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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.

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The Two Pendragons

By TUDOR JENKS.

"FATHER," said the young magician, "I believe my mustache is beginning to show."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied the old magician, "for I am becoming older every day, and the fountain of youth has run dry. When you grow up you will find that a long board—especially after it is white—is one of the most valuable parts of a magician's stock in trade."

"But, father," the young magician went on, as the other turned away and opened a large book of charms, "I wish you would listen to me for a minute. I only spoke of my mustache because—well, because I feel that I might go out into the world and do something for myself."

The old magician only sniffed.

The young magician talked a little while longer, but his father wouldn't even pay any attention, and went on reading the big book as quietly as if there was no one else around. Seeing this the young magician suddenly turned on his heel and left the room, muttering angrily to himself and slamming the door so violently that the old magician started and dropped his spectacles.

"Goodness me!—how noisy children are!" said the old gentleman. Then, without rising from his chair, he stretched out his hand and took his magic wand from the corner of the table before him. He waved the wand in a circle and then tapped it seven times on the floor.

A whiff of blue smoke curled from a Japanese jar that stood on a shelf near by, and formed itself into a tiny figure in Japanese costume.

"Puff," said the magician, "my son, Pendragon, Jr., has just left the room in a rage, slamming the door in a most unpleasant manner. I think he means to run away from home. Will you be kind enough to make yourself invisible and go after him? Let me know what he is doing. Don't stop him, but report to me all he does."

"Yes, master," Puff answered, and disappeared.

The old magician went on with his reading for a short time, and then was interrupted by the smell of perfumed smoke.

"Ah, Puff," he said, raising his head, "are you back already?"

"Yes, master," was the answer, though nothing was visible in the room. "Master Pendragon has taken your second-best wand—"

"But it was in the secret cupboard."

"He opened it."

"How?"

"He just opened it," said Puff.

"Ah, the boy does know something," said the old magician, uneasily.

"Yes, master," Puff answered; "and then he went to his own room, packed a knapsack, returned, went to the courtyard, changed the house-dog into a flying griffin—"

"Very clever," the old man interrupted.

"And flew southwest," Puff concluded.

"Very good. Get back into your jar."

Then the old magician rose, took his wand again from the table, changed himself into a dragon fly, and flew through the window.

Meanwhile Pendragon, Jr., was on his way to Wales, where he meant to try his fortune as a magician on his own account. The griffin flew at the rate of 83 miles an hour, and before long had descended upon the top of Mount Snowdon, where Pendragon, Jr., alighted, and drawing from his knapsack a sandwich and a cold flask of magic lemonade, refreshed himself after his journey.

As he rested there a large dragon fly came and lit upon a flower stalk near him, waving its wings up and down as naturally as possible.

When Pendragon, Jr., had finished his lunch he rose and descended the mountain, using the second-best magic wand as a walking-stick. The dragon-fly flitted along in the same direction, not coming too near, but never losing sight of the young man.

As the young magician came to the foot of the mountain he turned into a thick grove of trees, and then proceeded to tear great jags and tatters in his clothing. He then took off his shoes and rubbed them with rough stones and clay until they were apparently worn and stained by long travel. His clothes likewise were powdered and soiled until he looked like a youth who had been begging his way from door to door.

The drag-fly, who had been watching all this from under a broad leaf, remarked to itself, in a tiny voice: "This is very surprising, indeed!"

Having made himself look like a beggar lad, Pendragon, Jr., came from the grove into the valley below, and soon after entered a little village, and stopped at the door of a poor cottage thatched with straw. He knocked at the door, and a gentle voice from within cried: "Pull the string, raise the latch, and come in!"

Pendragon, Jr., entered, and the door was closed so quickly behind him that a dragon-fly who followed just escaped being caught between door and doorpost.

Pendragon, Jr., found himself within the little cottage, and in the presence of an old, old woman, and a beautiful young girl. He took off his tattered cap, and bowed low. "May I rest here for awhile?" he asked.

"Who are you, and where are you from?" asked the old woman.

"A homeless young man," he replied, "who has only his head, his hands, and this good staff wherewith to make his way in the world."

