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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.

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

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
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Denton Md.

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

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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I & Willis sell the celebrated
ar. Try them.

The Three Gardens

ONCE on a time there were three brothers, and they all had the same fairy godmother, who used to puzzle her fairy head about the best way to make them good, because that's really what fairy godmothers are for, anyway. Hans, the oldest boy, used to wonder why, if she were a sure-enough fairy, she couldn't supply them with kites and tops and marbles without expecting them to do something in return; but, she said, the world isn't made that way. Karl bothered his head about nobody, not even fairy godmothers, as long as he had plenty to eat and could chase butterflies all day in the sunshine. Otto, the apple-cheeked, blue-eyed youngest brother, used to think he would be very fond of her if she gave him a chance; but he was rather afraid of her.

Sometimes they did not see her for quite a long time, and so it was a surprise one morning when she suddenly appeared at the door of the cottage. Hans ran to get her a drink of milk, when she asked for it, but he looked so sourly into the cup that perhaps it affected the cream; for the old lady frowned as she drank. Karl smiled good-naturedly, and asked if she had brought him sugar plums, which she hadn't; but he did not stir from his comfortable seat. Otto brought her a chair, and then offered her his foot stool, but she frowned again, and asked him why he looked as if he were afraid of her.

The fairy godmother then explained the reason of her visit. She began by saying something or other about the shortness of youth, and the importance of making the most of your time. I forget just what it was, but I dare say you have heard it all before. Then she began to explain her new plan.

"I will give you each a piece of ground," she said, "and you must clear it and till it and plant it and rake it and hoe it and water it; and then, when autumn comes, I will see what you have done, and you will each see what happens next. Each one will get a prize, no matter what he does or how he does it; for this world everything you do gets its reward somehow, only there is a difference in prizes." And she smiled oddly to herself.

Then she hobbled out to the ground back of the house, marked out the three gardens with her crutch, left a magic chest of seeds and slips in the woodhouse, and then vanished.

"I shall win the prize," said Hans, boldly. "It will be money, and I shall have a velvet suit and a prancing steed, and a silken purse of gold."

"Dear, dear," groaned Karl, "what does a body want of prizes when he has enough to eat and can chase butterflies in the sunshine?"

"I think it will be great fun!" said Otto, with a merry laugh. "I just love gardens." And he ran off to look at the seeds.

Hans was so much stronger than the others that he could work twice as fast. He decided at once to plant vegetables, because he could sell them in the neighboring town where most of the men worked in a factory and had no time for gardening. Karl couldn't make up his mind what to plant. He thought it would be lovely to plant cocoanuts and have graceful palm trees, where he could rest when he was tired, and which would supply him with sweet milk with no trouble of caring for the cows. Besides, it would take so long for the cocoanut trees to grow that he would have plenty of time to eat and sleep and chase butterflies in the sunshine. But, unfortunately, he could not find any cocoanuts nor any young palms in the magic chest. So he finally decided to plant autumn flowers when the time came—probably nasturtiums, because their leaves are good for salad.

He might have planted sweet corn; but then, it is really a great deal of trouble to eat your corn off the cob, and it is even worse if you have to cut it off yourself, and besides one might get cut. Peas have to be shelled and beans have to be strung, and so it seemed much wiser to take plenty of time to think about it.

Otto considered very carefully, too, about what he would plant; but all the time he was considering he kept at work, softening and enriching the ground and getting it in fine condition. He found out what vegetables come first in the spring and decided to try those, and then make room for others later; and he was perfectly sure that he meant to have flowers in his garden. So he planted the rose slips the fairy godmother had left, and read all the directions in the magic chest for raising violets and lilies and sweet-smelling flowers of all kinds.

Poor Hans worked hard. He bent all day over his vegetables until at last his shoulders were so bent and stiff he could hardly stand straight. He was very impatient if Otto asked for a bit of advice; and he would not give away a single vegetable, not one little beet or stunted potato, but took them all to town and sold them. He never stopped to look up in the blue, blue sky, or to stretch out his arms toward the golden, crimson, violet sunsets. He grumbled constantly because he did not get more for his cabbages and onions, and he worked so hard he forgot how to play.

"When I get the great prize, I will never work a bit, you may be sure," he said one day. "I will just wear my velvet clothes and ride my prancing steed and jingle the gold in my silken purse."

