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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
6 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.

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

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

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
Denton, Md.
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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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
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JOHN W. CLARK,
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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

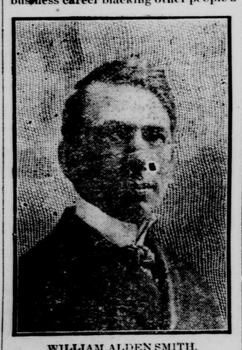
Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.

Michigan Congressman Who Is Anxious to Succeed Burrows as United States Senator.

William Alden Smith, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a candidate from his state in place of Julius Caesar Burrows, whose term expires March 3, 1905. The death of Senator McMillan worked a revolution in that state's politics, and, in the overturning, Former Secretary of War Alger came to the surface and Burrows went under. Smith is the Fidus Achates of Alger.

William Smith is an able young man of the self-made brand so common in American political life. Like a half dozen other statesmen he began his business career blacking other people's



WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.
(Michigan Congressman Who Wants to Succeed Senator Burrows.)

shoes. He got an early political bent by serving as page in the Michigan legislature; there he discovered how easy it is to be a statesman and he determined to be one himself. In course of time he gave up shoe blacking, paper selling, popcorn peddling, train butchering, and the like occupations and studied law. Then he went into the business of owning railroad companies and newspapers and coming to congress.

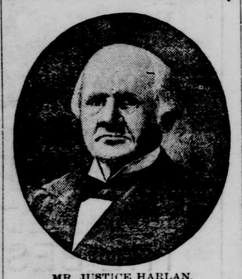
There is hardly a smoother or more genial proposition in congress than William Alden Smith. He has filed down the rough places for a gentleman of taste, refinement, and education. Dartmouth college has given him an honorary M. A., and there is no Smith dormitory or laboratory as yet among the college buildings. When it comes to turning a pretty oratorical phrase, there are none better. Beveridge is more voluable, but not so graceful. Smith's anti-reciprocity speech last winter was one of the events of the season, says the Chicago Journal.

Smith likes society. Last year he began entertaining just to get into practice for the heavier work which he knew was coming. This winter he will have a house near Dupont circle.

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN.

He Has Been an Honored Member of the United States Supreme Court for 25 Years.

Justice John Marshall Harlan, whose twenty-fifth anniversary as associate justice of the United States supreme court was celebrated by a large banquet on December 9, was appointed to that important position on November 29, 1877, just 27 years after his graduation from the celebrated Center college, Kentucky, in which so many noted Americans imbibed their early

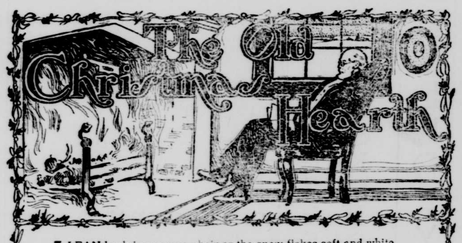


MR. JUSTICE HARLAN.
(Famous Jurist Who Has Been on the Supreme Bench 25 Years.)

draughts of learning. The young lawyer began practice at Frankfort, removed afterward to Louisville, and made several unsuccessful campaigns as candidate on republican tickets, principally for governor. He served on the Behring sea tribunal in 1893, but otherwise his duties of supreme justice have engaged all his time for the last quarter of a century.

How He Might Be Identified.

An amusing story is being told in Paris of an Auvergnat coal merchant of that city, who was found intoxicated in the streets. Asked who he was, he said he didn't know, "but go and ask the coal merchant in the Rue des Ecoles. If he is at home, I don't know who I am, if he's out, it's me."



I LEAN back in my arm-chair as the snow-flakes soft and white
Clothe the hilltops and the valleys in habiliments of white,
While the cutting winds of winter send their music far and wide,
Disputing with the mellow bells the joys of Christmas-tide;
I seem to catch the echoes of the songs they sing on high,
Beyond the mystic beauty of December's vaulted sky,
And again is told the story of the Christ-child's humble birth,
As I sit and, eager, listen by the dear old Christmas hearth.

