$1 Double Blankets, all colors, gray, black and brown, to go at 48c.

SPECIAL BARGAIN
10c Calico, gray and blue, for Saturday, 3c a yard.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—FOR—

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12th

—AT—

THE NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE

GREENSBORO, MARYLAND.

The Home of Low-Priced Good Goods and Plenty of Them.

Visit our store and you will see bargains without an end—bargains to the right, bargains to the left, and bargains all around. And, by the way, we never misuse the word bargain. When we tell you that we are offering exceptional values at low prices you can depend on their being just as we say. The steadily increasing stream of customers patronizing our store bears witness to the truth of our statements. We will not go into any long explanation but simply give you a few facts on this advertisement worth noting, and ask you to

FIGURE WHAT YOU CAN SAVE.

LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS, COATS, SKIRTS, ETC.
at next-to-nothing prices.

LADIES' $15 AND $18 SUITS TO GO AT $7.89.
Made of fine Serge, Cheviots, silk-lined, all sizes. Come take your choice at $7.89.

34 LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS, SOLD AT $25,
For Saturday only, $9.98.

$2 LADIES' WAISTS, 89c.
Made of fine Madras, all sizes. Your choice at 89c.

$5 LADIES' WOOL JACKETS, $1.89.
Double-breasted, all sizes, all colors. All go at $1.89.

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Made of fine Panama, in latest effects. Your choice at $1.25.

$18 LADIES' CARACUL COATS, $7.89.
50 inches long. You'll want one when you see them. A Saturday bargain at $7.89.

Ladies' Ribbed Vests, Sale price, 19c.

5c Ladies' Handerchiefs, special, 2c.

5c Paper Pins, 1c.

5 Packages of Hair Pins, 1c.

$5 CHILDREN'S COATS, $2.50.
Made in latest effects. Your choice at $2.50.

$2 Comforts, 89c.

$3.50 Comforts, $1.65.

$5 ALL-WOOL BLANKETS, $2.34.
Extra large size, all colors.

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$10 AND $12 MEN'S SUITS, $3.89.
Big variety to select from, in all sizes.

$18 AND $20 MEN'S SUITS TO GO AT $10.50.
Made of blue Serge, black Thibet, latest styles. Come take your choice at $10.50.

$1 MEN'S JACKETS, 43c.
Gray only, all sizes.

$1.50 MEN'S PANTS, 79c.
Good and strong, good patterns. Special, 79c.

50c Men's Working Shirts, 3 for $1.

50c MEN'S FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR, 29c.
Extra heavy fleece shirts and drawers.

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Cuffs attached. All sizes. Your choice at 39c.

$2.50 Men's Working Shoes, $1.39.

$3.50 MEN'S DRESS SHOES, $2.
Special for Saturday.

$2.50 LADIES' SHOES, $1.50.
Lace or button, gun metal, or blucher. All sizes go at $1.50.

$3.50 Ladies' Shoes, $2.29.

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Double knee and double-stitched.

Thousands of other bargains we are not able to mention.
Railroad fare paid with every purchase of $10 and over.
Your money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.
We take in trade eggs and poultry at ruling market prices.

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SOME STOVES THAT WE KNOW
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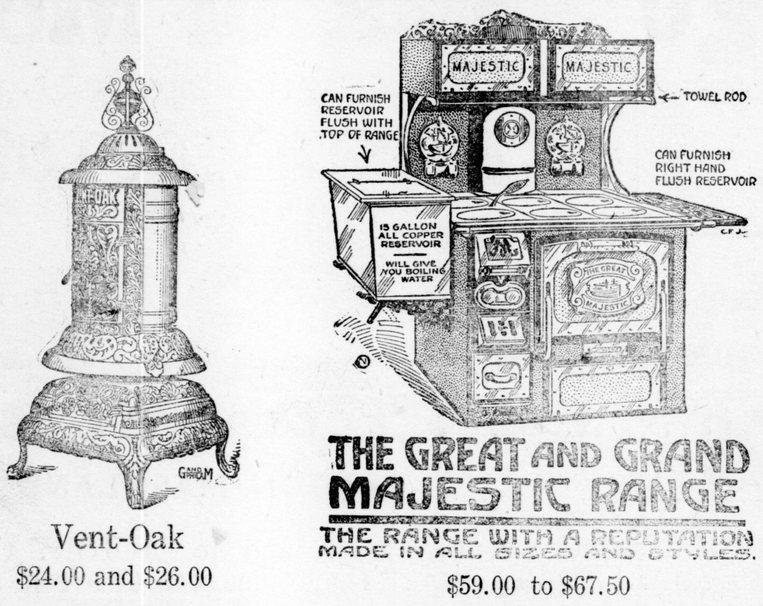
EVERY ONE SOLD WITH A GUARANTEE. GIVE US A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU **WHY** THEY ARE RIGHT.



