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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 & GYNECOLOGIST,
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.

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Denton, Md.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS Price 50c & $1.00

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

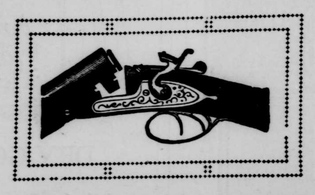
STOVE WOOD.

Best seasoned pine, sawed in stove lengths, and delivered promptly anywhere in town. Terms cash.

S. BRADFORD DOWNES,
9-10,6m] Denton, Md.

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.,

DOWNES BUILDING, DENTON, MARYLAND.



GUNS!

A fine line of Double and Single Barrel Guns has just been put on our shelves. We invite an inspection.

Doubl Barreled, $9.75 to $20
Single " $4.50 to $5.75

STEVENS GUNS and RIFLES

Fine Rifle at $2.50 to $3.50. Revolvers and Cartridges all sizes.

AMMUNITION

Powder, Shot, Wads, Caps, Hulls, Loaded Shells. Everything for the sportsman. Loaded Shells—Nitro, Club, Robin Hood and Winchester, all smokeless powder, Club and Winchester—black powder.

Reloading and cleaning tools, caps, coats, leggings, cartridge belts. Just what every sportsman needs.

- - - FRUIT PACKAGES - - -

:0:

HUGHES LUMBER AND COAL CO.,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

:0:

OUR MILL IS BUSY TURNING OUR CRATES, BASKETS, AND CARRIERS FOR

All Kinds of Fruit.

Cantaloupe Crates and Baskets, Peach and Tomato Baskets, Berry Crates,

Carriers for Early Tomatoes and Choice Peaches, etc

BUILDING MATERIAL.

AND MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

FLOORING, SIDING, CASINGS, MOULDINGS, CEILING, WINDOW SASH AND BLINDS, FRAMING. LIME, HAIR, PLASTERING LATH, SHINGLES. in fact everything to build a house.

SOFT COAL FOR BLACKSMITHS and THRESHING ENGINES

:0:

GIVE US A CALL.

IT IS NOT EXPERIMENT.

Our Reputation is Established for Building

THE BEST WAGONS

on the Eastern Shore.

Farm Wagons, Lumber wagons, Duplex Fruit-wagons, One-horse Wagons, Timber Carts, and Horse Carts.

Our facilities enable us to make Wagons better and cheaper than our Competitors.

IF YOUR WAGON NEEDS,

REPAIRING AND REPAINTING,

We will do it right and reasonable. Our prices are low, but not cheap

Anklam Manufacturing Company,

AT THE DEPOT, DENTON, MD.

The Best Business Positions

I Want to Tell You *free of charge* how to get the BEST BUSINESS POSITIONS, and when you have read the *new* illustrated book, which I have just published, you will thank me for calling your attention to it, for it is *unusually interesting and valuable*—(the most beautiful of its kind ever published)—*mailed free* to young men and young women who are ambitious to succeed, or to parents who have boys and girls to educate.

WRITE ME TO-DAY.

H. S. GOLDEY, President,
Goldey College, Wilmington, Del.

NIGHT.

Oh dark, Oh silent, Oh sweet!
To the soft night
I bow my head—
Day is more pure, more bright—
But still I love the Night!

Oh liquid sweep of sky,
Star-begemmed,
I turn to thee—
For all day I must be
To light condemned,
But now I live by radiant darkness hemmed.

Oh night! Oh wonderful!
Thou canst reveal
Such mystic things
In whisperings
And then conceal
These mysteries which Day ne'er can feel.

Oh sadness! Oh happiness!
Two in one
And one in two;
Oh, thou ever-new
Night without sun,
Kiss me, sweet dark, e'er thy reign be done.

—Rosina Hubley Emmet, in Everybody's Magazine.

A Dream Melody.

"I SUPPOSE I've been ill! I wonder what's the matter with me?"

Colin Stuart opened his eyes, and, struggling into a sitting posture, saw that he was in the shabby bed-sitting-room in the dull side street which for a dreary time now had been his "home."

He was still only half conscious and painfully weak, but gradually his brain cleared a little, and bit by bit memory came back.

