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Having removed to 305 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first flor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top morket prices and prompt returns.
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All the above strictly new, fresh goods, and all at LOWEST prices for very best goods.

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COLEMAN WILL PROBATED.

Bishop's Collection of Canes Goes to Historical Society.

The will of Bishop Leighton Coleman, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Delaware, who was buried last week was admitted to probate in Wilmington on Saturday. The estate is valued at not more than $20,000, one-half being life insurance. The generosity of the Bishop caused the depletion of his funds.

There are numerous bequests, one of them being a donation to the Delaware Historical Society of more than twenty canes which the noted prelate had received and carried in his tramping tours in this country as well as abroad. He always carried a stout stick when on such trips. A collection of autographs of prominent persons all over the world is left to the General Theological Seminary.

The life insurance money is to be invested and the proceeds given to Rev. Alexis I. Dupont Coleman, the Bishop's son, and his wife during life. At their death the principal shall be used to establish a scholarship at the General Theological Seminary to aid St. Matthew's Church in Wilmington, and for other church purposes. The son is professor of English in the University of the City of New York. The Bishop's altar vessels and vestments are bequeathed to his successor.

The testator directs that his real estate be sold and the proceeds used to liquidate a mortgage on the Day Nursery and Hospital for babies in Wilmington, and also to establish a fund in memory of his wife. The income of the fund will pay the salary of the rector of St. Michael's Church in Wilmington. The will was made in 1904, just before the Bishop sailed for the Holy Land.

THE SUN'S APOLOGY.

The Baltimore Sun thus offers its apology to a prominent lady in Rock Hall, whose reputation as a fine cook is statewide, the occasion for the apology being the receipt of a fine pumpkin pie:

"It would appear that pumpkin pie has its gentler and nobler moments. A few weeks ago, unaware of this fact, we pronounced it a delicacy accursed, and laid down the proposition that it was fraudulent, dishonorable and bogus. Since then we have received a sample of Eastern Sho' pumpkin pie from a lady in Rock Hall, Kent county, and we hasten to offer our apologies. The package was accompanied by the following graceful stanza:

O Critic, I do wonder why
You are so hard on pumpkin pie;
Just taste this bit from fair old Kent,
By one of her own daughters sent.

If all pumpkin pies were like this pie the world would be a happier place and life would be less an affliction. But, unluckily for the human race, the Eastern Sho' covers but a small part of the earth's surface. There, fenced in by bounding billows, dwell 75 per cent of the most beautiful women in the world and 99.67 per cent. of the most skillful cooks. The result is pumpkin pie that makes all other pumpkin pie seem pale, puny and ineffective.

We are informed by experts that Rock Hall is the gastronomic capital of the Sho', and hence of the habitable universe. The sweet perfumes from her heavenly kitchens go rolling o'er the Chesapeake in great clouds, and the mariners of the bay, sailing through them, are hynotized and enchanted. The ravishing scent of hot pie strikes incoming voyagers at Thomas' Point and clings to them until they enter the Patapsco. As the ships pass Swan Point it is not uncommon for passengers to swoon. The crews are sometimes affected in the same way, and wrecks result. The pie Lorelei drives the helmsman mad, and the ship goes on the bleak, forbidden rocks of Poole's Island.

We offer our most respectful salutations to the fair lady of Kent, and, as in duty bound, kiss her hand. Let her take joy in the fact that her slab of pie has sent a ray of glad sunshine into our tortured and embittered life.

Can Make Weather to Order.

Asserting—and pointing to spring flowers blooming in a field behind his laboratory as proof—that he can produce any variety of weather his desire dictates, John C. Bedient, an electrician of Akron, Ohio, is about to apply for a patent and form a company to manufacture an apparatus he is concealing in the workshop there. He calls it a weather machine, and says that electricity is its basis and that it will produce warm weather, with imitation sunshine, so far as effects go; rain, and the consequent growth of flowers, plants and grains; snow or ice, if applied near either still or running water. He is keeping the secret of the machine's construction and stands guard each night, relieved by his wife and son, to prevent the filching of his possession.

"Look at those flowers behind the shop," he said, pointing to an arbutus. "That is because the machine is inside. Its influence would bring that field into bloom if I brought it outside and turned the proper lever. Of course it would take some time. Wait till the patent is issued. Then I'll give you sledding in July."

