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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.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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Best seasoned pine, sawed in stove lengths, and delivered promptly any where in town. Terms cash.
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Thee piece Bedroom Suits 12.00, 16.00, 18.00, 20.00, 22.00, 25.00, 30.00 dollars
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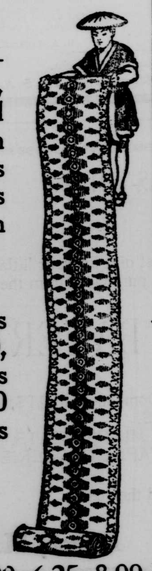

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5c to 20c per piece.

IT WILL SURPRISE YOU
AS IT HAS OTHERS, WHY YOU DID NOT BUY FROM THE
Hughes Lumber & Coal COMPANY LONG AGO.

WE SELL
LUMBER, ROUGH AND DRESSED, SHINGLES, LATH, WINDOWS, DOORS, BLINDS, CEMENT, LIME, HAIR, COAL, HAY, BERRY CRATES, BASKETS, AND ALL KINDS OF
BOX SHOOKS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

C. H. BULLOCK'S
JEWELRY STORE
is the place to find
HIGH GRADE JEWELRY, FINE GOLD WATCHES, CLOCKS, STERLING SILVERWARE, BRACELETS, CHAINS, RINGS, ETC.

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Teaspoons at $4 50 per set. Heavier in weight at reasonable prices. Solid Silver Butter Knife $2.00; Sugar Spoon, solid, $1 25; Gravy Ladle, $2 25; Berry Spoon, gold lined, $2 50. nothing better. Articles in solid silver at corresponding prices.

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These goods must not be confounded with the cheaper makes of silver plate.

Knives, per set,	$2 25;	Table Spoons, per set,	$2 50;
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At $20 to $50, fine Standard Elgin or American Waltham movements. You can have your choice. With good gold filled cases $15 to $36. Quality for the money guaranteed.

FINE JEWELRY

Watch Chains 50c up as high as you want to go. Gold Rings, $1 to $5, $6 or $8. Solid Gold Brooches, $1 15 to $3.50; Solid Gold Scarf Pins, $1 to $2 25; Sleeve Buttons, solid gold, $2 to $3.75. The John Holland Fountain Pens. Fine Gold Pens, Pearl Staffs in many handsome designs. Our line is the handsomest we have ever purchased.

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CHAPTER III.

Out in the open he saw David standing before the horses and trap of the fishing party, holding his gun across the back of his brawny neck, like the yoke of a water-carrier.

"Well, I'll be dumswiveled," he said, as Ronald approached, "an' may I make the biggest crackin' in eternal fire, ef ever I'd a believed a brother o' mine could be seen in confidential confab with a daughter of old Hasbrooke. If I'd a-had a bottle along, I'd a-swore it was a delusion, but I hain't tetched a drop since ten o'clock this mornin'."

Ronald hated himself for being obliged to make excuses for her.

"She simply happened along where I was fishing, Dave. I hope you won't talk about it, and cause any misconstruction to be put on it."

"You don't mean you an' her could git acquainted like that, in sech a short time," remarked David, as they walked along the sandy road side by side.

"I have met her once before—a year ago. She was in Regan's meadow, and got frightened at his bull. I drove the bull away, and she—she stopped to speak to me again to-day. That was all."

But David's fancy for the novelty of the situation from his standpoint was not easily cooled. It was plain to Ronald that he was still turning it over in his mind by the low grunts and exclamations of wonder that seemed jolted from his lips by his heavy strides.

"Well, I'm shore glad of one thing," he said, finally, "and that is that the colonel didn't happen along just like I did."

His brother knew what was coming, and yet he asked: "Why, Dave?"

"Because the old codger'd 'a' raised more sand 'n a Texas tornado, that's all. Why, Ron, are you a blamed fool, with no more sense than a last yeer's bird nest? Don't you know nobody by the name o' Fanshaw never stood on a level with them sort o' folks? Ef I went up thar on business, or ma, or pa or either of the gals went to sell 'em eggs or socks, wouldn't we go to the back door, like all the rest of our sort? Why, Ron, jest now you was a settin' cross-legged on the colonel's piazza a-smokin' one of his seegars like a privileged character. Ha, ha, don't know how it knocked the wind out of me!"

