FIFTY

Sewing Machines For Sale,

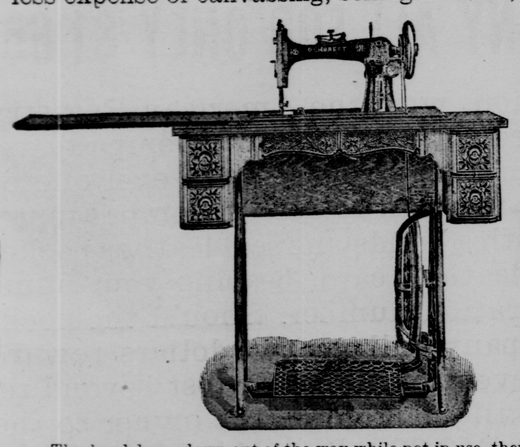
And Many More, too, if Needed.

The Demorest Sewing Machine Company uses this method to announce to the many readers of the Easton Gazette that they sell to the customer direct and make the

Best Sewing Machine in the World,

And Fully Guarantee it for Ten Years.

The reason we can sell so low is that our manufacturing facilities are the largest and best in the world, and because we cut off the immense and useless expense of canvassing, selling on time, etc.



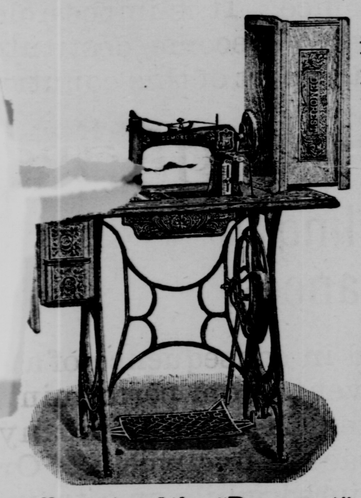
SOMETHING NEW

OUR NO. 4 DROP HEAD.

The head drops down out of the way while not in use, thereby giving you an extra piece of furniture in the shape of a beautiful table. The wood work is elegantly finished in dark oak. Price, $23.50.

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY.

therefore have no losses, and can afford to sell on small margins.



The old way of selling sewing machines, canvassing from one house to another, is almost as expensive as the manufacture of the machines.

Our No. 3.

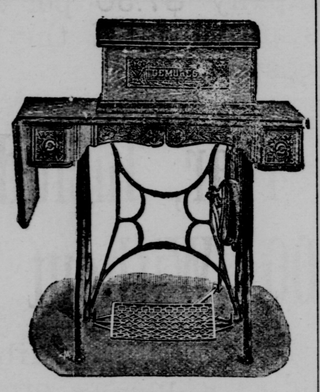
A perfect machine, with many thousands of admirers to advance its sale. In Talbot county alone there are very many of them in use, sold through the advertisement of the GAZETTE. You may have your choice of Light or Dark Oak or Walnut. Always ready to work, never out of order, makes no noise, and runs so easy.

Price, $19.50 cash.

All parts of the "Demorest" are made interchangeable so that if any piece or part wears out, it can be replaced by any one without mechanical skill.

It stands alone in the Sewing machine field, the cheapest. the best, the most popular machine on the market.

No. 31-2.



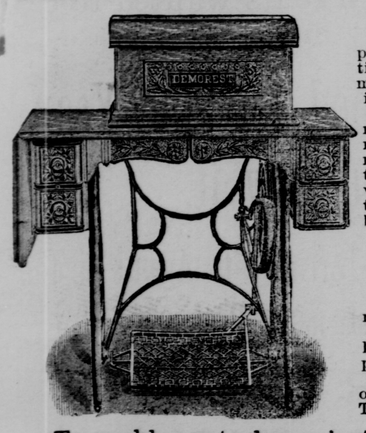
Exquisite, durable, quiet and reliable. Finished in light or dark oak or walnut. Price, $19.50.

Don't allow high priced agents to talk you into the notion that our machine is anything but the best.

False statements from them cost you too much, and you will find are very expensive.

No one has yet attempted to excel the "Demorest."

