ABE COHEN

The Leader of Low Prices

has arrived home from New York and Philadelphia with a big lot of goods which we bought at astonishing low prices and it is needless to say any more. Just come and see the bargains and you will be convinced to what we say.

What do you think of us selling

12½c Flannelette in 50 different patterns, yard 8c
8c Apron Gingham in all colors and patterns, yd 5½c
12½c and 15c Percales in dark colors 7½c
Ladies Extra Heavy Underwear only 19c
Men's Extra Heavy 50c Undershirts or Drawers 39c
Children's Extra Heavy Underwear from 6c on up. Come quick.

Men and Boys' Clothing

Just received Men's and Boys' Clothing. For to have a run on these goods we will positively sell at factory price.

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WE WILL SELL THEM LOWER THAN THE LOWEST

Lambertville Hip Boots only, pair $6.00
Men's Good Heavy Short Boots, per pair $2.45
Ladies Rubbers only 39c

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets

35c Extra Heavy Rag Carpet go at 25c
35c Ingrain Carpet only 25c
One Roll half Wool Carpet plain color, yd 19c
75c All Wool Carpet go at 50c
$1.00 Linoleum best quality 2 yds wide 75c
75c Extra Heavy Oil Cloth 2 yards wide running yard 49c
35c Extra Heavy Oil Cloth 22½c

RUGS OF ALL KINDS AND ALL PRICES.

35c Extra Heavy Matting, a big lot ..... 20c yd

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We are still leading others in low prices of Groceries.

American Sugar 1lb 5c
20c Extra good quality Coffee 15c
1 gallon Coal Oil and 1 block tin Oil Can all for 19c
Mason quart Jars only, dozen 42½c
The very best Rope Yarn by coil 6¼c
1 barrel Best-in-World Flour $5.45
1 barrel Patapsco Superlative Flour $5.40

We are too busy at this time unpacking and unloading the big lot of goods we just purchased. Now compare these prices with other merchants. We want EGGS, BUTTER and all COUNTRY PRODUCE for the highest price. NOTE THIS: We will positively pay 2c above the market price in Baltimore papers.

Look for a big advertisement nex week.

Yours for business,

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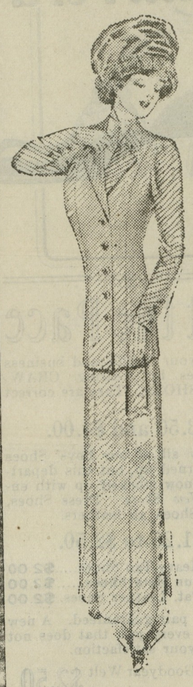
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Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

HOWARD AND LEXINGTON

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At Baltimore's Best Store



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We have all regular sizes for women and misses.

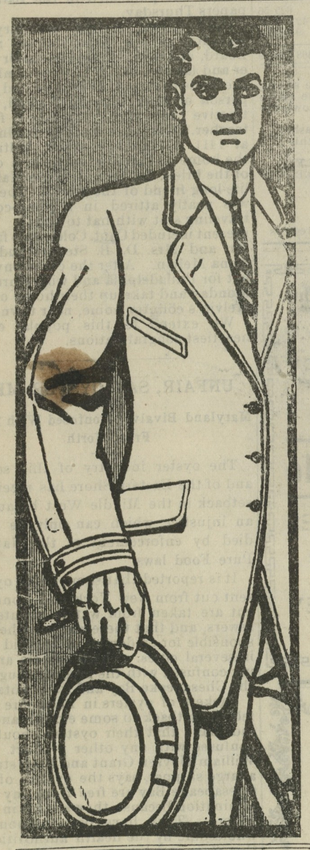
Other Suits for Women--$16.75, $25, $35, $50 and more

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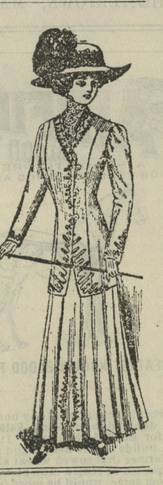
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$15.00 Handsome Blue and Grey Suits high class tailored at only $10.00
$11.00 Ladies Suits, $7.50
$4.00 Panama Skirts, $1.98
$10.00 Ladies Black Overcoats with carcul collars at only $5 98