Ronald, his face dark and his brow lowering, found himself reduced to saying:

"I hope you won't mention it at home, Dave."

His brother stared at him curiously.

"You know I can hold my tongue," he said. "I wouldn't go round shootin' off my mouth about a thing like that for anything. The colonel would shoot the top o' my head off; he's a wheel hoss, I tell you."

Ronald brought him to a stop in the center of the road.

"Dave, do you really think we are so degraded as that?"

The burly fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"We are as good, I reckon, as the general run of our own sort," was his answer, and he smiled so broadly that a brown tobacco quid showed between his big yellow teeth, "but, as the fellow said: 'Dang the sort.' I reckon the Almighty made us out o' scraps when He was too tired to watch what He was doin'. I reckon we are some better'n a cornfield nigger, but we'd jest be blind to our own imperfections ef we didn't admit that thar is folks as much higher'n us as we are higher'n tadpoles."

"That is a dangerous philosophy, David," protested Ronald, deeply stung by his brother's words. "If you ever expect to rise in the world, you must remember—keep the idea always before you—that a man is what he makes himself."

"Shucks, thar hain't a word o' that so," grunted David. "Col. Hasbrooke is our big man, an' he hain't what he made hisse'f. His father owned 600 slaves, an' land enough to start a republic on, an' government bonds, an' storehouses in Atlanta, an' what not. No, the colonel is a sample o' what his daddy done fur 'im; you can bet yore sweet life on that! An' as fur that matter, me'n you is jest what Jade Fanshaw has made out'n us. I tell you, blood has got a lots to do with it. Col. Hasbrooke's father fit in the Mexican war, an' the colonel stuck hisse'f up to be shot at in defease o' his niggers in the civil war, but Jade Fanshaw's daddy before 'im was sent up fur house-breakin, an' instead o' shoulderin' his musket to drive the yelpin' Yanks out o' the south Jade hid in the mountains up in Tennessee, an' turned bush-whacker, an' lived on what he could rob from helpless women an' childern. I hope nobody round heer won't find all that out. We've got black eye enough, as it is."

"I always try to forget that," sighed Ronald.

"Ah, my honey!" ejaculated the uncouth philosopher, in a triumphant tone, "but Col. Hasbrooke don't try to forget nothin' his daddy did. Not on yore tin type! I've heerd he has his pa's uniform in a big glass case, an' a picture of 'im on a hoss in full tilt after the enemy. They say the old feller fit like a tiger cub with one yeer shot off as clean as a baby's belly, an' a piece of cannon-ball as big as a saucer in his shoulder; they say jest as he was expirin' a feller bent over 'im an' his last kick landed in his bread-basket, an' doubled 'im up like a razor. Ah, come off, you needn't argue with me, Ron!"

The listener to this frowned, as he swung his basket to and fro, but he did not want to be misunderstood by his brother.

"What I mean, David, is that if a young man really has it in him, and will study hard enough, he can climb to the highest rung of the ladder of success."

Dave laughed loudly for fully a minute, then he said:

"Your ladder would have to be stout enough to hold up all creation, fur the minute you begun to mount all four of them overweights at our house would start after you, an' they'd stick to you, ef they saw you on the climb—they would ef they fell an' smashed the'rselves into a jelly. Huh! I'd 'a' run for president myself long ago, but I don't like the idea o' them three in low-neck an' short sleeves helpin' me'n my wife shake hands in the white house with the whole shootin'-match o' big likes."

Ronald gave up the discussion. His brother's coarse allusion to his mother and sisters failed to appeal to his sense of humor. He was thinking of Evelyn Hasbrooke's patrician features and lithe form—of her exquisite refinement and delicate sympathy. By this time the two brothers had almost reached their home; they could see the sagging roof of their father's house. Half a mile further on in the gathering dusk loomed the white walls and lighted windows of Carnleigh. At this point the dull, steady beat of horses' hoofs fell on their ears.

"It's the Hasbrooke gang," announced David.