250.000 ARE NOW IN USE.



The 'Demorest" has no competitors, for their is no incentive to competition when the most that can be accomplished is to equal it.

All ordinary repairs free. Do not trade off your old Demorest machine, no matter how old it may be, a small investment in the way of repairs will most invariably put it in good order so that it will last you for a number of years longer.

OUR NO. 4.

Light or Dark Oak or Walnut. Price, $22.50.

We do not make the poo kinds—neither do we ask big prices for our good ones.

Write us for particulars, but orders received only through THE GAZETTE.

To enable us to know just what this advertisement is doing all orders must pass through the GAZETTE and a list of persons who have bought the machines in Talbot will be cheerfully furnished.

Address, GAZETTE, Easton, Md.

RILEY'S FOLKS.

Sometimes, when things don't seem to go
jes' right about the place,
When bein' pore seems jes' as bad as bein'
in disgrace,
When everything goes wrong, you know,
as sometimes they will do,
And the blue that should be in the sky is
all penned up in you—
It's then I like to jes' sit down all by myself somewheres,
With one o' Riley's books, to sort o' brighten up affairs.

Them people Riley writes about has red
blood in their veins,
They're folks that lives and breathes,
they've got their joys and aches and
pains;
Each one of 'em has got a heart—you almost feel it beat;
They're not imaginary folks, they're people that we meet,
And when they stand before me as he
paints 'em I'm inclined
To feel a sort of proudness that I'm one o'
Riley's kind.

I mind how kind of choked I was when my
boy went away,
Tears wouldn't come and seemed as if the
load grew ev'ry day;
I couldn't bear to hear folks tell how bad
they felt fer me,
Until, one day, I got a book that Riley'd
wrote, and see
That pome on Little Wesley! Well, the
tears come freely then,
And so I took the burden up and pushed
ahead agen.

Some people want to live in towns and put
on lots o' style,
They'd like to roll in money and do nothin'
all the while,
But I'm not one o' them, they ain't the sort
o' stuff, you bet,
That made this land the gloriousest the
sun has shone on yet!
I want to stay where nature planned it
best fer me to be—
To love and live with Riley's folks, that's
good enough fer me.

—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

The Breaker

By Barry Pain

IN APPEARANCE he was about as commonplace as other people—a middle-aged man, inclined to portliness. As the train moved on he discussed commonplace subjects with me in a commonplace way. I should not have been surprised to have been told that he was a stock broker, or a solicitor, or that he was engaged in the tea trade. In the course of our chat something happened to be said about curious occupations.

"Well," said my companion, "I do not suppose that there is any more curious occupation than my own. I am a breaker."

He had not at all the appearance of a man used to horses; but I suggested: "A horse-breaker, you mean?"

"No," he said, "just a plain breaker. A man who breaks things, breaks anything that requires to be broken; gets his living by breaking things that any one wants broken."

I glanced nervously at the communicator, though he looked even less like a lunatic than he did like a horse-breaker.

"I see," he said, smiling, "that I must explain. When I left Cambridge, with a classical degree, no prospects, and no influence, I looked about for a profession. I found everything overcrowded; besides, none of the professions appealed to me at all. I like to travel about a little, and I enjoy social life. I like talking—talking to anyone. I hate work of any kind. This being the case, I looked about me to see if there



"PUT MY FOOT THROUGH THE FACE."

was not a chance for some new profession; if among our million wants there was not one that was not already supplied.

"The idea came to me by accident. I was stopping at my uncle's house, when he received as a present from his wife's brother a singularly ugly but very valuable pair of oriental vases. His wife's brother was frequently in my uncle's house, and therefore these abominations had to be displayed. I heard him grumbling about this. I suggested that he should sell them. The idea was, of course, absurd; he told me so. Nor, he said, could he break them himself, for his wife's brother would never forgive him; nor could he ask his wife to break them, because, although he has been married 15 years, he felt that he did not know her well enough; nor could he ask the servants to break them, for that would encourage carelessness and thriftlessness on their part.

"'That is all right,' I said. I rose from my place and smashed the vases, one after the other, on the floor. 'Sorry I was so clumsy,' I said; 'you had better ring, and have this rubbish cleared away.'

