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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, T ALAN 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,
PHYSICIAN 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.

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

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Cures Piles Permanently

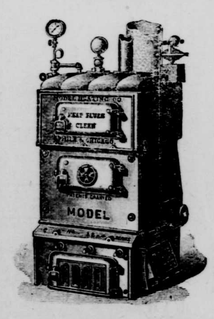
DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY

E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough and heals lungs

HEATING AND PLUMBING.



COAL PRICES ARE HIGH.

Economize in fuel by heating your home this winter with one fire. Get estimates Now. Work and material guaranteed. I have one of the best furnaces on the market.

Bath Room Fittings

are our specialty. We can refer you to customers right in Denton.

A. T. Reichman.

Where to Find

Ground bone and powders for poultry,
Rock salt and powders for stock.
After you have looked everywhere else
Inquire at the Feed Store and be supplied with
Newly ground flour and finely bolted meal
And you will be pleased. Do
Not fail to ask for what you
Desire in our line of trade,
For we keep it in stock.
Large and small orders promptly filled
On the shortest possible notice
Under our own supervision.
Remember our motto, "Justice to all."
Every day we are offering as low as can be
Extra fine buckwheat, graham flour and hominy,
Corn, wheat, chops, middlings and bran,
Hay by the bale or ton.
An extra fine lot of Seed Oats.
Now is the time to sow them.
Ground cotton seed, flax seed meal.
Every one should look to their interest and call on

T. FRED. GAREY,
MANAGER. 3d and Gay Sts., Denton, Md

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.

OYSTERS & 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.

The Denton National Bank

HAS OPENED A

Savings Department

To be operated in connection with the general banking business of the institution.

We will allow interest at the rate of

3 per Cent. per Annum

on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor in this department for a full interest period of four months.

The terms of this department are similar to those of savings banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency.

The advantages of a regular savings bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.

For full particulars inquire or address the Bank. By order of the board of directors.

Thos. W. Jones,
President.

Pays 3 Per Cent.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

Has opened a Savings Department and will pay 3 PER CENT. on savings deposits remaining four months.

For particulars call or write the Bank, or see any of the following directors:

JOSEPH H. BERNARD, Greensboro
FRED. R OWENS, Denton
A. W. SISK, Preston
ROBERT JARRELL, Goldsboro
THOMAS L DAY, Ridgely
FRANK P. COVEY, Federalsburg
PAUL HOLLINGER, Ridgely
FRANCIS A PORTER, Burrsville
HENRY T. NUTTLE, Andersontown
WILLARD C. TODD, Williston
J. FRANK LEDNUM, Preston
GEORGE C. MOORE, Queen Anne
H C. HOBBS, Hobbs

GILBERT HAGADONE
SUCCESSOR TO
James Swann,
DENTON, MD.,

Represents the following excellent fire insurance companies, in which much of the property of this county is insured:

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE
OF PHILADELPHIA.
HOME,
OF NEW YORK.
EQUITABLE,
OF SNOW HILL.
PLANTERS MUTUAL
OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD.

THE STEAMER

Vesper

of the

Baltimore and Eastern Shore Transportation Co.

will leave Baltimore, Pier 302, Spear's Wharf, EVERY THURSDAY at 2.00 p. m., for the following wharves:

Cambridge,	Choptank,
Kingston,	Turkey Creek,
Gilpin's Point,	Todd's,
Downes's,	Towers,
Williston,	Lyford's,
DENTON,	Ridgely's,
Passapae's	and Greensboro.

The Steamer will leave Greensboro every Saturday at 6.00 p. m., for Denton, and LEAVE DENTON EVERY MONDAY at 12.30 p. m., for Baltimore and intermediate landings.

L. B. TOWERS, Gen. Mngr.
T. S. SLAUGHTER, SECRETARY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

LOUISA GARRETT,

late of Caroline County, deceased.

All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber on or before

The 10th day of December, 1903,

or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said deceased's estate.

Given under my hand this 12th day of May, 1903.

T. PLINY FISHER,
5-14-3t] Admr of Louisa Garrett, dec'd.

Lost Hair

"My hair came out by the handful, and the gray hairs began to creep in. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it stopped the hair from coming out and restored the color." Mrs. M. D. Gray, No. Salem, Mass.

