AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903. NO. 38.

ENOCH PRATT BALTIMORE FREE LIBRARY

1903 March 1903

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

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.

HENRY R LEWIS, TALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton. Md.

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

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

WM. H. DEWEESE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

J. W. HARRIS,
BARBER
Next door to Law Building. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Cutting at regular prices. Give us a trial. [3-12

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Denton, Md.

The World Loves
A WINNER
So It Is Said

And we are trying to win you by fair dealing.

WE are now snugly fixed in the building formerly occupied by Wm. E Greenly, pretty well loaded up with all good things such as are useful in all families. It is useless to enumerate them, instead, we invite you to call and see.

CHECK SYSTEM

Then we are using the Check System with all who deal for cash, which entitles them to something of value in their family. Come and learn of this.

Full line of Groceries, sold as low as any can sell them. Finest line of Confectionery in the county either at wholesale or retail prices.

We call attention of merchants to the fact that we sell them as low as they can buy in the city, and save them freight; think of this. Finest line of Canned Goods you can select from.

One thing more. The Gold Medal Bakery is now turning out the best Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, etc., ever offered. Baked fresh daily. New line of goods. We hope to see you coming.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN at market prices. Very truly,

FIELD & WILLIS
PROPRIETORS
GOLD MEDAL BAKERY
DENTON, MARYLAND

LOOK

We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4.25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be exelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

J. W. STONEBRAKER,
TWO JOHNS, MD.
ALBERT HOWARD, Manager.

FINE Groceries

AT OUR NEW STAND

Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

NOTIONS AND RIBBONS

For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTER & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

MRS. JULIA DAY
DENTON, MD.

For the Spring Trade.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

A. G. GELLETLY,
2-5] Williston, Md.

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Concord, Md.

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

High Prices for Furs.

There has been an unexpected demand for the fur of the muskrat, and trappers and local dealers will profit largely thereby. Speculators from New York last week jumped the price to 31 cents per pelt, the highest price reached in twenty-five years. This means that the pelts will bring all of 50 cents each in the foreign market. Trappers who have held their fur, instead of selling it off in small lots to local dealers from time to time during the trapping season, will reap a rich harvest.

A Sweet Breath

Is a never failing sign of a healthy stomach. When the breath is bad the stomach is out of order. There is no remedy in the world equal to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for curing indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach disorders. Mrs. Mary S. Crick, of White Plains, Ky., writes: "I have been a dyspeptic for years—tried all kinds of remedies but continued to grow worse. By the use of Kodol I began to improve at once, and after taking a few bottles am fully restored in weight, health and strengh and can eat whatever I like." Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro.

Sale of Mardela Springs.

The well known Mardela Springs hotel property was recently sold at public auction by Jay Williams, attorney. The sale attracted considerable attention from the people about Mardela and several bids were put on the property from parties in Dorchester and Wicomico counties. The purchasers of the property were Messrs. Wm. H. Gahan, of the auctioneer firm of Patterson & Gahan, and Mr. Tibbett, a well known lawyer of Baltimore city. It is reported that these gentlemen purchased the property for company of gentlemen in Baltimore, who will form a corporation to develop the famous mineral springs.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at R. J. Colston's, Denton, drug store.

A Woman's Opinion of Men.

Men are like books in a good many ways. Lots of them are easy to read and not worth the trouble it takes to read them. And it is impossible to judge of the contents of either by merely taking a look at the bindings.

Beware of the man with the soft tongue. It usually accompanies a heart as hard as the nether millstone.

The man who hankers after the food "that mother used to cook" is usually the one who prefers the old fashioned sickle to the steam reaper and the penny post to the electric telegraph.

You may hurt a man in nearly all his susceptible parts, and he is still your friend. But once bruise his vanity and he is your enemy for life.

Man wants but little here below—but a little more than anyone else.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good For Children.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Croup and LaGrippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes effect right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by enabling the lungs to contribute pure, life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood and tissues. Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

A GIRL'S FLIGHT.

By W. H. Boyce.

"A NASTY night, Haskell."

I stepped down from my seat in the cab of No. 277, and, with some muttered reply to the greeting of the round house foreman, passed out into the yard, thoroughly tired, hungry and irritable after my 120-mile run in the cab of the limited express.