"But you have a pair of feet," said the old woman, sharply, "and you might let them carry you on to those who have better means of making you comfortable."

"Nay, granny," said the maiden; "the young man seems weary. 'Tis true we have little, but that little may be a blessing to him with less. Let him stay."

"He's but a wandering vagabond," said the old woman. "Let him go about his business, if he has any. If he has none, let him find some. I am too old to feed more than one idler."

The maiden flushed and glanced at her spinning-wheel, the bobbin of which was filled with fine thread. She seemed about to speak, but sighed and said nothing.

"Dame," said Pendragon, Jr., to the old woman, "you have a bitter tongue. But it may be that I can convince you I am no idling vagabond. I said I had only my good staff to depend upon, but still there are worst friends than a good staff. Mine has a virtue greater than many another. Let me give you a notion of its powers."

So saying, Pendragon, Jr., stepped to the door, and seeing the dragon-fly resting on the fence-rail, he suddenly waved the wand and pronounced a few magic words. This was done so quickly that even if the dragon-fly had known what was to be done it could hardly have escaped. As it was, the insect could not move before it was changed into a beautiful little white pig, which squealed with astonishment and rage.

Pendragon, Jr., was laughing heartily at the antics of the little animal, when he was amazed to see the old woman jump toward him. He tried to avoid her, but she was as spry as a cat, and before he could get away she seized the second-best wand from his hand. Then she began to wave it over her head and to dance about with glee.

"Oho and aha!" she cried; "a brave young man art thou, O Pendragon, Jr.! Thou wouldst be wiser than thy father; and see what thou hast done! Thou hast changed thy old father into a white pig! Oho and aha! Now shall the young fool go to join the old fool!"

The old woman waved the wand over her head, and behold! Pendragon, Jr., became a white pig, Jr., and squealed with rage and astonishment, just as the elder Pendragon had done only a few moments before. As soon as the change was accomplished the old woman tried to drive the two pigs into the pen that stood near the cottage.

Now, all pigs are hard to drive; but two magicians that have been changed into pigs against their will are the hardest of all to drive. One ran this way, and the other ran the other way, and the old woman chased them until she was tired and ready to drop. Then she called to the maiden who stood near, looking very sad and very solemn at the same time.

"Come, Betty, thou lazybones, help me to drive these two little squealing porkers into the pen. Else will it be the worse for thee!"

"Give me the stick, then, Granny," said Betty; and without remembering that it was a magic wand the old woman handed Betty the slender stick.

As soon as Betty held the magic wand safely in her hand she seemed changed from a quiet country maiden into a proud princess. She faced the old woman, and with a terrible look said, "Now, thou wicked witch, then art about to receive punishment for all thy wrong-doing! Behold, I command thee to become a cross old cat!"

The old woman could not help herself, and so when Betty waved the wand there suddenly appeared instead of the old woman a very ugly old cat, who spat and clawed about as if she was in a very bad temper.

The two little pigs meanwhile stood perfectly still, with their eyes as wide open as pigs' eyes ever are. As soon as the old cat was gone Betty turned to them, and with a wave of the wand restored Pendragon, Jr., to his true shape, and handed him the wand again.

"I thought you would like to restore your father to his own shape yourself," she said. "It seems more dutiful."

"So it does," he replied; and in a moment more the old magician stood before them well as ever.

"Before you go," said Betty to the father and son, "I wish to give you both a word of warning. To you, Pendragon, Jr., I would say this: Remember to learn your business before you begin to practice it. If it had not been for me the old witch would have succeeded in capturing both your father and yourself. She had been the enemy of your family for many centuries, and would have been glad to ruin you both."

"Why, was that old Elspeth, the witch?" asked Pendragon, Sr., much surprised.

"Yes," said Betty. "And you would have known her in a moment had you not been so silly as to leave home without your magic spectacles and your wand."

"But I was anxious about my boy," said the old magician.

"And to whom are we indebted—" Pendragon, Jr., began, when she interrupted him.

