THEN LIFE WOULD BE A JOY.

If a feller didn't have t' go t' bed at
eight o'clock,
If no cradles wuz around th' house he
had t' rock and rock;
If he didn't have t' stay at home when
company comes 'round,
If he didn't have t' wear the' stiffest collars ever found;
If he didn't have t' go t' school, ner
figger up a sum,
I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' wash himself
behind th' ears;
If he took things from th' pantry, an'
had afterward no fears;
If he didn't get a lickin' when in swimmin' he wuz found;
If he didn't have t' speak a piece when
every one's around—
If he never had t' take advice from people
old an' glum,
I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' keep th' clothes
he had on clean;
If his dog wuz just th' biggest any one
had ever seen;
If th' boys around th' corner bowed their
heads when he went by;
If he never had t' do a single thing upon
the sly;
If whenever he might wish t' he could
lay around at home,
I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller could buy peanuts an' some ice
cream by the brick,
An 'then have no one t' tell him that
they'd "surely make him sick;"
If that cannon by the schoolhouse, when
he wished it, would be fired;
If he could but go a-fishin' an 'stay there
until he's tired;
If he never fer th' ball game failed t' have
the proper sum,
I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.
—N. Y. Press.

CALLED BY ALONZO.

WHEN Alonzo's telegram came Thursday evening, saying "Join me here immediately," I knew at once that he was desperately ill. It must have been something sudden, for I had a letter from him that morning, and he didn't speak of anything out of the way—just told what a good time he was having and about a golf tournament that he was to play in in a few days. I was sure he wouldn't have sent for me unless something serious was the matter—husbands don't you know—and I thought it might be an accident. Somebody got awfully hurt with a putter in that morning's paper, and the same thing might have happened to Alonzo as well as not.

It was after ten o'clock at night when the dispatch came, but I threw some things into a dress-suit case, while Bridget went to call a cab and Delia telephoned to the station to find out about the trains. I was so excited that I couldn't choose a thing for the bag, but I picked up whatever came along from my bureau and a wrapper from the closet to wear on the sleeper and crammed them in any old way.

Fortunately I had plenty of money—too much for comfort, for I didn't know where to put it. My dress hadn't any pocket, and I had to stuff it all over myself. I never appreciated before how awkward it would be to be a multi-millionaire.

Bridget came back with the hansom just as Delia finished telling me about the train, and I rushed off without giving them a single direction about anything and paid the man double to get me to the Grand Central in time. We did it, but when I got out I noticed that I had brought my fluffy white chiffon parasol instead of an umbrella, and it upset me so that I spilled all the things I had in my chatelaine bag over the floor at the ticket window and nearly lost the train while I was picking them up, although the policeman and another man helped me all they could.

I didn't have time to ask at the information bureau how I was to reach where Alonzo was, but I got on the Boston train because I knew we went through Boston, but whether it was because he had business there or whether he had to in order to get to Upper East Scottypaw I couldn't remember.

At any rate, there I was on the Boston train, right or wrong, and I trusted to luck to get straightened out when I got there.

Naturally I was wide awake after such a shock as that telegram had given me, but I couldn't sit up all night, so I rang for the porter to find my berth for me. It was lower 6. I looked hard at the number, for I'm always careful about those things. Some women make such fearful mistakes.

The porter said the upper berth wasn't taken, and, of course, I was glad. I've never been to Europe, but I can't understand why Americans brag so about our traveling conveniences. Traveling inconveniences, I should call them. And how anything in Europe can be worse than an American sleeping car I don't know.

I crawled behind my curtains and sat down on the edge of the berth to get some things out of my valise. The man who belonged in the section across the aisle came from somewhere and steadied himself with his hand on my knee as he dug his coat case out from underneath his berth. Of course I realized that he didn't know it was a part of me he was leaning on, but it did seem a little informal.

It's hard work to unpack your bag doubled up in the darkness of your berth, with the upper berth bumping your head every time you move and jamming the hairpins into your skull, but I managed at last to pull out my wrapper. It felt fearfully tumbled, for I had put it in simply anyhow. But, then, what's a wrapper for but to get mussed up? I hung it over my arm, and started for the cubby hole that they call a dressing room in sleeping cars.