It was one of those wild nights we sometimes, but not often, get during the month of November. A night of the blackest darkness, filled with driving rain and frozen sleet; night of washouts, doubtful roadbeds, delays and loss of time, to be followed by a five-minute interview with the division superintendent, a man of few words and much less consideration.

I had just brought in the limited express some 20 minutes late, owing to the icy condition of the rails, and I knew what to expect.

I hurried along through the wind and rain, eager to get to my boarding house where a warm supper and dry clothes awaited me.

I had just reached the house when I heard the sounds of hurried steps coming down the street after me. I turned and glanced carelessly over my shoulder and saw, by the flickering light on the opposite corners, that it was Nick, my fireman.

"We're in for it this time, I guess," he exclaimed abruptly, as he came up the steps after me.

"Why, what's the trouble now?" I asked, although I had a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"The 'old man's' down at the yard, and he's cussing like a trooper because you went off before he got a chance to see you."

"We lost 20 minutes on that grade; I suppose that is what it means," I answered. "Well, never mind. I'll be right down as soon as I eat my supper and get into some dry clothes. I'm drenched."

"No, it ain't that," replied Nick quickly. "The deuce is to pay somewhere. We've got to pull out again and catch the 9:45 into Hampton, and she's gone nearly ten minutes now. I've got 27 out and fired up. She'll be blowing by the time we get back. Come on."

I will not state that I did not say anything out of the way. But supper or no supper, together we hurried back down to the yard, where I found Henderson pacing up and down in the storm and growling like a hungry dog.

"Can you catch that 9:45 before she gets into Hampton?" he asked, as soon as I came in sight.

"It's doubtful," I answered shortly. "She's been gone ten minutes already."

"Oh, yes, you can," he insisted persistently. "There's nothing ahead of you—you have got a clear track until midnight."

"Why don't you telegraph?" I asked, wonderingly.

"That's the trouble," he snarled. "The wires are all down; I can't."

"Well, I'll try it. What are the orders?"

I knew that if we were to overtake take the 9:45, there was no time to be lost in asking idle questions. Besides, I was not in very good humor at the sudden change from a warm supper, dry clothes and shelter to a wild night ride over an uncertain road in the storm; and moreover, I had no very sincere liking for Jacob Henderson, Esq.

"I want you to catch the 9:45 before she gets into Hampton," he repeated insistently. "You can do it, if you open her up and let her go. When you overtake her give this note to Conductor Davis, and if he gives you anything to bring back, take it, no matter what it is. I'll wait here for you. How quick can you start?"

I thought that there was something rather unusual about all this, but it was not for me to question orders.

"In about two minutes," I said, promptly; "just as soon as I can take in a little water. The tank is almost empty."

"Never mind the water," cried the old man, impatiently. "I want you to get started. You have got enough to run down with. You can take some coming back."

This thoughtlessness on his part nettled me a little and I retorted rather sharply:

"I'm running this engine, Mr. Henderson. If you want me to overtake the 9:45 it will take speed, and speed takes steam and I cannot make steam without water. If you can, just step up and take my place and do it."

He made no reply, but turned away with something that sounded very much like an oath, and I felt that my hasty reply had cost me my position, for Henderson was a man that took no words from any man on the road, big or little.

With some regret I backed No. 27 up beside the tank, and just as I stopped under the pipe I saw some one step quickly out of the shadow of the tank and approach the engine. Thinking it to be some belated passenger, I gave the matter no further thought, but turned my head and looked back to where Nick was busily engaged with the water pipe.

Suddenly I felt a light touch on the arm. I whirled quickly about and saw standing beside me in the cab the figure of a woman.

"What do you want?" I asked in sudden surprise. "Passengers are not allowed on the engine. It's strictly against orders, madam."

"I know it!" She glanced nervously about. "But you must let me go this time."

She stepped quickly back into the shadow so that my fireman might not see her.

To say that I was startled by her sudden appearance and strange request would be expressing it mildly, but before I could reply she lifted the edge of her veil and there, in the dim, uncertain light of the gasoline torch, I saw the bright eyes and pretty face of Grace Henderson.

"Why, Miss Henderson!" I managed to gasp, "you surely cannot mean it."