THERE 's music in the steeples, there are chimes deep in the dells,
And the wild winds mingle gladly with the holy Christmas bells,
And I look beyond the window on the beauty of the snow,
Recalling some sweet Christmases in life's fair "long ago;"
What scenes come floating back along the winding ways of Time,
Like the fragrance of the flowers of an ever-cherished clime;
Till my chamber fills with faces and I hear the sounds of mirth
That brighten with infectious glee the happy Christmas hearth.

I SEE six little stockings hanging in a pretty row.
We hung them round this cherished hearth one twilight long ago,
And we laughed and nestled closer 'neath the old roof-tree of home,
And hardly slept for watching for old Santa Claus to come;
I remember, ah! who does not? how the sunny Christmas morn
Revealed the wealth of treasure from the doll to drum and horn—
How the house was filled with laughter till it seemed to shake the earth,
While brighter glowed the fire upon the old Christmas hearth.

TO-DAY there seems to come to me across the fleecy snow
The beauty and the glory of that Christmas long ago,
When shepherds watched their gentle flocks upon the hills afar,
In the heaven-tinted splendor of the East's transcendent star;
I see a mother bend above a matchless cherub face,
And a radiance not earthly drives the shadows from the place;
Till Judea wakes to glory and new beauty crowns the earth,
And the choristers of Heaven sing about my Christmas hearth.

OLD Time seems in his dotage and upon his tresses white
Lie the snowflakes of a Christmas that has filled me with delight;
Far and wide the bells are ringing, and their music, glad and free,
Tells the story of His coming on the land and on the sea;
And mingled with their anthems is that chorus all divine
That filled a mother's heart with joy one night in Palestine;
And I bow my head a moment as the children check their mirth,
And silence comes to sanctify the dear old Christmas hearth.

I BLESS the glorious dawning of this queenly winter day,
It brings to all a gladness from a region far away.
And while the bells are ringing over all this beauteous earth
I bless the loves that cluster round the dear old Christmas hearth.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

"It's Your New Set of Furs!"

A Christmas Comedy of Errors

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

"THERE, now, we are all ready for Christmas," said Mrs. Slickerby, as she climbed stiffly down from the chair on which she had been standing to deck the chandelier with holly. "How surprised Josiah will be when he comes in, cold and tired, to find the place looking so like holiday times. I declare, I have a good mind to make a fire in the stove just to please him; he kept asking for it so long—though, come to think of it, he hasn't mentioned it lately, though I always told him it only made a dirt for me to clean up and the furnace heated the whole place anyhow. He said his mother used to have a nice fire in the stove when they came in evenings. Of course, she did; his mother never saw a furnace in her life, and wouldn't have known it from a telephone if she had." She paused, with her hands on her hips, to admire the result of her labors. "Yes, I guess I will light a fire in that stove, anyhow, it will serve as a text for more remarks about the cold and a few more hints as to how I do need a new set of furs this Christmas. Josiah is a good man, but he is as close when it comes to a question of money as a potato is to its skin."

She was bustling about as she talked, making her preparations to light a fire in the brilliantly polished stove. "There, I declare," she cried, as she opened the door, "if Josiah hasn't got this stove all filled up with papers and trash, after all my talking; it does seem as if you can't teach a man to be careful about a house any more than you can teach a hen to play checkers! Never mind, I'll just lay my kindlings on top of the trash and not scold—Christmas is not the time for scolding, anyhow—though when you've got to live with a man it's best to take every opportunity to teach him what's right."

As the fire began to crackle cheerfully, she left it and went over to the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner, reached carefully to the top shelf and took down a bundle.

"I'll just take a last peep at Josiah's present," she said. "I tell you, there was a lot of work in the knitting of that afghan, and if he doesn't give me those furs he'll feel a good deal ashamed every time he puts it over his knees in the buggy this winter—and the furs are not in the house, I know that, for I've been over every square inch of it in hopes I'd find he'd hidden 'em somewhere." She had unfolded a wonderful combination of colors in wool which would have made Joseph's coat a sober garment by comparison, and looked at it with great admiration. Then she carefully replaced it. "I don't know as it's just necessary to keep it away up there—he wouldn't see it if it was right under his nose. Dear me, I certainly smell something burning. I wonder if it can be my cake in the oven, I had almost forgotten it, with all these other things on my mind."