"He rang and told the servant that I had broken them accidentally. When she had gone he said, without a smile: 'It seems rather a pity.' I said: 'I am short of ready money. Could you lend me five pounds?' He wrote me a check for 20, and said that I was a useful man to know of. Then I said: 'Recommend me to your friends,' for already I saw the possibility of my future profession. He mentioned me to some half dozen people he knew, some of whom I had never seen in my life before. They sent me invitations to their houses, and indicated the objects on which I was to operate. In my first week I broke, I remember, a lamp shaded like an owl, an oil painting, a tea service and a dining-room table."

"But an oil painting," I said. "How does one break an oil painting?"

"It is simple enough," he said. "I first of all undid the wires so that the picture fell; then, picking it up, I put my foot through the face. It was a portrait of my host's wife's aunt. It was more difficult to break the dining-room table. I recollect that it became necessary for the purpose to invent a somewhat boisterous form of round game. Even then we had to play it for three evenings before the legs came off. When I left this house my host handed me a check, and promised to recommend me to other people. I never advertise, and I have more breaking to do than I can possibly find time for. If I could find a young man with plenty of tact, I would take him as an assistant."

"It must need some tact," I suggested.

"It does, indeed. It so often happens that I am employed by the husband without the knowledge of the wife, or by the wife without the knowledge of the husband. Even with the utmost tact one gets one's self disliked, but that I must put up with. The other day one of my clients asked me to come to his house to break a dinner service. I dined there and made myself as pleasant as I could, and told several good stories. But, then, I also broke the dinner service, or most of it, and it was one to which my hostess was much attached. She said to him afterwards: "I will never have that brute in my house again!'"

"And what did he say?"

"He said: 'I fully agree with you, my dear. To the best of my belief, the man was drunk. If he had not been the son of an old college friend I should never have asked him at all.' That was a little mean; but, then, it was necessary for him to cover himself in some way, and as I never break a dinner service under £25 I received some solatium for the indignity."

"Have you got any engagements at present?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "I am going to one now, but it is a trifling thing, requiring no tact at all. Had I an assistant I should have sent him. I am to go the day after a wedding reception, when the presents are being packed. Those which, from their ugliness or worthlessness, are not worth packing up and sending to the bridegroom's distant home have been placed on a separate shelf. I shall upset that shelf and accidentally stamp on anything which is not broken in the fall. The job won't take five minutes, and I get three guineas for it. I am doing it for the bridegroom without the knowledge of the bride. Men begin to deceive women very soon, I find."

"I have," I said, "one or two little objects in my own home which—"

But at this moment the train entered Victoria station, and, though I managed to complete my sentence and my companion said that he would be glad at any time to oblige me or my friends, in the confusion of our arrival I neglected to take his name or to give him mine.—Black and White.

ROME OF OLD.

The City as It Appeared to the Hero of a Story of the Twelfth Century.

Gilbert had reached Paris in the train of Duke Geoffrey in September; the Christmas bells were ringing when he first caught sight of the walls and towers of Rome. As he drew rein on the crest of a low hill, the desolate brown waste of the Campagna stretched behind him mile upon mile to northward, toward the impenetrable forests of Viterbo, and Rome was at last before him. Before him rose the huge, half-ruined walls of Aurelian, battered by Goth and Saracen and imperial Greek; before him towered the fortress of Hadrian's tomb, vast, impregnable, ferocious. Here and there above the broken crenellations of the city's battlements rose dark and slender towers, square and round, marking the places where strong robbers had fortified themselves within the city. But from the point where Gilbert halted Rome seemed but a long brown ruin, with portions standing whole, as brown as the rest under the bright depths of vaulted blue, unflecked by the least fleece of cloud in the matchless clearness of the winter's morning. Profound disappointment came upon him as he looked. With little knowledge and hardly any information from others who had journeyed by the same road, he had built himself an imaginary city of unspeakable beauty, wherein graceful churches rose out of the sunlit streets and fair open places planted with lordly avenues of trees. There, in his thoughts, walked companies of men with faces like the face of the great Bernard, splendid with innocence, radiant with the hope of life. Thither, in his fancy, came the true knights of the earth, purified of sin by vigils in the holy places of the east, to renew unbroken vows of chastity and charity and faith. There, in his dream, dwelt the venerable father of bishops, the vicar of Christ, the successor of Peter, the spotless head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic church. There, in his heart, he had made the dwelling of whatsoever things are upright and just and perfect in Heaven, and pure and beautiful on earth. That was the city of God, of which his soul was the architect, and in which he was to be a dweller, in peace that should pass understanding. — Marion Crawford, in Century.