Just as I reached there I remembered that I didn't have my comb and brush, and I turned back for them. Then I did what the comic papers are always getting off jokes about. I went to the wrong berth. I don't know how I ever made the mistake, for I knew very well that I belonged to No. 6, but I guess the fat round part of the figure eight deceived me, and I poked in between the curtains and felt about for the valise. Imagine my horror when a big bass voice inside roared out:

"Oh, fade away!"

I fairly staggered back into the aisle, I was so startled, and I stepped with all my weight on to the bare foot of a man who was sitting behind the curtains of the opposite berth. He said something with about a dozen A's in it that made it a wail of pain, and I turned round and apologized to the curtain.

By that time I was so confused that it's a wonder I ever arrived anywhere, but I did find No. 6 at last and hunted my way through and found [illegible]

[illegible] Wouldn't find them? [illegible] fling out of that [illegible] anything [illegible]

fan, an ostrich feather stole, an empty cologne bottle, four veils, the three best stocks I own all wet with cologne and rolled into a little ball, a pair of long white evening gloves, a lace handkerchief, a pink chiffon sash and a whole armful more of stuff that I had swept out of my top bureau drawer, and not a single thing that was of the least use to me for going to bed purposes. Literally not one! And you can realize all that that means if you think about it for a moment!

There was nothing to do but be philosophic, so I thought I'd arrange my hair the best I could with my side-combs, and I started again for the dressing room. When I got under the lamp I glanced down at the wrapper over my arm and I recognized in that tumbled mass not my wrapper, but my new black velvet princess dinner gown.

That was the finishing touch to my misery, for I hadn't had it in the house a month, and I'd been wanting one for years, and it was all wet with cologne and a regular wrinkled wreck.

I was so discouraged that I went back to my section and went to bed just as I was.

My only ray of consolation was that there was no one over me; but just as I was thinking that there was that, at least, to be thankful for, a black hand came in through the curtains and the porter said:

"Lady, there's a gentleman come for the upper, and I want to put on your supplementary curtain."

"Supplementary," indeed!

Of course I said "very well," and he hung up a foolish little strip of green stuff, and I tried to feel very exclusive and secluded while a big, fat man climbed up the step ladder, and so nearly fell off it that he lit in the berth above with a crash that frightened me to death. All night long it was a toss-up which groaned the louder, he or the berth, and it sounded frightfully near and horrid, and I couldn't sleep a wink; but lay awake and worried about Alonzo.

When Alonzo went to Upper East Scottypaw he wrote to me about the Boston terminal station. He said it was "great."

He didn't do it justice. It is "great" in several senses of the word. My train came in on track 28, and I took about a half mile of pedestrian exercise before I found the information office. They seem to have everything a traveler can want in that station except a brush and comb and a wrapper, but I couldn't find any signs of a desire to provide me with those lacks in my outfit.

I discovered that my quickest way of getting to Upper East Scottypaw was to take a train to Portland and a boat from there. Why in the world Alonzo ever went to such a far-off place I can't guess. I sent him a telegram to say I was on the road. I had to send it "collect," because I had spent all the money in my chatelaine bag, and it was so embarrassing to take off my shoe right there at the telegraph window and get out the bills I had in it. I did it, though, before I crossed the city to the station that the Portland train went out of.

Have you ever been to Boston? It's a cross-eyed sort of town. I don't wonder everybody wears glasses. I took a car that looked as if it ought to go somewhere. But you needn't ever talk to me again about Boston intelligence. That car had no sense at all. It didn't know what it wanted. It went on the surface and it went underground and it went on the elevated. Or else it was another car that I changed into at a place called Roxbury that went on the elevated. At any rate, they said I was about four miles from the station I needed, and I got exactly into the car they pointed out, and when I asked again they said I was in Charlestown. I don't think the people had any more sense than the car.

I was nearly two hours riding around before I found the station, and then I did really have a few hours' peace until I reached Portland.

