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Right In The End.

The judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle, and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

One dreary, Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning, and while thinking over it he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and a woman were talking. He knew not what to do.

He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection.

What should he do? There was no way out except pass them. Would it be better to come out, and so let them know he had heard their talk, or would it not be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know any one had overheard them. He decided on the latter alternative, and remained perfectly quiet.

But try as he would it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse, that if it were yourself I would marry you."

"Oh, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail."

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant in the Supreme Bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. This girl's gentle voice broke as she said this, and Ned cried:

"Oh, Alice, I wish you wouldn't think of that. It just breaks me up to see you cry, you know."

Then followed a silence, during which Alice must have been in some way comforted, for she said in a steady voice:

"No, my dear boy, I have been very weak to see you so often and have these rides. I should have refused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I couldn't, I can't think of anything but you—and I do love you so!"

More silence. Then: "And Ned, this really must be the last, I can't marry you. No, dear, please don't go over it again. I know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife was the daughter of Rand the embezzler?"

That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to 20 years' hard labor, and he had still 15 years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he heard so much about.

"Now see here, Alice," the young man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may think it best not to see me again, I shall not give you up and I shall see you every opportunity I can, so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it, and he's with me."

The judge wanted to shout: "Good for dad," but he didn't.

Then they got up to go, and after another long silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble and felt pretty mean about it, too.

At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

Mr. Edwin Grant—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand today, although quite in an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant, of the Supreme Bench, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate, I agree with his honor, your father, and am also "with you."

Yours,
ROBERT STORROW.

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost a purely circumstantial one, and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts agreed that the entries had been made by Rand; indeed, the prisoner admitted as much.

He had pleaded "Not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission, and Rand refused to explain it in any way. Try as he would, the lawyer could elicit nothing further, and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled; in fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial, and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storrow was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted around to money and banking. The judge made a remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece, who was going abroad, and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. All that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized collected Rand's notes and in this way they both made money, and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It wasn't many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh."

Now this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal opinion which, of course, had nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of a man, and curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

The next day he called at the banking house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white and staggered against the door jamb as if he had been struck.

"Why—how d'y do? Why—I didn't expect to see you," he stammered. Anything we can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said: "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—never mind now," and he gave a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.

The judge had not gone three blocks before one of the clerks came dashing after him, and said that Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.

"My God, judge, do you know?" he cried.

"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self control.

"I did it, judge, I did it."

"I know it," calmly replied the judge.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you, and I've never had a happy or easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge looked at him for a moment, and then turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and told the police headquarters who he was and asked them to send an inspector to the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leave this room, you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses, and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue your business, and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now sit down and write."

Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign there came a tap at the door, and a stranger was ushered in. He looked the door after him, and the judge had a long conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

That night the judge started for home, having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his council, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from tonight and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge, and she blushed prettily when she was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental, he began to argue with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case, too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry Ned if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded, and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten document. It was the witnessed confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him.

She read it through without looking up. Then, as she lay back in her chair she caught his eye, and ran to him with a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooper is still serving his time.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Was Willing to Stop.

Prof. William B. Scott, of Princeton, who presided as toastmaster at the dinner of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia recently, announced to the hundred or more famous men who sat around the tables that he occupied the post unwillingly, and then to prove his point and show how little he relished the position in which he was standing, told this story:

"Tim and Clancy were walking through the wilds of New Jersey, bound for New York, when Tim spied a wildcat crouched in the branches of a tree near the road. Clutching his companion by the arm, and pointing excitedly to the beast, he said: 'Clancy, do you see that foine Maltese cat? O'ive a frind on Vasey street as wud give forty dollars fur ut. Stand yez under now, an' O'ill go up an' shake her dune. All yez'll have to do is to howld her.' Clancy did as he was told, and Tim went up and shook and shook till the cat did absolutely tumble. Clancy grabbed her. When there came a moment's lull in the cyclone of fur and Clancy and dust and grass, the wondering Tim, looking on from above, called down:

"'Shall O' come dune, Clancy, an' help howld her?'"

"'Come dune! Come dune! gasped Clancy. 'Come dune, an' help let her go!'" —St. Louis Star.

A. J. Cootingham went to Washington County, Ark., to see his sister and while there was taken with flux (dysentery) and was very bad off. He decided to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was so much pleased with the prompt cure which it effected, that he wrote the manufacturers a letter in praise of their medicine. Mr. Cootingham resides at Lockland, Ark. This remedy is for sale at Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

NOT A GOOD SITTER.—"My pa whipped me the other day, and then told me to go 'way back and sit down." "Did you do it?" "No; I couldn't."

STORIES OF THE DAY.

As illustrating the "instantaneous" knowledge needed in the profession of medicine, the following story is told of Dean Smith, of the Male Medical School:

On one occasion he cited a hypothetical case and asked a student how much of a certain medicine should be administered to the sufferer.

"About a teaspoonful," answered the young man. In a minute, however, he raised his hand and said: "Professor, I would like to change my answer to that question."

The dean took out his watch. "My young friend," he remarked, "Your patient has been dead 40 seconds."

A story is going the rounds in Butte which quite aptly represents the business methods adhered to by United States Senator W. A. Clark, the multi-millionaire miner, banker and manufacturer.