"There comes Josiah now!" she cried ten minutes later, as she heard the door of the sitting room open. "I'll stay out here and see what he does. Well, surely he must be pleased with the decorations and the fire in the stove. It sounds as if he was doing a jig all over the room—and him a professing Christian, too!"

Five minutes later later she opened the sitting room door and stood transfixed on the threshold. "Why, Josiah Slickerby, what on earth is the matter?" she shrieked. "You are as black as a sweep and your beard is all singed, and what is that awful smell in here, and w-what is that you have in your hand?"

"It's your new set of furs, that's what it is," retorted Josiah, grimly, "a good set of furs that cost a lot of money, too, and looking like a cat that had been sitting on a can of firecrackers when they went off!"

"But how on earth could—"

"I had hid 'em in the stove, that's how! you said you'd never make another fire in it now we've got a furnace, and I hid 'em in it, so's I could surprise you for Christmas!"

"Well, goodness knows, you have surprised me!"

"Yes, and when I came into this room it was all full of smoke, and flames were bursting out of the stove door, it was so full, and if I hadn't kept my presence of mind and hunted out that old thing to smother the flames with, the whole place might have been burned!" And he held up the afghan, which was scarcely in better condition than the

IT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT.

Capt. Makelove—But surely you don't object to go under the mistletoe, Miss Goit?

Miss Goit—Oh, yes, I do. Why bother about the mistletoe?

The Height of Delicacy.

Clara—Mabel is so thoughtful about her Christmas presents.

Belle—In what way, dear?

Clara—Always leaves the price tag on so as to save me a trip down town to find out.—Brooklyn Life.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under it's soothing effect. 25c. at K.J. Colston's, Denton; H. Duffy's Hillsboro; drug stores.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at K.J. Colston's, Denton; H. Duffy's Hillsboro; drug stores.

A Whole Dinner *vid* Mashed Potatoes

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

THE holiday rush kept us late, and although thoroughly tired in mind and body I felt no relief upon being free to leave the crowded store and return to my cheap boarding house. Slowly I made my way among chattering clerks, comfortable matrons and fashionable young women to the rear exit. I was horribly conscious of my frayed jacket, and the lean leather chatelaine at my side.

"Christmas!" I smiled bitterly.

"Serves you right for not staying married," I could hear the last harsh words of my maiden aunt as I left the sleepy village to seek independence and self-respect.

"Other women?" rang the voice, "well, men will be men; he makes a good living or you, don't he?"

I heard the key turn in the great store door, but still I remained on the step, staring out at the lights tearfully reflect-

"Please, Mum, Gimme a Nickel?"

ed in the wet pavement, when there came, from somewhere below my waist line, a small whine.

"Please, mum, gimme a nickel?"

I looked down and beheld the smallest, dirtiest, most forsaken little woman I had ever seen. She could have been no more than seven, but there was endless weather tales in the hollows of her cheeks, and the over-bright black eyes bespoke knowledge of filth and starvation and wretchedness.

"Er a penny," she whined.

I was half interested. A thought beyond myself—and him—was welcome.

"Please, mum—" she began again.

There were just six cents in my pocket, for I had deposited my last dollar with the boarding-housekeeper in case the laundryman should call in my absence.

Notwithstanding the child's hardened little face there was an expression about her wide mouth that attracted me. It was almost motherly in its maturity. Laying the nickel and the penny side by side in my hand, I said:

"It is all I have. If you take the nickel I shall have to walk home, but if I take the penny you choose I may ride, and I am very tired."

She shot an impudent, inquisitive glance at me.

"Where d'youse live?" she asked.

Mechanically I repeated my street number.