Ronald's heart sank like a plummet. He had hoped to reach home before the party overtook him. He reproached himself for the feeling, but he shrank from being seen by Evelyn and her friends in company with one as ill-clothed as his brother. David stepped to the side of the road and stood open-mouthed, to see the trap and horses pass, but Ronald, without looking back, simply kept on his way. He had made up his mind that he should not doff his hat, as he knew David would, like the peasant he was. He heard a woman's voice singing a plantation melody, accompanied by a mellow bass. He decided that the woman's voice had a harsh quality which could not have belonged to Evelyn's, although he had never heard her sing. The vehicle was just behind him. He heard his brother shouting out a shrill warning, and was turning to see what had occasioned it, when the horses brushed by him, the front wheel of the trap striking the hand which held the basket, dashing it to the ground and scattering its contents over the sand. He heard Evelyn scream out in terror from her seat beside Capt. Winkle, who was driving, and saw her desperately pulling on his arm.

The vehicle drew up a few yards away, and it looked as if the driver was going to offer some apology, but seeing that Ronald was still on his feet, Winkle vigorously applied the whip to the horses and drove on rapidly. David ran up and began to pick up the fallen articles.

"By Joe, you had a close shave," he grunted. "I 'lowed once you was a dead goner.'

He had put all the things back into the basket, when he noticed for the first time the awful white look on Ronald's face.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "Did it hurt you?"

Ronald was slowly rubbing a bleeding bruise on the back of his hand, but he seemed not to be thinking of it.

"He drove against me on purpose," he said, the words seeming to come from far down in his throat—"deliberately on purpose, I tell you."

"Do you reckon so, Ron?"

"I know it!"

David gazed at him steadily for a moment, then he remarked:

"To tell you the truth, Ron, I thought so mysef. You see, I was behind; he kept the hosses squar in the road till he passed me, an' then I seed 'im pull like all possessed on the left rein. But why don't you come on? You know it's late an' the old man fusses when we are late."

Still our hero stood rubbing his hand and staring in front of him. When he finally spoke, his voice quivered and sounded unnatural.

"I shall never rest till I have resented it," he said, as if communing with himself. "I could not live and take that off any man alive."

"Oh, come off," said his companion, "you don't really mean you will take 'im to taw about it."

"I certainly mean nothing else."

David laughed. "He'n you is different in sech things, Ron. Now ef a feller o' my own sort gets on the back o' my neck an' pulls hair to blow his nose on, I politely invite 'im down to see which has the most grit, me or him, an' ef a man who ain't my equal—a buck nigger for instance—dares to give me any o' his lip, I jest knock 'm down an' wash my han's, but law me! I hain't no han' to pick difficulties with the big rich. I never knowed nobody to do it that didn't come out at the little end o' the horn with their clothes drug off. A feller like that squint-eyed dude will jest set up in court an' look tired when he swears out a case agin you fur assault an' battery, an' all the good lawyers in town will huddle round him like a passle o' ants round a dead doodle-bug. The court will have obliged to appoint some new beginner to defend you an' thar you are—the laughin' stock o' the whole layout. No, I'll take a lot off'n one o' that sort 'fore I'll git up a scrap with 'm."

They were moving on now, and Ronald made no comment on what his brother was saying. The fire of his angry heart still burned in his eyes and his chin was quivering helplessly. That night he sat only for a moment at the supper table, and then, unnoticed by the others, he went up to his little room under the sloping roof and lighted his lamp. Four or five new magazines lay unopened on his table, but he did not look at them.

About ten o'clock, when the house was still, Dave crept up the rickety stairs softly, so as not to disturb his father, who was a light sleeper, and was about to turn into his own room when he bethought himself of Ronald, whose door was slightly ajar.

"Well, I'il be danged," he cried, looking into the lighted room, and finding his brother up, "shorely, you hain't still frettin' over that business. I wouldn't let a little thing like that bother me a minute."

"I was just going to bed," said Ronald, looking up. "I am going now. Don't worry about me."

Dave laughed significantly, and pointed to a revolver which, like a paper-weight, rested on a pile of loose papers.

"I'll bet that pup has got its stomach full for the first time sence you bought it five yeer ago. Whew!" The speaker whistled in low surprise as he noticed another revolver protruding from a newspaper on the table. "Ain't that my thirty-eight caliber?"

Ronald avoided his glance.

