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\$1.65 per 100 square feet. These Boards too, are from North Carolina pine forests, and when sawed have been put through the dry kiln, thereby giving you the best kind of rough pine boards for general use to be found anywhere.

North Carolina Pine Flooring at only \$1.75 per 100 feet. This flooring is all even width, (3 inches), which makes a uniform floor, and enables you to match up all the cuttings in laying the floor, therefore, no waste occurs and the manufacture is so perfect that the tongue and groove match up evenly and make a good smooth floor. This flooring too is kiln dried and therefore bright in color.

Millwork for Frame Houses of all kinds kept in stock, and we are prepared to load out in one day from one to three carloads of all the materials necessary to construct a suburban residence or a barn. There will be no delay, no disappointments, no errors, for we always invite the carpenters to spend the day with us and inspect the loading of their car. We have a complete stock of

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Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of Grain and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

By MISS GENEVIEVE HILTON.

It has been beautifully and truthfully said that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." If we look closely into woman's life we shall agree with the writer, for is not the destiny of the child the work of the mother? At her knee his early lessons were learned; from her lips fell the words which planted in the soil of the young heart the germs of greatness, righteous ambition and holiness.

True, she may have written no Iliad or Macbeth; designed no church like St. Paul's of London; carved no Venus of Milo, nor invented the printing press, but she does more than these when she molds a beautiful character, thus giving to the world its most beautiful production.

A wise statesman once being asked what was the best thing to be done for his country's welfare, replied: "Educate its women." Yes, every philosopher, statesman and philanthropist knows full well the power for good or evil rests in the hands of woman. We have but to turn over the pages of history to verify this statement.

The civilization of a country is judged in accordance to the regard with which its women are held. The chief instrument of America's progress is woman. Here she has greater freedom than in any other country on the globe, whereas in Japan, China and India, where woman is degraded, progress is slow. As woman is the principal organ that keeps a nation in circulation, she is rightly styled the heart and soul of a country.

Hohe is woman's true kingdom. There she reigns as Queen, idolized by her subjects into whose minds she instills the lessons that are to bear fruit in after years, and may we not believe that the thought of childhood's days, of home and mother has often recalled the erring one from the thorny path of sin.

In times of adversity woman's true virtue shines, urging on the discouraged one as the moon guides the steps of the forlorn traveller. She is to mankind what the soft light of day is to the darkened earth; as the clear light gives power and strength to the parts on which its bright rays fall, so a true woman is the guiding star of her race leading them on to a higher and nobler life, giving strength to the weak and tempted, courage to the wronged and afflicted.

O, woman! may you be faithful to your glorious mission. Your fame may not penetrate beyond the walls of your home, but your influence permeates other lives onward through time into eternity.

St. Catharine's Normal School.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

At the meeting of the Commissioners' Court, Tuesday, April 14, 1903, the following accounts were passed:

ORDERS ON TREASURER:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Wm. R. Pembroke (\$54.20), T. Edgar Russell (62.95), John S. Bean (28.70), John L. Norris (19.45), B. W. Burroughs (29.08), Samuel E. Jones (45.21), Joseph C. Stone (12.72), William L. Russell (42.98), John L. Hilton (44.59), W. J. C. Dulaney Co., statn (27.14).

FOR LEVY:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes B. H. Camalier, State's Atty (800.00), F. X. Thompson, Sheriff (610.60), P. T. Buckler, Reg. Wills (111.70), Jo. F. Morgan, J. P. (28.15), T. B. Carpenter, J. P. (7.95), Wm. M. Loker, attorney (13.33), Derby A. Lynch, attorney (8.33), Geo. C. Roach, pauper coffins (8.00), Herbert Yeatman, pauper (4.00), Lewis L. Vielt, miscellaneous (43.00), W. Francis Dent (27.13), Benedict B. Love (5.67), Spencer C. Vielt (3.25), Harry Peacock (3.30).

The Clerk was directed to withdraw the Sinking Fund from the National Bank of Commerce, Baltimore and deposit same in the First National Bank of St. Mary's at Leonardtown.

Constable's bond of John S. Guyther, approved.