There I telegraphed again to Alonzo so that he'd keep his courage up. They say a patient's will plays a great part in his recovery, and I knew that Alonzo would try to live until I got there.

If ever I did get there.

Every moment seemed an hour, though the boat started almost immediately and seemed to be doing its best.

I was so exhausted by not having slept for so long that I went to bed early and fell asleep at once, but I was awakened some time in the middle of the night by the most awful noise, that sounded like horses.

I lay awake and listened, just trembling with fright, and, sure enough, it was horses. The boat was tossing about, and every time she gave an extra bad shake those horses would blow the way they do when they're excited, and dance around, and a man would shout at them. I think they had a stateroom directly under me.

I didn't sleep very much after that, of course, and I was a wreck when I got up in the morning. There was still a little jaunt of 50 miles to be made on a train, and how I was to accomplish it I didn't know. Only my fearful anxiety for Alonzo made it seem possible that I could live through it. I was so tired. But I pictured him to myself lying so wan and weak upon a bed of pain, and it gave me strength to struggle on.

I picked up my dress-suit case, full of its collection of useless things, and then unlocked my door. Or, rather, I didn't unlock my door, for the key wouldn't turn! I twisted, I struggled. I sat down and cried. I rang the bell, but in the bustle of preparing for the landing nobody paid any attention to it. You can imagine that by that time I was almost distracted. I never felt so helpless in my life, not even when the hammock broke and let me down flat on my back and unable to move, right at the feet of the bishop of Oklahoma! Oh, no, that wasn't nearly so bad, for there, at least, was the bishop of Oklahoma, while on that boat I might as well have been in my grave for any attention that anybody paid to me.

All night long people had been tramping up and down in front of my room. Now there wasn't a footstep, of course.

At last it occurred to me to let down my blind and shout out of the window. You can fancy my delight when I saw a deckhand way off in the distance, and I called to him with all the strength I had left in me. It wasn't much, but he heard me at last, and came on the run. I handed out the key to him, and he wrestled with the lock from the outside. It seemed to be a case where outsiders and insiders were even. The thing wouldn't budge.

"I think I'll be obliged to haul you outen the winder, ma'am," said the deck hand respectfully.

I must say that was a staggering proposition, but I didn't see any alternative except to sit there until they cut out that lock and lose my train to Scottypaw.

But the window was discouraging. It was small, you know, and I'm not as tiny as I used to be. Why, when I was married I only weighed 92 pounds, and I measured 18 inches round the waist, while now—well, never mind what it is now; enough more so that I didn't like the looks of that window, at any rate.

I tried my feet first and I tried head first, and the man pulled and I pushed, and which way I got through at last I don't know, but I did light on that blessed deck after a terrible struggle. My rescuer reached in and got my valise, and I started for the gangplank more dead than alive.

I suppose I looked as haggard as I felt, for a man on the pier ran forward to take my bag. He pulled off his cap as he seized it and cried, "Hullo, Mamie. This is great!"

It was Alonzo. Rigged up in golf things, and as tanned as an Indian, and fairly bursting with good spirits.

I sat down on a truck and burst out crying.

"What did you mean by sending me that telegram?" I sobbed. "It was a contemptible thing to do. I thought you might be dead by this time."

Alonzo took me right in his arms before all the passengers and everything—wasn't it awful.

"I never said I was sick, child. I thought you might enjoy the tournament—it begins to-morrow—so I wired you to come down. I think I have a pretty good chance," he went on, patting me on the back in an absent-minded sort of way, "and they're going to have tea every afternoon, and you will like that, at any rate."

That was the finishing touch. I looked up at my husband and put all the sarcasm I could rake together into my voice.

"Your thoughtfulness for my amusement is really too great for words, Alonzo. What do you expect me to wear to those teas of yours? My black velvet dinner gown?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

His Idea of Ceremony.

Dr. Alfred Wallace, the octogenarian English scientist, who asserts that he can prove the earth to be the center of the universe, lived in his youth in the Moluccas. One of his neighbors in those remote islands was an old sailor, and of this aged man Dr. Wallace sometimes tells an old story.