There's a pleasure in offering such a preparation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It gives to all who use it such satisfaction. The hair becomes thicker, longer, softer, and more glossy. And you feel so secure in using such an old and reliable preparation. $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.

Wireless on Excursions.

If negotiations now in progress are successful, those who journey from Baltimore to Tolchester down the bay this summer on the Tolchester Company's steamer Louise, will have an opportunity to see wireless telegraphy in actual operation and be at all times in touch with the city during the pleasure trips. This probability has been brought about by the desire of the telegraphers to have a wireless instrument aboard the Louise on their annual excursion on June 9. The De Forrest Company, of New York, whose system they propose to use, objects to installing the instrument for one day only, so negotiations have been begun by which the steamboat company agrees to allow the instruments to be operated between its city office, on Light street, and the excursion boat during the entire season.

The Wastes of the Body.

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size loses two pounds of wornout tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength is down, health gives way, and disease sets up. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

Pastors' Salaries Are Increased.

Since Rev. W. G Koons has become Presiding Elder of Easton District, the Methodists seem to have taken a renewed interest in church work and one of the most important things done was to raise their pastors' salaries on several charges where they were low. Recently Tilghman's Island advanced their pastor's salary from $650 per annum to $700; St. Michaels from $800 to $1000; Cordova from $750 to $900; Centreville from $800 to $900, and possibly $1000; Kent Island from $850 to $1000.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure but death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. Van Metre, of Shepherdtown, W. Va., says, "I had a severe case of bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for croup, whooping cough, grip, pneumonia and consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by R. J. Colston, druggist, Denton. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes 50c, $1.

An Albino Girl.

Jennie Pepper, the only living Albino girl in Sussex county, was born near Waples' Mill, 11, 1880. She is now living with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Reynolds, near Milton. The little lady has hair as white as snow and three feet long. Her eyes are light pink, and her feet and hands are very pretty. She wears a No. 5 glove, a No. 2 shoe, and weighs 110 pounds. She is 4 feet 10 inches high, and is very much like the Albino girls on exhibition in museums in the cities.

The X-Rays.

Recent experiments, by practical tests and examination with the aid of the X Rays, establish it as a fact that catarrh of the stomach is not a disease of itself, but that it results from repeated attacks of indigestion. "How can I cure my indigestion?" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is curing thousands. It will cure you of indigestion and dyspepsia, and prevent or cure catarrh of the stomach. Kodol digests what you eat—makes the stomach sweet. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

The little red schoolhouse is open again;
The door stands ajar and the shutters are down,
The windows thro' many a newly-washed pane,
Like the spectacled master, gaze up the long lane,
And with much the same stern scholastical frown.

The little red schoolhouse is open, 'tis clear
By the newly-trod path from the stiles to the door,
By the two little paths leading round to the rear,
Where truant feet scamper when "books" time draws near
To snatch from grim duty just one minute more.

'Tis clear by the paper that litters the lawn—
All, perhaps, that's immortal of statesman or bard,
Strewn recklessly, ruthlessly hither and yon—
By the footprints in mud the worn doorsill upon,
And the ball-bats and playhouses cumb'ring the yard.

The little red schoolhouse is open, I say,
But the faces that wistfully peer thro' the door,
So weary of work and so hungry for play,
And the voices that lisp the old lessons to-day
Are never the faces and voices of yore.

The little red schoolhouse is open; but where,
O brother of mine, are our comrades of old;
The stout-hearted lads and the maidens so fair,
We fought with and played with and idolized there,
With valor and ardor and love all untold?

The boy who could never just learn how to spell—
O, what was his name? and what has been his fate?
The good boy, the bad boy, the boy who would tell,
The boy who could mimic the master so well,
And the boy who could wondrously draw on his slate!

And the girl whose initials were carved on the beech
In the yard, and so deeply engraved in my heart—
Who could write so, and sing so and say such a speech,
And no tongue could relate and no teacher could teach—
O Time and Change, where have you buried her art?

The little red schoolhouse is open—alas,
We may not return to our desks, as of old
Up the rough path ad astra no longer may pass—
All their lessons forgot, our mates sleep beath the grass
And their names, unremembered, on stones are enrolled.

—E. O. Laughlin, in Indianapolis Journal.

HELEN'S LEGACY

By A. R. Brownlee.