Upon his return from the East the senator visited a barber's shop for the purpose of having his hair trimmed. He inquired for a certain barber, whose ability had been recommended to the senator by his son Charles W.

Upon the completion of the job the senator inquired the amount of his bill, whereupon the tonsorial artist calmly replied:

"Charley usually gives me \$5." The senator was taken by surprise, but regaining his wits, asked: "But what is the usual charge for such a service?"

"Fifty cents," responded the barber. "Well," said Senator Clark, with a smile, "Charley has a rich father and I have not," whereupon he handed the barber 50 cents and departed.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke tells the following story:

A well-known professor of literature at an American university was talking with his wife one morning at the breakfast table about the relative merits of prose and verse as forms of expression. His two children, Walter and Maud, aged 7 and 6, respectively, were sitting quietly and apparently paying no attention to the conversation, with all at once the little girl looked up inquiringly and said:

"Papa, what are prose, anyway?" Before the father had time to answer the boy spoke up, with a superior smile:

"Prose? Don't you know what prose are? Why, they're those little animals that go around without feet."

That the next best thing to knowing the law is knowing where to find it was illustrated once when Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, in an examination on corporations, asked his class a question which was extremely difficult. A certain complex state of facts was given, and the question ended with "A client comes to you and states the above case. What would you advise him to do?"

The best answer handed in was: "I would advise him to come around at 10 o'clock the next morning. In the meantime I would look it up."

A professor in one of the Swedish universities, having finished his labors for the day, was about to start home, when a fellow professor called his attention to the violent storm raging outside and said: "Why go home? Better remain at the college tonight."

He walked over to the window and surveyed the situation. "Yes, I think I will," he replied, nonchalantly, an all-absorbing topic of the classroom yet in mind.

Soon afterward he was missing, and it was supposed he had changed his mind and gone home, but later, he reappeared, with a bundle under his arm and showing evidences of having been exposed to the storm. Something was said regarding his errand.

"Why," he replied. "I've been home after my nightshirt."

The venerable Senator Pettus, of Alabama, is one of the most genial and popular, as well as one of the most influential members of the body to which he belongs. To an acquaintance who was congratulating him upon the completeness with which he had suppressed in debate a bumptious new senator, the Nestor of the Senate explained:

"Well, sub, it's like this. When anew sen atah assuabhs the Senate of

the United States that he knows mo' about the pending question than all the rest of them put together, they believe him. When he repeats that assurance next day about an entirely different question, their acquiescence is tinged with incredulity. When, on the third day, he renews it about a third question, their suspicions are aroused. And when, on the fourth day, he says the same thing about a fourth question, unrelated to any of the others, they know he is a liar."

Among Mayor Low's callers the other day were a former Iowa judge and his daughter. It was the first time either had met the mayor, and, of course, the judge, who is a republican, insisted on talking politics. But the mayor, whose business is politics, grew just a little tired of the subject, and, turning to the young lady, said:

"And may I ask why you are in New York?"

"Certainly," replied the daughter, "we are here to see the sights, and so we thought we would call on you."

And the mayor is wondering if the young woman meant to class him with the tall buildings and the Bronx zoo.

Happiness and Cooks.

More marriages are brought about by music and moonlight than the world dreams of, and more marriages are spoiled by careless cooking and cold roast pork than by cooling affections or lack of love.

Novelists write a great deal about broken hearts and blighted hopes, and the world weeps over the pathos and pity of the whole business. But how many people are there in the world with a tear shed for the ruined digestion that is at the root of the whole trouble?

A large proportion of housekeepers, doubtless misled by the apparently cast iron digestions of their younger brothers, entertain the idea that all men are endowed with the constitution of a dust destructor which can consume tin cans, old umbrellas and coal ashes with equal impartiality.

How many mothers, sisters and wives there are who will retire to bed with a clear conscience, leaving out a supper to be consumed by their late returning mankind, consisting of such items as potted lobster, cold veal, cold suet pudding, cheese, apples and cold pancakes!

Such a meal, consumed between the hours of 11 p. m. and 1 a. m., is as surely calculated to produce death, sooner or later, as a diet of sawdust and tennypenny nails. Yet they wonder why Harry or Dick or Charley is so difficult to rouse, and so cross the following morning, not dreaming that the unfortunate youth in question has naturally been spending a night of terror with an imaginary stake driven through his chest, whilst he has been chased through streets of houses without shops or doorways by herds of green cows in firemen's helmets!

Is it humanly possible for him to be kind and considerate and chatty at the breakfast table after such a night, when his head feels like a concertina, weighs as heavily on his chest as though he had swallowed it in its native can, label and all?

History has revealed that the great Napoleon practically missed his chances at the battle of Leipsic through having partaken too freely of a leg of mutton stuffed with onions. It was doubtless cooked badly, and affords us a terrible example of the far reaching results of bad cooking.

—Phila. Ledger.

THE UP-TO-DATE farmer can estimate quite closely what amount of work his men do in a day, and the way in which he does it is very ingenious. Assuming that a good plowman will walk about eighteen miles a day, he proceeds to determine how much land will be gone over in that walk. The factor in the case is the width of the plow. Cutting a 7-inch furrow, a full day's work will mean the plowing of an acre and a quarter; an 8-inch furrow will mean an acre and a half; an 11-inch furrow, two acres, and a 15-inch furrow, two and three-quarter acres. Thus the farmer knows how many men he needs before beginning the work, and also what each man should accomplish each day.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.