"I should think that would be rather stupid," murmured Otto; but he did not dare say it out loud.

Karl grew very fat and lazier every day.

"Who's fool enough to waste these pleasant days in working?" he used to exclaim scornfully, as he swung himself on a branch of the oak tree with a piece of frosted cake in his hand. "Not I, for all your prizes! Besides, we'll each get a prize, anyhow. What else are fairy godmothers for, I'd like to know?"

But Otto felt differently. "Oh, it's great fun to see the green things growing," he would say in the early morning, as he breathed the fragrance of the lilies or trained a rose bush. "I'm going to surprise mother to-night with the finest radishes she ever tasted, and nobody knows yet that the melons are forming on the vines under the leaves."

Then, when his roses were at their best, he took a fine bunch to the crippled boy, who lives at the end of the lane; and he often cut sweet peas and mignonette for the tired dressmaker, who sewed so steadily at her window. Sometimes he stopped his work to carry a cool drink of water from the spring to travelers who passed the house, or to run for a lump of sugar for old Jenny, the horse. He used to sell vegetables sometimes, but he did not forget that they were much fresher than his mother could buy for herself, and so he always begged her to use as much, as she could from his garden.

Often Otto stopped to look up into the blue sky and feel a great wave of loving gratitude fill his heart for the beauty of the summer and the clear note of the bobolink and the joy of healthy, happy work. Or he strolled through the woods, thinking: "God's sunshine will take care of my flowers to-day." Sometimes he even took the time to cultivate a little corner of Karl's neglected garden; and then Karl would seem to be interested, and sometimes he would work quite well for a whole day with Otto.

When the days were growing short and the cold winds began to sweep through the valley, the fairy godmother came again. Hans showed her the store of money he had earned, and begged her to look at his bent shoulders and hardened hands as evidence of his toil. Karl stammered, and tried to make excuses. Otto smiled joyously into her eyes, and said, as he held out the handful of money he had earned:



"WHO'S FOOL ENOUGH TO WASTE THESE PLEASANT DAYS WORKING?"

"I didn't get so much as Hans did; but I love the work, and I will try again next year, godmother dear, whether you give us prizes or not."

Then the fairy godmother smiled lovingly back and said: "You, little Otto, have won the very best of earth's prizes, love. Love is in your heart for your work, for your friends, for the beautiful world, for God's poor. And love is in the hearts of others for your ho[n]e. smile and your sunshiny spirit. I[t] is the best prize, because no one [c]wins it without truth in the heart, [a] honest work with the hands and br[ain]. And love means more to him who g[ets] than to him who takes."

Otto did not quite understand, bu[t] knew the gentleness of her words [and] the tenderness of her smile; an[d] felt so happy in his heart that he w[ould] not have changed places with a k[ing].

"Here are your velvet clothes, [and] yonder comes the prancing steed, [and] here is your purse of gold, poor Ha[ns]," she said, sadly, turning to the [el]der brother. "You have worked hard, you have gained what you worked [for], but you have hardened your heart. [Now] you will learn that not velvet coats [nor] gold to spend can give happiness. [But] day will come when you will gl[ad] turn again to your garden, and pra[y] work it for better ends. Happy [for] if that day comes quickly before [it is] too late."

And Hans put on the velvet [clothes] which seemed to gall his shoulders, and he remembered the ease of his [old] jacket. He rode the prancing st[eed], but he was alone, and the crowd[s] merry youngsters trudging toge[ther] had no look or word for him i[n his] magnificence; and he spent his g[old] money; but he could buy neither h[is] nor peace nor rest nor trust nor [love] with it.

"As for you," said the fairy [god]mother, turning to Karl, "you [have] won the prize of Just Recomp[ense] which will not seem pleasant to [you] now. No longer may you work [only] as you choose, for Necessity shall [drive] you. To you I give another chance[, and] we shall see if a Winter of Neces[sity] teachings will not rub up your wit[s and] teach you better sense. But I [must] warn you. For every day you [have] neglected your work, you must [do] two; for every effort you might [have] made, you must overcome an [added] hindrance. To win the best prize of [all], love, you must overcome first your [own] heart, and then the outer obst[acles]. But the prize is always waiting [to be] won."

Hans and Otto both heard the words, but I have not yet le[arned] whether they took them to hea[rt] not.—Christian Register.

