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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.

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For CONSUMPTION Price 50c & $1.00
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Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

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Nice seasoned wood, sawed in stove lengths, and delivered promptly anywhere in town for cash.

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Body Brussles; all wool Ingrains; Granites; Rag, etc., from 25c to 85c. Hall Carpets with Sair to match Mattings 12c to 25c. Rugs 50c to $4.50. Art Squares 9x9, 9x11, 9x12 feet in pretty patterns.

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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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COUCHES 4.75, 5.00, 6.25, 8.00, 9.00, 11.25, 15.50. Extension Tables 70c to $1.50 per foot. Bedsteads, Cribs and Dining Room Chairs. White Enameled Iron beds from 4.50 to 8.50. Rockers, Oak and Reed 1.00 to 7.50.

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5c to 20c per piece.

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AS IT HAS OTHERS, WHY YOU DID NOT BUY FROM THE

Hughes Lumber & Coal COMPANY LONG AGO.

WE SELL THE LUCAS PAINTS

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

BOX SHOOKS.

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C. H. BULLOCK'S JEWELRY STORE

is the place to find

HIGH GRADE JEWELRY, FINE GOLD WATCHES, CLOCKS, STERLING SILVERWARE, BRACELETS, CHAINS, RINGS, ETC.

STERLING SILVERWARE

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.

"1847" ROGERS BROS.' PLATED ARE

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

Knives, per set, $2 25; Forks " $2 25; Table Spoons, per set, $2 50; Cold Meat Fork, each, 90c; Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon, per pair, $1.50. Tea Spoons, per set, $1.50;

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FINE JEWELRY

Watch Chains 50c up as high as you want to go. Gold Rings, $1 to $5, $6 up $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. Fancy Gold Pens, Pearl Stuff in many handsome designs. Our line is the handsomest we have ever purchased.

A CHRISTMAS TOBOGGAN

By MANDA L. CROCKER

IN a sheltered cleft on the mountain side where the scraggy pines made polite obeisance to their bare-headed neighbors, the Half-way house had stood, a harbinger of comfort, for a score of years.

And now, though the old stage lay rotting in the valley and the traveler thundered along by rail beneath its very foundations, the friendly gables seemed beckoning to imaginary guests.

To-night, too, the pine branches crackled merrily on the wide hearth, as if the snubs of a progressive public were not worth minding, lighting up the long, low room in the gloaming of the Christmas Eve.

Two women conversed in tender monotone in the cheery illumination, and the elder was saying: "The paper cannot be found and, of course, the property goes to your Uncle Hermon."

The other rose wearily from her place before the fire and stood leaning her head against the black old-fashioned mantel.

"Then uncle really intends taking our home away from us?" she said, interrogatively, looking down into the patient mother face.

"Certainly, my daughter," came the reply in cheerful resignation, "and he expects to take possession soon, too. But your father always made much of the Christmas time and, for his sake, we will keep the day gladly, you know."

"Yes, I know," and the girl turned away toward the next room, tucking up her sleeves with little gingerly thrusts as she went.

The brace of partridges Brother Ned had snared the day before made a pretty picture as they waited, plump and round, for the last turn of the skewer. After they were ready for the morrow's roasting the tall, queenly girl went over to the open doorway a moment to contemplate the picturesque landscape she had loved all her life.

"Even the scrubby oaks are restful up here," she mused, "and I don't see how I am to bring myself to be turned out life—a beggar!"

Making a sudden dash at her eyes with her handkerchief, she resumed: "Of course, if mother is bent on having a sunny Christmas in the face of it all, why, I won't be shadowy."

Hearing a cheery whistle outside she continued: "Ned doesn't care about it—boys don't. O yes" (correcting the uncharitable thought), "he does care, but not as I do."

The mother rocked to and fro before the fragrant blaze, humming an old refrain. The dusk gathered gloomily in the corners of the room while the dancing light glinted along the smoky rafters as if eager to dispel all thought of loneliness.

Mrs. Cameron glanced upward. In the years agone, when the rafters were not so smoky and the dear old rooms not so dingy as now, the Half-way house was the social hub of the mountain side. But now—

A sturdy lad of 12 years came bustling in with his arms full of holly and his pockets full of mail.