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$3.50 Boys Bloomer Suits, . $1.98
$2.50 Boys Bloomer Suits, . $1.69
75c Bloomer Pants, . . 49c
$5 and $6 Boys Overcoats, . $3.50
$4.00 Boys Overcoats, . . $2.25
39c Boys Heavy Underwear, . 24c

Girls Coats and Dresses

$3.00 Bearskin Coats in blue, brown and white, . . $1.98
$1.98 Coats for school, . . 98c
$4.00 Girl's Coats, . $2.50
$1.00 Girl's Dresses, . . . 49c
$1.75 Girl's School Shoes, . $1.25



50c Men's Underwear, . 39c
18c Madras and Percales, . 9c
$1.00 Ladies Waists, . . 49c
$2.00 black Underskirt, . 89c
15c Outing Flannel, . . . 9c

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MILLINGTON, : : : MARYLAND

Millinery Annex

Any $3 50 and $4.00 Ladies Hat in the building, $1.98

A THANKSGIVING

That Had Been Made the Happier by a Long Separation.

By SADIE OLCOTT.

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Some people have given up the notion that there is a real devil. I know that there is, and I know it from my own experience. He got into me once so bad that before I could get him out he had broken up the whole family. I mean my family—my Mark, myself and our children!

Mark and I were brought up on adjoining farms. He was the likeliest young man in the neighborhood, and a good many of the girls were trying to get him. Amelia Jones was the hungriest of the lot for him and was bound that if she couldn't get him no one else should. I knew she was watching him like a cat, and the way I found it out was this: We were at a cornhusking. She and Dan Tomkins were sitting on the heap of corn to be husked, and Mark and I were sitting near them. Mark struck a red ear and kissed me. Amelia was looking straight at us, and you should have seen the look on her face! It was just as if a rattlesnake was coiled for a spring.

I was a fool or I would after this have known that she would strike me whenever she could. There was a barn dance the evening before Thanksgiving, and Mark danced nearly every dance with me. But Amelia by this time saw how matters were going and pretended not to care how they went. But she was working against me underhanded. She didn't dream, though, that when Mark took me home from the dance when Thanksgiving day was dawning in the east what he was saying to me. But even if she had known it she'd have tried to break it up.

Mark and I were engaged just one year. Amelia tried a number of times to make a break between us, but every time we found out that she was at the bottom of what was told Mark about me, and so there was no harm done. Besides, Mark trusted me implicitly. We concluded to be married on Thanksgiving day, just one year from the time when Mark asked me to be his wife.

The summer before we were married Mark was building a house for us to live in. An uncle had given him a little farm, but there was no house on it, and Mark spent the whole summer getting it ready. He had a man to



THE DINNER OUR REUNITED FAMILY ATE.

help him till he got the framework up. Then he did the rest of it himself. We planned it together, and I took ten times the interest in it that I would have taken if it had been built by others. I was busy most of the time making up what we would need in the way of bedding and table linen.

The house wasn't quite finished by Thanksgiving day, but it was fairly comfortable. Besides, it was nice to finish up when we were in it. We were married Thanksgiving morning, and I cooked our first Thanksgiving dinner myself. Mark and I ate it alone. We wanted to be alone. After the children came we didn't want to be alone, but we did at this first Thanksgiving dinner. We ate together. It was a very happy day, but I don't think it was so happy as when we had a lot of little ones at the table with us. Anyway, it wasn't the same kind of happiness.

Ten years passed without any trouble whatever, then a lot of it all came at once. A letter came one day for Mark addressed in a woman's hand. Either of us opened the family letters, and I opened this mighty quick. It was from some one I'd never heard of, but was all about things that had been happening between her and Mark for a long while. I was so wild when I read it that I couldn't absorb anything in particular except the end, which was, "With a thousand kisses, your loving," etc.

That was the time when the devil got into me. I just pinned the letter on a cushion, took the children and went right over to mother's, leaving a note for Mark saying I never wished to see him again. As soon as I got quieted down I thought, after all, there was a slight chance that there might be some mistake. Then I waited for Mark to come and at least try to make an explanation. But Mark didn't come. Then I was frightened for fear he had gone away with the woman who had written him the letter.