"I got it in your room just now."

Dave stood perfectly still for a moment, a great look of wonder on his face, and then he sat down on the side of his brother's bed. He had washed his feet at the tub in the yard and they were wet, still only half cleaned and red-looking.

"So you are really goin' to call 'im out?" he said, under his breath.

Ronald looked him directly in the eyes.

"God knows there is nothing else for me to do, Dave. I have tried to see some other way, but I can't."

"Well, you'll need somebody with you, an' I'm yore man."

"I'd rather not have anyone, thank you, Dave. He and I can fight just as well alone. I'd rather die than take advantage of him. I only want to satisfy myself—to get rid of the memory that he has—"

"I know how you feel, an' I don't blame you. When will you see 'im?"

"In the morning."

"Well, go to bed an' get some sleep; you may need a steady aim; he may be a good shot; them army chaps generally is."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning the two brothers met as they were leaving their rooms. David caught Ronald by the arm and turned his face towards the little glassless window at the head of the stairs.

"Own up," he said, with a smile, "you didn't git a wink o' sleep last night."

"I confess it," was the answer. "I didn't know what was the matter with me."

"But I do," David touched his brow significantly; "it was hot blood in the brain. I know how you felt. You jest rolled an' tumbled. I heerd you git up an' look out o' the window to see ef it was gittin' daylight five times ef you did once. My Lord, I couldn't rest for two nights 'fore I whipped Budd Meyer fur reportin' me fur sellin' that quart to the Calhoun boys, but you bet after I made his face look like a huckleberry custard I slept the sleep of the righteous. Two o' my friends had to perjure the'rse'ves to keep me out o' the chain-gang, an' I was tryin' to wash out the'r sin with his blood; ef the'r conscience ain't clear it ain't because thar wasn't enough o' the fluid fur laundry purposes, fer he bled like a stuck pig. I reckon," Dave broke off suddenly as they began to descend the stairs, "that breakfast is about ready. I heerd the old man cussin' about thar bein' too much ham fried."

After breakfast our hero left the house and took the road leading towards Carnleigh. He wore his best suit of clothes, which fitted him perfectly. In each of the pockets of his dark sack coat there was a revolver; he had shaved himself by the first rays of the sun and wore a becoming necktie; his boots shone with fresh blacking, and he had on a stylish straw hat.

As he left the house Mary Lou and Ann Josephine, having shirked the dishwashing, stood arm in arm on the porch. Their shoes were unlaced, their dresses soiled and torn, their hair dishevelled.

"He walks mighty biggity," observed Mary Lou; "I reckon he is makin' tracks fur town to see about bein' examined fur the law. Who do you reckon would hire 'im to speak fur 'em?"

"Thar's no tellin' the luck of a lousy calf," opined Ann Josephine. "Ron ain't nobody's fool; a body couldn't read as many papers an' magazines an' study law as hard as he does without l'arnin' something."

"He'll take keer o' number one anyways," commented Mary Lou. "I heerd pa say t'other day that Ron 'refused to market his cotton when everybody in the county was turnin' loose o' theirs last fall an' that he held onto it till it riz an' he put a cool two hundred dollars profit in the bank; an' another thing, he never goes in debt over head an' yeers like pa an' Dave does; he's the only farmer round heer that pays cash fur labor an' that's one reason he gits so much out o' his hands. Niggers don't want to work fur orders on the store at two prices when the cash planked down will git so much better bargains."

Meanwhile the subject of these remarks was walking swiftly down towards Carnleigh. The great house was now in full view, and that part of the grounds through which a flower-bordered walk led in sinuous curves from the veranda down the grassy slope where there were a spring, a summer-house and rustic seats. The spot was only a few hundred yards from the main road, where, in a corner of the colonel's zigzag rail fence, Ronald paused and waited, hoping that by some chance Capt. Winkle would stroll in that direction as Ronald in passing had once or twice seen him do.

He had not long to wait. He saw Winkle in fatigue uniform come out on the veranda and receive a cigar from a man-servant. A few minutes afterwards, under a banner of blue smoke, the young officer took one or two turns on the lawn among the flower beds, and then, as if obeying Ronald's fierce desire, conveyed to him telepathically, he turned into the walk leading down to the spring. He moved easily, with a lazy, swinging stride, ruthlessly cutting at the nearest flowers with a cane which he poised on his shoulder like a sword or swung in front of him as if fencing.

