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BEST ONE INCH BOARDS—BRIGHT IN COLOR
AND WIDE BOARDS. BOARDS THAT ARE ONE
LENGTH—ALL 16 FEET—AT A PRICE WITHIN
REACH OF ALL LUMBER BUYERS:

\$1.65 per 100 square feet. These Boards too, are from North
Carolina pine forests, and when saw-
ed 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 an 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 ma-
terials 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

SHINGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, SIDINGS, ETC.
FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,
6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

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27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore.
For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.
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EDELEN BROS., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.
Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.
126 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD
ALSO DEALERS IN
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture are
HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.
For the Sale of
Tobacco, Grain and Wool.
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South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.
MR. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspec-
tion of all Tobacco consigned to us.

H. G. Dudley. J. Frank Ford.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER, General Commission Merchants,

125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.
Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.
Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.
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No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

W. H. MOORE & CO., Grocers & Commission Merchants,

105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.
Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO,
the sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

ALL LOVED GORDON.

Next to "Stonewall" Jackson,
Most Picturesque Command-
er in the Confederate
Army.

Atlanta Constitution.
Next to Gen. "Stonewall" Jack-
son, perhaps, Gen. John B. Gordon
was the most picturesque command-
er in the Confederate Army. He
was handsome and brave and dash-
ing, rode superb horses: in short,
he looked the man he was, and the
soldiers loved to plunge into danger
where Gordon led.

When the first sharp rifle crack
of the Civil War rang out over
Gordon was engaged in the mining
business in the mountains of North-
east Alabama. But the wave of pa-
triotism swept even to those moun-
tain fastnesses and the depths of
the gloomy mines, swept there and
carried Gordon with them.

The mountaineers in the country
round the mines took rifles in their
sinewy hands and formed a com-
pany, selected the dark-haired, hand-
some John B. Gordon as their cap-
tain and with him at their head
marched out to the front as a part
of the Sixth Alabama regiment. And
the Sixth Alabama, with Captain
Gordon and his "Raccoon Roughs,"
was so the company was called, soon
found the path to the fighting. Months
went by and Captain Gordon, for
bravery and other soldierly qualities,
became Major Gordon and then col-
onel of the regiment.

Just before the fighting in Penn-
sylvania he was made major general,
and assumed command of Gordon's
Georgia brigade, which he led to
battle for the first time in recaptur-
ing Marye's hill, before Fredericks-
burg, from a horde of Federal troops
who occupied the position.

At that time Capt. W. H., better
known as "Trip" Harrison, was ill
in the hospital, but as soon as word
reached him that the campaign was
opened he rejoined his regiment—the
Thirty-first Georgia, a part of
Gordon's brigade. The first day he
returned he asked some men of his
company "How they liked their new
general."

"You ought to see him ride a
horse," said one. "He sits his
mount like a veteran cavalry gen-
eral. Why, 'Jeb' Stuart himself can't
beat him riding."
And then another said: "He's one
of the handsomest men I ever saw;
his face is glorious."
And then another said: "He has
the greatest voice I ever heard.
Why, Captain, he took the whole
brigade out and drilled us one day,
and every man in the whole line
could hear him call out, 'Forward.'
The word went booming across the
country like a cannon shot."

And then another said: "He's
got a big, warm, tender heart in
his breast."
And then still another said: "By
—, the man that won't follow Gor-
don won't fight at all. He's the finest
leader that ever ordered a charge."

When General Gordon first rode
into the lines of the brigade that
later took his name, he saw two men
astride a wooden pole, while guard
paced up and down near by.
"What are those fellows on that
pole for?" demanded the general.
Some one told him the pair were
culprits, court-martialed for shooting
ammunition at squirrels in camp, and
now being punished for this infrac-
tion of command. The general
waited to hear no more, but sat down
and wrote an order directing the col-
onel of the regiment to which the
two belonged to release them both
at once. That was the very first or-
der John B. Gordon ever wrote as a
brigadier general, and the story,
spreading through the brigade like
wild fire, made him an idol from that
moment on.

That is why they called him "kind-
hearted"—at least that is when they
first spoke of him in that way.
Major Robert Styles, of Richmond,
author of "Four Years Under 'Marse'
Robert," says General Gordon in bat-
tle was the most glorious human be-
ing his eyes ever looked upon. He
describes him in the first day's fight
at Gettysburg, his face radiant, his
figure erect, mounted on a splendid
ebony charger, with gleaming eyes
and proud, arched neck. The rider
fairly stood in his stirrups, and
bareheaded, waved both hands,
while his sonorous voice rolled out
such exhortations as only he knew
how to make to soldiers. Thus they
charged, with the great black charg-

er joyful in the midst of the flashing
muskets.
Gordon's Georgia brigade, which
formed the right of Early's division,
drove back the Federal line before
Gettysburg, back through the town
and beyond to the slopes of Ceme-
tery hill slaying hundreds and cap-
turing other thousands.