Yet, to tell the truth, I sincerely hoped she did, for, deep down in my heart, I had a secret admiration for the girl with her sweet face and gentle manners. Hitherto I had always been content with the smile or cheery word she often gave me when she came to the depot with her father. Now the prospect of having her so near me and talking with me seemed to lift me to the very top shelf of earthly bliss.

"I must really go, Mr. Haskell," she went on quickly. "I know that it must seem strange and unusual to you, but when one is in danger, strange things sometimes must be done to escape, you know."

She smiled bewitchingly up into my face as she spoke.

"What—in danger?" I cried, in surprise.

"Yes, in the greatest of dangers, and that is why I ask you to let me go with you—to escape this danger which threatens me," she said, sweetly.

As she spoke she raised her great brown eyes to mine and gave me a look that scattered my prudence. I was very happy.

"I would give my life to protect you, if you need it," I ventured to say.

I could not see her face, for she had turned it away. Frightened at what I had said, I began to mutter a hasty apology.

"Don't," she whispered. "If you mean what you say, prove it to me now, by letting me go with you. I dare not stay here."

What else could I do under the circumstances?

When Nick came clamoring back over the coal into the cab I caught a glimpse of the look of wonder and astonishment in his face as he saw Grace, who was perched demurely upon my seat. I gave him a quick nod, then slowly opened the throttle. We started out on our wild night ride—for what I did not know.

Out over the switches, where the signal lights gleamed feebly and showed a clear line ahead, across the bridge and into the country we plunged, gaining speed at each turn of our six-foot driving wheels, until it seemed as if we were almost flying through the inky darkness.

Accustomed as I was to high speed on the road, I was almost nervous myself as we tore along, and I began to shut off the steam a little. I was thinking of Grace then, and life had never seemed half so sweet. As the speed began to slacken a trifle in response to my touch, I slowly opened the throttle another notch, and, like a race horse under spur, the engine leaped forward.

Past houses, through the fields, over bridges and through towns and hamlets we flew. All the time I stood close to Grace, one hand upon the throttle, the other grasping the reversing lever. Nick, fully alive to the situation, sounded the whistle and rang the bell loudly as we approached and passed through a place of any kind and at every crossing.

I did not dare even to look at the girl perched upon my leather cushioned seat beside me, for all our lives—her life—depended upon my vigilance.

Sometimes I spoke to her, only a word, and she would grasp the side of the cab as she leaned forward to reply close to my ear; and sometimes her hand would reach out and involuntarily she would grasp me timidly by the arm as we flew over some rough stretch of the track, but a word from me now and then seemed to reassure her.

At length, in making the long curve this side of R—— I suddenly caught the gleam of the red light on the rear of the passenger train. So abruptly had we came upon it, that if I had not been fully on the lookout there certainly would have been one less coach upon that road, and very likely several lives lost. But I was expecting it and was prepared.

Nick grasped the whistle and began to toot loudly. It was heard and recognized, for there was no other whistle quite like it on that division. Then, no doubt wondering what could have sent No. 27 down after them, they began to slacken up, came to a dead stop and waited for us to come up cautiously.

"Well, what's the matter?" ejaculated Davis, as he came around the end of the last car when I leaped down from my cab.

I made no reply, for I did not know, but handed him the note that Henderson had given me to deliver to him.

He took it, hastily tore it open and, stepping to where the full glare of my headlight fell upon the track, proceeded to read it.

"I don't know anything about it," he exclaimed suddenly. "Here, Ned, see what you can make out of this. I don't know what he means. I haven't seen her."

He handed the note to me. Holding it where the light fell upon it, I read:

"Conductor Chas. Davis, No. 37: My daughter, Grace Henderson, has left home, and I have reason to think she is on your train. If so, send her back by the bearer. JACOB HENDERSON,
"Division Superintendent."

I think that I must have given a more forcible exclamation than had Davis when I read the note, for now it was half plain to me.

"There's something queer about this," I said, slowly, as I passed back the note. "Is she aboard your train now?"

"Is she aboard my train now?" he repeated in surprise. "No, she is not, and if she was, I'd not make her go back to that old skinflint, unless she wanted to. She is not a girl to leave home without some good reason, I know that. I'd take her along to where she wanted to go, and keep my mouth shut. That's just about what I'd do."

