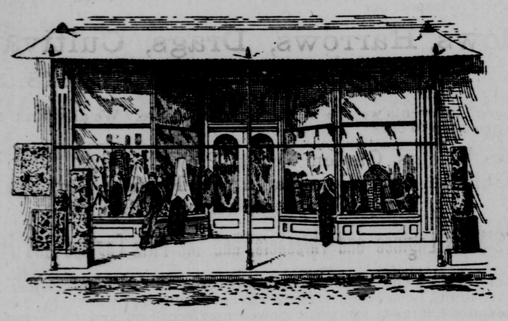
GREAT CUT PRICES



In Black Goods, Silk Crepons, Lizzard Cloths, Serges and Cheviots, 25 per cent. Discount for Cash.

I have just returned from the city this week, and while there bought an immense line of fine Black Goods at very much reduced prices, and I am going to give my customers the advantage of it.

Silk and Wool Crepons worth $2.25 yard now selling for $1.48. Good Crepons for $1.19 Figured Lizzard Cloths only 59c.

Ready Made Dress Skirts

and Shirt Waists for Ladies. Linen and white Pique Skirts ranging in price from 98c to $2.75.

15 Per Cent. Discount on Ready Made Clothing

A full line of Children's and Men's Linen Suits for warm weather. A full line of White Kid Gloves in all lengths and sizes, for school commencements at popular prices.

A new line of colored Organdies just opened.

50c Summer Corset sold by us at 29c.

12½c fine Dress Ginghams sold by us at 8c.

19c extra fine French Ginghams sold by us at 10c.

Special Bargains in Smyrna Rugs.

Our 16c Mattings, pronounced by our customers to equal regular 25c goods. Our Shoe Department is filled with bargains in shoes. Bicycles and bicycle repairs at lowest prices. Full Line of Tapestry and Linen for furniture coverings just received. Misses Hose all sizes, worth 20c. sold by us at 12⅔c.

M. B. NICHOLS.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

Builders : Supplies.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mantels and full line of Mill Work kept in stock always. Flooring, Siding, Shingles, Framing and Finishing Lumber of all kinds.

WRIGHTSVILLE LAND LIME

TEXAS ALUM LIME FOR BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING PURPOSES. GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING.

ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

Robt. B. Dixon & Co

FOR SALE.

A gentleman's high-grade 28-inch fifty-dollar wheel, style of 1898. Absolutely in perfect repair. $15 CASH. Apply to
4-15-tf GAZETTE OFFICE.

BAYNE FIELDS

FIRST CLASS SHAVING PARLOR

BEST SERVICE

Scamp Laundrying

Is a name that's sometimes given to laundrying that has been slighted and skimped where 'twont show. If we did "scamp" laundrying how long would our reputation for doing the right kind last?

Regular trips made for collections to St. Michaels and Royal Oak every Monday afternoon, and to Oxford, Trappe and Hambleton every Tuesday. Goods delivered to the above places every Friday.

Peninsula Steam Laundry.
Best Work, Low Prices. Try us.
W. B Patterson, Easton.

WOMAN'S WEAPON.

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a vagrant curl,
Then consciously she murmured—
This rosebud newly out—
"I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue.
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered:
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then.
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen.
"Oh, I could name a thousand!"
He cried in accents clear;
"But woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is a tear."

TO-MORROW AT NOON

For hours before the Chicago express entered the Grand Central Station a passenger in the sleeping-car Arcadia was in a state bordering on frenzy.

He had smoked so many cigars that the porter regarded him with apprehension. He had stamped up and down the aisle so fiercely that a baby had shrieked in fright whenever he appeared. He had cursed so horribly that the ancient spinster in the section next his had been on the point of swooning several times.

He was a big, athletic fellow, with a ruddy complexion, determined lips, and eyes like gray velvet, with black lashes and brows. His face would have been noticeable at any time, but now, crowned with an enormous silver-embroidered sombrero and distorted with impatience, it was doubly conspicuous.

"That cowboy must be getting ready to kill somebody," said the commercial man from Omaha to the railroad man from Buffalo.

"Either that or he's going to see his girl," replied the other.

The railroad man was a keen judge of human nature. Tom Weir, ranchman from the Valley of the River of Lost Souls, Col., was on his way to New York to find his sweetheart.

As he sat moodily biting an unlighted cigar and counting the mile-posts he recalled, as in a dream, his meeting with the exquisite creature he was seeking. He remembered that clear, bright morning when he rode jingling and clattering into Durango, just as the train from Alamosa was pulling up to the station; how he threw himself off his mustang and joined the crowd of miners, cowboys, loafers and "greasers" on the station platform to see the passengers alight.

