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AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 46. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902. NO. 41.

1902			JULY			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.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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

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Denton Md.

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PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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SUMMER CLOTHING.

J. L. EVERNGAM.

If you have neglected to purchase your summer suit from our immense stock, do so at once. We have just replenished our stock and can show you the nobbiest styles of the season.

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 paded 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 stripeje 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 8 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 highest 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.

$4.50 The Manly Suit; fancy Cheviots; small collars; sack coat; single-breasted vest.

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 1 a row 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

EXCHANGED GRAIN,
AND HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID AT

Denton Grain and Flour Exchange,
Corner Third and Gay Streets, Dentton, Maryland.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER.

A NEW OLD PAPER.

For sixty years the NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE has been a national weekly newspaper, read almost entirely by farmers, and has enjoyed the confidence and support of the American people to a degree never attained by any similar publication.

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.

Regular price, $1.00 per year, but you can buy it with your favorite home weekly newspaper. The American Union, one year for $1.50.

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.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

$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.

A QUEST.

Long since, there lived a man reputed wise
(Some better things were said of him, some worse),
Who made his life a tireless quest to know
The way and Wherefore of the universe.

He wandered through solutions intricate,
And old and new philosophers he read;
This one converted, but another spake,
And made his faith apostasy instead.

His life was girt with vain analysis,
And subtle disputations hid in thrall
His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap
The mystery Life offers to us all.

But when Age left him twisted, gray and worn
He felt the barren purpose of his quest,
And longed to quite forget his mocking doubts
And live his last, few, trembling days at rest.

But Death had watched him with a cynic's eye—
And marked his shuffling feet, his sight grow dim,
And one still evening stood befre his chair,
And smiled, half kindly, as he beckoned him.

One passing through a certain field of graves
May find a stone of rather ancient date,
Which bears these words, the last philosophy,
Of him whose life they thus commemmorate:

"Here sleeps a man who sought to question God—
Who conjured with the everlasting Why;
Delved deeply into science, creeds and schools,
And learned this truth—that Man is born to die."
—W. L., in N. Y. Sun.

The Colonel's Story of Flad

By JOHN H. RAFTERY

SITTING by the camp fire one evening the talk had turned upon the striking performances of some of the tenderfoot desperadoes who had outshot and outshone some of the old-timers. Capt. Crews mentioned Gerald Flad and his brief but brilliant career as a ranger, and then everybody had something to say about the dashing Canadian-Irishman who flashed like a meteor across the border firmament some ten years ago. Col. Hutchinson, who was the dean of the party and had seen bloody service in two wars, threw a lot of unexpected light upon the personality of the vanished bravo, and as a finale to the evening's talk told this story:

His father was one of that fast fading race of Irish gentlemen who chose arms as a profession and found neither sorrow nor disappointment in the scattered and cruel rewards of his adventurous life. Roger Flad, the father was in every uprising that gave promise of hard knocks. When he couldn't find work for his sword in the cause of his own suffering island he bought a commission in the British army, and afterward wandered 'round the world like a knight errant of old, seeking chances for chivalrous advancement. I think he married a Castilian girl, but at all events Gerald was his only child and he reared him as a gentle-blooded son of a roving soldier of fortune. You know the boy spoke French, Italian, Spanish and German as well as he spoke English, and he was a devil with broadsword, cutlass or rapier before he was of age. He had been expelled from Heidelberg before he was 18, and when he first showed up at the headquarters of Coppinger's California expedition he had more scars across his boyish countenance than half of us veterans.