"All right then, Charlie," I said slowly, for I had been thinking very fast. "I'll just put her aboard your train now and send her along. She's up there in my cab."

Davis looked at me a moment in surprise, then puckered up his lips into a prolonged whistle. I then told him, in as few words as possible, how she happened to be there, and, without a word, he opened Henderson's note again and wrote on the back:

"Jacob Henderson, Esq.:
"No. 27 has overtaken me, and your note delivered. Your daughter is not aboard my train, nor has she been up to the present time. C. W. DAVIS,
"Conductor No. 37."

"There, Ned," he exclaimed, as he handed the note back to me. "Take that back to the 'old man.' It does not say that she will not be aboard my train after the present time. Now we must hustle."

I explained the situation briefly to Grace, and, not without a little regret on my part, the transfer was quickly made. I bade her good-by and, after a little handshake, climbed up into my cab and started to run back to the junction.

I suppose I must have been rat glum on the way back. Nick did say much and I said less, barely swering a few necessary questi for I was wondering what it meant.

It was just past midnight when rolled back into the roundhouse ya Henderson was there, waiting for and he came rushing out as soon he heard us crossing the switc outside.

"Where is she?" he cried, jump up into the cab almost before the gine had stopped.

I feigned ignorance, and passed the note in reply. Nick was do the excentrics, and heard noth He would not have known any m about it than I did. Nick was on the kind that knew when it was to know nothing.

Some prodigious oaths esca Henderson's lips as he read the from Davis, but as they were not rected at me, I had nothing to I had done my work according to orders. Then he walked off wit another word and left us there al

That was not the last of it, h ever. The next morning I was ca into Henderson's private office put through a series of questio that would have done credit t criminal lawyer; but when I left august presence, Jacob Hender was no wiser regarding the ma than when I came in.

He also had Nick up before and asked him a few questions, the honest fellow knew no m about it than I pretended to kn so, on the whole, Henderson got very little information from ei of us.

A few days later I met Davis the street, and, as he came up shook hands with me cordially, looked at me strangely.

"Ned," he began, "perhaps don't know it, but you have won girl's everlasting gratitude, if no use a stronger expression, for v you did that night. It was a c rub, though. She told me all al it before we got into Hampton.

"It seems that the 'old man only her guardian after all. parents died when she was a c and she has lived with him ever si He was determined that she sh marry old Bailey, who owns the gest half of the road, but she jected, and as she had not lived q long enough to be her own mistre she was a few weeks short- couldn't do any better than to away.

"The danger is over now, and can choose for herself. Better g and see her, Ned. She's stop with a friend. Here's her addr

It may be quite needless for m state that I took Charley's advice found time to go and call upon G very soon after. There was s thing in her brown eyes when I her that encouraged me to call a and often.

While Jacob Henderson was turning the adjacent country up down in search of her, I quietly ried her.

The "old man" was angry and fane when at last he heard of it the part I had played, but he pa over Grace's personal fortune v out a protest.

That was my last run on an gine, although, strange to say, nei nick nor Charley Davis were charged for the part they took in little elopement. They never h anything further regarding the ter, but I was immediately not that "my services were no lo required."

So now Grace has all the affec that I once felt for my engine, all that other love besides, but not half what she deserves.—Ath Constitution.

Went to Headquarters.

Thin Boarder—I don't see how manage to fare so well at this bo inghouse. I have industriously co the landlady and all her daught but I'm half starved."

Fat Boarder—I court the coo Cleveland Leader.

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

Everything the Human Ear Can Be Placed on Its Proper Musical Note.

In very high or mountainous reg sounds become diminished in loudn so that a conversation cannot be ried on in an ordinary tone of voice mines or in a diving bell the revers this is the case. Speech become startling that it must be carried c whispers to be at all endurable to ear. Sounds of all kinds bec musical if the vibrations of air are form and rapid enough. It is said he puffs of an engine would ma tremendous organ peal of music if could be made to attain the rapidi 50 or 60 a second. Everything in na has its keynote, as it were, and att to one particular musical sound. fact can be very easily verified in every-day life. Stand near an open piano and speak in an ordinary tone; while speaking you will suddenly hear a string within reverberate to your voice. The tick of a watch, the sound of every human voice, the bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, the noise of a wagon, the roll of thunder, the fall of rain, the running of water; in fact, everything about us can easily be placed by an attentive ear on its proper musical note—one of the sounds of the scale. This is a most interesting experiment, and easily verified.