The battle is over. The sun is
sinking deep in a blood-red glow.
Men in the woods and fields are lay-
ing away the dead. The Federal
generals cower on the hill beyond the
trench. Drawn up in long lines in the
suburbs stand serried ranks of vic-
torious men in gray. An officer on
a superb black steed rides up to
each section of the long gray line in
turn. He stops before a regiment.
"Thirty-first," he calls, and his
voice goes booming away on the even-
ing breeze, "men of the Thirty-first,
General Early says you're the bravest
soldiers he ever saw."

For an instant there is silence save
for the echoes muttering among the
hills, and then the slight figure of a
fair-haired youth leaps out from the
long line. Like a flash he snatches
the soldier cap from his head and
shouts back.
"You tell General Early, by —,
we've got the bravest general he
ever saw!"

And then from a thousand throats
there rent the air a "rebel yell" of
the kind that history will ever re-
member.
The man on the black horse before
the lines was Gen. John B. Gordon,
and the boy who shouted back at
him was young Sapp, who before
that day had never taken part in a
battle.

These are some of the stories told
by Gordon's men, and there are
countless others like them, showing
what he was and the devotion paid
him by his men; but here is another
showing Gordon in a different situa-
tion:

That point farthest north and
farthest east ever reached by Con-
federate troops was Wrightsville,
Pa., to which village General Gor-
don and his brigade marched one
day to capture a certain bridge span-
ning the Susquehanna river. This
bridge was about one mile long and
led across the river directly into
Wrightsville.

When the Georgians hove in sight
they found a force of about 1000 mi-
litiamen in posture of defense, but
these fellows soon gave way, firing
the bridge as they retreated. The
men in gray swept on, fighting the
flames as they marched, and reached
the other side before the structure
gave way; but the fire had spread.
A lumber yard at the river's edge
and some of the houses in the town
were burning.

Now General Gordon had received
orders to let private property alone.
There was to be no burning and pil-
lage charged against Confederate
troops in Pennsylvania if it could be
avoided. And so, though the mili-
tiamen themselves had started the
work of destruction, General Gor-
don assured the people the fire
would be extinguished by his men.
So the brigade stacked arms in the
middle of the long street that formed
the town. Hardware stores were
broken into and dozens of buckets
secured. Then two long lines were
formed by the men in gray, privates
and officers alike. One line passed
back the empty buckets to the river
and the other passed the buckets
filled with water to their comrades,
who dashed the water on the flames
till the danger was finally over.
"Not much like Sherman, was it?"
remarked a veteran when this inci-
dent was told.
And these are the things which
make Gen. John B. Gordon so well
loved in Georgia, in all the South,
aye, and from one end of this wide
land to the other.

In the course of his magnificent
lecture on Robert E. Lee, which was
delivered at Atlanta several months
ago at the invitation of the various
Confederate veteran camps in this
city, Judge, Emory Speer, the gifted
orator, in the course of a magnif-
cent peroration, paid this thrilling
tribute to the dead hero, which was
received with applause from his
comrades on the stage and his friends
in the vast audience gathered to hear
the distinguished jurist. He refer-
red to the fierce onslaught by the
Federals upon the flank of the Con-
federate forces in the tremendous
conflict at Spotsylvania, and thus
graphically describes a thrilling inci-
dent of the fight.

"The moment was critical. The
Confederate Army was cut in two,
and, determined to restore it, with
the fighting blood in his hero strain
lighting his noble face with the glow
of battle, Lee, mounted on his old
gray Traveler, brave as his master,
dashed to the head of the charging
columns and took off his hat to lead
his men into the death hall sweep-
ing the bloody angle.
But another is there! In civil
life and on the fiery crest of battle a
leader of men, daring, magnetic and
eloquent, a hero fighting while the
war was on, but since then a very
apostle of peace and reconciliation,
who, having reflected glory in a gen-
eration he had survived, crowned
with all that should accompany old
age, idolized by every Southerner
and venerated by every American
heart! Lieut. Gen. John B. Gor-
don, thank God! yet survives to
adorn the times in which he lives.
(Applause.)
"Back to the rear! shouted the
intrepid and undismayed Gordon,
when he saw Lee on the field. "These
men are Virginians and Georgians,
who have never failed."
"We'll never give up the flag!"
he cried, as Lee rode from the hall
of death."
The inspiring war ballad entitled
"The Twelfth of May" was dedica-
ted to General Gordon for his magnif-
cent part in the victory over Han-
cock at the battle of Spotsylvania
Court House on May 12. The noble
ballad follows:
When history tells her story,
Of the noble hero band,
Who made the green fields gory
For the life of their native land.
How grand will be the picture
Of Georgia's proud array
As they drove the boasting foemen back
On that glorious twelfth of May!
Whose men is ever proudest
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cries cheers us loudest
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Gordon—our reliance,
Fearless as on that day
When he hurled his grand defiance
In the charge of the twelfth of May.
Who, who can be a coward?
What freeman fears to die
When Gordon orders "Forward!"
And the red cross floats on high?
On, onto the field! Away!
And we see the foe retiring
As it did on the twelfth of May.