In a certain port the sailor had been once invited to a dance. He accepted the invitation, and all through the evening he bounded in a hearty and uncouth manner through dances of every kind.

But he wore no gloves, and hence, the climate being tropical, his large, moist hands left stains on the white dresses of the women.

One, a little vexed, thought she would take him to task for this.

"Don't you think, dancing so much, you ought to wear gloves?" she said.

"O, that's all right," he answered. "I'll wash my hands when I'm through."—Stray Stories.

Looks for Things and Sees Them.

Charles Frohman was discussing the morals of the average play.

"I believe in a clean stage," he said, "and I think the stage, pretty generally, is clean enough. Here and there, to be sure, you can find a spot of black, but you have to look for it. You have to nose for it in the corners and remote recesses. Some of us can find uncleanness anywhere. A woman found uncleanness once in Dr. Johnson's dictionary. 'I am sorry, sir,' she said, 'to see in your work so many naughty words.' 'So, madam, you were looking for them, eh?' the old lexicographer retorted."

THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY.

Corea is the granary of Japan.

A dispatch from Vladivostok states that in the near future a Russian newspaper will be published in Nagasaki.

Some splendid specimens of turquoise stones are being found in the mines on the Upper King river, Victoria, Australia.

Imported foxes have increased to such an extent in Gippsland, Victoria, Australia, that organized "drives" to extirpate them are frequent.

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W. H. McGUGIN, Olive Furnace, O."

[illegible] Ask for Cook Book—Free.
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"I find Thedford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent $100 with doctors. It is all the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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"I used Thedford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to excel it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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"Five Boers, who still refuse to take oath of loyalty, are to be sent back to South Africa from Ceylon in custody, in order to show them the absurdity of their attitude," says the London Mail.

It has been decided in a Madras court that a wife is not entitled to maintenance from her husband if she leaves him on account of his changing from the Christian to the Mohammedan religion.

TOLD IN NUMBERS.

The census of 1900 cost $11,854,817.

According to the Bureau of Immigration statistics for the month of August 64,977 immigrants landed in the United States, against 45,549 in August of 1902.

Fifteen thousand cubic feet of sand from the dunes of Indiana are now brought into Chicago every day and made use of in the work of raising the tracks of the city in order to abolish grade crossings.

At a recent general meeting of the German Blacksmiths' Beneficial association in Coburg, Saxony, complaints were made that the society was benefiting its officials rather than its members. It was shown that in 1902 76,000 marks ($18,088) was paid in salaries, 22,000 marks ($5,236) was spent in printing and 35,000 marks ($8,330) in other requirements, while the benefits paid out to workmen amounted to only 82,000 marks ($23,800)

OVER THE TEACUPS.

Mrs. Cortelyou will make her first official appearance as the wife of a cabinet officer on New Year's day.

The countess of Warwick intends to establish agricultural settlements in different parts of England, where women who are expert in horticulture, dairy farming and poultry rearing can work on the cooperative principles. She believes that the problem can be solved by training intelligent and educated women to these callings.

Miss Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, has just been elected vice president of the senior class at Radcliffe college, the women's department of Harvard. She is pursuing four full courses, two in English and two in Latin. She has thus far passed all her examinations, with as much credit as if she had all her faculties, and is accomplishing more in scholarship than any other person in the world so handicapped.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin's daughter, the countess of Craven, visits her mother every autumn at the latter's place in the Scottish highlands. There, as at most country houses, it is the custom to fix cards on bedroom doors inscribed with the names of guests. Visitors to Mrs. Bradley-Martin this season have been tickled to see on a certain portal the legend, "The right honorable the viscount Uffington," meaning Lady Craven's son, who is just four years old.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Beerbohm Tree, the London manager, has decreed that no author shall appear on his stage to receive a first night's plaudits.

Although Stuart Robson was rated when alive as the richest actor in the United States, his estate foots up just $31,992.