WHEN Helen Stockwell had refused to marry Winfield Barton without his father's consent, the young man had said: "Why, Helen, you don't know my father. He always refuses everything at first. It's his way. It isn't because it's you. If we were once married, he wouldn't care anything more about it."

To which she replied: "It seems to me, Win, that if you approached him rightly, and told him that we didn't wish to marry without his consent and blessing, and that we would patiently wait, it would not be long before he would yield. It seems dreadful to marry with father or mother against us. The memory of it would rest forever. It never could be made right."

He had angrily replied, in his wounded vanity, that he guessed she didn't care much about him, or she would proudly marry him if all the world objected. And when he found her still unyielding, had left her and never gone back, getting colonialoil, in due time, from the companionship of pretty Retta Lowe, whom he married. His father had objected, but when it was over, forgave him, as Win had said he would. Helen often met Win and his pretty, stylishly-dressed wife, riding in their fine team.

It was not long after Win's marriage when Helen was left a legacy of $2,000 by a great uncle on her father's side, whom she had not heard from for a long time. It seemed at first as if fate had meant this good fortune as a kind of salve to ease her sore heart, and she was as joyful as a poor girl can be who supports herself and her mother by her own hands.

When, however, Helen Stockwell looked more closely in the matter of her inheritance, she had a long struggle with herself, then refused to accept it. She would have resented the idea of being called a goody-goody girl. She prided herself on her broad-mindedness and her tolerance of other people's beliefs, even when they differed widely from her own. She didn't say to herself that her uncle had obtained his money in, morally, a questionable manner. She would not have criticised anyone else for accepting such money. She could only judge what was right for her own self. And she was quite sure that, so far as she herself was concerned, it was not right for her to accept the money, in spite of her mother's quite different way of looking at the subject.

"Mamma," said Helen, sadly, "I want the best that life can give me, but if I accept this money, I would only be taking second or third best, for it will have no blessing with it."

She thought she would be more lonely and sad than ever when she gave the money up. But she was surprised to find that she wasn't so lonely and unhappy as she had thought she would be. When you give up something of your own accord, you feel a sense of power, as Helen did, while the sky seemed to look bluer, the birds sing sweeter, and people's faces to look more kind. Still there were moments of despair and discouragement, when everything seemed to be going wrong—when the household debts would never get quite paid up, and her health never be quite what she had hoped. How nice it would be to be taken care of, as Win's wife was! Or how nice it would be to have that $2,000 and be relieved of petty responsibilities! Those weak moods quickly passed, however.

She was cashier and clerk at Mr. Burt's "combination store," which was really a city department store on a small scale.

One day, about two days after the last of her "surrenders," as Helen laughingly called them, a slender, white-faced old man entered the store. Helen was at her cashier's desk making out bills. It was quite late, on a cold, drizzly, fall afternoon, and and no one else happened to be in at the time. Helen glanced up occasionally, on the alert to see if a new customer came in, or if she herself were needed, and two or three times she discovered the stranger watching her quite intently.

When he had gone, Mr. Burt sauntered up to her, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes, said, "Miss Stockwell, that old gentleman came to especially inquire about you. He said his name was Lawrence, from Hopedale. He didn't want to speak to you himself, he said, but just wanted to know all about you. So I told him your general history. I shouldn't wonder at all if he were a detective in disguise, weaving a deadly chain of evidence around you."

The winter that followed was a particularly hard one for poor Helen. Her mother's health was very poor, and medicine and delicacies had to be bought. When spring came she grew no better, and the doctor said that if she could go to the seaside for a few weeks, he was sure she would be greatly benefited. But that was not to be thought of. Helen was wearing quit shabby clothes in order to pay the doctor's bill and the rent of their four rooms.

In the latter part of May, as Helen was about to start home one evening about six o'clock, a tall, pleasant-faced young man appeared hurriedly in the doorway and asked for Miss Stockwell.

"Oh," he said, after Mr. Burt had made her known, respectfully saluting her, "I see you are about to start for home. I would like to walk along with you if I may, as I have a commission for you, intrusted to me by my grandfather."

"Certainly," said Helen.

Only a few commonplaces were passed till they got off the main street, then the young man said:

"Miss Stockwell, my grandfather has recently died and has left me his sole executor and heir of his modest property, except two bequests. One, of $2,000, to the 'drink cure' hospital and sanitarium at Lansingburg, and the other of $1,000 left to yourself, check for which you will find in this envelope," handing her the same from his wallet.