"Ten blocks!" she scornfully replied. "Dat's easy!" and swiftly grabbing the nickel she darted around the corner.

The next day was Christmas, and I did not go down to breakfast, but lunched off soda crackers and some stale candy in my room.

"Christmas! Christmas!" I repeated the words to haunting memories, and I am afraid I cried a little.

Some one tapped at my door.

"Come in," I called in quite a matter of fact tone. The door opened timidly, and there on the threshold stood no other than my little beggar of the night before.

She was much embarrassed, but before I could welcome her one dirty paw shot out suddenly like her quick glances, and in the begrimed little palm lay my nickel.

"I bringed it back," she stammered. "'cause—'cause—"

"Because?" I suggested, smiling.

"Jest 'cause I—I piped youse off as kind o' on youse uppers youse own self, and I ain't seemed t' sleep sound—"

She got no further—this dirty, sinful, little waif, for I had gathered her up in my arms and was holding her very tight. Some one cared! On that desolate Christmas some one actually cared!

"Little woman," I said presently, lapsing into the language of him who was constantly in my thoughts, "there is one dollar coming to me, all on account of a derelict laundryman. What would you rather have than anything else that a dollar can buy?"

"Has youse got de dough, sure 'nough?"

I nodded.

Instantly she answered me: "Say, what 'ud a whole dinner cost, wid mashed potatoes fer both of usens?"

We must have made a comical picture, my new friend and I, as we entered the quiet, down-town restaurant. There was just one other person seated there on this Christmas day—a man over in the shadow of the corner.

The child had scrambled into a chair indicated by the head waiter, and I was about to take my place opposite, when the man in the corner suddenly arose.

I cannot, even now, remember how it all happened. Confusedly I saw the youngster's eyes grow round with wonder, and the head waiter stifled an exclamatory oath, for I, there in the public restaurant, I was in that stranger's arms. And this I remember distinctly—the man's most manly words:

"Forgive me, little woman, for not finding you sooner. I have been scouring the land for you. Not a word, not a word of it all was truth, and if I had that cackling old maid aunt—"

A voice interrupted him. It was the youngster's:

"Say, miss, dat guy is on de square—honest—I kin tell."

And bless her little heart, she did tell the truth.

A Similar Experience.

Reeder (looking up from his newspaper)—Great Scott! Here is a yarn about a man who spent a night in a pit with a Bengal tiger. Just imagine how he must have suffered!

Hennypeck—I can easily do that—I know all about it. For two weeks before the holidays I was obliged to face the united demands of my wife and seven grown daughters for Christmas money.—Judge.

A Sight for the Gods.

The girl you'd give the world to win,
To show you how she holds you dear,
Now fondly lies beneath your chin—
A necktie you can never wear.
—N. Y. World

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

"WHAT about getting through to-night, driver?"

"It's all right, I guess. Drifting some on the Little Cimarron, but that won't do much damage."

"It's 30 miles."

"Well, that ain't much. This team's good for it. Goin' to start right off, ma'am?"

The anxious traveler returned to the fire in the uninviting office of the Mid-Continental hotel. She was brown-haired, cheery-faced, and evidently accustomed to looking out for herself. She was bound for the Indian school at the other end of the stage line—a position awaited her.

"All aboard!" called the driver, and the passengers hurried into the three-seated carryall that served for a stage. The woman sat beside John Carlin, the owner of Circle Bar ranche. He tucked the robes around her and remarked: "Mighty poor day for a pleasure ride."

"Slightly," remarked his seat-mate, smiling, "and you know what day it is?"

"Yes, and we are likely to run over into Christmas, for the roads may keep us out until after midnight, ma'am."

"Call me Miss Macon—I'm the new instructor."

"Better be prepared for whatever happens, Miss Macon; this is a tough stretch of country across the territory."

"Are the Indians bad?" Her eyes grew big and wondering.

"Whites are a blamed sight worse than redskins. We can handle Injuns."

"But some good men go west—very good men!" The eyes grew softer as she recalled a memory of the days back east.