I think the old man—he was only a lieutenant when the Brule Sioux got him—was half sorry at the training of his son, for the youngster's early life was a fierce exaggeration of all the father's passion for war and adventure of all kinds. Well, everybody liked him—I've heard Phil Sheridan swear that the lad was the best wild turkey shot that ever came into the Indian country—but he couldn't get things hot enough for him. He scouted for two months in the Sierras on that California expedition, disappeared, and the next we heard he was distinguishing himself in the Matabele wars as a bushwhacker and guerrilla. I was down in Old Mexico when Ochoa was "starting things"—never mind what I was there for—and who should I see one day, drilling a troop of the most rascally outlaws that ever crossed the Rio Grande, but Gerald himself, as brown as an Arab and as jaunty as the rowdiest rurale that ever wore spurs. I didn't get in right with these revolutionists, but I was in El Paso—they called it Paso del Norte then—when I met Gerald, thin and yellow as parchment, sauntering along in the Plaza. I hailed him, and found out all about the failure of his ambitious plans. He was to have been a governor or something if the rebellion had succeeded. He had been hit at the Arroyo fight, crawled 17 miles to the river and was now recuperating at Hotel Dieu, a skeleton of himself, but as full of devilment as ever. He said very frankly that he was in a terrible frame of mind about a young woman of Chihuahua—a high caste Mexican of Cordovan descent—whom he meant to marry, even though he had to carry her off. Singular, isn't it, how the father's predilections appeared in the boy?

"The trouble is," said Gerald, sitting on a stone bench in the shade, "the girl is in love with a bullfighting rapscallion from Madrid who has been down through the republic, strutting and cow killing till the women are all wild about him. The worst of it is he's coming up here, and I suppose the whole of Mexico will send its best people to cheer and honize him. I don't know whether to kill him or turn torador myself and challenge him. He'll be here next month, and I've got to get well, colonel. I've got to lower his colors somehow."

Well, I met Gerald every day after that and he mended so rapidly that in a week he began to ride with Cafferty's men and was thinking of joining the rangers again. The girl lived on the American side, and though I got but a few glimpses of her, I must say she was a beauty. I never saw a man so cut up over a woman. At that time I think he'd have fought a whole regiment to win her, but I wasn't at all ready for the desperate thing he really did. I had a cottage over in the new section, or rather a shack, for there were only two rooms, and I was frying my bacon one night about 11 when Gerald came in at the open door with a very dirty and disreputable-looking Spaniard.

"Colonel," he laughed, "this is Ramon Jesus Felipe del Agar, the famous bullfighter. He's pretty drunk, but he wants a drink."

Then he put the hero on my army cot and gave him a bottle of mescal, which the victim gulped like a famished hound.

"I've got to keep him here till the fighting is over," whispered Flad, "and if you're my friend, colonel, you'll help me."

I asked him what he meant to do with Del Agar, but the rascal said: "Show him a good time. That's all."

I made sure that no violence was intended, and as the Spaniard was lapsing into a state of unconscious quiescence I asked Gerald to mess and promised to take care of his guest. To show you what a cunning strategist he was, he never told me a word about his ultimate scheme, but I suspected that by preventing Del Agar from appearing in the bull ring in the morning he hoped to make good his suit with the senorita. He stayed all night with me, but at sunrise when I rose he was gone, and the sleeping stranger, surrounded by half-empty bottles, was deep in dreamland. At ten o'clock that morning I went across the river after locking up my shack, and as soon as I got into my tier I saw Cafferty and some of his men, waiting for the second onset. The first bull had been killed by one of the lesser swordsmen and the whole amphitheater was alive with gossip about the disappearance of Ramon del Agar.

"What do you think, Hutchinson?" glared Cafferty, coming over to me, "the Spanish champion has vanished, and that fool Flad is to take his place. See that girl over there—that one with the black mantilla and the red flowers—she's the cause of it all. Flad's so gushed on her that he'd stand up against a whole herd of Andalusians for a smile of hers."

Then the trumpet sounded and the procession of matadores, picadores and banderilleros marched in. We saw Gerald at once. He was arrayed in the tight-fitting bolero, breeches, hose and slippers of the Spaniards, but he wore neither queue nor headpiece, and his yellow curls looked singularly out of place among his swarthy comrades. When the fighters advanced to salute the governor, Flad did a very queer thing. He stepped up to the barrier in front of the smiling senorita and, ignoring the evident disapproval of the crowd, trailed his sword as he bowed low before her. A moment later the bull, a particularly ferocious young monster, came bounding into the arena. Flad had retired, as is the custom, to give place for the baiting by the banderilleros and picadores, but the crowd was oddly impatient for the "Gringo" star to have his chance, and before the play was half completed and while the bull was at the very climax of his fighting rage the bugle sounded for the swordsman.