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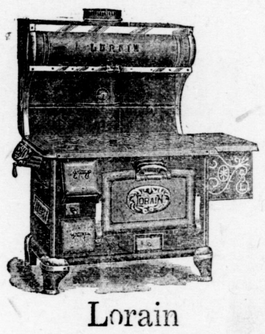
$24.00 and $26.00

$59.00 to $67.50

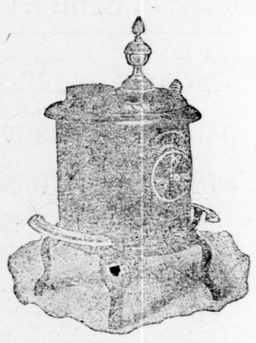
Cabin
$12.00 and $14.00

Progress, Good Luck, and Farmer Girl
$11.50 to $20.00

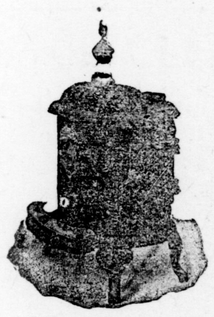


Lorain
$26.00 to $36.00

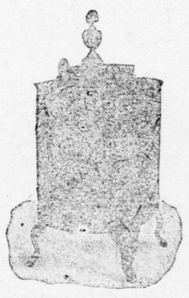
Druid
$10.50



Wizard
$5.25 to $7.25



Wildfire
$8.00 to $12.25



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$2.75 to $4.75

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$8.25 to $12.25

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New Club Shot Shells—known as the "old reliable yellow shells" for over 50 years—set the black powder standard.

The No. 2 Primer gives a sure, quick, snappy ignition seldom found in black powder loads.

—Or if you prefer smokeless powder, shoot *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shot Shells for speed plus pattern in any make of shotgun.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
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not alone for the sake of the money which will thus accrue to their accounts, but more principally because of the great moral effect which the lesson of economy always has upon the younger generation.

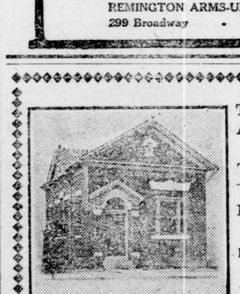
Do they realize the value of a dollar

and what its purchasing power really is? Show them by actual practice that it is false economy, for instance, to save money on food and other necessaries of life and then to spend that very saving in some useless luxury. Explain to them how the dimes will grow into dollars and how the larger sums will finally double themselves at compound interest. And, above all, don't forget to give them each a savings bank account at

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.



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For Time Deposits we pay FOUR per cent. Interest.

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Deposits....$100,341 15 Total Resources...$128,169.71
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218 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wild West

It Was Different From What Johnny Bruce Had Expected

By EVELYN THURBER

Every community adapts itself to its necessities. In the early days in the wild west, a horse was about the most valuable thing a man could possess, consequently horse thieves, when caught, were hanged by the neck.

The tales picturing the conditions existing in that country in those days—tales usually written by elderly ladies living in civilized eastern homes—were fascinating to youth. They made the boys feel that they would like to live that kind of a life just as one reading an imaginative description of a battle would wish to be in it. The real western life and the real battle are entirely different from these fancy pictures and altogether unattractive.

But Johnny Bruce, a city boy, having read the dime novels of his day, when he came of age, having fallen heir to a little money, concluded to go west, have a look at the country and, if he liked it, would invest his legacy in a stock of goods and set himself up for a merchant. So Johnny took a train and was pulled as far on his journey as there were locomotives to pull him, then got into a stage coach and went as far as that means of conveyance lasted. Not finding anything rough enough to suit him he thought he would go further on horseback. He had provided himself with wearing apparel made for him after the pictures of "Arkansaw Pete" or "Tennessee Joe," published in the dime novels he had read, so he put on the garments and cast about for a horse.