He heard again the murmur of admiration as she stepped from the train and walked through the throng with the air of a princess.

His heart pounded madly as he recalled the masses of red gold hair, the luscious lips, the eyes of most unholy blue—the blue of the mountain sapphires—and the graceful svelte form.

His thoughts shifted to the afternoon when he was introduced to her at the ranch adjoining his own. She had come to visit her school friend, the wife of his neighbor. He remembered her wonderful pink gown with clouds and billows of lace, the tiny fan she wielded so coquettishly, the rings on her white fingers. She looked like an angel to the big, clumsy, blushing, stammering ranchman—a pink and white angel with a halo of dazzling blonde hair.

Poor Tom Weir then and there lay his great, unsullied, honest heart at her tiny feet. From the first moment she spoke to him he was her slave.

Now he thought of those heavenly days that followed; the long walks and rides in that glorious air that mounted to their heads like champagne; the nights when the great red moon swung over the snow-covered mountain peaks; the first mad kiss, the tender confession, the sweet surrender and the solemn betrothal.

And now he was going to see her!

Two years had gone by since the girl of his heart had said good-by to him; since he had held her to his brawny breast and with swimming eyes and husky voice had begged her not to forget him.

She had written him often sweet, kind, tender letters, letters he had kissed and cried over and put under his pillow at night. She had kept her word. She had not forgotten him—that radiant creature. O, where was a man so madly happy as he? And O, when, when, would this train get into New York?

There was only one little bit of alloy in this happiness; a mere trifle, to be sure, but still there. A few words in her last letter had troubled him. He had read and re-read them, trying to discover just what caused his uneasiness, but in vain. Still a vague, intangible something seemed threatening him. Some instinct sounded a note of alarm as he pored over the perfumed paper in his hand.

"I am tired of teaching," the letter ran. "The life of a governess is so narrow, so confining. So I have gone in for art."

That was all.

Art—art? Art is perfectly harmless, to be sure, but it was strange he had never seen her draw or paint anything. Indeed, he remembered that when with the enthusiasm of the typical Western ranchman, he had pointed out the beauties of his beloved mountains she had seemed rather bored than otherwise.

He made a sudden resolution. He would go to New York. He would see her and beg her to give up art and come near to nature's heart with him. There was no reason why their marriage should be longer delayed. He could give her a pleasant home even if a trifle lonely. But she would never be lonely. Would he not be with her? And she could paint all the pictures she wanted in Colorado as well as in New York.

Yes, he would go to her. He would sweep her off her feet by his passionate pleading; he would carry her away with him; he would bring her back to the mountains and to his home.

The train thundered into the station.

Tom Weir had never been east of Denver before. The babel and confusion annoyed him. He thought of the solemn, wind-swept mountain spaces and of the wide-spreading, peaceful plains. He longed to find a quiet corner. But the clatter and hubbub pursued him to his hotel.

The address of the letter he was carrying over his heart took him far uptown. When he succeeded in mastering the intricacies of the bells in the apartment he found a door was opened by a pert little maid, who stared superciliously at his height and breadth, his clothes and his sombrero.

"No," she drawled, "Miss Cameron is not in; she is driving in the park."

"Can I see her this evening?" he demanded imperiously.

"Why, no," she said, with astonished eyes, "of course not. No one ever sees her in the evening!"

"When can I see her?" he felt himself going hot and cold by turns.

"You might possibly see her at noon to-morrow," snapped the maid. "She's never up before noon." Then she shut the door with a decided bang.

Tom strode away, hurt, angry, suspicious. What did it mean? Art, a carriage, living in luxury. Never up before noon. Suddenly he stopped and cursed himself for a mean, pitiful cur that he should suspect her of anything that was not good and pure and womanly. To-morrow—to-morrow at noon, he would see her. Everything would be explained, and on his knees he would beg her to forgive him for his unworthy suspicions.

As he entered his hotel he ran into a man from Denver whom he knew. They shook hands and adjourned to the bar. Tom was honestly glad to see him. To tell the truth, the ranchman was lonely and a bit homesick.

"Got the dumps?" laughed the man from Denver. "Oh, brace up! Go to the theater and amuse yourself. Let's see. Go to the Gotham. There's a great show there. Out of sight. Say, but there's a girl there that's a beauty. The town has gone wild over her. She is on only for a few moments, but she leaves an impression. I'll see you to-morrow about noon. Good-night—in a —— of a hurry," and he was gone before Tom could tell him that to-morrow at noon he had an engagement.