"Who Cares for His Charity?" for her unfortunate brother-in-law, with a queer sensation tugging at her heartstrings. He had meant to stop, but not in this manner. Surely there was a Providence in it.

"Here are some papers we picked up," said Mr. Fulton, laying a roll in the widow's hand. "They must belong to him. Examine them and see. I haven't my glasses with me."

In her own room Mrs. Cameron looked the papers over. "Of course they're his," she mused, unrolling the grimy outer wrapper. Unfolding the inside paper she read: "I hereby give and bequeath the Half-way house to my sister-in-law, Prudence Cameron, and—"

She read no further. Down at the bottom of the instrument was the peculiar chirography of her injured brother-in-law.

"It was never lost!" she exclaimed; "but Hermon never meant that I should see this."

Putting the precious document away carefully, she went downstairs with a queer little smile triumphant on her patient face.

The physician and Hermon's family had arrived and the wife was saying: "We went right on tobogganing down to the uneven road at the lower turning. Then the cutter went to pieces against a tree and we were upset, but not hurt."

She ended with a hysterical laugh, as she looked toward the white-faced husband.

"Stunned a considerable, bruised a bit, but fairly ready for his Christmas dinner," said the doctor as he took his leave.

In the kitchen Edith surveyed the brace of partridges and wondered if there was "enough to go round." But while she cogitated the Fultons came in with a bountiful dinner.

"We planned for company," laughed jolly Mrs. Fulton, "and we're bound to have it, even if we meet them half-way." And soon the Christmas cheer filled the lonely old rooms.

In the midst of the merry Christmas dinner Prudence Cameron looked across the table at her brother-in-law who, pillowed up in an arm-chair, was munching a browned bird, and said, playfully: "Christmas gift, Brother Hermon."

"I meant to have brought something," he stammered, in confusion, "but—"

"Thank you, I know you did," interrupted Prudence, her face glowing with victory, "and it is all right. Mr. Fulton gave it to me—the will, I mean—and I thank you again."

Had the house tumbled down the mountain side Hermon Cameron could not have been more surprised. He sank back among the pillows with a suppressed groan. "My heart!" he said, faintly. "My heart!"

"You are hurt more seriously than we thought for!" cried the Fultons, in alarm.

"Oh, no," murmured Hermon. "I am just a little overcome."

And so it proved. But, although he revived and chatted with his friend, Fulton, over the toothsome plum pudding, he did not look Prudence Cameron's way again that day.

And that night Ned sat before the crackling fire on the broad hearth, while the dancing light touched his ruddy face and glinted up along the smoky rafters, and whispered between his palms: "Dear Lord, we are so thankful for the blessed Christmas-tide; but just now we are thankfuller for the upset of Uncle Hermon!"

Bill That Beats 'Em All.

"You may talk of Bill Jones and Bill Walker, Bill Brown;
There's a bill that beats all of them somewhere in town;
A bill that is waiting for all of us still,
And the name of this great one is Christmas Bill!"

Not to Be Caught Again.

"My wife says she doesn't want me to give her a solitary thing for Christmas this year."

"Are you going to take her at her word?"

"Not much! I did that once. I'm an advocate of peace whenever it can be had with honor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Calculation.

Mamma—But these cheap toys break so easily.

Papa—Exactly. Johnny is never satisfied until he breaks his toys, so I thought I'd give him something that won't give him much trouble.—Brooklyn Life.

MORE DANGER AHEAD.

"Well, I'm thankful Thanksgiving's past," soliloquized Mr. Gobbler, "but here comes December."

LEROY LONGFELLOW,

WEST DENTON.

JUST OPENING

A complete new stock of the best

GROCERIES ORANGES CANDIES APPPLES LEMONS RAISINS NUTS MINCE MEAT

—FOR THE—

CHRISTMAS TRADE.

My Stock of Groceries is fresh and of best quality and new goods still arriving.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Our Delivery Wagon leaves the store each morning at nine o'clock and all orders received before that hour will be promptly delivered Telephone orders will receive prompt attention.

None For Him.

Towne—You see, he married her because he was given to understand she had $100,000.

Browne—Ah, yes, and didn't she have it, after all.

Towne—Oh, yes, she did. And she's got it yet. That's the trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

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.

Beyond Expectation.

Mr. Jones—"See here! This horse you sold me runs up on the sidewalk every time he sees an auto."

