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1902 JUNE 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9.45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
DEWEESE & OWENS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

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Denton. Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
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Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.;6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
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CORRECT STYLE



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$12 YOUNG MEN'S SUITS. $12.

Single Breasted Sack Coat lined with Princess Serge, stationary stiff front (wont hang limp like a rag); broad high padded shoulders that make you look erect and military; High cut Vest; Trousers right in the fore rank of fashion.

MEN'S-BIG VALUE-$7.50 SUITS.

Stylish three-button Sack Coat High cut Vest with collar. Trousers have corded side seams. Cassimere, with a tinge of green with faint stripejo red or blue running through. A stunner.

$10.00 MEN'S SUITS; LOOK AT THE STYLE.

Three-button Sack Coat with round corners; inside lined with Italian Cloth; broad shoulders; stationary front(wont sag). High cut Vest with collar. Trousers with 2 inch open welt side seams and belt loops.

$3.50 Boy's Norfolk Suits; all the newest cloth; yoke back and front; two box pleats; belt at waist; 4 to 8 years.

$3.50 Boy's Blouse Suit-all wool; Blue Serg, Blue Cheviots and Thibet Cloth in lighest weight goods. Collars trimmed with red, white or black Scotch Braid. Some have stars on collar and shield embroidered blouse cut extra sizes; 3 to 8.

$4.00 Boy's Double-breasted Suit; all wool fancy Cassimere and Cheviots;all seams sewn with silk; lined with Italian cloth; size 8 to 15.

$4.50 Boy's Vest Suits; All wool fancy Cheviot, Cassimere, and stylish patterns in neat stripes; Three button Cutaway Sack Coat; single breasted vest; sizes 10 to 15.

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STYLISH SHOES.

$3.00 Men's Shoes in Vici Kid, Valour Kangaroo Kid, Patent Leather and Patent Kid, C, D or E last in the very latest shape toe; also plain toe.

$3.50 Men's Shoes in finer grades of Vici Kid, Lewis' Patent Leather, Patent Vici; C, D or E. last. Made by the best shoemakers in this country, namely: W L. Douglass and R. & H.

$4.00 Men's Shoe; the Gilt Edge Line; Lewis' Patent leather and fine kid skin are the finest and best in Men's foot wear.

$3.00 Ladies' Shoes, Fine Kid, extended soles; some have rope stitch: lace or button; B, C and D last. Kid tip; the latest style Heel and Toe.



FINE NECK-WEAR.

We can show you all the latest styles in narrow four-in-hands, string ties, bows, etc. All the delicate shades for summer.

COLLARS— If you have failed to find collars that suit you call on us. All the high styles as well as collars for short necks. Rubber collars—they don't wilt in hot weather.

FLOUR & FEED.

Fine Seed Oats in large or small quantities,

HAY AND FEED.

Our Delivery Wagon RunsEvery Day.

Flour, Meal and Chops

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AND HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID AT

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A NEW OLD PAPER.

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THE
NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER

is made absolutely for farmers and their families. The first number was issues November 7th, 1901.

Every department of agricultural industry is covered by special contributors who are leaders in their respective lines, and the TRIBUNE FARMER will be in every sense a high class, up to date, live, enterprising agricultural paper, profusely illustrated with pictures of live stock, model farm buildings and homes, agricultural machinery, etc.

Farmers' wives, sons and daughters will find special pages for their entertainment.

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Send your subscriptions and money to THE UNION, Denton, Maryland.

Send your name and address to the NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, New-York City, and a free sample copy will be mailed to you.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohocs, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

NUMBER THIRTEEN

By Hon. Mary Cavendish

"EVERYTHING is selling wonderfully well," remarked Lady Allenbury, gazing around her stall complacently. "Except that terrible, dreadful tea-cosy." She waved a much-jeweled hand at the offending article, and the girl nearest to her laughed lightly.

"It's truly awful, Aunt Janet," she replied, feelingly.