"So she didn't turn me out, after all! She must have looked after me, too, and found money for medicine and food. Her bark was worse than her bite, poor creature! I daresay she's hard pressed enough herself at times, especially if many of her lodgers are as unprofitable as I am.

"How much did I owe her, now, before I was taken ill? How long have I been lying here in delirium? and, worst problem of all, what am I to do with myself now I have my senses back again? Life was pretty rough before; it will be impossible now."

Another glance round the room freshened his memory again—the open piano, the loose sheets of torn music carelessly strewn all around. However long the illness had been in duration, no loving hand tended him, only grudging service (given, perchance, as an alternative to an inquest) had been bestowed on him.

"I remember! I'd reached the end of all things; not one penny left—no work—season flat—couldn't sell music or get it sung, not one solitary engagement through all those awful weeks. Only the clothes I was wearing left! not a friend in the whole world I could turn to for help—bread and water for a week—then water without the bread, with the Frenchman's experience to follow; no sooner had I taught the horse to live on one straw a day than the brute spited me and died!

"But I didn't die! No, here I am, unfortunately alive. I've been under the waters of fate once, and like other bodies risen to the surface. I shall go down again directly. Mrs. Wilcox thinks she can turn me out without being held up for manslaughter or anything of that kind. Shall I rise the second time through the casual ward or be allowed to die quietly in the gutter? Heaven knows; I don't."

Another long, weary pause, at the end of which the landlady popped her head in at the door, gave a grunt which might either have been satisfaction or disgust on realizing the invalid was conscious—better; then dived back to the kitchen, emerging therefrom a little later with a basin of very weak soup and a piece of bread, which she set down with a clatter on a small table near the bed with the remark:

"You can feed yourself again now; the time it's wasted every day a-looking after you no money could ever pay for."

"I'm sure I'm very grateful," was the shamed reply. "Have I been ill long?"

"Mor'n two weeks," ungraciously, "an' me scared to death with all this talk o' smallpox about."

Colin started violently.

"But it can't be that—there is no rash—"

"Good thing for you it wasn't," was the sharp retort. "It's delirium, the doctor says. You've been a-playing that there piano to death, but there ain't enough on those bones to suit me; it's all noise an' no meat in pianos. Never no more musicians take my rooms, and out you go just as soon as ever you can set foot to the ground."

"I must owe you an awful lot," he murmured, brokenly. "I see medicine, and food, and wine, besides the rent; you must be a kind of pantomime fairy disguised as—as—"

"Don't you go poking your fun at me," she broke in shrilly. "I'm a poor, hard working, honest woman. Fairy, indeed. The very idea. What you've had you've paid for, or, it stands to reason, out you'd have gone long ago."

"Paid for," blankly; "why, when I was taken ill I was behind with my rent—"

"And who'll blame me for paying myself out of the money in your pocket?" hectoringly. "There you was a-lying dead (so it looked at first) on the floor, and when the doctor was fetched, he says food, fire, wine an' good nursing. 'Who's to pay?' says I, and he says, 'You'd better look amongst his things for his money. In the meantime, use this,' giving me a sovereign. One of the other lodgers sat with you while I run for the medicine, an' afterward we went through your things together.

"Ten pounds there was in two five-pound notes, an' 15 shillings in silver. I jist got the gentleman to sign his name to its being all right, which, thank heaven, he's here an' can prove, an' in course I took out the three pounds owing for rent, an' paid the doctor back his sovereign, an' used the rest as it was wanted. What's left's in that there box on the table, an' another week's rent due to-morrow."

She was hard, but honest. There was still a remnant of gold among the silver—enough to last, please heaven, until he was strong enough to crawl out again, with the hope of earning a precarious living.

Where the money had come from goodness alone knew! A purse of gold, where not one copper piece had been!

As Colin lay back on his lodging-house pillow (hard and rather grimy) unshed tears burned his eyeballs as he thought of that doctor, who, seeing at a glance that he was dying from sheer starvation, had not hesitated to give the "two pence" of the Good Samaritan.

"The mere money I may repay some day," he thought; "but the action never! Whether one pound or 50 at the last day, it will speak—it will have a thousand voices. God will hear them."