Petition to open new road in the 5th district to pass through lands of James Burroughs, approved.

The Board adjourned to Tuesday, May 12, proximo.

Zoe's Hussar.

It was break of day at Valencia, that "pearl of Venezuelan cities," and already the bells of the Cathedral and convent were calling people to Mass.

As I leaned out of the casement a sound of clattering hoofs, smacking whips and swearing voices made me crane my neck to look up the road, while the barber stopped and stared, too. Two riders, approaching at a gallop, were driving before them a baggage-laden mule, while surmounting the luggage lay the muleteer, strapped to the topmost trunk.

"Good heavens!" I said, giving way to mirth; it's Hamilton! He gave the reins to my servant, Juan, whom I had sent down, and dismounted, saying to his observant: "Pitch that fellow onto the straw here and let him sleep it off. Our muleteer had too much liquid refreshments on the way," he heaved looking up to me, "so we had to do his work for him. You must put me up, Eastlake. I can't ride back till tomorrow."

By this time I was hastening down to welcome him and order breakfast for us both. "I heard you were in the service," I said, "but I never expected to see you out here. What's your regiment?"

"Fifth Hussars," he answered. "I'm on leave, and my brother George, you know, is consul at La Guaiara, so I came to have a look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"

I explained that it was the fiesta of a saint, and that presently we must go out and watch the procession to church.

"There are some pretty girls in Valencia," I assured him, "and they will be all going to Mass—'church parade' in Hyde Park isn't it. The senioritas wear their best and look their best. You will lose your heart, Hamilton. There is nothing to beat a Venezuelan belle."

I took him out presently up the Grand Plaza, where a noisy procession, accompanied by music and the letting off of holy squibs, was filing toward the Cathedral.

Following it were little knots of Venezuelan ladies, and as we passed them and waited just outside the big door to see them enter, I said to Hamilton: "Have you any fault to find, you captious critic?"

I looked to see what impression the vision was making on Hamilton, and was struck by the intensity of his fixed regard, though I felt no surprise when I followed his gaze and saw that it rested on Zoe Ribera.

Just as she passed in she glanced round, looked hurriedly toward her elder sister, Mercedes, who was walking with her, and finally dropped her handkerchief, vanishing into the Cathedral before Hamilton had time to pick it up and present it to her. He slipped it up his coat sleeve and rejoined me with a look of elated triumph on his face.

"Come home," he said; "I don't want to see any more. You know that girl, Eastlake?"

"Certainly. She is not only the best-looking, but the cleverest girl in the place, and she inherits a small fortune from her father, who is dead. I am going to a party at Madame Ribera's tonight."

"Then I go, too, and you introduce me."

When I walked up to her with Hamilton and asked permission to present him, I was amazed at the transformation. The color that flashed into her cheeks was like the pink that tinges the inward curve of a seashell, and she lifted her drooping eyelids and looked him straight in the face.

If she had looked at me like that—but that would have been another story.

Once only that evening, when I had engaged Mercedes in earnest conversation and so covered a whispering colloquy between the two, they talked for each other and not for the whole room.

"You went to church this morning?" she said, interrogatively. "It was the feast of my sister's patron saint, and we were there."

"I know," he said, in a low tone. "I saw you enter, and longed to enter, too, but felt unworthy. My only consolation was this—which dropped from Paradise for my benefit."

He evidently showed her the edge of the handkerchief, for she murmured: "You picked it up. May I have it back?"

"May I keep it until tomorrow?" he pleaded.

I heard her say "Hush!" softly, as Madame Ribera crossed the room and separated them.

I was at my wit's end how to contrive a meeting, as she was locked in a convent; and as no scheme presented itself, at last adopted the simple plan of calling on Madame Ribera, taking Hamilton with me.

We were shown into the drawing room, where Zoe and a little sister of 10 were at work, and I made the most of the next few moments for Revell Hamilton.

"I have to go," he said, hurriedly, "to England; but I will come back, Zoe, as soon as possible." There was silence for a minute, and then she answered softly: "I will wait."