Eleanor Lawrence, a bright young girl of South Bethlehem, Pa., wished to go on the stage, but signed a contract to "be good" before her father would consent. In this unique contract she promises to eschew midnight suppers, frivolous company and side-door "Johnny boys." Further, she adds that she will not play cards and that she will always carry a prayer book. This strange agreement having been duly signed, her father consented and now Miss Lawrence is on the road.

William M. K. Olcott told the other day a story of the days when he was district attorney of New York. Mr. Olcott had asked a young South Carolina lawyer living in the city to be one of his assistants and by way of celebrating his acceptance asked the young man to dine with him, and afterward to see Irving play "Othello." After the play Mr. Olcott asked his guest what he thought of the performance. "It was a fine show," replied the young man, appreciatively, "a mighty fine show! But I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em."

PICKED UP ABROAD.

The Austrian government sent a private car for Lord Milner on his arrival from South Africa, but there were no officials to meet him at the station in Vienna.

A German court has decided that an engagement to marry can be broken off if either of the parties suffers from an illness such as phthisis, but that the case must be really serious.

The advance in the price of diamonds, incident to the closing of the mines during the Boer war, has not changed the policy of the De Beers combination to market but $20,000,000 worth a year.

Col. Cortina, of the Mexican army, has presented President Diaz with a saddle that cost $20,000. The colonel has spent seven years superintending its production. It is possible that the saddle will be exhibited at the St. Louis exhibition.

The Berlin municipality has an agreement with the electricity works whereby it can take over the works in 1915. The town receives 50 per cent. of the net profits after six per cent. has been paid on the share capital up to $5,000,000, and four per cent. on any excess over that amount. The works have the right of supplying the tramways at a rate not exceeding ten pfennigs per unit.

IN WAR AND PEACE.

The new British battle ships now on the stocks—King Edward VII., Dominion and Commonwealth—are to cost the record sum of $6,500,000 each.

J. T. Clary, chief master at arms on the United States battleship Nevada, with service stripes on his arms denoting 28 years of naval service, recently completed 100 trips around the world.

Herr Bebel's ferocious speech in the reichstag last spring on the brutal treatment of private soldiers has borne rich fruit. In the last three months there have been 80 convictions of sergeants for such crimes and about 200 courts-martial are pending. Gen. Von Gossler attempted to answer Bebel, but the weakness of his reply is believed to have cost him his place as minister of war.

Torpedo practice in the British Mediterranean fleet has lately been carried out under realistic conditions, the Venerable and Repulse steaming past the Exmouth and Illustrious, each pair of ships discharging torpedoes with collapsible heads at the other pair as they passed. As a result, out of 14 torpedoes fired, three hits were made, the Exmouth being struck twice by the Venerable, and the Repulse once by the Exmouth.

THREE RIDDLES.

Why is a watch the most difficult thing to steal? Because it must be taken off its guard.

Why is an author more free than a monarch? Because he can choose his own subjects.

Why were gloves never meant to sell? Because they were made to be kept on hand.—Chicago Journal.

Your Fault.

Life's a glimpsy bubble
Blowin' here an' there,
Isn't any trouble,
Isn't any care;
Isn't any flurry,
Isn't any smart,
Isn't any worry,
'Less it's in yer heart!

Life is iridescent,
Changin' blues an' greens,
Skies are always pleasant,
All its changin' scenes,
They are mighty pretty!
If yer feelin' blue
Don't be askin' pity,
Blame it on to you!

God's up high forever,
Ever up on high
Man ain't never, never,
Never built fer cry,
If yer life is low'ry
Gloomy as a vault,
Don't be lookin glowry
Fer it's your own fault!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Holding Hands.

The way was steep and tiresome,
And hot the afternoon,
Alone I walked, reluctant
To reach my home too soon.
Before me in the pathway,
Near where the statue stands,
There walked a son and father,
And they were holding hands.

But, as I watched them sadly,
The man in anger flung
Aside the little fingers
That to his own had clung.
I heard him say, ignoring
The weary boy's demands:
"It's hot enough, I reckon,
Without our holding hands."

Yes, little hands are clinging,
And little feet will fall,
But little hearts are tender
And little lives are frail.
If one I knew could only
Come back to give commands,
I'd gladly walk forever,
Forever holding hands.
—Milwaukee Journal.