And it was. On a ground-work of khaki satia was embroidered a resplendant union-jack, underneath was a group, chiefly in scarlet, of "Soldiers of the King." At least so ran the legend underneath the odd little figures. Otherwise they might have been confused with the inhabitants of some antediluvian ark.

Lady Allenbury gave a little despairing sigh.

"The duchess worked it herself," she said, turning to her niece beside her. "And none will buy it, and she'll be so hurt. What shall we do with it, Dorothy?"

"I should raffle it," replied the girl, rather indifferently.

She did not seem to be finding the bazaar very amusing. She was a pretty, fragile-looking girl, with a delicate pink color, and a pair of blue eyes with dark shadows underneath them.

Lady Allenbury heaved another sigh, this time of relief.

"The very thing," she exclaimed. "Will you take it round, darling? Let me see, you must have some one to go with you to bother the people. Oh, there's George Fraser, the very person. George, come here; I want you to be very useful."

A good-looking boy in immaculate white flannels sauntered up lazily. He lifted his straw hat with its gunner ribbon to Lady Allenbury and the girls behind the stall. "Anything I can do?" he asked, good-humoredly.

"Yes, there's a good boy, and then I will invite you to tea to-morrow." Her ladyship seized the offending work of art. "You see this ghastly tea-cosy? We can't sell it, so Dorothy suggests it should be raffled. You and she can take it round. You know my niece, don't you? Mr. Fraser, Miss Seton," the last words in the usual unintelligible mumble that passes for an introduction.

For the first time the boy looked at the girl who had been standing behind her aunt's ample form. Her face had lost a little of its delicate color, and as his eyes met hers he started with a little exclamation of surprise. Lady Allenbury observed the start, but did not see her niece's face.

"You know each other already? that's right," she said, easily. "Now trot off, there's good children, and don't come back with that abomination. Twenty-five shillings, remember; not a penny less, or the duchess will never forgive me." And she turned back to the stall under the happy impression of having reunited two old friends. "He's a dear boy, George Fraser," she observed to the two girls who were helping her, "and he's just come back from the front. I didn't know he and Dorothy had met before." She turned to persuade a stout and apoplectic-looking gentleman that the green velvet waistcoat, embroidered in pink silks, would be eminently becoming to his person.

Both girls were looking after the retreating figures of Miss Seton and her companion. Their quick young eyes had observed what Lady Allenbury's had not, that Dorothy went very unwillingly.

The girl in the pink hat was wishing that she had had Miss Seton's chance of spending half an hour with such an attractive-looking boy. She would willingly have changed places with the reluctant Dorothy. The other girl who knew Dorothy better was feeling sorry for her. She saw, without in the least understanding, "that some one had blundered," and guessed that her friend was not enjoying herself. She glanced tenderly at a dinmond ring on her own finger, and thought of its connection with a man in South Africa. Perhaps this was why she could sympathize with Dorothy.

George Fraser found himself embracing an enormous and conspicuous tea cosy, and walking beside the one girl he had not expected to meet.

"Jolly thing, this," he said, nervously, clasping the tea cosy a little closer.

"I am glad you admire it," remarked Miss Seton, loftily. She looked straight in front of her.

It was disconcerting. He waited for her to speak next, but when she did it was a little disappointing. "Perhaps we had better invite some one to take a raffle ticket," she suggested, in quiet, indifferent tones.

"Yes. Let's try this old lady." His voice matched hers to perfection in its careless indifference. He did not guess how it hurt her.

They waylaid an elderly lady, who proved favorable, pronounced the tea-cosy "too sweet and patriotic for words," and took three tickets, with the fervent hope that she might prove the lucky winner.

"You're sure to," assured George, audaciously. He felt better now the ice was broken, and by the time that 12 or 14 little tickets had been disposed of he ventured on the remark that had been on his lips for the last 20 minutes.

"I did not expect to meet you here," he said, a trifle nervously.

Dorothy appeared to be counting her money in the little bag at her side.

"Really," she said, listlessly, "but the world is so small, you know. One is constantly running up against acquaintances."