I think the governor yielded to the popular impatience in the hope of satisfying his own grudge against the American who had ignored him, but at any rate, the first note had hardly sounded when Flad, bareheaded and laughing like a boy, bounded through the gates, his scarlet mantle on his left arm and his Italian rapier flashing in his right. Again he ignored the dignitaries and smiled at the woman. Then he faced the astonished bull and flaunted the crimson ten yards from its blazing eyes.

"Bravo, Toro!" screamed the mob, which already hated the intruder.

"Bravo, mio Gerald!" piped a girl's voice, and then there was the quick, stifled gasp of fascinated interest as the beast lowered his crest and charged the enemy. If the judges and spectators expected an equal or prolonged fight between the American and the bull they were disappointed. Instead of missing or half-thrusting, as the best bull-fighters often do, Flad buried his weapon to the hilt, true between the shoulders of the bull, as swift and certain as if it had been pricking a sawdust target. As the brute sank quivering to its knees, Flad stood a second before it, as if ashamed. Then he plucked out his sword, flung it on the ground and walked out at the gate as sullen and as bowed as if he had been beaten in a fair fight. He saluted nobody, heeded not the cheers of the multitude, nor stopped till he was alone in his dressing room.

When Flad reached my house that night Del Agar was gone.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by R. J. Colston, Denton; Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro; J. P. Davis, Ridgely.

"I'm going to New York to-night, colonel," said Gerald, sitting dispiritedly on my trunk.

"Take the girl with you?" I hesitated.

"Not a bit of it. I think I can win a better woman in a better way. If I ever get hard put for a trade, I may start a butchershop, but I'm too young for that just yet."

And I haven't heard a word of him since that night.—Chicago Record-Herald.

England's imports of meat for 1902, to date, have decreased 6 per cent.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

Women and Men Who Take a Genuine Interest in Life Are Free from Chronic Depression.

Is there any one of the human family who does not suffer occasionally from that "loathed melancholy" called "the blues?" If such a person exists he is as rare as the great auk, and he never, never eats late suppers or looks a thought too often on "the cup that cheers."

From whatever cause the blue devils take possession of us; whether from derangements of the liver or nervous system, or from simple ennui, the cure for them is the same, unless, indeed, they are bred by organic disease which has taken vital hold on the system.

And this cure—an absorbing interest or occupation. People who ride their hobbies in season and out of season very rarely have the blues. Enthusiastic collectors are apt to be aggressively cheerful. If you suffer from depression of spirits, then take the advice of authorities on the subject and look about for an interest in life.

Ursula Gesterfeld, in one of her books, handles the blue devils without gloves. She frankly informs the victims that what is the matter with them is not that they are "too fine for earth's coarser uses," and that their delicate natures suffer from contact with the rude, boisterous world, but that they are abominably selfish, too absorbed in their own sensations to heed the fact that they are enveloping themselves in an atmosphere of gloom which must necessarily depress all about them. Her prescription is to smile, smile; smile in season and out of season; smile whether you feel like it or not, and gradually the mental state will adapt itself to the bodily expression.

A charming young woman was heard to say the other day: "I am too much in love ever to have the blues." "Too much in love?" echoed her astonished auditors, surprised at this frank revelation. "Yes," she replied, provokingly, "too much in love with myself. I regard myself as a mirror, don't you see, put on earth to reflect all the joy and gladness of the universe, and so I cannot think of letting myself become obscured and dimmed by such ugly clouds as the blues. Ah, never! I am too vain."—St. Louis Republic.

PRETTY WINDOW SEAT.

It Gives a Homelike Appearance and Adds to the Comfort of Small City Flats.

The sketch shows a ... quaint idea for treating a flat w... A bench, with the short legs underneath, is used. To this at each end an upright is firmly fixed, and two shaped sides are fastened to each, giving the ends the appearance of the old-fashioned high-backed chairs. A flat cush-



DAINTY WINDOW SEAT.

ion, which will lie along the seat and fit under the arms at each end, should be made, and a valance fastened along the side to hide the legs of the seat. Within the space at the top of each end formed by the uprights and the two arms light shelves may be fixed. Cover the whole of the woodwork with cretonne or tapestry, or, if preferred, it may be enameled or stained.—Chicago Daily News.