"Yes; but, blame 'em, they don't stay so."

The eyes flashed and she looked out over the broad prairie, stretching away in patches of brown and white to the far horizon. Nor did she renew the conversation, and the handsome ranchman was sorry.

The day wore on. They stopped at a cabin for lunch. They climbed long slopes and toiled through sandy wastes where in springtime would be rushing rivers. They rattled down the declivities of ravines and more than once the weary horses were stalled in the drifts that had been heaped among the dead sunflowers and ragweeds in the draws. It was a tiresome, cheerless journey, and the five passengers kept mostly their own impressions of its discomforts.

In the late afternoon Miss Macon broke the silence, taking up the thread of the morning's discussion: "An old friend of

"What About Getting Through Tonight?"

mine is in the west—he was a daring fellow, but a brave one."

"Then he is fitted for the west. Such men are its pride—if they have the right ways." He added the afterthought and noticed that she started and studied him keenly, as if to be certain that he meant nothing of direct application. "There is more than one kind of bravery," he went on, more to keep up the conversation than because the thought was original.

She did not answer, and the stage hurried on through the gathering darkness. Once there was a coyote yell in the distance, and Carlin felt a glow of satisfaction as the graceful form beside him leaned closer to his ulster, as if for protection.

Suddenly, as they went rattling down a slope, the horses on the canter, the dead sunflowers standing on either side of the road like sentinels, there was a shot fired and a cry of "Halt!" They halted.

Then happened what usually happens when a masked group assaults the stage, and in a short time the five passengers and the driver were standing in a lonesome row in the struggling moonlight.

"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars. Miss Macon, even in her terror, noticed that the constellation of Orion was nearly overhead. And then the chief of the robbers came to her side.

"Quick, ma'am, what have you got?"

Something in the tone aroused her and she looked anxiously into the half-masked face of the handsome frontiersman who bent toward her. "In New England men

"Well, It Ain't Right."

treat women with more courtesy," she retorted.

"You're from New England? What are you doing out here?"

"I'm going to the agency—I'm Miss Macon, the new—"

The man stepped back as if he had been struck by a mailed hand. He motioned to his confederates to join him, but they did not see his signal. With a quick action of impatience he swung his arm across his face. [illegible] was for an instant displaced [illegible] an instant, but it was time for the [illegible] moonlight to fall on his clean-shaven features and for the woman gazing intently at him to realize that this was for her a time of fate.

She gathered herself together with an effort that was worthy of a better cause, and stepping closer to the bandit whispered one word. He, startled, trembled and obeyed her swift instructions to step behind the wagon, leaving the others to guard the four remaining passengers.

"Oh, Frank, how could you?" she demanded, reaching up to the strong face and lifting the mask. It was one she knew so well in the old days.

"Well, it ain't right," he admitted, shamefacedly. "But who cares?"

"I care—everybody cares—your poor old mother sitting alone in the little farmhouse at Danvers, cares. You don't know how much she cares—and Anna cares!"

The man brushed his arm across his face as if his eyes hurt him. "Yes, I suppose it's so. But things got mighty tonga—I had to do something. It's the first time. What can I do now?"

"Go home, Frank," went on the woman's low voice. "Go home to your mother, and help her run the farm. Be a man again."

"And Anna—your sister?"

"Frank, she has grieved for you all this time—she wants you now."

"But," bitterly, "you will tell her about—about—this?"

"I will do this, Frank. I will give you two years to prove yourself. If you are sincere, the secret will be yours and mine. If you do not, I will tell them of to-night and of—"

She turned toward the group they had left in the moonlight beyond the wagon. His eyes followed hers and grew large as he saw the transformation that had taken place.

"Hands up!" Carlin's cool voice gave the order, and his revolver was pointed at them. The other robbers had fled. The chief was alone.

The girl, heedless of the summons, lifted the mask to hide the face of the man beside her and then stepped in front of him. Carlin lowered his gun. "Get out of the way," he called. "He'll escape!"