He bit his lip angrily, and turned to demand of a shy young man "if he would take a raffle ticket," in a tone so fierce that the unfortunate youth dared not refuse.

"Thank you very much," he said, meekly, as Dorothy handed him his change with a kind smile. George Fraser looked at her curiously, and she turned her laughing eyes to his dissatisfied young face.

"Really, Mr. Fraser," she said, reprovingly, "you will frighten people away if you speak to them like that; I was petrified myself."

"I am awfully sorry," he said, humbly. "But"—in lower tones—"it really was your fault."

"I don't see that." But her color rose a little, and she asked for an explanation.

Another turn round the hot, crowded hall, and he announced that there were only two tickets left.

"Are there?" She counted her money. "Yes, here's 23 shillings. Suppose we each took a ticket, that would finish it up. What are the numbers left?"

"Twenty and thirteen. Which will you have?"

She pointed to the number 20.

"All right, that leaves me 13. Lucky number that, you know. But"—stamering and hesitating—"what name am I to put on number 20?"

She raised her eyes to his, half indignant, wholly surprised. "I should have thought it just possible that you might have remembered my name?" It was impossible not to notice the quiver in her voice.

His eyes looked steadily into hers. "Remember!" he said, strife unsteadily. "I wish to Heaven I didn't remember things. But your—your married name, I meant."

"My married name?" She gave a little tremulous laugh. "But I am not married," she said.

He drew a long breath. "But I heard it in Africa; some one wrote it to a fellow in our regiment. And my letter, before I left England. You never answered that, Dorothy?"

She did not seem to notice that he had called her by her christian name. "My cousin, Dorothy Seton, was married three months ago," she said, with heightened color, staring intently at the tea cosy. "And I never got any letter at all—George." Her eyes involuntarily sought his now.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the boy, rapturously. "Oh, I can explain everything now, Dorothy, darling. Let's go and sit on that seat by the palms for just five minutes!" And they did so. But Mr. Fraser's explanations, satisfactory as they appeared to be, were not condensed into so short a space of time as that.

"What has happened to them?" exclaimed Lady Allenbury an hour later. "That tea cosy seems to take a lot of getting off. Ah, here they come."

The pair in question sauntered up, looking delightfully bored and innocent. Only Dorothy's friend guessed that anything had happened in that one short hour.

"Here's the 23 shillings, Lady Allenbury," exclaimed George, in triumph. "Miss Seton"—a slight emphasis on the name—"will give you the money." And Miss Seton did so with considerably heightened color.

"Thank you both so much," said her ladyship, fervently. "Now let's draw a number and finish it off and get rid of it. Dorothy, dear, put the tickets into your little bag. Perhaps I had better draw one."

The flashing rings went into the holland bag and returned again holding a tiny blue ticket. Number 13. "Mine!" gasped George, in tones of horror. "What on earth can I do with the thing?"

Lady Allenbury smiled a beautiful innocent smile. "Keep it until you are married, my dear boy," she suggested. "Dorothy, give him his prize."

He held her fingers one moment as he took it. "My lucky number," he whispered. The girl in pink watching with jealous eyes, wondered why Miss Seton blushed so.

And Lady Allenbury is convinced that the whole affair is owing to her own perspicacity. "I saw it from the first," she announced, complacently, when Mr. Fraser turned up to tea the next afternoon, and boldly stated that he and Dorothy were engaged. "And you really owe something to the tea cosy. It really isn't"—pointing to the offending article which reposed on the sofa—"isn't so bad."

George Fraser's reply was emphatic as he gazed from the resplendent union jack and the scarlet soldiers to Dorothy's little face:

"It's—it's lovely!" he said.—Lady's Pictorial.

While we delight in making our Prescription Departmennt all that a public could wish, with the purest drugs and strictest accuracy, we take no less pride in our proprietary stock. We specially recommend the great Treatment for constipation and biliousness embodied in Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets. it has been appropriately styled the "mild power theory," and we believe It will eventually supersed the drastic liver pills. 25cts. R. J. Colston, Denton; J. R. Davis, Ridgely.