SELECTION OF COLORS.

This for Blondes and Brunettes Should Be Chosen with More Than Ordinary Care.

The reason why certain colors, however beautiful in themselves, will not suit us all are various; for do all shades of a color produce identical effects. It is an error to suppose, for instance, that yellow is necessarily unfavorable to blondes in all its shades. It is the orange tint, deep or slight, that is specially the brunette's tint; and only for her with a clear complexion. Orange, like red, contrasts with the dark hair and skin, and becomingly depens their effect. For the blonde the delicate yellow of ripe corn is exactly beautifying, making the fair skin whiter by contrast. Green, again, in moss and eau-de-Nil tints, most becoming to blondes, has some tones that are very favorable to brunettes—the emerald greens, not too bright—while the moss greens can be worn by either blonde or brunette, though most suited to the fair girl; and the lighter shades of green are not becoming to ruddy complexions of either the fair or dark type of skin. If you look hard at green for a few minutes you will find that the eye has a red color in it, as it were, which is reflected on all else that the gaze falls upon for a time. In the glances that are given at a costume while worn, this same effect is but slightly produced, and thus a rosy tone is diffused on the skin. Bright green, therefore, is becoming to the pale but clear skin, but not to the high or muddled complexion. Violet is only becoming near the face if the skin be quite free from yellow tints of its own, as few brunettes (and, sooth to say, not many blondes!) can claim to be.—Chicago American.

PRINCESS OF MOROCCO.

Eastern Society Is Pleased with Visit of Oriental Beauty, Whose Dancing Is Exquisite.

For some weeks the most exclusive set in the Back bay, Boston, Mass., have been entertaining and have been entertained by a youthful princess of Tangier, Mlle. Torquia of Morocco.

For purposes of incognito the princess prefers to be addressed as Mlle Torquia. She is not yet 24 years of age and is a perfect type of oriental beauty. Dark of eyes and hair, lithe of form and with skin the complexion of a sun-kissed peach.

A marvelous woman is this beauty from the orient. She speaks English,



MLLE. TORQUIA, OF MOROCCO.

Spanish, Italian, French, Russian, Swedish, Egyptian, Algerian, Danish and the dialects of the desert, such as Skellah.

She sings a pure contralto that suggests the land of the cypress and myrtle, and she dances as only the oriental can dance.

The dancing of Princess Torquia, however, is not the hopping motion of the limbs familiar to Europeans, nor the salacious muscle movement introduced by a low order of oriental entertainers.

It is a wonderfully graceful swaying of the limbs, arms, feet and legs, with which the body keeps rhythm. It is a dance that tells a story with the clearest of pantomime. It features love and hate and ambition and despair. It gives majestic history pictures.

It tells of civil war. Of the husbaners, inviting tival or citing them ... All these dances are done ... al music, of which the west has but only its traveled ones heard.

In these dances her cousin, the Prince Abbas Ben Omar, accompanies her on the musical instruments peculiar to the east.

Their effectiveness is enhanced by the glory of the costumes of Princess Torquia. One of these costumes is of a rose-tinted satin tunic, embroidered with golden sequins.

The overgarment is of slashed satin and an oriental swathing of rich stuff. Her head is covered turban fashion.

She left her native country three years ago and is making a tour of the world with her cousin, Prince Abbas Ben Omar.

She has danced before all the crowned heads of Europe. Prince Oscar of Sweden was particularly gracious to her and presented her a complete set of miniatures of the royal family in gold frames studded with diamonds.

In Paris President Loubet presented her with a white silken scarf on which are inlaid in letters of gold "Elysee, 19 Aout, 1900." While in the French capital she met Eugene, the red prince of Sweden, who has since renounced his right to the throne to marry Miss Wild, of Baltimore.

If A Man Lie to You,

and say some other salve, ointment, lotion oil or alleged healer is as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, tell him thirty years of marvelous cures of Piles, Burns, Boils, Corns, Felons, Ulcers, Cuts, Scalds, Bruises and Skin Eruptions prove it's the best and cheapest. 25c at George & Redden's, Denton; Hugh Duffy's, Hillsboro, drug stores.

