Quality First, Price Second--Cash Talks, and Here We Go!

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2 Burner Perfectlon Oil Stove, wickless, only $4.85
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Asbestos Ring for Stoves, 3 for 25c

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85c Braces Screen Doors, any size 65c
Window Screens from ..... 15c to 30c

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Men's Summer Underwear, the 50c kind, only 39c
Men's Summer Underwear, the 25c kind, only 19c
Ladies' Gauze Vests 5c
Ladies' White Apron, the 25c kind, for only 10c

TENNIS SHOES.

Rubber Soles, Men's 40c
Rubber Soles, Men's 30c

SPECIAL SALE ON

Monday, Wednesday and Friday

Watch For The Days—We Will Sell on The Following Days:

MONDAY.

5-4 Fancy Table Oil Cloth, 15c quality, per yard 10c
10c Figured Lawn 5c
Rumford Yeast Powder, 6 oz. bottles for only 8½c
Box Quaker Oats 4c
Can 10c Sugar Corn 5c

WEDNESDAY.

Window Screen 18 inch high, open 24 inch 12½c
12½c Madras, yd 9c
500 Yards Lace and Trimmings from ½ inch to 2 inches wide. Dont miss it, 1c
Crystal Soap 3c
Babbit's Lye 7½c
3 Pound Can Tomatoes 5½c

FRIDAY.

Granulated Sugar, lb 5½c
Vanilla and Lemon, bottle 3c
Hardwood Clothes Pins, doz 1c
10 lb Sack Flour for, bag 25c

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FAIRLEE, MD.

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We are now fully installed in our new store,

THE THOMPSON BUILDING

Opposite The Voshell House

WITH AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER, PAINTS, BRUSHES, OIL CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

We want especially to call attention to our

SPRING MATTINGS

It is no idle boast to say we have by far the largest stock and best selected patterns ever shown in this town, or on the shore.

Prices, too, are unusually moderate, less than you would pay in the city.

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The greatest and cheapest Roofing on the market quality considered. Fire proof. Insurance companies accept it as perfectly safe. No coating or paint required. Millions feet used every year. We are manufacturer's agents. Let us show you this Roofing and quote you prices.

YOU CAN GET WHATEVER YOU WANT IN

Coal, Wood, Building and Land Lime, Hay and Piping

from the largest stocked yard on the Shore. ALL UNDER COVER. Call and see us and we will use our best efforts to satisfy.

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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

It Pays to Advertise in the "News."

The One Letter

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock

After they had come to an understanding Frank Claxton took Virginia Carter to dinner at Giovani's. This understanding, the result of many misunderstandings, put an end to their engagement, and they chose to hold the wake over their dead love at the tiny restaurant where it had been born. Neither talked much during the meal, and when either spoke, for some reason not easily explained, it was in a very low tone. The man said, "I suppose I had better return your letters?"

"There must be a great many of them," responded the girl, the corners of her mouth trembling into a faint smile.

"Yes. In—in three years"—

"I shall send yours tomorrow—that is, I shall send all but one. I should like to keep one—in memoriam. May I?"

"If I may."

"Certainly. 'A fair exchange,' you know."

Claxton left her at the door of her apartment something less than an hour later. On the way to his own home he marveled that he should regret what had happened so little. The petty quarrels of the past few months had worn out his endurance, he thought, and rendered him indifferent to their culmination. He wondered how she felt about it. At all events, the separation would leave him with more time—more time to work, more time to devote to the friends he had neglected since he had begun caring for her.

In the matter of the quarrels he did not consider himself blameless. He realized this, and admired himself a bit for the inherent generosity which prevented his holding her solely to account.

Claxton reached his "place" in rather a relieved frame of mind. He opened the door with a key fastened to a silver ring that she had given him on his birthday and walked straight across the library to his typewriter. Beside the machine was a tiny cushion she had made for him to rest his elbow upon when he was "reading copy." He recalled that it had come wrapped in numberless pieces of paper, each one inclosed inside the other, like the eggs in a Chinese puzzle. That was about the time that the interest aroused by his tale of Central American life had opened the hearts of editors toward him.

Somehow the detective story he had intended to begin did not fly from his finger tips as speedily as he had expected. The first paragraph, after writing which, he told himself, things would go better, stood alone on the page, a succession of stilted and uninviting sentences.

"Not in the mood," he confessed at last and strolled down Broadway to his club. The boy at the door didn't know him, and when, after satisfying the stupid fellow of his membership, he sauntered into the lounging room he was in an exceedingly unpleasant humor. "Parsons been here this evening?" he inquired brusquely of an attendant.