THE UNION FOREVER

Webster's Prophecy Realized by Valor of Our Soldiers.

Champ Clark's Tribute to the Veterans of the Civil War—No Sectionalism in Decoration Day.

[Special Washington Letter.]

DECORATION DAY at the national capital! How different the scene from year to year, as viewed through the eyes of one who has loved the soldiers of the civil war from childhood to manhood.

There is naught but gayety here now; whereas until 20 years ago, there was naught but sorrow or solemnity. It was when the sun of life began to descend the declivity of human experience that the writer first noticed the decadence of national sorrow for the heroes whose graves represented the patriotism of a great people.

To-day there is scarcely a tear shed over the graves of any of the soldiers, although millions of people honor their deeds by visiting our thousands of cemeteries and placing floral offerings upon the sod which swards all that is left of them. There used to be quoted universally the sentiment: "Cheers for the living; tears for the dead." But that must now give way to the everlasting sentiment: "For the soldiers of the union, living and dead, nothing but cheers."

Within the memory of the writer, on Decoration day it was not fitting that any one who had not seen and endured the awful panorama of tragedies, the battlefield, should deliver the addresses. But now their vigor has gone, and the eulogies are pronounced by th sons of veterans, or those who love and honor their memory. Soon the grandsons of veterans will perform the functions of pride and patriotism. Even in this day and generation there are mature men of eminence who know of the civil war only by reading history, just as they read of the histories of other wars hundreds of years remote. Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, who spent his babyhood and boyhood on the confederate side, has some views of that war, which he eloquently expresses as follows:

"I speak for the generation which was too young to participate in our civil war. I was only 11 years old when the first gun was fired at Charleston, and now my head is blossoming like the almond tree. I will tell you how I regard that awful struggle, and how the generation to which I belong looks upon it—as a most heroic chapter in the annals of mankind. I read English history as the prologue to American history. When I reflect upon the civil wars in England, my judgment is with the stern, unfaltering, pious Roundheads, who, at Worcester, Marston Moor and Dunbar followed the great Oliver into battle shouting: 'God with us!' But my soul is fired with the recollection of the chivalric deeds of those gallant knights and loyal gentlemen who charged under the silken banner of Prince Rupert in the cause of a recreant king. Cold must be the heart of that American who is not proud to claim, as countrymen, the flower of the Virginia youth who charged up the slippery slopes of Gettysburg with peerless Picket, or those unconquerable men in blue, who, through two long and dreadful days, rallied around heroic Thomas, 'the Rock of Chickamauga.' It was not southern valor or northern valor—it was, thank God! American valor—that valor which caused our revolutionary fathers to throw their gage of battle in the face of the son of a thousand kings—that valor which animated Washington at

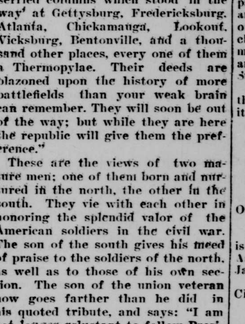


HON. CHAMP CLARK.

Princeton, Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown—that valor which upheld his famished men amid the unspeakable horrors of Valley Forge—that valor which sustained the soldiers who followed Arnold on that cruel winter's march through the woods of Canada, and in the Christmas storming of Quebec, where Montgomery fell, immortal—that valor which nerved Andrew Jackson and his raw militia on the glorious 8th of January, when they humbled to the very dust the towering pride of that mighty monarch upon whose dominion the sun never sets, and utterly routed the veterans of the Peninsula, who had snatched from Napoleon's brazen brow the iron crown of Charlemagne—that valor, which, at Buena Vista, Cherebusco and Chapultepec filled the world with its renown—that valor which wrote Davy Crockett's name above Leonidas, and made the Alamo another shrine of freedom—that valor which begirths this land, as with a wall of fire, forbidding all of the nations of the earth to touch the ark of American liberty lest they die. Callous, indeed, must be the man who cannot find something to admire in the benignant character of Abraham Lincoln or in the matchless career of Robert E. Lee. The soldiers of the north and the soldiers of the south were American freemen, all—fighting like heroes for what they considered right; as such I honor them, and teach my children to cherish them. To both alike are applicable the words of Kentucky's soldier poet:

"'On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.'"