It is said that the ear can distinguish 11 octaves of sound, but as a rule those made by quick, short vibrations are more easily conveyed. For instance, the whirr of a locust makes more distinct impression than the sighing of the wind through the trees. A whirlwind in its approach is noiseless; it is only when it strikes some obstacle that the volume of sound becomes terrific to us. Then we receive the secondary shorter waves from the destruction of this obstacle. Tyndall says all friction is rhythmic. Flames are notoriously sensitive to sound. They will bend and flicker, and even respond with a leap of quivering light to a high, shrill sound. This is another interesting experiment. If we use a glass tube with a small jet of gas, by lowering or raising it to certain points, we can cause it to shriek out shrilly or to answer sympathetically to its own key-note, when sung or spoken by the voice.

ready FORCE when you are

—Chicago Tribune.

Plenty of Guessing.

Physician—The truth can no longer be hidden, madam. I am obliged to tell you that your little son is—er—weak-minded. That is—well, it must be said—he is an idiot.

Mrs. Highupp—How fortunate it is that we are rich. No one will ever notice it.—N. Y. Weekly.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

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

A Sure System.

Mose Medders—Jim Jackson has got de safest system ob playing de races dat I knows ob.

Pete Persimmons—Wot am it?

Mose Medders—Why, ebery day befo' he goes to de track he hustles aroun' an' gits his wife a good big washing to do!—Puck.

Nothing Doing.

Mrs. Newriche (who would like the count for a son-in-law)—It's true that Count D'Ed-Brouck is inclined to be a little—er—wild, but he'll settle down, you, know; time works wonders.

Gotrox—So it does; but I never yet heard of it being in the miracle business.—Brooklyn Life.

Summing Up.

Patience—Yes, Bob Brief, the able counselor, proposed to me last night in true legal style.

Patrice—And that smacking noise we heard later?

"Oh, he was just summing up."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Place for a Mere Man.

Witherby—You look sick, old man; you'd better leave your office at once.

Von Blumer—I ought to, but I haven't a place to lay my head.

Witherby—Why don't you go home?

Von Blumer—My wife is holding a reception.—Town Topics.

Fatherly Temper.

Daughter—The man I marry must be noted for his bravery.

Father—He certainly will be if he insists on breaking into the family after meeting your mother.—Chicago Daily News.

Just to Oblige.

"If you will only give my client time, your honor," pleaded the young lawyer, "I'm sure he will reform."

"I'll go you," replied the judge. "I'll give him six months as a starter."—Chicago Daily News.

For Others Only.

"No man is indispensable,"
We often say, but then
We can't see why this should apply
To us like other men.
—Philadelphia Press.

SHRINKAGE EXPLAINED.

Mamma—If you don't have your face washed your grandma will be shocked. She has washed her face three times a day ever since she waxa little girl.

Bobby—Say, maw, I guess that's the reason it's all shrunk up.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Truth Will Come Out.

Snoozleberry—My wife doesn't believe a word I say.

Dinklehopper—Mine does at times.

Snoozleberry—When is that?

Dinklehopper—When I talk in my sleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Well Put.

She—Am I the first woman you ever loved?

He—Yes. Am I the first man who ever loved you?

She (tempestuously)—You are insulting.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Cause for Worry.

Mr. Bacon—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive.

Mrs. Bacon—Well, don't worry, you won't be.—Columbia Jester.

Just So.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is the bone of contention?

Prof. Broadhead—The jawbone, my son.—Judge.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

It is a fact, whether confessed or not, that there is more tinsel and glitter and more show and boasting in this world than real merit or true worth. This is true in some cases but not in all. R. S. McCrum, Ohiopyle, Pa., says: "I have sold Victor Remedies under a guarantee and have never had a bottle returned. But every one speaks in the highest terms of them. The Victor Lung Syrup is a Great Remedy, but Victor Liver Syrup is worth its weight in gold. Any of the Victor Remedies will do marvels in restoring health." Sold everywhere.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3536-0067.jpg