Dangerous Ice.

When the ice man called in the morning she told him that she wouldn't take any more ice from him as she could get it much ch[eaper] from another dealer. The iceman was troubled for only a moment. Then he said cheerfully:

"Indade, ma'am, I don't want any of that ice; you can't use it for ice water, for it's been analyzed and is full of them deadly microscopes.—N. Y. Times.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair. $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 SONG OF THE COTTON-FIELD.

Yander on de green slope—shelter in de pines,
Hummin'-bird a-hummin' roun' de vi'lets en de vines;
Sunflower at de gate
Wid his torch a-burnin' late,
En he light me 'long de big road whar de lil' chillun wait.

Hoe de co'n en cotton—
Sing across de wheat;
Night time is res' time—
Res' at home is sweet!

I up ter meet de mawnin', 'fo' de light break overhead
Or de larks is gittin' res'less; en I ketch de sun in bed;
I tell 'im: "Work ter do!
I mus' run de furrow true;
De grass would ketch de cotton ef I sleep ez late ez you!"

Singin' in de co'n-fiel's,
'Crost de cotton white;
Day time is work time—
Res' 'll come wid night.

Mister Rabbit see me comin', en I tell 'im: "Howdy-do?
Is you feelin' well dis mawnin'? Is yo' fambly stirrin', too?
You got rabbit-foots a heap
Fer ter help me sow en reap!"
But he mighty hard er hearin', en I lef' 'im fas' asleep!

Sowin' en reapin'—
Singin' in de sun;
Sweeter is de sleepin'
Wi'h de work well done

All day I heah de chillun, ez happy ez kin be;
En den mammy light de fire, en she bake de bread fer me;
En no han' is raised ter take it
'Cep' she bless it 'fo' she break it;
En it's sweeter—oh, it's sweeter kaze I sow de seed dat make it!

Sowin' en reapin'
Happy all de day;
De home lights bright en shinin',
But my heart—it know de way!

So I workin' in de sunshine, I singin' in de storm;
De co'n 'll feed de chillun, en de cotton keep 'em warm.
Mister Rabbit, suh, good night—
De crow done took his flight,
An' singin' on de home-road whar de lamps is shinin' bright!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Youth's Companion.

The Night of a Thousand Years

By IRVING BACHELLER.

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

HE WAS a man I had been looking for. I was entering upon dark and unknown ways of life when I met Riggs, who stood at the edge of the darkness calling lanterns. They were [n]e [o]ut [o]n [n]- [o]f [as] [and] [old]- [ety] [eep] [eak] [ves] [ped] his [an]- the [oor] [big], but [far] [ged] [nas]- one [just] the [prit] the [ope] [eavy] old [ang]- ters, [nch]. [rved] An [ened] [eam] the been was a that. ing I y had in old lights sides. some the town as olden e had light Riggs stood rays g si- er of into and ght." that

seemed to have been written for his tongue:

"Hail, holy light. Offspring of Heaven's first born."

His deep voice rose and fell, riding this mighty rhythm of inspired song until he reached the words:

"That I may see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight."

When he had finished he sat down and, holding the lantern between his knees, opened its door and, as the light streamed out upon his hands, rubbed them a time, silently, as if washing them in the flood of light.

"Blind?" said the stranger.

"No," said he, "only dreaming as you are—both of you."

It seemed strange to me he should think we were dreaming.

"Went to bed one night," he continued, stroking his long, white beard, "and saw the lights go out and the dark; and it's never come morning. I went into a dream after I'd gone to bed and dreamed that I was blind. And then I thought I woke up and could hear my shipmates dressing. And, says I: 'it's a terrible dark morning.'

"And I thought they laughed and said it was broad daylight, and wanted to know what was the matter. And I heard myself ask:

"'Ain't it night?' And I heard them answer:

"'Night, why, man, ye must be dreaming.' Then I thought I felt my way back to my bunk; and I'm lying there yet in a dream and it seems very long. And I've dreamed everything a man could think of since then. You see I was coming home to marry and settle down. Thought I came home and my mother and sister met me at the dock. Of course I couldn't see them, and I felt all over their faces and heard them crying, just as if it was real.