The Bloom of Life.

Here in the quaint old parlor
They sat as the twilight spent;
Dreaming, only dreaming
Of old-time sentiment.

He with a beard as snowy
As the cap on her dear old head;
Both are only dreaming
Of the days long gone and sped.

Out of the hazy September,
As the shadows slowly creep,
A form loams up in the twilight,
And her pulses thrill and leap.

He, in his fancy roving
Back through the bliss and fears,
Sees in the twilight waiting
His love of the golden years.

Into her eyes he's gazing,
Here while the sun sinks low;
Both old faces are glowing
With the bloom of long ago.
—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

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I have the finest line of goods I have ever purchased.
WATCHES, CHAINS, RINGS, BRACELETS, PINS, PICTURES, ORNAMENTS, FANCY CLOCKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC. ETC.
C. H. BULLOCK,
JEWELER,
Denton, Md.

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington R. R.

Delaware & Chesapeake Ry.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 24, 1903.

GOING SOUTH Pass P. M.	Pass A. M	STATIONS Daily Except Sunday.	GOING NORTH Pass P. M.	Pass P. M.
1 20	5 00	lv Wash'ton ar	1 15	8 15
2 50	6 55	Baltimore	11 23	6 55
3 20	7 4	Philadelphia	10 52	5 44
4 02	8 28	Wilmington	10 05	5 00
5 17	9 42	Clayton	8 50	3 45
5 26	9 52	Kenton	8 4	3 35
f 5 35	f 10 01	Hartley	f 8 22	f 3 26
f 5 37	f 10 03	Slaughter	f 8 20	f 3 24
5 44	10 10	Marydel	8 23	3 17
f 5 56	f 10 16	Henderson	f 8 17	f 3 11
f 5 59	f 10 22	Goldsboro	f 8 11	f 3 05
6 05	10 31	Greensboro	8 02	2 56
6 14	10 40	Ridgely	7 53	2 47
6 22	10 48	Queen Anne	7 44	2 38
f 6 31	f 10 57	Cordova	f 7 35	f 2 29
f 6 35	f 11 03	Chapel	f 7 29	f 2 28
6 42	11 15	Easton	7 20	2 14
f 7 00	f 11 29	Trappe	f 7 04	f 1 58
7 12	11 38	ar. Oxford lv.	6 53	1 49
P. M	A M		A. M	P. M.

"f" stops only on notice to Conductor or Agent, or on signal.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Pass. Agent.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE.—In Effect Monday, Nov. 9th, 1903.

Daily Ex. Sun.	STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sun.
P. M.		M.
4.00	Lv.....Baltimore.....Ar.	12.00
6.00	.....Love Point.....	10.00
6.50	.....Queenstown.....	9.15
7.15	.....Centreville.....	8.50
7.04	.....Wye Mills.....	9.02
7.20	.....Queen Anne.....	8.47
7.40	.....Denton.....	8.30
7.59	.....Hickman.....	8.13
8.16	.....Greenwood.....	7.57
8.27	.....Ellendale.....	7.33
8.52	.....Milton.....	7.10
9.12	Ar.....Lewes.....Lv	6.45
P. M.		A. M.

JOHN C. BOSLEY, General Passenger Agent.

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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.

ECZEMA
and all Skin Diseases cured by
BANNER SALVE
The most healing salve in the world.
The Doctor Said "Stick To It."
Geo. L. Heard, of High Tower, Ga., writes: "Eczema broke out on my baby covering his entire body. Under treatment of our family physician he got worse as he could not sleep for the burning and itching. We used a box of BANNER SALVE on him and by the time it was gone he was well. The doctor seeing it was curing him said: 'stick to it for it is doing him more good than anything I have done for him.'"
GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.
It can't help but do you good
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

JAMES T. COOPER,
—PRACTICAL—
Undertaker & Embalmer
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JAMES T. COOPER,
mch3v Denton, Md.

DeWitt
DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated
Witch-Hazel
All others are counterfeits—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles, Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Contusions, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.
SALVE
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