Subscribe for the UNION.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Open-Work Lace Stockings and Delicate Lace Gloves Are in High Favor Just Now.

Long lace gloves, long lace mitts and long silk gloves will be the top of the mode during the summer and entirely supersede kid gloves except for full dress occasions. Some of these are of hand-made lace and exceedingly fine and costly, but there will be variety enough in quality as well as price. Open-work silk gloves will be equally fashionable and much less costly than the lace.

The open-work, or lace stockings, as they are called, show how the manufacturers of Europe have vied one with the other in the production of fantastic, wonderful specimens of textile art. They come with an open-work ankle, boot-top or all-over effects and up-and-down stripes as well. Some of them have embroidery between the lace stripes. Hose come in lisle and cotton, with extracted designs and in all colors of summer gowning fabrics, so that it is possible to match the color of every gown in hose to wear with it. House shoes are sometimes made of the material of the gown, if it be heavy enough. The latest shape in dressy shoes is ankle high, with an opening two inches wide over the top of the instep which is laced with narrow ribbon.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How to Clean Decanters.

Decanters and cerafes may be cleaned easily on the inside by using a mixture of salt and vinegar. Rock salt is best for this purpose. Shake until stains disappear.

Two August Tours to the Pacific Coasts.

On account of the low rate authorized by the transcontinental lines to the Pacific Coast during the Summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run two high grade personally-conducted tours to the Pacific Coast by special trains of the highest grade Pullman equipment. Both tours will leave New York August 2, visiting Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Del Monte, (Monterey), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Jose, and Portland on the going trip.

Returning, Tour No. 1. will run northward from Portland and eastward through the magnificent Canadian Rockies by leisurely daylight trips, with stops at Glacier, Banff Hot Springs, and other points, reaching New York and the East via St. Paul and Chicago on August 31.

Tour No. 2 will run eastbound from Portland over the Northern Pacific Railway to Cinnabar, where the special train will be sidetracked while the passengers make the usual six-day trip of the Yellowstone National Park. From the Park the route homeward will be via St Paul and Chicago, arriving New York September 4.

Rates from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or any point on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, including transportation, Pullman berth, and all meals on the tour except during the five days spent in San Francisco, when Pullman accommodations and meals are not provided:—

For Tour No 1, $200. Two persons occupying one berth, $189 each.

For Tour No 2, $250. including all expenses through Yellowstone Park. Two persons occupying one berth, $230 each.

A preliminary announcement outlining the various details is now in course of preparation, and will be furnished as soon as ready upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an ... tack of dysentery and pure... bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I used according to direc... with entirely ... The trouble wa...

ing A. ... Col., July ... nia Railroad Co. cursion tickets to ... Springs, or Pueblo, Col., ... tions on its lines, at rate of ... fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going on July 10 to 15, inclusive, and will be good to return leaving Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo not later than August 31. Tickets must be validated for return passage by Joint Agent at any of the above-mentioned points, for which service a fee of 25 cents will be charged.

For specific rates and conditions, apply to ticket agents.
7-3 1t.

Do you wish to borrow money? We have it. Write or come to see us. —Garey & Co., Denton, Md.

Dental Notice.

DR. C F. HUTCHINS

has located in Denton and will practice DENTISTRY. Next door to Colston's Drug Store. [jun12,tf

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Deweese & Owens will be dissolved by mutual consent on June 30, 1902. Any unfinished business will be attended to by either of the undersigned. Mr. Deweese will occupy the offices of Deweese & Owens; Mr. Owens will occupy the office in the Masonic Building adjoining the Court House.

WILLIAM H DEWEESE,
FRED R. OWENS.

June 24, 1902.

NOTICE.

We wish to announce to the Public, that we now have our old baker again with us, Mr. H. Mensing, and will guarantee nothing but the best bread, rolls, rusks, buns, cakes, pies, etc.

6-25 FIELD & WILLIS

DON'T WAIT.

If you knew how SCOTT'S EMULSION would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and put you in condition for next winter, you would begin to take it now.

Send for free sample, and try it.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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