"And, says I, 'Where's Annie?' meaning the girl I was to marry; and I thought they told me she was there, and put her hand in mine and I tried terrible to see her. I thought I sat down and cried and cried, and then I happened to think that I was only dreaming after all. I dreamed that she went away and that my mother died and that I started this little shop. Seems as if it was all real, and yet I know I'm only dreaming. You men who come here to buy things and talk with me are only part of my dream. One day I thought a man came in and told me Annie was married. Well, sir, I sent the boy home and sat there in the shop alone that evening. And by and by my sister came in and says she to me: 'What are you crying for?' and says I: 'Annie's married.'

"'Oh pshaw!' says she, 'you're only dreaming. It'll all come right.'

"And so I keep forgetting it's a dream. Sometimes I have an awful sadness, but, thank God, I know I'm only dreaming. I know that when the morning comes I shall wake and laugh at the phantoms of the night and I shall be young and happy. We'll be off Sandy Hook and looking to catch a sight of home. And I shall be getting ready to meet Annie and mother and the rest. And I'll have my best clothes out. O, it'll be grand."

The old man's face had a merry smile as he spoke of the coming morning and the things it had for him.

"Seems as if this dream had lasted a thousand years," he continued, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Seems as if I had grown old since I went to bed last night. But I've dreamed the like before, and, my God! how glad I felt when I woke in the morning!"

"Come," said he, speaking to the boy, "let's have the lights up—port an' starboard an' masthead. All right, sir, you may have it for a dollar. It'll be all the same in the morning."

And so we left him like a ship lying to and straining at the cables, his anchor sunk in the deep of that long night. It seemed to me that it would be better for many of us if we could think it all a dream and have his faith in the morning—that it will bring back the things we have lost. But then, he was a lunatic.

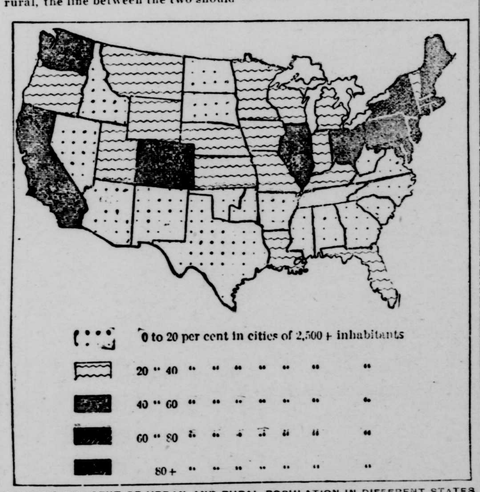
And years went by—many of them—filled with coming and going and loving and striving and nights [and] days like this one. And,

Americans Are Yet a Country-Loving People

Our Rural Greatly Exceeds Our Urban Population—The Farms Not Forsaken.

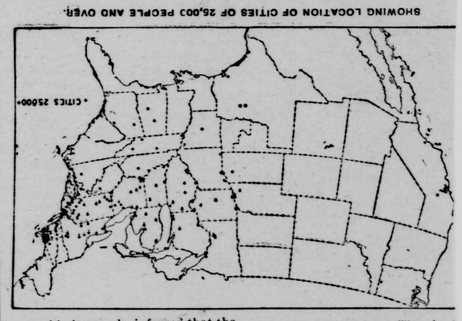
"WALL," said the old farmer, "I have seed your tall buildings, your mansions on the boulevard, and your tenements, your two-by-four parks and your roof gardens, your electric cars and your auto busses; I have breathed your smoke-laden atmosphere, and been jostled and pushed by the hurrying throng, and I am more than ever glad to git back to the old farm agin, where I can breathe free and easy, and have plenty of elbow room to turn about in. The city is a good place to git away from." And the feeling of the old farmer seems to pretty nearly define the attitude of the majority of the people of the United States, for, of the 75,994,575 inhabitants of the country, 45,411,164, or 59.8 per cent., are residents of country districts. That the proportions are such is a most encouraging and hopeful sign of the future of the United States.

In this classification of urban and rural, the line between the two should be clearly defined, else the figures and diagrams of this article would be confusing and meaningless. In the present connection all towns having a population of less than 2,500 are classed with the rural population. With this in mind a glance at the shaded map here given reveals some interesting facts in regard to the population of the United States. The scale from 0 to 100 per cent. has been divided into five parts of equal range, 0, to 20, 20 to 40, 40 to 60, 60 to 80, and 80 and over, and the states and territories falling into each part have been given the same shading.