There weren't many horses in the country at the time, and what there were, were in daily use. Johnny spent a lot of time trying to hire or buy an animal and failed. Then it occurred to him that the hero in one of the novels he had read, when fleeing for his life, had borrowed a horse to speed him in his flight. It seemed to Johnny that the time had come to put in practice some of that daredevil recklessness for which he had come west. He would go to some man's barn, take a horse and, when through with it, send it back to its owner.

Having located a barn during the day, at dead of night he went there, saddled a horse—a coal black steed, Johnny's favorite color for a horse was black—and mounting cantered gaily away.

Johnny pulled up in the morning at a small town and, asking to be directed to a hotel, was shown a house, the person doing so saying:

"Madge Barker, she keeps boarders in that ar house; you mought git in thar. There ain't no hotel hereabout."

Johnny went to the house and was received by a woman with tousled hair and garments decorated with grease spots, who welcomed him and prepared a breakfast for him. He was waited on during the meal by Madge's daughter, who, had she been better dressed, might have presented a comely appearance. She was just Johnny's age and it was evident from her manner that she was much pleased with the young man. She had never—at least, not in a long while—seen anything so fine. She asked him what sort of a costume it was he had on, which surprised him, for he had supposed it was the kind worn in that country.

Johnny's first thought was to find some one to take the borrowed horse back to his owner, but he had not been to bed the night before and was very sleepy; so he deferred returning the animal till he had had a nap. He asked for a room and was shown to one. There was a bed in it—that is, it was called a bed though it was really a bunk built against the side of the room, which was not plastered and had no ceiling to cover its bare and rough hewn rafters. There was neither carpet nor furniture, except a washstand with a tin basin on it.

A reaction came over Johnny. Somehow there was no dime novel glamour about the place, and he was seized with a sudden fit of homesickness. However, he laid himself down on the odorous cotton "comforts"—the only bed covering—without undressing, resolving that he had already had enough of the wild and woolly west, and instead of sending back the horse he would take it himself and go on home. Having come to this comforting resolution he fell asleep.

He was awakened during the afternoon by several men, who crowded into the room. "Come, we want you."

Half awake, Johnny blinked his eyes at them, not understanding what it all meant. One of the men took hold of his arm and landed him on the floor. Johnny fell, but was lifted roughly on to his feet.

"What do you want with me?" he asked, irritated by his treatment.

"You'll find that out soon enough," said one of the men, and, taking him by the coat collar, pushed him down the steep stairway.

On the ground floor there were Madge and her daughter, looking surprised.

"Laws a mercy!" exclaimed the latter. "Who'd 'a' thought he was a hoss thief?"

The remark was the first intimation Johnny had as to the cause of his treatment.

"Shet up, Moll," said the mother.

"Horse thief!" cried Johnny, "who says I'm a horse thief?"

"Oh, bluff won't do you any good young feller," said one of his captors, "with the hoss you stole tied behind the house."

Several horses had been stolen from the town where Johnny had "borrowed" his steed, and when Eben Parker's black gelding was missed from the stable that morning a posse was organized to get after whoever had perpetrated this last crime. Parker led that part of the posse which took the right road to secure Johnny, and was so indignant over the trouble to which he had been put that he was in favor of meting out the customary punishment for such an offense by instant hanging of the thief. Though they discussed the matter before Johnny some time elapsed before he got it through his thick skull that his life was in danger. His captors wrangled over the matter, some of them averring that they had better delay the hanging long enough to give Johnny an opportunity to implicate those who had taken the other horses that had been stolen; but they were overruled and after a lengthy debate they led the culprit out for the purpose of raising him at the end of a rope the other end of which had been thrown over the limb of a tree. Johnny, who, by this time had begun to realize what was taking place, turned white, his knees knocked together, and he had to be dragged along.

"Whar's my hoss gone to?" exclaimed Eben Parker when the party got outside the house.

True enough, the beast had disappeared again. The men were dumfounded. Those who had urged delay for the purpose of eliciting information at once claimed that there was an organized gang to run off horses, and Parker's animal had been taken this second time by a confederate from right under their noses. Fresh tracks made by hoofs were plainly visible, and it was decided that two of the men should follow, while the other two remained with the prisoner.