Same Thing, Only Different.

Dr. Emdee—Women, you know, are very subject to nervous prostration.

Mr. Wicklow—Don't men have it?

Dr. Emdee—No; men have irritability.—Puck.

SEND ONE DOLLAR cut this ad out and send to us and if you live East of the Rocky Mountains we will send this HIGH-GRADE TOP BUGGY to you by freight C. O. D. subject to examination, you can examine it at your freight depot and if you find it EQUAL TO ANY $100.00 TOP BUGGY you ever saw, perfectly satisfactory and the GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN OR HEARD OF, pay the railroad agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $55.00** and freight charges, less the One Dollar sent with order.

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BUILT IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, on honor from the best material money can buy. While in our Free Buggy Catalogue we show Top Buggies made by other makers at $21.50, $28.75 and $34.75 the exact same buggy that are sold by machinery dealers, at $45.00 to $75.00 and are being widely advertised by many at $55.00 to $90.00.

OUR ACME QUEEN AT $55.00 is the most wonderful value ever offered. THE LOWEST PRICE EVER QUOTED ON THE BEST BUGGY THAT CAN BE BUILT. We maintain our own five story buggy factory for the sole purpose of building and selling a BETTER BUGGY THAN WE CAN BUY ELSEWHERE and to SAVE OUR CUSTOMERS MANUFACTURER'S PROFIT.

Every Buggy We Make Is Guaranteed Five Years and They Will out wear Five Ordinary Factory Rigs.

THE MATERIAL AND LABOR IN OUR ACME QUEEN cost more than double that in the ordinary factory buggy. We use a $2.50 cushion cloth, some use 90 cent; we use a $1.50 head lining, some use 40 cent; we use 23 cent leather, some use 9 cent; we use $3.50 colors and varnishes, some use 75 cent and $1.00. WE PAY ALMOST DOUBLE the price most makers pay for Wheels, Axles, Springs, Dashes and Sockets, because WE WANT THE BEST. Our wheels, gear and bodies are Water Rubbed and the Material and Labor in Painting **OUR ACME QUEEN,** would paint three cheap buggies.

$55.00 BARELY COVERS COST of material and labor, leaving us the smallest profit imaginable, but we are building 70 buggies a day and to advertise our buggy factory we are willing to SELL THEM ON $1.00 PROFIT EACH. We know 70 buggies will satisfy us, advertise us everywhere and build up the LARGEST BUGGY BUSINESS IN THE WORLD.

THE ACME QUEEN we build in narrow or wide track, cloth or leather trimmed, end springs, buffed leather quarter top, solid panel back, springs in back, leather covered Bows and Nuts, Rubber Steps, Velvet Carpet, body, 24x54 inches, No. 1 Sarven's patent screwed rim wheels, painted in 16 coats, body black, gear dark green with very delicate modest striping, complete with shafts, side and back curtains, boot storm apron and anti-rattlers and shafts. Pole, Neckyoke and Whiffletrees in place of shafts, $1.75 extra. BUGGY WEIGHS 400 POUNDS and the freight will average for 200 miles, $2.00; 300 miles, $2.75; 400 miles, $3.25; 500 miles, $3.60; 1,000 miles, $6.00.

SEND ONE DOLLAR with your order, WE GUARANTEE the Buggy to Reach You Safely and if satisfactory, pay the railroad agent balance, $54.00 and freight charges, otherwise pay nothing and the agent will return buggy at our expense and we will return your $1.00.

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