SHOWING PER CENT OF URBAN AND RURAL POPULATION IN DIFFERENT STATES.

It is seen that the states with a large city population include New York, New Jersey, and those in southern New England, and that the states and territories with small city population include, along with the Dakotas, Idaho, Nevada and the Virginias, all except Florida and Louisiana, lying south of the state boundary lines nearest the parallel of 37 degrees, and between the Atlantic and California.



SHOWING LOCATION OF CITIES OF 25,000 PEOPLE AND OVER.

From this it may be inferred that the advice of Horace Greeley: "Go West, young man," should be at once revised and made to read: "Go south, young man."

The states with a medium amount of city population (20 to 60 per cent.) include Florida and Louisiana, the Pacific states, and all lying mainly north of the parallel just mentioned, except those in the vicinity of New York harbor, the Virginias, the Dakotas, Idaho and Nevada. Here is where we find the happy medium has been most nearly struck, and the city chap and his country cousin are running a pretty even race. The influence of commercial facilities is suggested by the high proportion of urban population about New York harbor, in Louisiana and in the Pacific states.

Perhaps the main inference from the shaded map is a precise and emphatic indication of the contrast between the south on the one hand and the north and west on the other. Disregarding the border states of Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky, every southern state but Florida and Louisiana has less than one-fifth of its population in cities. In every northern state as far west as the great plains, more than one-fifth of the population live in cities. With the great development in the south, which is being realized at this time along commercial and industrial lines, it is probable that another ten years will see the conditions changed somewhat and more of the population gathered in cities. It is more than probable that the sharp division line between the north and the south as regards the proportion of population in the cities and the country noted above, and emphasized by the shading of the map, will have been broken up and some of the southern states will be taking on more of an urban flavor.

Our second map gives us as accurately as the scale admits the location of the 160 cities of the United States, each having at least 25,000 inhabitants when the census of 1900 was taken. It shows a cluster in eastern Massachusetts—that state having 20 cities of this class. Here is beginning to be realized something of the density of population found in parts of continental Europe, and perhaps gives Uncle Sam an inkling of what he can expect in the centuries to come in other portions of his vast domain. Another cluster of cities of over 25,000 inhabitants is found about New York harbor, called into being by the superior commercial and industrial conditions. In the mining regions and manufacturing sections of Pennsylvania are found other groups of these larger cities, while along the great lakes there are 12 of them located, ten on the Mississippi river, seven on the Ohio river, and seven on the Missouri.

The per cent of population living in cities of 2,500 to 4,000 inhabitants is larger in the western division than in the other four main divisions, which consist of states in the north Atlantic division, the south Atlantic division, the north central division and south central division. The leading states in this respect are Connecticut, Utah, New Hampshire, Maine and Colorado. But in none does one-tenth the population live in cities of this class.

In the proportion of their urban population the rank of the states varies with the population limit adopted. When it is 100,000 the states with the largest urban population are New York, Massachusetts, Maryland and Rhode Island; when it is reduced to 50,000 the leading states are New York (61.3 per cent.), Massachusetts (56.3 per cent.), and Rhode Island (56.1 per cent.). At this limit Delaware has a larger proportion of urban population than Pennsylvania. Only when the limit is lowered to 8,000 do Rhode Island and Massachusetts rise to the leading position, the per cents running, Rhode Island, 81.2; Massachusetts, 76, and New York, 68.5.

Ink stains are best removed by lemon juice. Ordinary soap strengthens ink stains.

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 Lie to You,

And say some other salve, ment, lotion oil or alleged he as good as Bucklen's Arnica tell him thirty years of mar cures of Piles, Burns, Boils, Felons, Ulcers, Cuts, Scalds, B and Skin Eruptions prove it best and cheapest. 25c at & Redden's, Denton; Hugh Hillsboro, drug stores.

Subscribe for the UNION.

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 a 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. J. Colston, 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 It.

IN CUBA
where it is hot all the year round
Scott's Emulsion
sells better than any where else in the world. So don't stop taking it in summer, or you will lose what you have gained.
Send for a free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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.

Coffees Coated
with stale eggs, glue and other things are not fit to drink.
Lion Coffee
is pure, uncoated coffee—fresh, strong, well flavored.
The sealed package insures uniform quality and freshness.

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