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the fighting blood in his hero strain
lighting his noble face with the glow
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Faithful Unto Death.
The Pioneer Press, of Minnesota,
prints the following incident which
occurred at Great Falls, Montana.
The victims of the recent blizzard
that swept over the northern portion
of that State, killing thousands of
lambs and a number of cattle are
now being found with the passing of
the snow. In nearly every case the
victims were sheep herders who
were caught in the storm and frozen
to death before they could reach
shelter. Almost without exception
these sheep herders are men with-
out connections of any kind.
One of the most pathetic cases that
has come to light is that of William
Plumber, an aged man, whose sole
friend, so far as known, was a hand-
some shepherd dog which he had
raised from a puppy. This dog
could do almost everything except
talk. When Shep, as he was called,
dragged himself into the little sheep
town of Shelby, with two of his legs
frozen, the fate of Plumber was
known. It was useless to prosecute
a search for him without the aid of
the dog, and as the animal was,
apparently, too disabled to make
another move, it was proposed to
wait several days before searching
for the body of the missing man.
Shep, in spite of his condition,
was ready to lead the party, how-
ever, and although the progress was
slow and painful over the snow-cov-
ered hills and vales, the faithful dog
led the party to the body of his mas-
ter. Crouching beside the frozen
corpse the dog, worn almost to
a shadow by the hardships he had
undergone, uttered a long, penetrat-
ing wail, and then, licking the cold
face of his master expired. Plumb-
er and the dog were buried in the
same grave.

A Very Close Call.
"I stuck to my engine, although
every joint ached and every nerve
was racked with pain," writes C.
W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman,
of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak
and pale, without any appetite and
all run down. As I was about to
give up, I got a bottle of Electric
Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as
well as I ever did in my life." Weak,
sickly, run down people always gain
new life, strength and vigor from
their use. Try them. Satisfaction
guaranteed by all Druggists. Price
50 cents.

Mixed Relationships.

Little Freddie's Fond Father was
reading the newspaper the other
evening when Little Freddie go
busy with a thirst for information.
"Teacher says that George Wash-
ington was the father of his country
Did he have any other countries
Paw?"

Little Freddie's Fond Father dis-
continued reading and answered
benignantly: "I don't think I un-
derstand you, my son. Explain
yourself a little more fully."
"Did he have any other coun-
tries for children besides this country?"
"No, Freddie; this was the only
country he had."

"Teacher says that England is the
mother of this country—read it out
of a poetry book to us. Was Eng-
land George Washington's wife?"
"No, my son. The word mother
is used figuratively."
"Oh, I thought they must be mar-
ried, 'cause of this country being
their baby and 'cause they fought
so much," said Little Freddie, inno-
cently.
"You'll go to bed if you think so
freely out loud," suggested Little
Freddie's Fond Father, warningly,
as he resumed the reading of his
paper.

Little Freddie cogitated in silence
or the space of seven seconds.
"Paw," he ventured then, "don't
the newspapers call England Cousin
John Bull?"
The eyes of Little Freddie's Fond
Father were again lifted from his
reading. He laid his paper on his
knee, and unless his face was given
to lying he would rather have laid
Little Freddie there.

"Then Cousin John would be Geo-
orge Washington's second cousin.
But I don't quite understand it,
Paw, 'cause Cousin John is England
and she was George Washington's
wife. Can a man marry his second
cousin John?"
"If you don't stop your infernal
questions I'll give you something
more immediate to think about,
young man. I'm not an encyclo-
pædia of tomyrot."
Two minutes later Little Freddie
assayed again: "Who's Uncle Sam,
Paw?"

"He's this country itself. That
will do, Freddie."
"But whose uncle is he?"
"He isn't anybody's uncle!" roared
Little Freddie's Fond Father.
"Some idiot invented all those fool-
relationships to torment honest peo-
ple with."
"If Uncle Sam is this country he
must be George Washington's boy.
Is Brother Jonathan any kin to Un-
cle Sam?"
"It means the same thing. That's
what the English call us. Now,
don't let me hear another question
out of you. I've had enough of
them."

Little Freddie soliloquized aloud:
"Seems kinder funny that Jonathan
can be a brother to John Bull and
yet John's only a cousin to Jonathan.
And I don't see how Uncle Sam can
be an uncle to nothing 'less the lit-
tle boy died that he was uncle to."
Then Little Freddie's thirst for
knowledge broke out on him again:
"Paw, are you sure George Wash-
ington wasn't Canada's father, too?
A piece I read the other day said
Canada was this country's younger
sister. Mebbe you didn't hear a-
bout it when Canada was born."
Little Freddie got no response to
this. The one addressed was trying
desperately to interest himself in a
piece of political news.