Not many years ago the union veterans were assailed by office seekers, because the government gave the



IN THE PHILIPPINES.

preference to the soldiers in all appointments; and the son of a soldier came to their defense in this manner: "You, who were too young to be in the army, soil your own souls by complaining that the union soldiers are now in your way, and by asking: 'Will they never die?'

"Young men, half a million of them, died when you were in your cradles. Ten thousand of them fell inside of 15 minutes on the morning of June 3, 1864, in front of Cold Harbor, when the Army of the Potomac made an assault all along the line. Twelve to fifteen thousand of them fell on June 27, 1864, in the same month of the same year, all around Kenesaw's bloody heights. Many thousands of them died in prison or in rebel hospitals, naked, hungry, suffering, unloved, and far from the dear folks at home. Many other thousands of them today hobble on crutches or flap empty sleeves in the breezes. They are dying fast enough. Half a million of them still live, but every one of them, barring none, bears in his body the marks of battle or the germ of disease contracted while campaigning. in order that this government might not fade from the earth. But for them there would be no government for you to serve, nor to protect you. Don't be in a hurry, young men! Don't be in a hurry! These old veterans are marching off of the field, brigade by brigade, every year. Regiment after regiment is disappearing over the brow of the hill of time. They are marching away into the valley of the shadow, right into the river of death, bravely as the Old Guard, at Waterloo. Don't be in a hurry, young man! Don't be in a hurry! The old soldiers are marching from the field, and they will soon, all too soon for me, be out of your ungrateful way. God bless them. I wish they could live forever, as their fame will live. Grant and Sherman and Sheridan are gone Thomas is in the Land o' the Leal. Meade is no more. Gone are the serried columns which stood 'in the way' at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Lookout, Vicksburg, Bentonville, and a thousand other places, every one of them a Thermopylae. Their deeds are blazoned upon the history of more battlefields than your weak brain can remember. They will soon be out of the way; but while they are here the republic will give them the preference."

These are the views of two mature men; one of them born and nurtured in the north, the other in the south. They vie with each other in honoring the splendid valor of the American soldiers in the civil war. The son of the south gives his meed of praise to the soldiers of the north, as well as to those of his own section. The son of the union veteran now goes farther than he did in his quoted tribute, and says: "I am not longer reluctant to follow President McKinley in his policy of conciliation. I am not reluctant on this Decoration day to place wreaths upon the graves of the fathers of the brave young men of the southland, who are to-day carrying the flag and upholding it in the oriental tropics."

Whatever may be our views of current policies and deeds; whatever may be the result of discussions and differences; whatever may be the outcome of the struggles of politicians and statesmen; we can all view with pride the one unmixed good of conditions; the one paramount fact that in the American army in the distant Philippines we see our reunited republic; we see the sons of the veterans of Grant and Lee, of Sheridan and Jackson, marching shoulder to shoulder, beneath our flag. Whatever of evil, in deed or purpose, there may be in the conditions which confront this nation, there is pleasure, patriotism and pride in the sight of American soldiers from every section of the republic, standing together before the world, showing to all other nations the complete realization of the prophecy of Daniel Webster: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

SMITH D. FRY.

Of what does a bad taste in your mouth remind you? It indicates that your stomach is in a bad condition and will remind you that there is nothing so good for such a disorder as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets after having once used them. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and regulate the bowels. For sale at 25 cents per box by R. J. Colston, Denton; Hugh Duffy Hillsboro; J. R. Davis, Ridgley.

As They Sparked.

"You, Ethel!"

"Well, papa?"

"Tell that young man just because he calls himself a 'literary light' is no reason why the gas should be turned down in the parlor."—Chicago Daily News.

Why He Returned.

