adjoining the lands formerly owned by Mrs. Martha Todd on the east, the lands of John Horsey on the south and the lands of Frank Yeoman (formerly of William H. Maloney) on the west, containing

7 Acres of Land

more or less. It being the same land that was conveyed by Robert H. Maloney to Thomas W. O'Day by deed dated the day of 1911, and recorded in Liber J. K. S., No. folio one of the land records for Caroline county aforesaid.

The improvements are a large

Two-Story Frame Dwelling

recently painted, and in first-class condition, good barn and stable, chicken house, smoke house, large machinery shed, and other outbuildings, also fruit for family use.

This property is conveniently located for schools, churches and markets and is only about one mile from the stone road from Denton to Williston.

TERMS OF SALE

One-third of purchase money cash on day of sale, balance with interest on ratification of sale, or all cash at option of purchaser.

Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
Attorney named in Mortgage.
JOHN W. CLARK, Auctioneer.

A reasonable loan can be obtained on this property upon application to HENRY R. LEWIS, Denton, Md.

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Now is the time to subscribe.

Murderkill River and Philadelphia
THE NEW STEAMER
"FREDERICA"
NATHAN H. MAXSON, Captain.
Will leave Frederica, Webb's and Bowers for Philadelphia as follows during

December

		FREDERICA	WEB'S	BOWERS
Thursday,	Dec 2	11 a.m.	12 15 p.m.	1 p.m
Monday,	" 6	2 p.m.	3 15 p.m	4 p.m.
Thursday,	" 9	7 a.m.	8 15 a.m.	9 a.m
Monday,	" 13	9 a.m.	10 15 a.m.	11 a.m
Thursday,	" 16	12 noon	1 15 p.m.	2 p.m
Monday,	" 20	2 p.m.	3 15 p.m.	4 p.m
Thursday,	" 23	6 a.m.	7 15 a.m.	8 a.m
Monday,	" 27	8 a.m.	9 15 a.m.	10 a.m
Thursday,	" 30	10 a.m.	11 15 a.m.	12 noon

Returning, Steamer will leave Philadelphia from Pier 8 South Wharves (First Pier above Chestnut Street) as follows:

Leave Philadelphia			
Fri., Dec. 3	9 p.m	Fri., Dec. 17	9 p.m
Tues., " 7	12 noon	Tues., " 21	11 p.m
Fri., " 10	4 p.m	Fri., " 24	3 p.m
Tues., " 14	6 p.m	Tues., " 28	5 p.m

Friday, 31st, 7 p.m.

Boat stops at the Consumers Ice Co's Wharf, Chester, going or coming. Arriving at Chester 1½ hours after leaving Phila.
Telephone No. Keystone Main 37 27 on wharf in Philadelphia

Fare to Philadelphia $1.00
Round-Trip $1.50

Frederica & Philadelphia Navigation Co.
OFFICE—FREDERICA, DEL.

ASK THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO DRINKS IT
A MILLIONAIRE'S MONEY CAN'T BUY PURER
PACKED ONLY IN 1, 3 AND 5 LB. CANS

TO THE PUBLIC

The large and convenient Sale and Exchange Stable on Third Street, which we recently completed, was opened to the public on Thursday, December 18. We have a large STOCK OF HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, and the public generally is invited to call.

M. L. BECK & BRO.
DENTON, MD.

Houses for Rent

In Denton and West Denton.
Apply to L. B. TOWERS,
9-6-y. Denton, Md.

Court's Notice to Creditors.

J. Owen Knotts, Trustee,
vs.
Edward H. Ringgold, trading as Edward H. Ringgold & Co.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 9th day of February, 1916, by the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in Equity, that the creditors of Edward H. Ringgold, trading as Edward H. Ringgold & Co., of said county, or those claiming an interest in the property conveyed to J. Owen Knotts, trustee, for the benefit of said creditors, by deed dated February 7th, 1916, a copy of which is filed in this cause, or in the sales of the same, be and they are hereby notified and required to file their said claims with the proper vouchers annexed thereto, in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in the above cause, on or before the 18th day of April, 1916; provided a copy of this order be published in a newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 6th day of March, 1916.

WM. H. ADKINS.

True copy,
Test: LAWRENCE B. TOWERS, Clerk.

ADAMITE
PLASTIC ROOFING
makes a one-piece ROOF

ADAMITE will not Rust, Decay or Corrode. ADAMITE is the only Indestructible Covering for old and new roofs.

AN ADAMITE ROOF is the Most Economical, because it will never require painting. Most Durable, because it can't rust or decay. Most Serviceable, because old roofs of every description can be recovered at a minimum expense.

The FIRST COST of an Adamite roof is the TOTAL cost to the Property Owner.

Guaranteed for Ten Years by the Manufacturer.

Notice to Growers.

We are now ready to contract on Tuesdays and Saturdays for our 1916 supply of Peas, Corn and Tomatoes at the following prices, viz: $10.00 per ton for Tomatoes; $11.00 per ton for Sugar Corn, and 2¼c per pound for Peas.

Seed Peas will cost our growers $3.00 per bushel. Growers will be allowed their pro rata share of winter ensilage stored at the factory.

G. T. REDDEN & CO.

Horse Clipping.

The season is here for clipping horses. I have a fast electric machine. Charge for a first-class job $1.50. Call at J. Virgil Moore's Livery, on Third street, Denton, Md. (2-5-2t)

In Denton

Statements of Cambridge citizens are always of interest to our readers.

To many of our readers the streets of Cambridge are almost as familiar as those af our own town, and we are naturally interested to read of happenings sthere. The following report from a well-known and respected resident will be helpful to numbers of men and women here in Denton.

Mrs. John W. Bassett, 120 Race St., Cambridge, Md., says: "I had a weak back for many years and I always had to be careful when doing any work that required me to stoop. Any mis-step or sudden movement always brought on an acute attack of pain across my back and hips. I also had frequent dizzy spells and sharp twinges throughout my body. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and their effect was so beneficial that I have since relied upon them as a medicine for relief. They are worthy of a trial by everyone suffering from kidney complaint."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bassett had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Telephone No. 91

When in need of

Cement Work

of any kind, call on

Hoit Construction Co.,
Denton, Md.

LOCAL DRUGGIST MAKES A STATEMENT

We always advise people who have stomach or bowel trouble to see a doctor. But to those who do not wish to do this we will say: try the mixture of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This simple remedy is so powerful that JUST ONE SPOONFUL relieves sour stomach, gas and constipation INSTANTLY. People who try Adler-i-ka are surprised at its QUICK action.

The Johnson Pharmacy at Hillsboro.

Special Notice.

To Delinquent Taxpayers:

The 1915 State and County Taxes are past due and delinquent, bearing interest from Sept. 1st, 1915. A penalty of 3 per cent. additional will be added on March 1st, 1916. Taxes in arrears prior to 1915 must be given your prompt attention, otherwise same will be placed in order for collection, entailing all the cost pertaining thereto. If you would avoid seizure of your property, advertising same and other expenses, pay up promptly.

Respectfully yours,
JOS. H. CARROLL,
Treasurer for Caroline County.