I went to the house to see if he had left any message for me. I found the house just as I had left it. I went in and looked about for a note. I did not find anything at all from Mark. Then it rushed over me all at once what a fool I had been. I had simply given way to the other woman. I had left everything in a state of uncertainty. If I had waited till Mark came home and showed him the letter he might have explained it. And yet I didn't see how he could.

Months passed and nothing came from Mark. One day in the next October I was walking along the road when who should I meet but Amelia Jones. She was unmarried and had become a skinny old maid with a sour face. She didn't live near us any more, and I hadn't seen her for years. I doubt if I should have known her had it not been for the look she gave me. It was one of malicious triumph.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" I cried. "What have I done? I've gone and helped that viper to ruin me!"

I saw it all now. She had written the letter that had come for Mark. I could have screamed. My first impulse was to turn and curse her. But she had gone on, and I hesitated. In a few minutes it occurred to me that if I charged her with the crime she would only sail away with her nose in the air. It would complete her revenge.

I went home and spent the rest of the day crying. I thought over the things about me she had contrived to get to Mark's ears when we were engaged and how he had told me of them. And how had I repaid him for his confidence? I had simply played into our enemy's hands. Mark was a very high strung man, and doubtless my action in leaving him without giving him a chance to say a word in explanation and my having considered him guilty of the crime had killed his love for me. If I could only know where he had gone I would go to him on my knees.

I lived in hopes that Mark would some day come back to me, but he did not. The house remained just as I had left it. Every Thanksgiving day I would go there hoping that, it being the anniversary of our wedding, Mark would relent and come back there. But he never came. There was a small income from some property he had inherited from his father, and Mark before going away had given an order that this income should be paid to me. So I didn't suffer for funds.

Mark had been gone five years, and every year I had gone to the house on Thanksgiving morning hoping to find him there. On the fifth anniversary I determined to go there the evening before Thanksgiving and sleep there. I lighted a fire on the hearth and sat in my little rocker that I used to sit in beside Mark before that very hearth. I drew his own big easy chair up beside me. And there I sat thinking of him and what a happy family we had been until I had broken it up by my folly. I blamed myself alone for falling into such an open trap. And, thinking, I cried myself to sleep.

I dreamed troubled dreams. First I was back at the husking with Mark. Amelia Jones was sitting near us on the pile of unhusked corn looking at us, and her eyes seemed like coals of fire. Then we were walking along the road running past the house. Mark was bending over me, telling me the story he had told me years before. And I said: "This is not really Mark. Mark went away, and I have never seen him since. And yet here he is walking beside me." I woke up from this dream, my heart beating wildly. I didn't wish to go to bed. I feared I would lie awake for hours. So I took a book from a table near me and read. But I fell asleep again and recommenced my dreaming. This time I dreamed Mark came in and sat in his chair beside me.

I awoke and what did I see? Why, Mark really sitting beside me. Had it not been for the reassuring smile on his face I should have thought that what I saw was his ghost. I sprang toward him, and he took me in his arms.

"Oh, Mark!" I cried. "Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, I have forgiven you, and I have things to tell you. When I came home and found you and the children gone, the letter pinned to the cushion, I saw at a glance that Amelia Jones had come up after a long silence to strike us. I was angry—angry with you for falling into the trap, for not having confidence in me. I determined to go away forever.

"But I pined for my home, my wife and my children. I was about to come back when I was drawn into a speculation. I concluded to wait for it to make me rich before returning. It took all I had put into it. I tried another and another till recently I struck what has paid me. Then I resolved to come back, forgive you, ask your forgiveness and unite our family."

He went to the bureau, took the letter which had been for five years on the pincushion and, bringing it back with him, tossed it in the flame.

"Burn!" he said, watching it as it shriveled. "You have made trouble enough. It would be well if there were a heavenly fire in which we could burn all past disagreements."

Oh, the happiness of that moment! Though it was late, we went to mother's, took the children from their beds and put them in their cribs at our own home.

I had thought that no Thanksgiving dinner could be as happy as the one Mark and I had eaten together on the day of our wedding. But that one was nothing to the dinner our reunited family ate together on the day after Mark burned the letter that had caused our separation. But it was happiness that had been sharpened by years of pain.

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