The theater was crowded. The stage was peopled by hosts of pretty girls with brazen smiles and alluring eyes. There was plenty of fun and music and dancing and laughter.

But Tom was not interested. Perhaps his lonely life had not fitted him to enjoy such a shaking of foily bells. Perhaps the heart that had always reverenced womanhood despised the dubious jest, the offensive innuendoes. He wondered as he looked about how nice women could bear to listen to such stuff.

At times he lost sight of the stage. "To-morrow at noon," ran in his mind. It throbbed through the melody of the orchestra, it resounded in the strains of song. The violins breathed and whispered and sobbed the refrain over and over, "To-morrow — to-morrow at noon."

At last the stage was darkened. He heard some people next him talking about the beautiful woman who was to pose as a statue. He leaned forward.

The curtains parted. On a pedestal stood a woman with masses of clustering hair falling over her white shoulders. Her superb form stood out like marble against the somber background.

* * * *

What was it the men were calling out as the carriages rolled up to the door of the theater? Oh, yes, how stupid of him! "To-morrow, at noon," of course. And what did all those blazing letters read in the glittering signs along the crowded thoroughfare, "To-morrow at noon—to-morrow at noon."

He went to his room. He laughed as he flung himself upon his bed. "To-morrow—to-morrow at noon."

* * * *

The man from Denver knocked on his door and rattled and shook it. "Wake up Weir!" he shouted, "wake up. It's Darling of Denver. Come, you lazy beggar, I want you to go to luncheon with me."

There was no answer.

"Wake up, Weir!" he called again, banging the door with his fist.

But no answer returned from the silent room, where the brawny form lay stretched upon the bed and where the blood was slowly trickling down from the white forehead in which the ranchman's sure bullet was buried.

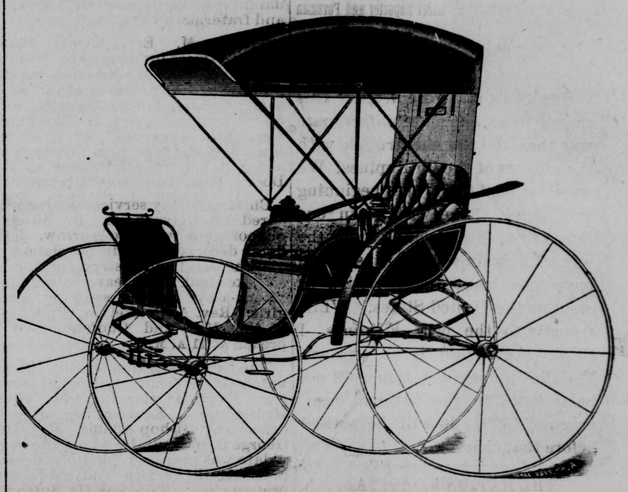
Fine Churches in Manila.

By far the most striking characteristic of Manila is the number, size and splendor of the religious edifices. Though the walled area is only about 250 acres in extent, within these limits are half a dozen churches, including a cathedral. The spires and bell towers of these massive structures form the most picturesque characteristic feature of the city. The oldest of the existing churches, that of St. Augustine, was founded more than 300 years ago. That it has withstood the typhoons and earthquakes of three centuries is proof of its solidity and also of the ability of its architect, a nephew of the builder of the Escurial at Madrid.

Licensed.

Amateur photographers in Russia are obliged to secure licenses.

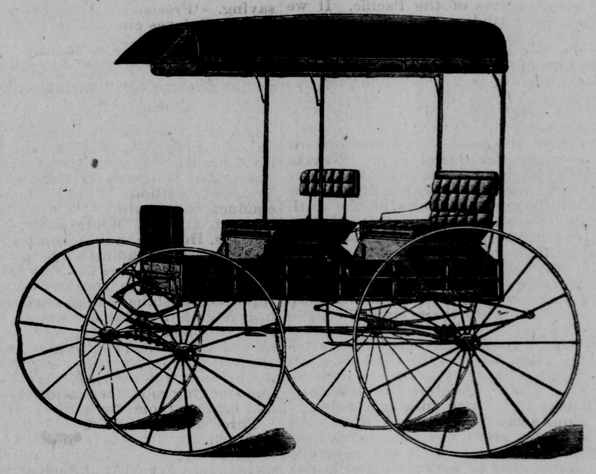
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