Horse Dealer—"Well, you can't expect a fifty dollar horse to climb up a telegraph pole or climb a tree, do you?"—Judge.

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.

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 doesn't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by R. J. Colston, druggist, Denton.

A Boston Adam.

Grimes—"What did you mean this evening by winking when my daughter came into the room?"

Hurtle—"No fault of mine; you want to talk with your daughter. It was all her fault. Why should she come into the room just as I was in the act of winking?"—Boston Transcript.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

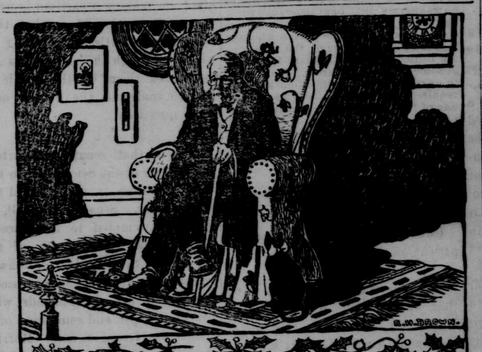
up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Throat, Lungs**

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.



A Dream of Christmas

I WATCH the glowing embers as the moments flit away,
For Christmas will be with us in the morning cold and gray,
The winds sleep in the valleys and the stars shine on the snow
The while I dream of Christmases that vanished long ago;
I see the tiny stockings hanging by the ruddy hearth,
In every room this holy night is hushed the childish mirth,
For the little ones are sleeping 'neath the winter's azure dome,
A-dreaming of the happy hour when Santa Claus shall come.

WHO would not for a moment wander to the Long Ago
To see the little stockings hanging in a cozy row
Who would not draw the coverlid from each well cherished face
And gaze upon the children in their innocence and grace?
I see them sweetly sleeping and about them all is still,
They do not hear the jingling bells upon the whitened hill;
Cheek to cheek they lie in slumber, angel guarded, as I know,
A vision of some Christmas fair that flitted long ago.

WHO plucks not from the vanished Past some Christmas like to this?
Who feels not still upon his brow some holy Christmas kiss?
The bells that ring to-night bence in the sky's star diadem
Tell more than that sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem;
They bring to us from out the Past the loves we cherish yet,
Their tones recall the Christmases we never quite forget,
We've but to listen now to hear the bells across the snow
That ring once more deep in our hearts as in the Long Ago.

BUT in the chimes to-night I hear a music not of earth—
The star-born chorus that proclaimed the humble Christ-child's birth.
And a sweet, immortal vision comes from Judah far away,
Where dawned in grandeur and in love the world's first Christmas Day;
Methinks I hear a tapping at my window framed in white,
Tis not the bells which on the hills ring out this winter night;
Nay, surely 'tis a tapping, rising soft above the din,
And, dreaming, I the casement seek to let the Christ-child in.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

PROVERBS.

Common Sense.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—Tennyson.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.—Spanish.

Learning is not wisdom any more than cloth is clothes.

There is four hundred times as much learning in the world as there is wisdom.—Josh Billings.

There are forty men of wit to one of sense.

Better a good head than a hundred strong hands.

Better sense in the head than cents in the pocket.

The price of wisdom is above rubies.—Bible.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.—Bible.

For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit in a high tower.—Apocrypha.

A wise man among the ignorant is as a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.—Saadi.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.—Browning.

If you do not hear Reason she will rap your knuckles.—Franklin.

Reason governs a wise man and cudgels a fool.

What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.—Spanish.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.—Shakespeare.

To be wise is to know how little can be known.—Pope.

The wise man gets his wisdom from those who have none.—Arabian.

A wise man may be taught by a fool.

Fools are the wise man's ladder.—African.

Wise men learn more from fools than fools from the wise.—Cato.

He gets his wisdom cheaply who gets it at another's expense.—Plautus.

He who does not become handsome before twenty, strong before thirty, wise before forty, and rich before fifty,—on such a man good vituals are lost.—German.

Vanity.

"Ah, Miss Mary, you look positively beautiful this morning."

"The idea! Just as if I could look different if I tried."

The Secret Out.

Askitt—I wonder why a doctor never prescribes for himself when he is ill?

Knoitt—Oh, I guess it's because he can't send himself a bill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample.

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

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