"Did you come back for something you forgot?" asked Mrs. Darley, when her husband returned to the house a few minutes after leaving.

"No, my dear," replied he, "I came back for something I remembered."—

PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS.

CHAPTER 128.

An Act to enlarge and extend the powers of the Caroline County Savings Bank, Caroline County, Maryland, and to increase the Board of Directors of the same.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That The Caroline County Savings Bank, a corporation duly formed under the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of this State, title "Corporations," in addition to the power possessed by it under its certificate of incorporation, which are hereby ratified and confirmed, shall have and possess the further rights, privileges and franchises particularly mentioned in this Act.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That the number of directors of the said Caroline County Savings Bank may be increased from twelve (12), the number stated in the certificate of incorporation of said bank, to fifteen (15), and that said twelve directors shall have power to elect the additional three directors, who shall be stockholders of said bank, required to fill up said board of fifteen directors, and said fifteen directors shall serve as directors of said Caroline County Savings Bank until the first Saturday in February, 1903, or until their successors are duly elected and qualified.

Section 3. And be it further enacted, That the directors of the said Caroline County Savings Bank may, by a three-fourths vote of all the directors, decrease the number of directors of said bank to any number they may decide, provided that said board of directors shall not at any time be less than nine, and that when said board of directors is decreased in number the same shall not take effect until the next succeeding annual election by the stockholders for directors.

Section. 4. And be it further enacted, That the capital stock of the said Caroline County Savings Bank shall be Twelve Thousand Dollars, to consist of four hundred and eighty shares, of a par value of Twenty five Dollars each; but said capital stock may be increased from time to time, at such meeting of the stockholders of said bank as may be called for such purpose, by a three-fourths vote of the shares of stock of the said bank, to any amount not exceeding One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Section 5 And be it further enacted, That the directors of the said Caroline County Savings Bank may pay out of the net profits of the business of said bank such interest on stockholders' transient deposits in said bank and such dividends on the capital stock of said bank to the stockholders of said bank as will not impair the capital of the said Caroline County Savings Bank.

Section 6. And be it enacted, That said Caroline County Savings Bank shall have power to borrow money and pay interest thereon not exceeding the legal rate, receive money on deposit on such conditions and subject to such regulations as the board of directors of said bank may deem sufficient, and to buy or discount notes or other commercial paper, county scrip or obligation of the counties and cities of this State, or public or private obligations of every discription, and may, after purchasing, sell the same in such manner and on such terms as the board of directors of the said bank may determine; may purchase and hold, or sell, real and personal estate and property, and generally may do and transact a general banking business.

Section 7. And be it enacted, That any individual or administrator, committee, guardian, receiver, assignee, rustee, or any public officer of Caroline County or elsewhere, other than the County Treasurer, or any person or persons acting for others, having the custody of any moneys belonging to themselves or others, are authorized to deposit the same in the said Caroline County Savings Bank, should they so desire, any local law of this State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Section 8. And be it enacted, That whenever any deposits shall be made by a minor, or a married woman, such deposits shall be received or held and paid out on precisely the same terms and conditions as those of adult male or adult female depositors, and the check, receipt or acquittance of such minor or married woman shall be valid and binding on them, any law of this State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Section 9. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the day of its passage.

Approved April 1st, 1902.

JOHN WALTER SMITH,
Governor.

JOHN HUBNER,
President of the Senate.

NOBLE L. MITCHELL,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF CLERK HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1902.

B. L. SMITH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

Reduced Rates to Minneapolis.

On account of the National Educational Association's Annual Meeting, at Minneapolis, Minn., July 7 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all station on its lines July 4 to 6, good to return not earlier than July 8, and not later than July 14, at the rate of single fare for the round trip plus $2.00. These tickets will be good for return passage only when executed by Joint Agent at Minneapolis and payment of 25 cents made for this service. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent not earlier than July 8 nor later than July 14, and payment of 50 cents at time of deposit, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Minneapolis not later than September 11.

For specific rates and conditions, apply to ticket agents.

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