As soon as he could crawl he dragged himself to the piano. If even now he could only be in time—time to win that grand prize offered by the conservatoire at Florence for the best setting of a song to words supplied by them—£250 English money, with the situation of harmony master at a large salary to, perhaps, the cleverest group of students the world had ever seen.

There was an exquisite but maddening elusive melody in his brain—an angel song; but his head was weak from illness, and it was evidently doomed to remain one of those untold dream witcheries which thrall most soul musicians at times and draw away their thoughts to cloudland. He could not hum it, could not find its beginning or end, though he tried each note in the gamut; but he felt it, he had dreamed it; some day—too late, perhaps, to make use of in this world—it would come to him in its full, glorious beauty.

Song after song, tune after tune, he painfully evolved, only to throw them aside with a cry of despair when finished.

"Mechanical, wooden! Correct harmony? Yes, but oh, ye gods, how commonplace, how evenly on the dead level! and only 24 hours left before the MS. must be posted. I am like a drowning man who sees the life belt hanging just out of his reach. The prize, the position, the melody and my utter inability to grasp it. What is that?" springing to his feet and almost ceasing to breathe as certain notes, halting, faulty, but still gloriously beautifully, reached his ear. "Who is that? What is that——" A long pause, then he said deliberately, resolutely though his face was white as snow, "That is the music that shall win the prize! It is mine, not his! I dreamed it. I can write it into something that will electrify the world; my harmonies shall be transcendently beautiful, his are hopelessly faulty; the melody is worthless to him, to me it is salvation for soul and body——"

The notes were played through again slowly, tenderly, with wrong chords, with right chords, with one finger only, a rich deep voice hummed them, a girl's clear soprano corrected the man to a curious minor resolution that Colin's soul had already leaped to—they—these unknown two—had given him the clew to his dream melody; theirs was of the earth earthly; he would turn it into something that was worthy even of Heaven itself.

Down he sat and set feverishly to work and the melody fitted the words, as a glove the hand:

Hail, victor! in the generous strife,
This is the golden hour of life;
The struggle and the task are done,
The guerdon and the chaplet won.

* * * * * *

Thine is the fadeless olive crown,
Illuzon and badge of bright renown;
For thee the poet's lyre is strung,
For thee the song of triumph won.

He wrote on, and on, and on! Night passed into day, and day nearly into night again before it was finished, and he managed to stagger out and post it himself; then he fainted, and Mrs. Wilcox told him he must leave her house at the end of the week. She couldn't abide invalids, besides which she had a chance of letting her rooms for almost double the money; but her first floors were going, and new people coming in who wanted an extra room.

Colin was thankful to go. He felt like a thief who had robbed a blind man. He was a thief, and he had stolen what was far more precious than gold—he had stolen fame from an old man, a foreigner, from a girl perhaps as poor as himself—and he hated himself for it. He had done it almost in his delirium, but as health and strength returned every hour, so did his moral sense of right and wrong.

He was a thief.

The letter with the good news came to a dreary London attic, one of those tiny, ill-furnished rooms which shelter broken hearts and hide blighted hopes from the mock of the world.

Colin Stuart had won the prize for his superb setting of the classic ode—he held the check in his hand for £250, with the formal offer of the post he had craved, with more than formal appreciation of his work, for the famous Signor Tiorno pronounced it worthy of the highest praise.

Colin threw the letter down in bitter contempt. "Stolen honors—a giant's robe," he muttered, "only, thank heaven, there is still time to make restitution. I will take it there tonight—now, it may be to them what it was to me—what it would have been to me if it were honestly mine. Perhaps the melody was hers—that beautiful dark-eyed girl I used to see passing up and down to the second floor back—perhaps it was the old foreigner's I saw with her just before I was taken ill—they will pity and forgive, the temptation was so great."

But they also had left Mrs. Wilcox's apartments, he found—they had gone a few days before he himself had done so.