He Knew Her.

The conductor looked at the thin man.

"Do you see that stout woman at the other end of the car, the one with the monkey hat?" he asked.

"I think I see the one you mean," the thin man responded.

"There, she's looking this way," said the conductor. "Well, sir, I admire that woman."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do. She may have a squint and wear bad fitting clothes and big shoes, yet I admire her."

"Why?"

"She knows how to get off a car the right way, and that's why. She's too stout, and her hair is ratty, and she hasn't any taste, but when she steps down from the back platform I never worry. I know she'll land all right. I'm dead sure she isn't going to sit down in the mud and ask me for my number. That's why I admire her. Here she comes now. Watch her when she gets off."

The stout woman came down the aisle and briskly descended to the street. And the conductor, with his hand on the bell rope, winked approvingly at the slim man.

Then the stout woman looked around. "Come, George," she called, and the slim man meekly followed her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Simple Minded Kurds.

Some of the peculiar traits of the Kurds of Asia Minor are described by a traveler: "If it were possible to imagine two colors more distinct than black and white it would be possible to imagine two characters more widely differing than those of the Arab and Kurd. The pure Kurd is the most unsophisticated and gullible person in the world so long as you keep away from the material issues. His respect for a man who can read and write is almost pitiable. The Kurds are on the whole blunt and somewhat uncouth, silent and quite incapable of falsehood. If they do wrong—and they often do—they admit the fault in the simplest and most unaffected way. I had a muleteer who was honest, civil and incorrigibly idle. 'Did you ever kill a man?' I asked him one day. 'Yes; sixteen on the Khazat road when I was a deserter from the army,' came the reply in a voice absolutely unmoved. 'You were a robber?' 'Yes, but now, praise be to God, I am married and a muleteer.'"

No Chesterfield.

A Boston man was praising the late Earl of Dunmore.

"Lord Dunmore," he said, "was a good man. Tall and robust and supple. I can see him still with his short gray beard and his kind face. His only fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt—was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted in correctness in eating, in dress, in everything.

"At a dinner in Beacon street once I heard him tell a story about an incorrect self made man, or 'nouveau riche,' as he called him. This man was dressing one night to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over.

"'But, George,' she said reproachfully, 'aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?'

"'No. What's the use?' George growled. 'My napkin would hide 'em anyway.'"—New Orleans States.

Proof of Brains.

Mr. Travers, the famous New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters a-plenty attesting his importance—letters from Gladstone, Dilke, Salisbury and Churchill. He had talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a bad meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at the table. There was never a stop in the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on he began: "Now, it is a question as to whether or not the oyster has brains. Scientists dispute the idea." "T-t-t-they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your proof, sir!" challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "W-wh-wh-why, sir, the o-o-oyster knows h-hahow to shut up."

Uplifting the Savage.

We have received the following spicy analysis of British civilizing procedures in Africa from a young Egyptian from Tanta, who shows dramatic aptitudes. The title of his communication is:

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.
Act 1.—The missionary.
Act 2.—Whisky and pale ale.
Act 3.—The Maxim gun.
Act 4.—A newspaper.
Act 5.—Cricket and football.
Act 6.—Death of the last aborigine.
Finis.—Band plays "Rule Britannia."

—Egyptian Standard.

Poor Consolation.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the society woman. "I feel so wretched, and this is my receiving day too! I do hope no one will call, for I'll be in misery all the time."

"Well," remarked her husband facetiously, "I always understood that 'misery loves company.'" — Catholic Standard.

Her Bribe.

Unattractive Maiden Aunt—Goodby, Jottie. Come soon again. I hope you'll forgive my not kissing you, but I have an awful cold. Jottie (aged six)—Never mind. Do kiss me, auntie. Mother said she'd give me 5 cents if I'd let you.—Exchange.

Resented.

The Scotchman (during an argument) —Hoot, man, hoot! The Irishman (hotly)—Shure an' Oi'll not hoot. Do ye take me for a bloomin' owl?—London Scraps.

Effectually Squelched.