"No, sir," replied the man. "He does not come very often now, sir. Married, I believe."

Claxton cursed Parsons from the bottom of his soul.

"Graham?" he asked.

"Mr. Graham was in about a week ago. We don't see him more than once a fortnight."

"Funny," mused Claxton. "By George, I wonder if there's any one in the place?"

There was, in the writing room—Frederick Ford Ferguson, a youth just coaxing a timorous mustache into existence and tolerated only for the sake of his father, Major Ferguson, formerly of the Ninth infantry. Claxton would gladly have passed the youngster by, but he was hailed before he could regain the hall.

"Stop a bit, old chap. I want to read you a line I'm sending to a friend of mine at Daly's. Rather a clever letter, you know."

Claxton tore himself away and went back home. What was Miss Carter doing? He would have wagered a hundred that Phelps had called and taken her out. Confound Phelps!

The story went more smoothly, stimulated by the resentful energy of its author. From 10 o'clock until nearly daylight the typewriter clicked incessantly. When it stopped clicking, seven pages of manuscript, much marred by pencil marks, lay on the table near at hand. It was a good story, he felt sure, although there were two or three details concerning which he would have liked a conservative opinion. "I'll take Virginia out for luncheon and read it to her," he thought. Then he remembered that they had agreed never to see each other again—voluntarily, that is.

The day, which began with his rising at noon, dragged along monotonously. It was hard to realize that he might not speak to her over the telephone that stood on his desk and harder still to be convinced that she would not call him up. Toward midafternoon Claxton unlocked a drawer and took out the nine packages of her letters that represented a correspondence of three years. He must choose the one letter and return the rest to her.

To do this he must read every epistle in the nine bundles. Claxton, in common with most men who write or act, was a sentimentalist, and he wanted that the one letter should be the dearest of all. The first that met his eye he laid aside in the belief that it would prove the dearest. Miss Carter had penned it when he lay ill of fever at San Jose de Guatemala. "Your cable was repeated to me at Chicago," was the message. "Otherwise I should have been with you now. I know that if your illness continued you would need a nurse, and I felt that I could not delegate to strangers the privilege of attending you." It was a womanly letter—the letter of a woman mature in heart and brain—and Claxton pondered a long while before putting it aside.

Next came a telegram, sent to his apartments before the telephone had been installed: "Please come tonight. Am blue. Have wired Minnie stay home." A very sweet, dependent little message, but of course not to be thought of as the single memento of so close a friendship as theirs had been. It was even preferable to retain the short note which he had always ascribed to her literary genius rather than to her feelings. "Each thought of you, dropping into the waters of my heart, produces ever widening circles of tender recollection."

Then there was an envelope from her, on the back of which he had composed a fragment of verse. It began:

Thou art so dear to me, my love—
So dear and, oh, so necessary!

Claxton remembered that she had prized the poem above anything else he had given her. "It is so fine to be thought 'necessary,'" she had said.

In this manner he progressed through five of the nine packages. Each letter seemed more desirable than the rest, and every moment made a selection less easy. This scrawl was a reassurance which she had penciled on the leaf of her programme at the theater; that sheet of blue paper bore the first words of affection he had ever received from her.

At the bottom of the fifth bundle was a long envelope with the name of a publishing company on its upper left hand corner. The postmark was over two years old. "Rejected manuscript," Claxton concluded, tossing it to one side contemptuously. That had come back in the days when rejected manuscripts had not been half so rare as good dinners or money with which to pay rent. Something approaching curiosity made him pick up the envelope again and draw the contents from its mouth. The story that lay before him was headed, "From Frank Claxton, 211 West Twenty-first Street," but the type unmistakably belonged to the machine which still remained a fixture at Miss Carter's. The tale was one that she had sent over his signature to an editor of whose opinion she had felt certain, and it had in consequence been returned to him when that gentleman had classed it as "unavailable." "I thought you'd get a check," Virginia had confessed, "and I knew you'd spend it without considering whys and wherefores. It's just like Phelps! He was enthusiastic over the plot when I told it to him last week."

"Virginia," he had remonstrated, "it was like offering me charity."

"Nonsense! I shouldn't have thought of handing you money. I simply wrote a story for you that you might have written yourself if you had taken time."

"Taken time! Good Lord, how much time he had taken that year in just such discouraging, unremunerative labor! How unhappy he had been and how awfully, awfully hard up! He hadn't begun spending every evening with her then, and he hadn't begun selling whatever he wrote either. "Nobody ever did—at first," she had assured him.