"I," said she, "am Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

And she vanished to the sound of sweet music, that grew fainter and fainter, and died away in the distance.—Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

Consolation.

"Say, when are you going to pay this bill?" asked the angry creditor.

"Haven't the least idea," calmly replied the debtor, "but don't let it worry you. I would rather owe you that bill for a hundred years than cheat you out of a cent."—Chicago Daily News.

A Smart Old Lady.

Sweet Girl—I am loved by two men, and I cannot make up my mind which to marry. What would you advise?

Old Lady—Get both to insure their lives in your favor, and then wait until one of them dies. That will insure the constancy of the other.—N. Y. Weekly.

Mistakes Will Happen.

"You can't allus jedge by appearances," said Miss Miami Brown.

"Dat's right," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I has been fooled mo' dan once by de stahtling resemblance between gin and water."—Washington Star.

Hooked.

Mrs. Newlywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Newlywed—I was—and very cleverly landed, too!—Puck.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—*Ayer's.* This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long 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.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."

A bark drives o'er the stormy waves,
The billows loudly roar;
She cannot gain the open sea,
But leaves the dreaded shore.
A friendly port is close at hand,
Yet that cannot avail
Unless into its channel deep
That storm-pressed craft can sail.

With straining eyes and list'ning ears
Each sailor stands in fear
The breakers' foam near by to see,
Their angry voice to hear.
But hark! To part the fog-built sound;
No, starboard is the side;
Anon no sound of bell is heard—
Its faintest note has died.

Again the siren whistle's scream
Comes o'er the boisterous sea;
From windward side one seems to come,
Another from the lee.
The captain knows full well the place
Where bell and whistle stand,
But still in doubt his bark keeps on—
They sound on every hand.

And now the whistle's long-drawn blast
Divided is by four;
The signal of another bay
Just down the eastern shore.
Another sound now startles all—
There's no mistaking this,
As on the rocks the breakers roll,
The seething billows hiss.

But thro' the storm the mate discerns
A faint but steady light—
The beacon in the lighthouse top—
See! Now it glows more bright.
The course is changed. The channel's depths
Are found without delay;
The bark at last an anchor rides,
Safe in the land-locked bay.

'Tis not the man who says: "Lord, Lord."
Or he who loudest prays,
Whose work shall count me most to change
The erring to right ways;
But he who lets his light so shine
That men his works may see,
May save them from a fate far worse
Than breakers on the lee.
—John S. Pernald, in Union Signal.

Jugger's Burglar Trap

By T. P. MORGAN.

It is with a thrill of pleasure, like that felt by a henpecked husband when his wife's mamma falls and irreparably fractures her spine, that I take my pen in hand to inform the reader that we are all well, and that Justice and Retribution have resumed business at the old stand.

For some time the report has been in circulation that Retribution was away up near the headwaters of Chug-creek, chasing the man who first dug up the question of whether or not marriage is a failure and that Justice had quit work to fish for mud cats in the bayou.

But since the recent excitement at Jugger's, confidence has been completely restored and Justice and Retribution have been presented with a vote of thanks.

There had been several burglaries in the neighborhood, and Jugger had become thoroughly alarmed. Each night he confidently expected that the burglars would visit him, in spite of the iron rule of etiquette, which demanded that he, having been in the neighborhood the greater length of time, should call upon them first.

He did not reflect that if they broke in and found anything of much value, he would be just that much ahead by getting up and jerking it away from them in firm tones.

So, to prevent midnight prowlers from ransacking the house and, perhaps, stealing his reputation from off the chair back where he always hung it before retiring, Jugger invented his burglar trap. It was the result of prolonged thought and a premeditated attempt to arrive at radicalism and originality in handy garners for midnight hypotecators, if I might use a phrase that looks first-rate even if it don't express many large, red thoughts.

The principal feature of the invention was a neat trap-door, so arranged as to dump the burglar who trod upon it into the cellar, after which it would set itself again, and exhibit a sign bearing in Roman letters, the announcement:

"NEXT!"

The trap was just within the front door where the casual visitor need not wait for an introduction, but could drop in any time.