Then Madame Ribera came in, and Felipa, running from me to meet her—the little mix!—said: "Oh, mother, this caballero has been talking such nonsense to me and the other one we were kissing Zoe's hand!"

We were thunderstruck. "What does this mean?" demanded Madame Ribera. Hamilton bowed. "It means," he said, "that I love your daughter, and that I shall come back to claim her."

Madame Ribera's face expressed a mixture of emotions. "You are a stranger to us," she said, haughtily. "You have taken an unwarrantable liberty, sir. Go!"

We retreated, abashed, while Zoe's lovely eyes filled with despairing tears; but, as we passed through the door, Hamilton said, firmly: "I shall come back for Zoe." So the little episode ended, and, when an imperative command to him to return arrived late that night, he rode away as unconcerned as though the whole thing had been an intermezzo, pretty and pleasant while it lasted, but of no real consequence in the drama of his life.

My own work in Venezuela came to a conclusion shortly afterward, and I had to leave without seeing Zoe, for her mother guarded her more rigidly than ever, and it was generally said that Madame Ribera had given her the choice of marrying one of her many rejected suitors or going at once into the convent.

Two and a half years later I was back again, however, in Caracas on political business, owing to a recent rebellion, and I took the earliest opportunity of going to Valencia and looking up the Riberas.

Mercedes, the plain, insignificant sister, whose sole duty in life had been that of duenna to Zoe, was married, I found, and it was she who received me when I called at 'Los Angeles,' apologizing for her mother's absence on the score of indisposition. Her welcome was very marked, and almost her first words were: "How very sad your poor friend's death was! You will be able to give us the details." I asked her if she was speaking of Revell Hamilton, of whom the last news I had was his departure to India a year since with his regiment. "But you have surely heard!" she exclaimed. "He was killed six months ago at a polo match. Monsieur de la Feste told us so; he was traveling in India at the time."

I was shocked. "My sister," Mercedes went on, "refuses to believe in his death; I think her mind is not very reasonable on the subject. I hoped—She broke off. I read the reason for her cordial reception of me in her troubled face.

"I was anxious to see you," she went on. "I promised to ask you to call tomorrow. The fact is, my mother and I are uneasy about her. You are an old friend, Mr. Eastlake, and I feel I can confide in you. Monsieur de la Feste has long wished to marry Zoe, and we had persuaded her at last to consent to receive him tomorrow and give him a definite answer. Your coming seemed providential. We may count on you not to—she hesitated—"not to encourage any sentimental recollections about Mr. Hamilton?"

I bowed. "Tomorrow, then, at 3," she said, and I took my leave.

I made a point of getting introduced to the Count de la Feste that evening and asking him about Revell Hamilton.

He was a rich young Frenchman, gay, careless, arrogant. "Ah, yes; affair that!" he said, light-heartedly. "His pony circled back and broke his neck. It was at Poona."

"I thought the Fifth Hussars were at Abbotabad," I remarked. The count reflected. "The deuce, they were!" he answered. "I have been mixing young Hamilton up with Hawtrey, of the Ninth Lancers. Hamilton was shot—that was it. One of those frontier skirmishes.

He was foolhardy, poor chap; rode down into the midst of a lot of Pathans, and they picked him off."

I could get nothing more out of him, and I could see he was elated at the prospect of his interview with Zoe.

There was no one in the drawing room when I presented myself at "Los Angeles" at 3 the next day. Presently Zoe glided in alone, and I was startled not only at her beauty, but at the change in her. She looked as though she belonged to another world. The brilliance of her eyes and the gleam of her sunny hair were the only touches of color about her, for her face was like alabaster, and even the scarlet of her lips had faded. She was all in black, and in the billows of lace on her breast I noticed the little lace handkerchief—how it brought back Hamilton to me!—tucked in. The touch of her hand was feverish, and I ventured to retain it in mine while I answered her greeting.

"Your friend," she said, "is it true that he was killed at polo?"

I told her that this seemed to have been a mistake; he had died a soldier's death defending our borders in India.

"When did you last hear from him?" she asked.

"We did not correspond," I answered, "Revell was never a good hand at writing letters; it was not his way."