"And the same piece said, Paw,
that Cuba and Hawaii were children
of Uncle Sam's. Mebbe he won't
mind not being anybody's uncle
seeing he has children of his own.
Who's Uncle Sam's wife, Paw? Is
it Columbia? She'd be George Wash-
ington's."
Little Freddie's Fond Father rose
hurriedly from his seat and grasped
Little Freddie by the coat collar.
The two disappeared into an adjoin-
ing room to continue the study of
relationships.—Puck.

Saved From Terrible Death.

The family of Mrs. M. L. Bobbitt
of Bargerton, Tenn., saw her dying
and were powerless to save her. The
most skillful physicians and every
remedy used, failed, while consump-
tion was slowly but surely taking her
life. In this terrible hour Dr. King's
New Discovery for Consumption
turned despair into joy. The first
bottle brought immediate relief and
its continued use completely cured
her. It's the most certain cure in
the world for all throat and lung
troubles. Guaranteed Bottles 50c
and \$1.00. Trial Bottles Free at all
Druggists.

The new Governor took the oath
of office at 1 o'clock in the Senate
chamber. He signed the test book
with a quill pen that is a family re-
lic.

Inclement weather prevented the
outdoor speechmaking that had been
planned, and the addresses of the
retiring and the incoming executive
were delivered in the Hall of the
House of Delegates.
An immense crowd of enthusias-
tic Democrats and several hundred
advisers from all parts of the State
visited Annapolis by train and boat,
but all could not get into the rooms
where the exercises were held.

Governor Warfield, assisted by
former Governor Smith, held a re-
ception in the old Senate chamber
after the oath of office had been tak-
en and the crowd fled through and
hook his hand. Governor Warfield
and family later took up their resi-
dence in the Executive Mansion.
The Governor-elect was escorted
from Baltimore by the Legislative
committee and the Fifth Regiment
Veteran Corps. He was accompa-
nyed by the members of his family,
a number of friends and a large num-
ber of invited guests.

Striking Points in Governor Warfield's Address.

"You, Senators and members of
the House of Delegates, have grave
responsibilities resting upon you.
Especially is this the case with you,
the Democratic members, who, be-
cause of your commanding majority
in both houses, will be held account-
able and responsible for the legisla-
tion of this session. You can make
a creditable record for the State and
your party if you do not put parti-
sanish above public weal.
"Strive to represent the will and
wish of the people in voting for both
measures and men.
"I shall be true to the promises
and declarations of the Democratic
platform. The people are looking
to us to carry out those promises.
Of all planks in the platform, that
which became paramount in the cam-
paign, demanded the elimination of
the ignorant, unreflecting, irrespon-
sible voter.

"I urge the Legislature to so
amend the Election Law as to pro-
vide that each ballot shall be count-
ed in accord with the intent of the
voter.
"The further debauching of the
electorate by corrupt practices
should be stopped.
"Good roads are demanded, and
ways and means must be provided
by the State for that purpose.
"Let it be known that in Mary-
land no 'third house' can pass a law;
that your obligations are to your
constituents, and to them alone.
"Those who seek honest and prop-
er legislation should receive prompt
consideration without cost or hind-
rance."
Sentences From Governor Smith's Fare-
well.

"We should never forget that gal-
lant band of men who, in the face of
persistent and too often willful mis-
representation, in spite of threats of
political annihilation and social ostracism,
bravely battled together to rid
their State of the evil fruits of a
cunning census fraud and in the fur-
ther endeavor to purify politics and
place the control of our political des-
tiny, our social happiness and our
whole civil welfare in the hands of
the moral, intelligent element of the
people.
"An aroused public sentiment, I
venture to predict, will adopt and
force the development of the policy
inaugurated by those men in the ex-
traordinary session of 1901, until
Maryland, no matter by what name
the dominant party may be known,
will be governed and her affairs
managed by men selected by the
most worthy and capable electors
within her borders.
"I know the difficulties Governor
Warfield must experience. Eminent-
ly capable and tactful though he
is, he nor anyone else as Governor
can gratify the many requests which
will be made of him nor measure up
to the unreasonable expectations of
some. Many must necessarily be
disappointed. Nor is it within the
power of any man to harmonize the
many conflicting interests which
will clash and surge about him,
which he will be required to pass
upon."—Sun.

Hostess—You appear to be in deep
thought, Tommy.
Tommy—Yes'm. Mamma told me
if you asked me to have some cake I
was to say something, an' I've been
here so long now I forgot what it
was.—Philadelphia Press.