While they were gone Johnny was locked up in the room he had occupied, one of the men guarding the stairway, the other watching under the only window.

Now, there was one thing that none of the men noticed. Molly Barker had disappeared. Her mother did not call their attention to the fact, and as for the prisoner, he was not in a condition of mind to notice anything except what plainly pertained to his unfortunate position. The men who went after the horse were gone till late in the evening, when they returned with the missing horse, on which rode Moll Barker. There was a fourth person added to the party, who was the sheriff of the county.

Moll, realizing Johnny's danger, had taken the horse to go for the sheriff, that the culprit might receive the protection of the law. Had she not taken the horse her effort would have resulted in failure, and had the men known that she had taken him they would have surmised she had gone for assistance, and they would have hanged Johnny before that assistance could have arrived. As it was, Johnny for the time being was saved.

The tenderfoot, hearing a step on the stairs, his heart stood still. He supposed that the men were coming to take him out for the second time to hang him. The door was thrown open, and the sheriff, who entered, seeing his agonized appearance, reassured him by telling him who he was and promising him that he would be safe in his hands and have an opportunity to prove himself innocent of the crime with which he was charged. He heard Johnny's story and, having become convinced that a mistake had been made, told his prisoner to go to sleep where he was and the matter would be adjusted in time.

Johnny woke up in the morning to one fact of especial importance to him. He was alive, and the reason of his being alive was the action of Moll Barker. The first thing he did was to shudder, the second was to realize that his heart was going out to the shabby girl who had saved him. He had found the woolly west something entirely different from what it had been portrayed in the dime novel. Nevertheless he had found his romance—a romance as different from what he had always expected as was the wild west.

The next day the sheriff persuaded the owner of the stolen horse that Johnny was fresh from the east and unconscious of committing a crime. So the posse went back with the recovered animal, leaving Johnny to follow his own sweet will. In Moll, Johnny failed to see the commonplace girl of yesterday. Her act and its importance to him had invested her with a charm not then apparent.

"Did you go for the sheriff," he asked her, "supposing me to be innocent?"

"No, I thort y' took the hoss."

"Then why were you interested?"

"I don't know."

"Did you suppose you would get the sheriff here in time to prevent my hanging?"

"No, I didn't think I would; I could only try."

"You wouldn't have been in time if the men hadn't missed the horse you had taken. And you wouldn't have been allowed to go if they had seen you start."

"I onhitched the hoss when they was in the house with you, and led him into the bushes; then I mounted him and lit out."

"Well, little girl," said Johnny in conclusion, "if it hadn't been for you I'd be hanging out there to a tree."

Johnny remained some time in the west, and when he went home he took Moll with him. She picked up an education and is now quite a lady.

LIVING MILK CARTS.

The Goats of Athens and Their Tenders With Their Tin Cups.

The bootblacks and newsboys of Athens are numberless and omnipresent, yelling out in shrill tones the latest edition or inviting customers in equally strident tones to have a "shine." Hot chestnut men, with charcoal braziers and stock in trade of a hundred big nuts, doze over their little fires or sell pistachio nuts, sesame seed or pumpkin seeds at the street corners. Much of the merchandise is carried by diminutive gray donkeys or by old women, who are almost lost under their huge loads of oranges or lemons or cauliflowers or brushwood.

The goats are a familiar sight of modern as doubtless they were of ancient Athens, and one sees them skipping over the rocks of Mars hill or the Pnyx or picking their way gingerly over the ruins of some ancient temple like chamois in their native wilds.

They are all muzzled and attended in flocks of ten or a dozen by a goatherd, who goes armed with three little tin cups, one holding about a pint, another a half pint and another a gill. When he finds a customer he stops a section of his living milk cart, milks it, hands over the diminutive amount of the lacteal fluid (it certainly is fresh milk) to the customer and receives his 5 or 10 lepta (1 or 2 cents) in return.—Christian Herald.

Some Consolation.

The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then, laying down the book, with a sigh, he muttered, "Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."—Everybody's.

Funny Man.

Henri Bergson in his recent book, "Laughter," lays stress on the fact that man, long defined as "the laughing animal," is also the only laughable animal. There is nothing really comical except human beings. The animal world is solemn beside the so called lords of creation. Man alone is an object of ridicule.