Jugger thought at first that he would place a big tank of water just beneath the trap-door, into which the burglars might fall, and in which the laundress might do the washing after fishing out the burglars who had been drowned in it the night before. That did not seem severe enough for all purposes, and he thought of substituting a large sharp stake, upon which book agents might impale themselves in the day time.

He was unable to decide upon which had the preference over the other, and so discarded both, and had the doors and windows of the cellar securely barred. He calculated, after he got his burglars caged, to wade in with a grievous crab-tree cudgel and kill a few, just to keep his hand in and to follow the advice of the family doctor, who had ordered him to take a course of club-swinging.

Of course, at this point, the reader sees just how the sketch is going to end, and is sure that Jugger was caught in his own trap—hoist, as it were, by one of his own petards.

But such is not the case, and, as I am chronicling facts, I must tell it as it happened.

During the day, of course, the trap was bolted in place, but at nights the bolts were withdrawn, and the trap was ready to swallow up anybody who casually dropped in.

For several nights after its completion, Jugger lay awake the greater part of the time, listening for a burglar to tumble in. But, for a time, his watching was unrewarded.

Then one night, after he had fallen asleep from sheer weariness, he was aroused by the squaking of the front door as if it was softly opened. A moment later there was a slight click and a scrabbling, and the trap had got in its work!

Before Jugger could spring up, the door squeaked again and another burglar was captured. It was evident that the first victim was just rising up under the trap when it fell the second time, for there was a heavy thump and a smothered groan, as if the heavy door had struck on the intellectual cocoanut of a thinker below.

Again and again the door responded to encores, and Jugger, keeping horrified tally, felt his hair rise as he mentally contemplated the extent to which the house would have been mussed up if the 14 burglars, who were now in the cellar, had been at liberty in the house, and he had been obliged to get up and kill them all

Nearly all yelled and clutched frantically at the atmosphere, as their chins struck the edge of the floor as they fell, and Jugger was astonished that the sounds did not alarm those outside.

There were indications that serious complications had resulted in the cellar, and for a time Jugger was of the opinion that they were tearing each other into pieces too small to be of value. The portable contents of the cellar were knocked down and trampled on, and from the sounds that floated up through the floor for a time, one might have imagined that the burglars were mixed in an inextricable tangle below. The earnest remarks they indulged in seemed to indicate that they had got their tempers hopelessly strabismussed.

At first Jugger decided to sail in with his club and slaughter the game according to programme, but as the doctor had cautioned him in regard to overdoing the club exercise, he contented himself with opening the trap a little and remarking earnestly, "April fool!" in a voice suitable for elocutionary purposes. Then he slammed the trap down upon the fingers that were poked up through the crack.

When the police arrived next morning Jugger found himself seriously disliked by 14 members of the church at which he had regular sleeping accommodations. They seemed to think that affairs had been carried beyond the boundary line of humor when a surprise party was shot into the cellar, there to mingle with each other and six varieties of soft pies and the other refreshments with which they had armed themselves.

There were a few well-timed remarks from the good minister, who had

THE TRAP HAD GOT IN ITS WORK.

fallen in first, and had caught the heavy door on top of his thinker when the second victim fell in. Waving all that was left of the gold-headed cane, which was to have been presented to Jugger, but which had been broken over the head of a friend in the cellar whom he had suspected of a desire to throttle his pastor, and, pulling an egg out of his ear and his hand out through a squash pie, he remarked that, in his humble opinion, a man who would seek to assassinate brethren and sisters who had borrowed of him time and time again without reserve, was worse than an infidel and ought to be ostracized socially and politically.

Jugger, who had been ostracized before, replied scornfully that he wasn't afraid, for it wouldn't "take" anyhow.

Jugger was tried for attempted man and woman slaughter, but was speedily acquitted on the ground that it was not his fault if Providence, Justice and Retribution clubbed together and sent in his direction a surprise party which, until then, had gone on its devastating way up and down the earth like a roaring lion, so to speak, seeking whom it might jump onto with both feet.—Good Literature.



TWO TALES OF TACT.

How a Couple of Bright Women Managed to Smooth Over Two Unfortunate Situations.