Helen drew herself slightly away from the proffered gift and said earnestly: "I am sure there must be some mistake, sir. You have probably come to the wrong person. I am sure I did not know your grandfather."

He smiled. "There is no mistake, Miss Stockwell. My name is Gilbert Lawrence. My grandfather saw you last fall. He went to the store to see you, and Mr. Burt told him all about you."

"Oh," said Helen, "he was that old gentleman who asked about me! But I don't understand. There is no reason why he should have left me anything."

"You remember that legacy of $2,000 which you refused some three years ago?" he asked, still smiling.

"Of course I remember it!" said Helen, with sad humor. "I wish I could forget it."

"Well, my grandfather was the heir who profited by your surrender of that legacy. But that is the $2,000 I mentioned as having been bequeathed to the drink cure hospital. Your present legacy is a part of my grandfather's savings on the dear home farm where my father and I were born. So you needn't fear to accept it," he urged, again holding out the envelope to her, which she took with trembling fingers.

"My grandfather, Miss Stockwell," continued the young man, "was the nearest relative when Mr. Rollins died, but he did not leave grandfather anything. He left you $2,000 and the rest to another person not a relative. When you refused to take your share, it went to the nearest relative, who was my grandfather. You told the lawyer who wrote you why you could not accept the money, and he told grandfather, who became greatly interested in you, and after a while went to see Mr. Burt and inquired about you. My grandfather" (with modest pride) "had great confidence in me, and made me the confidant of all his affairs."

"It—it doesn't seem as if this money could possibly belong to me," said Helen.

"It certainly does!" he cried joyfully. "You will find a copy of the will in your envelope with the check."

They had now reached her home. "Won't you come in and see mamma?" asked Helen, still in her dreamlike state.

"I hope to have that pleasure at some future time, but now I must be at the depot in time for the 6:50 train. I wanted to deliver the commission personally, so you could understand it better than I could explain in writing, and answer your doubts."

"Oh!" said Helen, "you can't possibly understand how happy you have made me!"

"I am simply the proud bearer of the happiness grandfather has presented to you," he said gently.

"So this money is a blessing?" said Mrs. Stockwell, dryly, after hearing Helen's story. "It's a wonder you can't find some reason to refuse it."

Nobody could have been more enjoyed over Helen's good fortune than Mr. Burt, when she told him how the mysterious old man had left her a legacy, she being a distant relative. (She did not explain about the other legacy, as it did not seem needful, and might produce useless argument, or at least draw undue attention to herself.) And he said she could stay away as long as she liked, and her place would be kept for her.

Helen and her mother had not been at the Ocean house, in their quiet seaside resort, more than a week when Mr. Gilbert Lawrence made his appearance there. He said he had taken his vacation earlier than usual, but Mr. Norton (in whose law office he was employed as assistant, and where he hoped some day to be taken into partnership) had told him he could be better spared now than later, and had better take the opportunity. He had heard of this nice quiet place from an acquaintance, and decided to come. It was strange that he did not seem more surprised to see Helen here! The fact is, he had inquired as to her whereabouts, and came here on purpose to become more thoroughly acquainted with her.

Never did the world seem more bright and beautiful to Helen than when she returned home, both her mother and herself greatly improved in health, and with the memory of the kind regard and esteem in Mr. Lawrence's honest eyes when he bade her good-by.

At home one genuine grief touched her—for she was so happy and light-hearted herself that she didn't like anyone she had known to be unhappy. She learned that Winfield Barton and his father had had a serious quarrel. It seems that Win, being in temporary need of money to buy some fine stock at a bargain, had sold a piece of land that he and his father held jointly, without speaking to the latter about the matter, being so "sure that father wouldn't care when he knew about it." It happened, however, that this piece of land was particularly cherished by Mr. Lawrence, and that he would not have let it go under any consideration. He had never been so angry and bitter against his son in all his life, and among the passionate, reproachful words he spoke were these: "You were always doing things without caring what I thought. You and your wife married without caring enough to try to win a father's consent and blessing." It was Win's own wife who had imprudently repeated these words, seeming to think they would create more sympathy for her. It may be said that he and Win became reconciled, but that he never again was known to trust Win in his business affairs.