"She—Miss Giacomo—was a governess and had lived here for three years," explained Mrs. Wilcox, vexedly, "and paid to the day all that time. Then her uncle came and took her away—he hadn't any children, and is quite a rich old man, I believe, an' she's going abroad with him. She was his sister's child, an' there'd been a quarrel over the marriage an' they lost sight of each other. Anyhow the parents are dead now, and the signor he's adopted Miss Giacomo for his own; their address, sir? Now, let me see, they went from here to one of them big hotels—Cecil I think it was—"

Colin contrived to cut short the rest of her voluble talk, and started off to walk to the Hotel Cecil; he was glad from his heart that the girl had found a friend and the prospect of happiness—if only the good luck had come to him, other dreams than money and fame might have been his; now she would never know that her pretty face had chained him to Mrs. Wilcox's house like a spell; that the chance meeting sometimes, the glance from her sweet eyes had inspired his muse—yes! something else had gone out of his life with Nina Giacomo, and he had to confess himself as a thief before her.

It was the only restitution he could make.

"I had set my whole soul on winning that prize," stammered the culprit, with downcast eyes. "I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night—then I was taken ill, and a wondrous melody made itself known to me; strange, sweet harmonies ran through my fever so that waking was almost a pain, for with coming back to this dreary world the angel tune vanished, and I could not catch hold of it—it seemed still in my soul, but elusive, like a shadow which cannot be grasped—then—one night I heard it played in another room, I heard it hummed and strummed, not the harmony, but the ghost of the melody, and my delirium was not over. I entreat you to believe it was not the true Colin Stuart, but some remnant of the fever fiend who did it. I stole the melody and elaborated it, harmonized it, as I had heard it played in my dreams, and I sent it in as my own; it won the prize—it is here—yours, not mine—"

"No," said Nina Giacomo, softly laying a detaining hand to stay the retreat he tried to make, "it was always yours, Mr. Stuart; even in your fever the ruling passion of your life came out; there were many hours when you were alone, untended, and you used to get up and play wonderful music—dream music—which drove one into ecstasy to hear, better, far more beautiful than I had ever heard you play before.

"That prize melody was yours, and I used to pick out just the air on my piano afterward sometimes. I have remembered other tunes, but I liked that best; it is your very own, and the appointment also—and I am happy for your sake—"

"I had one other dream, too," he said, in almost inaudible tone, "as sweet or sweeter than the music. There was a purse found in my room, a lady's purse, with a name hastily erased, yet not so thoroughly but that some letters were left—"

"You must forgive," she said quickly; "the good luck came to me just then; my uncle offered me a home. I knew I should have enough money for always—and—and I was passing the door when you fell and fainted. I knew why, and—Mrs. Wilcox has been made hard because her own fight has been so bitter—those on the coach cannot understand how the wheels hurt, unless once they have been under them themselves."

And after all they did not pass out of each other's lives—the good luck had come at last!—London Tit-Bits.

Humiliating the British Lion.

Mr. Gourley, a member of the Canadian house of commons, is noted for his intense hatred of the United States. Only a few weeks ago he made utterance that "the United States is a greater tyranny than Algiers."

Last summer, while a number of Americans were enjoying a trolley ride in a Canadian city, Gourley and an acquaintance happened to be on board. The meager criticisms which the Americans bestowed on things Canadian nettled the vitriolic statesman. An Italian entered the car. He carried in his arms a large papier mache lion, which he placed on the seat beside him.

"Represents the strength and power of the greatest nation on earth," said Gourley loudly, pointing to the lion.

"The creature which makes all others crouch and grovel," added the acquaintance.

"I should like to see any foreigner attempt to twist—"

Here the conductor interrupted the patriot's declaration and drew from the Americans peals of derisive laughter, when he addressed the Italian brusquely:

"Say, what do you think this is—a cattle car?"—Boston Post.

Thought He Was Safe.

"Come, old man, tell us where you got the courage to propose to your wife."

"They told me she had taken a vow never to marry."—Stray Stories.

OF INTEREST TO MANY.

It is not generally known that more than one third of the deaths are from kidney diseases. Watch your kidneys as you can not live without them and they cannot be replaced. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. It will make you well. For sale by Preston Pharmacy, Preston, Md.; C. H. Redden, Denton, Md.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. BOGGAS, Rockingham, N. C.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Fading Hair

Hard.

"The expedition endured the extremest hardship."

"Yes, I understand they were locked in the ice during two lecture seasons."—Detroit Free Press.