Henry Loomis Nelson, in his article in the Century, on Washington society, tells these anecdotes of the capital as representative of the light and shade of official life:

"Madam," said an old diplomat at his own table, "I have some bonbons here from Paris. They have medallions of the potentates of the world, and I have had your ruler's face stamped on one of them. Is it not a good likeness?" And he handed a chocolate to the woman on his right, who, for reasons of her husband's, did not like the new president.

"We have no rulers in this country," said the gracious guest, throwing the chocolate under the table.

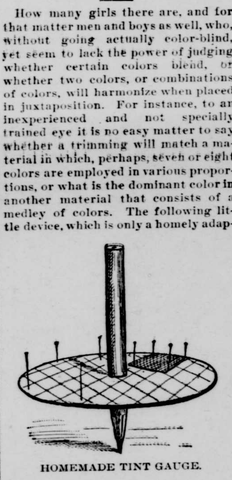
The host's attention had been attracted elsewhere, and he did not see the insult, but he was made aware of something by the silence which followed. However, before he could know what had happened, a young woman's voice said to the butler: "Won't you find that bonbon which Mrs. C—— dropped? I want to look at it."

One day a delighted and awkward new statesman was taking tea at the house of a clever woman, and was suddenly plunged into terror, agony and shame by the annihilation of the delicate and costly Sevres cup from which he had been drinking; but before his palate was dry or his tongue responsive to the scared mind, his hostess broke its mate, saying to the servant as she did so: "Never put these cups on the table again, Smith; they're too brittle for use."

SIMPLE TINT GAUGE.

Very Useful for Matching Trimmings and Dress Goods and for Harmonizing Colors.

How many girls there are, and for that matter men and boys as well, who, without going actually color-blind, yet seem to lack the power of judging whether certain colors blend, or whether two colors, or combinations of colors, will harmonize when placed in juxtaposition. For instance, to an inexperienced and not specially trained eye it is no easy matter to say whether a trimming will match a material in which, perhaps, seven or eight colors are employed in various proportions, or what is the dominant color in another material that consists of a medley of colors. The following little device, which is only a homely adap-



HOMEMADE TINT GAUGE.

tation of a toy to be purchased at most places, took my attention at once, as I recognized in it an aid to supply a want I had long been conscious of.

Take an ordinary piece of cedar pencil, from 3½ to four inches in length, cut to a point; secondly, a circle of cardboard, with a diameter of about four inches, and, having made a hole in the center of this, thrust the pencil through it until the point is about an inch below the cardboard; with a little gum or a drop or two of sealing wax you can secure the disk to the pencil. You have now a kind of top or tectotum, which you will find spins easily, and your apparatus is complete.

Suppose we want to find out if a trimming really matches some dress material; all you have to do is to cut, a circular piece of the material four inches in diameter, make a hole in the middle of it, and put the longer portion of the pencil through this, when it will be flat on your cardboard disk, to which you can secure it by small pins. Cut a small piece of the trimming, about three-quarters of an inch square, and fix it on the edge of your disk (see Fig.).

You have now only to set your tectotum spinning and watch the result. If the material you are using had a pattern, that pattern disappears, and in place you get the general shade of the stuff, and the same with the trimming, so that if the two exactly match, the two shades will be the same; but if they do not, you will perceive a lighter or a darker ring at the edge of your disk.

If again you wish to learn if two materials, each composed of a variety of colors, will harmonize, proceed in exactly the same way, and the predominant color in each will give the shade, and you will at once be able to ascertain if they clash. In the same manner you will be able to see if one single color will "go" with a mass of others in a way pleasing to the eye.—Girls' Companion.

WOMAN WINS DEGREE.

Miss Florence A. Fensham, First Woman Bachelor of Divinity in Congregational Church.

When Christianity and the Christian church were given to the world the promise was: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." This ideal of Christian womanhood has been a long time in evolving. Modern conditions, however, make it increasingly possible for women to "follow the gleam" where it may lead. The number who have been led into the ministry of the church is yet small, but



FLORENCE A. FENSHAM.

more and more are the Scriptures being verified in this respect.