No sooner had Ronald seen the direction he was taking than he vaulted over the fence and made his way through the dewy grass and weeds into the wood which intervened between him and the spring.

He came upon Winkle as that worthy

continued on last page.

The Lone Star State.

Down in Texas at Yoakum, is a big dry goods firm of which Mr. J. M. Haller is the head. Mr. Haller on one of his trips East to buy goods said to a friend who was with him in the palace car, "Here, take one of these Little Early Risers upon retiring and you will be up early in the morning feeling good." For the "dark brown" taste, headache and that logy feeling DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills to use Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro, Md

Why Eggs Are Higher.

"Why are eggs so high?" was answered by a Hagerstown dealer as follows: "The consumption of eggs has increased enormously. Hotels are using more eggs. Hotels are more numerous, and every year there is more traveling. Nearly every traveling man eats eggs. Every year sees more persons doing 'light housekeeping.' These usually do no elaborate cooking, but generally get a quick meal with eggs. The bakeries are using more eggs. The business in cold storage business is enormous. In cities the frozen contents of eggs can be purchased in any quantity. Frozen eggs are quite largely used by bakers. Another reason given for the high price of eggs is that the early spring chickens are all sold, leaving no hens for laying purposes and thus reducing the output. The advance in eggs has also been in line with the general advance in nearly everything that is used on the table.'

Good for Children.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Crop 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. Dr Armstrong, of Delia, Tex., prescribes it daily and says there is no better cough remedy made. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro, Md.

Reduced Rates to New Orleans.

On account of the meetings of the American Economic Society and the American Historical Society, at New Orleans, La., December 28 to January 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to New Orleans and return from all stations on its lines, December 24, 25, and 26, good for return passage until January 5, inclusive, at reduced rates. For specific information consult Ticket Agents.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run-down systems benefitted particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by R. J. Colston, druggist, Denton.

—Dr. Howard A. Kelley, of Baltimore, is making arrangements for a novel outing which he expects to take during the Christmas holidays. He will go to Florida and spend a week with the Seminole Indians, with many of whom he is acquainted. Dr. Kelley will be accompanied by his daughter, Miss Olga Kelley, and while away expects to live in camp with the Indians, eating and sleeping with them and hunting on their grounds.

A Frightened Horse,

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at R. J. Colston's drugstore, Denton.

He who does no good while he lives, dies like a beast.

Ayer's

Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured

Hair Vigor

the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. KEITH, Belleville, Ill.

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

for **Good Hair**

PROVERBS.

Church.

A church debt is the devil's salery.—Beecher.

Where God erects a temple fair,
The devil builds a chaple there.

Let the devil get into the church and he will mount the alter.—German.

A religion that costs nothing does nothing.

Many bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

A seal-skin sacque makes a devout church.—Italian.

Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

No matter how much religion we profess, all that counts is what we live.

Most men forget God all day and ask Him to remember them at night.

God, Sunday;
Devil, Monday.

It is easy enough to get religion, but holding on to it is what bothers a fellow.—Josh Billings.

Religion is not an end, but a means.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they do without it. —Franklin.

A man without religion is a horse without a bridle.—Latin.

As the night is long to him who is awake, and the mile to him who is tired,—so is the life to the foolish man who knows not the true religion.—Buddha.

'Tis only God may be had for the asking.—Lowell.

Better rich in God than rich in gold.

If the thunder be not loud the peasant forgets to cross himself.—Russian.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
—Pope.

It is a shame when the church itself is a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath.—Fuller (on sleeping in church).

—The Delaware State Game Association has taken steps looking to the rigid enforcement of game laws, and its officers are scouring the State in search of offenders. Special attention is being given to people who are suspected of shipping game in defiance of law and every person found to be offending will be prosecuted. The penalty is $5 fine for each bird or animal shipped in addition to the costs of the prosecution. It is understood that express and other packages suspected of containing game for shipment are being examined and where such are found they are confiscated and an effort made to locate the shipper, with a view to prosecution.

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

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., New York

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