"No, he won't escape," was the calm reply—"not now. I will speak for him. Where are the others?"

"Gone. We told them the chief had skipped and they were scared. They took all our things with 'em, though."

"You must begin now," said the girl turning to the chief. "Understand?"

He bowed his head. "I'll do it," he whispered, "honor bright."

"Go," she ordered, and, facing the puzzled ranchman, held both his hands until the other had vanished in the sunflower stalks. Carlin glowed under the girl's touch, and obeyed.

"Do you belong to this company?" he asked, a little bitterly, as she loosed his arms, now that it was too late.

"No, but you remember what you said a little while ago, 'there is more than one kind of bravery?'"

A shrill whistle sounded off to the right and suddenly stood before them the quartette so recently departed. The passengers were covered by their revolvers and they were at the bandits' mercy once more.

But the masked chief stepped forward, holding in his hand Carlin's watch and pocketbook; he gave to the others their belongings—their watches, jewelry and revolvers—Carlin was the only one who had hidden his gun.

It was all done so silently and quickly that the stageload could scarcely understand what was happening.

When the last trinket had been distributed the masked chief bowed low. His fine mouth just showing beneath the fringe of black curled a little—whether in fun or contempt none could tell.

"Merry Christmas! I am Santa Claus!" He bowed again, stepped back, bent his eyes on Miss Macon—and the strangers had departed.

The passengers, looking down at their watches, read the time—it was past midnight—Christmas morning.

The stage reached the end of its journey six hours late. Before it arrived Carlin had asked permission to call on Miss Macon and discuss the strange events of the ride. "I am not used to receiving gifts at that time of night," said he.

Though Carlin called and they talked over the night's happenings, she did not explain. There was a newspaper story of a crazy stage robber who gave back all he stole (you may have read it) and she did not correct that—not even when, a year later, Carlin made her his bride and claimed that he had received two Christmas presents from the chief.

Years afterward they visited New England, the guests of their brother-in-law, the mayor of Danvers. "Do you know," remarked Carlin, to his wife, "Frank has a fine mouth—it reminds me of some one I have seen somewhere."

She did not reply.

ADVANTAGE IN SIZE.

Tommy—Ain't you goin' to hang up your stocking, Nellie?

His Big Sister—No, Tommy. I'm too old.

Tommy—Yes, but the older one gets the more it will hold.

His Salutation.

She ne'er will speak to him
This stupid youth so stand.
She stood beneath the mistletoe,
He merely shook her hand.
—Washington Star.

Great Expectations.

The Minister—Well, Willie, what do you expect Santa Claus is going to bring you this year?

Willie—Oh, a lot of things that ma needs around the house.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Couldn't Give Herself Away.

Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas; and he gave her back to herself before Easter.—N. Y. Journal.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

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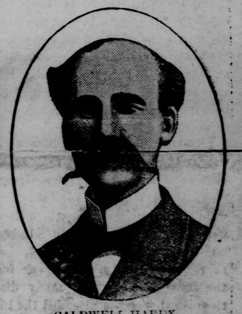
50c. and $1; all druggists.

HIGH HONOR FOR HARDY.

Norfolk (Va.) Financier Elected President of American Bankers' Association for 1903.

The American Bankers' association is without doubt one of the most influential social and business organizations of the world. Its member-



CALDWELL HARDY.
(New President of the Bankers' Association of America.)

ship is composed of bank presidents and managers and the heads of great financial institutions of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities, together with the most prominent officials of the United States treasury department.

The association held its annual meeting for 1902 at New Orleans, a short time ago, and elected Mr. Caldwell Hardy its president for the ensuing year. Mr. Hardy is one of the leading financiers of Norfolk, Va., where he is president of the Norfolk national bank. He is a native of North Carolina, a former resident of Brooklyn, and a graduate in the science of banking from the institutions of Wall street. Mr. Hardy has been connected with the Norfolk national bank since 1885, when, upon its organization, he was installed as its cashier.

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A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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This is the title of our next story. It is an exceptionally good one, and the first chapters will be given in our next number.

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