The clerk in a dry goods store was waxing sarcastic at the boarding house table because the schoolteacher said she was tired. "I don't see how you have the nerve to say that," he said. "You have a snap. Your hours are short, and, although you say you have to look over papers in the evening, I reckon you don't have to spend much time on them. Then look at the vacations you have—a week or two at Christmas, another in the spring, two or three days at Thanksgiving time and then the entire summer. Look at me. I have to work eight hours every day, with only a half hour at noon, and once in awhile I have to put in an evening at the store when they take inventory of stock. And my vacation! I get the legal holidays, two weeks in the summer and during the hot months a half day off, and heaven knows what a good half day does! Gee! Schoolteachers certainly have a cinch."

During this harangue the schoolteacher listened carefully to the noise he made while he talked. When he finished she said sweetly: "Well, why don't you become a schoolteacher? There's no law to prevent you that I know of."

And the rest of the table grinned audibly, while the clerk grabbed a toothpick and went out.—New York Press.

On the Dynamite Ships.

There is a service whose conditions are little known to the outside world, that of the men on the dynamite ships that lurk in the shadow of Canvey island. It once happened that a cargo boat took fire near Canvey island. The crew could not extinguish the flames, the vessel had to be abandoned, and the tide carried her straight for the dynamite ships. By a miracle the blazing hulk steered safely between them. But the tide turned, and with it back again she came. Another miracle and the floating inferno missed them all a second time. A spark from her blazing timbers, the least shock from a collision and she had exploded such a mine as would have blown the half of Essex into Ireland. She floated, hissing and spluttering, down the tideway and passed away, to burn herself to the water's edge beyond the reach of dynamite. And the silent lonely men stayed unstirring at their posts and twice saw the grave open and close before them.—Army and Navy.

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl five years old or so living in an inland town up the state. Near her home there was no river nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper asked:

"Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"—New York Times.

Little Mamie Rose Rose.

"It doesn't take these little Russian children long to catch on to things in this country," remarked a teacher of the Educational alliance. "When one explains a word to them they never forget it, and they are always ready with an illustration of its meaning too. I remember that some time ago I had explained to the class the meaning of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, as the custom is, I turned about and made them explain the word to me.

"'Now, is there any one,' I asked, 'who can give me an illustration?'

"A grimy little urchin at the back of the room stuck up his hand.

"'Here's a ambiguity fer ye,' he cried. 'Little Mamie Rose sat on a tack—little Mamie Rose. See?'

"Oh, no," concluded the teacher, "you don't have to explain a thing to the east side child twice."—New York Sun.

The Lady and Her Dog.

There are any number of men who would ask who you were talking to if you hinted that they were not absolutely masters in their own establishments, yet these very men are often the slaves of their dogs. By the way, unless you really want to make her your sworn foe, don't, whatever else you may say or do, speak disparagingly of a lady's dog, even if it is the most unholy mongrel that ever wagged a tail.—Fry's Magazine.

What We Want Daily.

Protein to make blood and muscle, bone and brain, and corresponding quantities of fat, starch and sugar and the like to be consumed in the body to serve as a fuel to provide warmth and give strength for the body. The protein is found in lean meats, fish, eggs, cheese, gluten of flour and in beans and peas and the like.—London Answers.

British English.

Englishman—I say, ye knaw, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage? Englishman—The bookage, ye knaw—the tariff. What's the tariff? Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.—New York Weekly.

The success of a movement depends much less upon the force of its argument or upon the ability of its advocates than the predisposition of society to receive it.—Lecky.

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—OF—
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Here we offer you the very best that is possible to buy; show an extremely large assortment, including all the new and popular shades and the range of prices makes it possible for everyone to find something here exactly as wanted.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

The price of silks has advanced very materially, but we are still offering our guaranteed 36-inch black taffett $100 per yard.

Over twelve hundred yards sold in the preceding twelve months without a dissatisfied customer.

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We are selling staple muslin at wholesale prices. Our purchases before the advance enable us to do this

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Efforts intelligently directed are productive of results beyond precedent in the all-important questions of style, elegance and quality.

Your attention is directed to our extremely low prices.

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This department has stood the test of a careful buying public for years, and is now complete with an array of stylish and up-to-date garments not often seen except in a city store.

Our well-known low prices are a large factor in the successful business done in this department.

Come and see us, we can show you our stock much better than we can tell your about it.

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