Miss Florence A. Fensham, of Constantinople, Turkey, has achieved the signal distinction of being the first woman in the history of the Congregational church to receive the degree of bachelor of divinity. This honor has just been conferred upon her at the annual convocation of the Chicago Theological seminary in the First Congregational church, and when President Dr. J. H. George, who conferred the degree, came to Miss Fenshaw he remarked, with much feeling: "This shows what a woman can do."

Florence A. Fensham is a native of East Douglas, Mass. When she was very young her family moved to Albany, N. Y., where she was brought up. At an early age she showed unusual mental ability. This spirit was fostered by her parents, who gave her every possible advantage. In this country she has been a student at Cornell and at Harvard, afterward going abroad to study in the University of Edinburgh and afterward studying theology at Mansfield college, Oxford, under Dr. Fairbairn.

After completing her course of study at Oxford, Miss Fensham went to Constantinople, where she occupied the chair of biblical literature and comparative religion in the American college for girls in this oriental city. She also holds the important position of dean of the college.

This college for girls is the outgrowth of a high school founded in Constantinople in 1871 by the woman's board of missions for "the thorough education and Christian culture of girls in the orient." The growth of the school was so rapid and its work so important that the institution was incorporated as a college by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1890. In 1894 an imperial irade was granted the college by Abdul Hamid II., assuring its permanency by the official recognition of it as an educational institution in the Turkish empire.

Miss Fensham has thrown herself heart and soul, into her work, in which she is a great enthusiast.

"The object of our work," she explained, "is to give the higher Christian education to the oriental women. Our students number from 150 to 200, in which 15 nationalities are represented, Bulgarian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, American, English, Turkish, Albanian, French, German, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Australian. The language of the college is English, and the facility with which these eastern girls acquire it is really remarkable."

During the whole period of her study at the Chicago theological seminary, Miss Fensham held the "high honor scholarship," which is awarded to the attainer of 95 per cent. in every branch of study. It is a remarkable and noteworthy fact, however, that this scholarship has never before been bestowed, Miss Fensham being the first to hold it. She will leave Chicago in a few days for three months' rest in the east before returning to her arduous labors in the orient.

Old Sweetheart Remembered.

Thirty years ago Miss Rachel Dickson and Peter Barclay, of Middletown, N. Y., were lovers. A quarrel separated them, and he went to Ringold county, Ia., where he married. His wife and two children died, and lately he followed them. In his will he left all his estate, valued at $30,000, to his old sweetheart, who remained single.

Stoning Raisins Made Easy.

To stone raisins keep the fingers moistened with cold water and the seeds will not cling. Some people prefer to pour boiling water over the raisins and let stand a short time, when the seeds are eaily pinched out.

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.

If A Man Lic 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.

Mental Fatigue.

A very interesting report by Mr. Parez, of Edinburgh, issued by the board of education, discusses the question of mental fatigue. Attempts have been made to estimate fatigue by such tests as the loss of muscular power, the decrease of sensibility in the skin, or increase of inaccuracy in work done. Mathematics and (strange to say) gymnastics prove to be the most exhausting subjects, foreign languages and religious instruction come next, but at a long interval; the mother tongue, natural science, geography and history make but little calls on the system; singing and drawing still less. Afternoon work is inferior to and more tiring than that done in the morning, and even in the latter efficiency increases up to a maximum, and then begins to decline.

In the Campaign.

"I believe," said the candidate, "that the state wants me."

"Perhaps," replied his friend. "But the voters may refuse to honor a requisition."—Atlanta Constitution.

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, $180 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 attack of dysentery and purchased bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by R. [illegible], Denton; Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro; J. P. Davis, Ridgely.

Reduced Rates to Denver Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

On account of the biennial Meeting A. O. H., to be held at Denver, Col., July 15 to 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, Col., from all stations on its lines, at rate of single 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.

DOCTORS

say "Consumption can be cured." Nature alone won't do it. It needs help. Doctors say

"Scott's Emulsion

is the best help." But you must continue its use even in hot weather.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggist.

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

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

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