She was looking out of the window, her mind and thoughts far from me, I could see, and her listless hand still resting passively in mine.

"He was true," she murmured to herself; "he would never have broken his word. I shall come back for Zoe," he said.

"We must all break our word when death steps in," I said, quietly. "No doubt, he meant to come. But he would have wished you to be happy and to forget him, I am sure."

"It is impossible," she said. "Surely," I urged, "you could find some happiness in making some one else happy. There are many who love you. This Monsieur de la Feste—She interrupted me dreamily: "He is coming today for his answer; it will be 'No.'"

There was a sound of approaching footsteps and a stir down below in the courtyard. Zoe snatched her hand from me and put it to her heart; a wild light sprang into her eyes—she looked distraught. I feared that her dread of the count had unhinged her mind.

Then she ran to the door, and, as it opened, fell fainting into the arms of the man who, entering caught her with passionate eagerness.

"I have come back for you, Zoe," he said, triumphantly. And it was Revell Hamilton!

"My dear old stick-in-the-mud," he said, "you don't suppose I should go and get potted by those beggars when I was counting the days until my leave to get back to her. They sniped me once—a mere flesh wound—and our friend the count made the most of it."

"You got back in the very nick of time," I observed. "You are a lucky fellow, Hammy!"

"I am the luckiest man in the world to get her," he assented; but it was bound to be, you know. I said I would come back and she said she would wait. The thing was settled."

SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip last winter (the second one) I actually cured myself with one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Frank W. Perry, Editor of the Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "This is the honest truth. I at times kept from coughing myself to pieces by taking a teaspoonful of this remedy, and when a coughing spell would come on at night I would take a dose and it seemed that in the briefest interval the cough would pass off and I would go to sleep perfectly free from cough and its accompanying pains. To say that the remedy acted as a most agreeable surprise is putting it very mildly. I had no idea that it could knock out the grip, simply because I had never tried it for such a purpose, but it did, and it seemed with the second attack of coughing the remedy caused it to not only be of less duration, but the pains were less severe, and I had not used the contents of one bottle before Mr. Grip had bid me adieu."

For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell, Leonardtown.

Every Mouse Has His Day. The young man kissed her and she screamed. "What's the matter, Nellie?" demanded a stern voice from upstairs. "I—I just saw a mouse," she fibbed.

Presently the young man claimed another kiss and scream was repeated. Again came the stern voice: "What is it this time?" "I just saw another mouse." Then the old man came down with the house cat, a mouse trap, and a cane, and sat in a corner to watch developments.—Tit-Bits.

Danger of Colds and Grip. The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by William F. Greenwell, Leonardtown.

Another Retraction Demanded. "I see that Silas is famous," said Farmer Cornstossel as he stopped before the village store. "Got his picture in the paper fur bein' cured o' rheumatiz."

"Yes," answered the storekeeper. "An' Silas is that mad he can't see. He only got \$2 fur givin' the testimonial, an' since it was put in the paper that he's well and hearty all his family an' his distant relatives is after him wantin' to know why he doesn't go to work.—Washington Star.

His Proposed Easter Gift. "Papa," his little girl asked him, "are you going to get me something nice for Easter?"

"Oh, yes, dear." "Something pretty, papa?" "More than that, pet; something beautiful."

"Is it going to be expensive?" "I don't know, child. I—I hope not," he said, gazing dreamily into the fireplace. "I am going to give you a new mamma, dear.—Chicago Chronicle.

Makes A Clean Sweep. There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by Loker & de Waal, Druggists, Leonardtown.

A writer tells how a little child once preached a wonderful sermon to him. "Is your father at home?" I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep. "Where do you think I could find him?" "Well," he replied, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt or something like that. I don't know where he is but he's helping somewhere."

A Thoughtful Man. M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c at Loker & de Waal's Drug Store Leonardtown.

Robbed The Grave. A startling incident, is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in a awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Loker & de Waal's drug store, Leonardtown.

Father: The idea of marrying that young fellow! He couldn't scrape enough money together to buy a square meal. Daughter: But what difference need that make? We haven't either of us had a bit of appetite for months.—New York Weekly.