For twenty minutes Claxton sat silently on his chair island in the middle of a sea of letters. His fingers clung to the rejected manuscript, but his eyes looked beyond it into the past. All the half forgotten history of his love for Virginia Carter had been recalled to him with wonderful vividness—her unvarying goodness, the sweetness of their intercourse, the erstwhile strength of his affection for her. A ship's clock in the adjoining room struck 2, the nautical fashion of saying that the hour was 5, and with quick resolution he began climbing into his evening clothes.

"I've come to take you to dinner," he said to Miss Carter when she responded to his pressure on the button at her door.

"So you were lonely, too?" she asked him.

"Lonely? By George, and those letters"—

She was too clever a girl not to seem surprised, and he could not look through the sides of her trunk into the tray where reposed several packages of his letters to her, unsearched, untouched, since first they had been read and laid away.

Blue Jays.

Blue jays never go south, but stay north during the coldest winters. It is said they live to be a hundred years old. Very few people have ever seen their nests or young. They can sing a dozen different tunes. I never kill them, for they once saved my life. I had been lost in the woods for two days. Night was coming, and it began to snow. I built a bough camp, and while cutting wood cut a hollow stub. When I split it open I found four blue jays and about a bushel of bread and meat. I built a fire and ate about a peck of the provisions. The jays did not go away, but came up to the fire and appeared to enjoy the heat. My feet were cold, and I commenced to dance to warm them. Then the birds sang the prettiest jig tune I ever heard. The storm lasted twenty-four hours. When it was over I climbed a tall pine, but I came down mad as a wet hen. I had discovered the lumber camp about fifteen rods distant.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Tommy Had Help.

"Tommy, I've talked to you until I'm hoarse!"

"Don't blame me for all of it, mamma. You know you talked a lot to papa before he left this morning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Just try "Pepsimint," the new granular, effervescent remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Mental Exhaustion Stomach Disorders; Guaranteeed harmless. Pleasant to take, 10 and 25c

Game of Pit or Flinch 25c. Parchesia Board 50c. All games and Box Writing Paper for half price Closing out sale at Smith's.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

TWO OPEN LETTERS

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED WOMEN

Mrs. Mary Dimmick of Washington tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well.

It is with great pleasure we publish the following letters, as they convincingly prove the claim we have so many times made in our columns that Mrs.



Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is fully qualified to give helpful advice to sick women. Read Mrs. Dimmick's letters.

Her first letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have been a sufferer for the past eight years with a trouble which first originated from painful menstruation—the pains were excruciating, with inflammation and ulceration of the womb. The doctor says I must have an operation or I cannot live. I do not want to submit to an operation if I can possibly avoid it. Please help me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, Washington, D. C.

Her second letter;

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"You will remember my condition when I last wrote you, and that the doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I received your kind letter and followed your advice very carefully and am now entirely well. As my case was so serious it seems a miracle that I am cured. I know that I owe not only my health but my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to your advice. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I wish every suffering woman would read this letter and realize what you can do for them."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and East Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

How easy it was for Mrs. Dimmick to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and how little it cost her—a two-cent stamp. Yet how valuable was the reply! As Mrs. Dimmick says—it saved her life.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of just such letters as the above, and offers ailing women helpful advice.

REPORT —OF THE— TRUSTEES OF ALMSHOUSE

From May 1st, 1904, to May 1st 1905, all Receipts and Disbursements of Farm.