"Do you know, Helen," said Mrs. Stockwell, one evening, "Mr. Lawrence said he didn't know what it was to have a mother. He said his died when he was too young to remember her. His aunt always took care of him and kept house for him and his father. And he said—that he wished—he had a mother like me."

Helen was apparently too much absorbed in her book to have heard.

"Perhaps," went on Mrs. Stockwell, with a secret delight under her calm manner, "perhaps he may, some day."

"Perhaps so," said Helen, with apparent unconcern.—Farm and Home.

SAPIENT OBSERVATIONS.

Some of Which Contain Advice Worth Weighing, and Sage Suggestions.

Some persons seem to think their unkindness is written upon a slate, and that the moist sponge of forgiveness should ever be at hand to wipe it out.

The man who cannot be in the company of a woman for 15 minutes without quoting poetry, should never have a serious place in her life.

Men should never flirt with the woman who loves to write her love affairs in indelible ink, says the St. Louis Republic.

It is the man with an inexhaustible supply of profanity who objects to women using slang.

If some man would spend half an hour thinking up a fresh set of compliments, his increased popularity would bring ample reward.

There are women who seem to consider a worshiper at their shrine as important an adjunct to their public appearance as their bodices or boots.

If you want a man to think you are very clever, show unbounded appreciation of his achievements.

Many a man has asked some woman to let him take care of her in order to get her to take care of him.

Love should be called the ether of life; those under its influence seem so insensible to outside joy or pain.

So few women realize the vital difference between being part of a man's happiness and merely a part of his pleasure.

Reason for the Stop.

A train traveling on a small branch railway in the Highlands suddenly came to a standstill. One of the passengers poked his head out of the window to ascertain the cause, and just caught the guard as he passed under the window on his way to the engine.

"Why are we stopping?" he inquired.

"Hoot, mon, ye maun jus' abide a wee; the watter's gane aff tha boil."—London Answers.

Test of Beauty.

Mrs. Upton—Seeing my daughter every day, I never noticed that she was particularly nice-looking; but this afternoon I discovered that she is entrancingly beautiful.

Mr. Upton—Eh? This afternoon?

Mrs. Upton—Yes. We entered a street car, and two young gentlemen gave us their seats.—N. Y. Weekly.

BONE FOOD

Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bones must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.

Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Little doses every day give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.

Wrong food caused the trouble. Right food will cure it.

In thousands of cases Scott's Emulsion has proven to be the right food for soft bones in childhood.

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

Creating General Sorrow.

Band Leader—You vants us to play mit der funeral? Ees it a military funeral?

Stranger—No; it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.

Band Leader (proudly)—My pand, eh? Vy he shoose my pand?

Stranger—He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.—Tit-Bits.

Behind the Scenes.

"It's like this," said the would-be actress, "I can't quite make up my mind to—"

"Oh, that'll be all right," interrupted the manager. "It doesn't matter about a little thing like that if you can make up the rest of yourself according to the requirements of the part."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cards Are Out.

Miss Sweet—Mr. Jollie took me for a Vassar graduate when he first met me.

Mr. Batcheller — Strange! That wasn't at all what I was inclined to take you for.

Miss Sweet—No? What then?

Mr. Batcheller—My wife.—Philadelphia Press.

The Voice of Experience.

"A woman may get mad as a hornet," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "but there is one difference—a woman never sits down when she is mad, but I've had good reason to believe a hornet always does."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Connection.

To speak of a "duck of a bonnet"
May seem rather meaningless; still
There's something in this, think upon it—
A duck has a pretty big bill.
—Philadelphia Press.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

Mrs. Peck—Here's an account of a man who had three wives, Henry! Now what do you suppose they'll do with him?

Mr. Peck—Try him for lunacy, my dear, I thould think!—Chicago Daily News.

Mutual Kindness.

"Time is kind to you," said I.
"Oh, yes," responded she.
"I always meet him with a smile
And pass him cheerfully."
—Puck.

No Mistake.

"So, young man, you wish to marry my daughter. Aren't you making a mistake?"

"Not at all, sir. I've looked you up in Bradstreet."—Chicago American.

Lack of Opportunity.

George Washington, they tell us,
To falsehood never turned.
Had he been a weather prophet
He would probably have learned.
—Washington Star.

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