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield to this perfect Pill. 25c, at R. J. Colston's drug store, Denton.

Time Flies.

Two ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass through a telescope lent them by an "ancient mariner." On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar, "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

Cured of Piles After 40 Years.

Mr. C. Haney, of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro.

Great Scheme.

"Have you decided yet upon a name for that new suburb of yours?"

"Yes. I am going to call it Lookout."

"I can't see see anything striking or original about that."

"You can't. Think how everybody in the train will run to the windows when the brakeman calls out the name of the station."

For Female Weakness.

J. H. Mellott, Crystal Springs, Pa., says: "My wife was suffering from Female Weakness and almost past going about, but since using Victor Liver Syrup she is able to do her own house-work, has gained 50 pounds in weight, and is hearty and strong." With many women life is a never-ending round of toil. Yet they live through it all with no vitality, no pleasure, no song. Your Druggist will cheerfully furnish you what so completely restored Mrs. Mellott, and a remedy in Victor Liver Syrup that will revive and renew you.

Cause For It.

Hungry Hank—Dis paper says dat drinkin' makes yer nervous. Wouldn't dat jar you?

Dry Dan—Well, sometimes I git nervous when I'm drinkin' a glass o' whisky.

Hungry Dan—Aw, git out!

Dry Dan—Sure! it makes me nervous to think mebbe I won't get another.—Philadelphia Press.

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible fo many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg, of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by R. J. Colston, druggist, Denton. Price 50c, and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

Not Guilty.

"Are we free men?" asked the political calamity howler, who had been imported from an adjoining State. "I repeat the question: Are we free men?"

Whereupon a man in the rear of the hall arose and informed the speaker that the majority of those present were married men.

WORTH READING.

Victor Remedies more than fill the expectations of the purchaser. In fact people confess that they give perfect satisfaction. Call for them and test them for your own health and happiness. In case your Druggist or Merchant does'nt have them in stock, by your sending us the addresses of six of your neighbors and also that of your Merchant or Druggist, we will send you 2 Free Samples selected from Victor Liver Syrup, Victor Infants Relief, Victor Pain Balm, Victor Lung Syrup, or Victor Liniment. It will be time well spent.

Very Suspicious.

Ernie—I am not so sure that Mr Crisp had any good wishes for us when we were married.

Ida—Didn't he throw old shoes at the hack?

Ernie—Yes, but he threw them just like he was throwing at a cat.

Great Success.

He—"Do you suppose their married life is a happy one?"

She—"Why, of course it is. Haven't they had the same cook now for over a year?"—Syracuse Herald.

PROVERBS.

Change.

A tree often transplanted bears little fruit.—Italian.

For a man in a fever it is unwise to change beds.

It is not best to swap horses when crossing a stream.—Lincon.

As turning the logs will make a fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.—Longfellow.

The musician who always plays on the same string is laughed at.—Horace.

A change of pasture makes fat calves.—Spanish.

Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.—Ford.

Variety alone gives joy.
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.

Change amuses the mind, yet scarcely profits.—Goethe.

Change still doth reign, and keep the greater sway.—Spencer.

If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinion and feelings will be drawn that way. Every fear and hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty torrent in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but preverse and obstinate.—Burk.

My son, fear thou the Lord and the king; and meddle not with them that are given to change.—Prover be XXIV, 21.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.—Jeremiah XIII, 23.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Arthur Chapman writing Durban, Natal, South Africa, says: "As a proof that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a cure suitable for old and young, I pen you the following: A neighbor of mine had a child just over two months old. It had a very bad cough and the parents did not know what to give it. I suggested that if they would get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and put some upon the dummy teat the baby was sucking it would no doubt cure the child. This they did and brought about a quick relief and cured the baby." This remedy is for sale by R. J. Colston Denton; Davis, druggist, Ridgely.

He was deep in his paper and did not want to be interrupted, but, of course, she didn't care anything about that.

"Did you read about the young couple that went through the marriage ceremony just for a joke?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "What of it?"

"Why, after it was all over they discovered that it was not a joke at all."

"Oh, every one who tackles the marriage question finds that out."

He was not interrupted again for a full hour.

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, *i. e.*, a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, *Chemists*, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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