To sale of wheat	$ 312 56
Wheat kept for seed	67 40
Wheat kept for bread, 190 bus. at 65c	120 50
8 lambs sold at $4.00	32 00
400 baskets of kefer pears at 8c	32 00
219 bushels of corn at 50c	109 57
Corn kept for use and bread, 220 bu.	110 00
Total	$787 03
REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INMATES, DR.	
Balance from farming	$590 82
Received of Mr. Godwin	60 00
Received of M. A. Toulson, late treasurer and president	3 90
Received for one calf	10 63
Total Am't Through Com's Office,	2,334 98
Total	$3,000 33
REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INMATES, CR.	
Amt paid Mr. Ford for Almshouse	$584 19
" G. M. Lamb & Bro. for bacon	287 64
" Freight bills	5 00
" Walter B. Greenwood	18 48
" J. D. Bacchus	1 00
" S. L. Rawleigh	5 00
" Mrs. Greenwood	2 45
" Dr. John Mullin	3 50
" Walter B. Greenwood	20 55
" Wm. S Culp	6 05
" Lewin Skirven	25 92
" M. A. Toulson	21 10
" Walter B. Greenwood	33 75
" N. Lieberman	15 50
" Straw Board Co	6 50
" Dr. Charles W. Whaland	75 00
" Mrs. Matthews	8 39
" George Brice	15 62
" McIntyre & Hodgskin	5 70
" Mrs. Greenwood	6 80
" John Rasch	10 50
" Mrs. Greenwood	4 00
" Canning & Mercantile Co	2 75
" J. D. Bacchus	295 50
" A. M. Kendall	4 00
" Mrs. Greenwood	4 04
" Bibb Stove Co	3 15
" Bibb Stove Co	3 00
" Bibb Stove Co	8 40
" Wm. Rasmus for fert	75 00
" W. Hubbard	32 15
" Walter Greenwood and wife	10 82
" Harry Nicholls	10 00
" John C. Davis	6 29
" W. S. and A. M. Culp	3 80
" Mrs. J. C. Loud	21 87
" T. W. Eliason	2 35
" George Bowers, salary	24 00
" Abe Casey	24 00
" James Brice	25 00
" Chris Connor	24 00
" Jno. McGrugen	24 00
" T. S. Bordley	99 30
" George Z. Roland	122 33
" C. S. Smith	59 80
" T. G. Wroth	42 75
" J. F. Howard	25 61
" Sparks & Jefferson	25 45
" J. K. Aldridge & Co	73 59
" R. F. Parks & Son	104 29
" J. S. Bradley	139 96
" M. A. Toulson	47 28
" J. F. Thompson	151 28
" Stam Drug Co	69 38
" H. B. Nichols	80 25
" Dr. Frank Smith	75 00
" John C. Davis, clover seed	23 63
" Dr. G. Allan Jarman	3 00
Discount made by bank	1 47
Henry S. DeFord	32 12
Amount paid less wheat kept for bread, 190 bushels at 65c	123 50
Amt paid less Corn kept for bread 220 bushels at 50c	110 00
Total	$3,077 44

The Trustees have paid out as it appears more than they have received $77.08.

The average number of inmates for the year have been 27.

JAMES BRICE, Pres't.,
Of the Board of Trustees of Almshouse

SPORTING GOODS.

BASE BALLS, BATS, GLOVES, SHOE PLATES and everything needed for the "Diamond."

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Wilmington Conference Epworth League Tour to Denver.

Rev. Vaughan S. Collins, secretary of the Fourth General Conference District League, has made arrangements to take a personally-conducted party to the great International Epworth League Convention, to be held in Denver, Col., July 5-9.

Mr. Collins is well known to the Epworthians of the Peninsula, having served as President of the Conference League, and held the same office for several terms in the Second and Sixth General Conference Districts.

The party will go via Pennsylvania Railroad on a special Pullman train, leaving Broad Street Station July 3, 10.25 A. M., and arrive Denver 12.30 P. M. July 5.

This will be the ONLY WILMINGTON CONFERENCE party, as that planned by Rev. R. K. Stephenson has been merged with this, and Rev. and Mrs. Stephenson will be members of Mr. Collins' party.

A REPRESENTATIVE SHOE

Queen Quality

BOOTS $3.00 $3.50 $2.50 $3.00 OXFORDS

Taking on a new line always means more or less hard thinking, doubt, &c., on the part of the dealer. In fact the reputation of this business may depend upon It. When we decided to put in a new line of Women's Shoes We went carefully over the whole list and finally selected

"Queen Quality"

as being the representative Women's Shoe. In fact we had no alternative since we wanted the best. (As of course we did) We had to take

"Queen Quality"

for it is universally acknowledged as being THE BEST WOMEN'S SHOE FOR THE MONEY. We have a carefully selected assortment of this famous shoe and invite your inspection of same.

CLIFTON L. JARRELL,

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WITH THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Dress Goods, Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Shoes and Hats, and Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings.

AND A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Hats, Ladies' Shirt Waists and Skirts Large Line Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons

We Make a SPECIAL OFFERING for the Housekeeper in

China and Japanese Matting, Furniture, Carpets

We have just received a choice collection of selected styles in the best weaves of CHINA and JAPANESE MATTING and at prices lower than the lowest.

We have no brass band in the morning, nor do we have the Jap Teas in the afternoon. But we do have special bargains daily for all. A call at H. H. Beneman's will convince you and you will go away happy.

POULTRY and EGGS taken in exchange at Highest price.

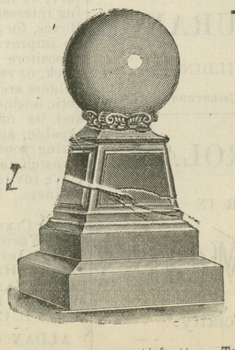
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