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AMERICAN UNION.

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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—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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Nothing can ever surpass it.

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Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

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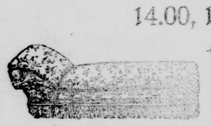


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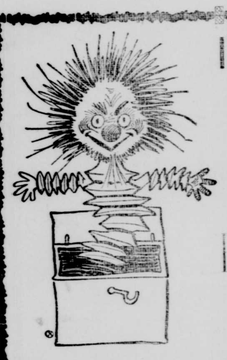


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call and get prices.



IT WILL SURPRISE YOU

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

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Every Wide-Awake Farmer

who is interested in the news of his town and county should subscribe for a

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to keep him in touch with the doings of his neighbors, the home markets, and all items of interest to himself and family. The

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will admirably supply your wants for county news and prove a welcome visitor in every household.

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will post you every week on all important agricultural topics of the day, and show you how to make money from the farm

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Send your name and address to The New York Tribune-Farmer, New York City for free sample copy.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature,

THE BROADER LIFE.

I will not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims beside your own.

I love—what do I love?—earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherished there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the summer with her ebb and flow,
Of light, and warmth, and music, that have nurst
Her tender buds to blossoms—and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the winter dearly, too—but then,
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold and stormy, you returned again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears—those far off lights
Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy times lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast;
You may have forgotten, dear, but they and I
Keep every fragment of the golden past.

I love all good and noble souls—I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirred
In the tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those to whom you owe
Comfort and joy; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know
And once could love you, and now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow—I who spare
Love for all these? Do I not even hold
A thousand trifles in special tender care
And prize them as a miser does his gold?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things? Still, you the best,
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
Oh, a thousand, thousand times, than all the rest.

—Grace E. Dunning, in Utica (N. Y.) Press.

THE COWARDICE OF McKENZIE

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

MILDRED stepped through the side entrance of the bank and saw her father at his desk. He did not look up, and she crossed the room and touched him on the shoulder. When he started, she laughed merrily, and the sound of her voice reached the paying teller in his iron cage.

His face flushed suddenly, and he glanced a brief moment towards the president's office whence the laughter came. Then he turned again to his tasks.

It was nearing the closing hour, and already the shadows of an early winter evening were lengthening along the street outside.

As the paying teller counted the coin and the bank notes before him, his thoughts reverted to the previous evening.

They had been lovers so many years—so many years! He could not bring himself to realize that it was all over now; but there had been a quarrel, and she had said it were best they should henceforth be but friends. And he loved her—he loved her.

Mechanically, he picked up a tray of coin and, quitting his cage, walked down the corridor toward the vault.

And presently he became conscious of the swish of a woman's skirts, of the perfume of a woman's presence, of the music of a woman's voice.

"Mr. McKenzie," she said.

He paused, the tray balanced on his palm, and turned. Her own face was flushed and a mischievous glimmer was in her eye.

"You are going in the vault?" she asked. "May I go, also. I have read so much of bank robberies, of vaults, of the inner doors and the locks and things. Papa has tried to explain them to me, but I do not seem to comprehend. I should like to see them—if you don't mind."

The last words were uttered as though he would think her audacious.

He smothered a sigh that had crept into his throat at the sight of her face.

"I am at your service, Mil—Miss Matthews," he said.

Silently he led the way, and as she stepped from the light of day into the gloomy interior of the massive vault, he caught the red gleam of the setting sun upon her hair, circling her brow like a crown of bronze.

Briefly, almost hurriedly, in his voice a restraint he could not cast aside explained the workings of the various bolts and locks. He opened the door of the inner compartment and showed her the piles of gold and silver and bundles of bank notes.

Then, for the first time since entering the vault, he glanced at her. She was standing in the deep shadows, her trim figure wrapped in a mantle of ebony, her face pale in contrast to the gloom.

For a brief moment a silence fell between them—a silence painful in its intensity. Then a smile quivered upon her lips.

"Mr. McKenzie,' she said, "I—I—" She paused and partly raising her hand toward him, let it fall again to her side.

"McKenzie! Mr. McKenzie!" cried a man's voice from without the vault. It was Matthews, the president. The paying teller hurried to obey the summons.

"McKenzie," said the capitalist, "I wish you would take this letter over to Lloyd & Blake's and deliver it to Mr. Lloyd, personally. See that it falls into no other hands."

When McKenzie at last left the office of Lloyd & Blake it was considerably after banking hours. His duties for the day over, he sauntered idly along the busy thoroughfare. His hands in his coat pockets, his eyes downcast as he walked slowly, thinking and thinking.

After all, why longer continue the unequal struggle? He could not remain where he must be constantly seeing Mildred—where he must constantly behold the simple sweetness of her face and hear her free-hearted laughter—now that they were only friends. He was too much of a coward.

He must go away—somewhere; anywhere. But how? He had little money. He—

A sudden thought came to him, and as it throbbed through his brain he paused on a corner and stood rigid, pale, trembling. His blood seemed frozen in his veins.

A hundred people surged past him, but he saw no one. A constant din of traffic surrounded him, but he heard nothing. He was thinking—thinking—thinking.

Then a smile—a smile of desperate determination—curved the lines of his mouth and smoothed the wrinkles between his eyebrows.

"I must go—go—go!" he cried to himself. "As for the money—God forgive me, I cannot help it!"

Arousing himself with a start, he boarded a car and was carried rapidly away in the direction of the bank.

No one was to be seen in the massive granite building when he alighted at the corner.

With a pass key he let himself in, and noticed that the dusk was rapidly thickening in the rooms. Making his way through the corridors, he stood at last in front of the vault. The heavy door was closed and locked. But he knew the combination—and there were piles of coin and currency behind the inner barriers.

For a moment he hesitated. Perhaps the thought of his long years of faithful service, of his good name, of the implicit confidence imposed in him by her father made him pause. But—he was a coward.

Glancing carefully around the apartment to make sure there was none to see, he placed his hand upon the metal knob that worked the combination. A few slow, deliberate movements and he heard the click that told the lock was sprung.

Again he hesitated, the cold sweat pouring from his forehead, and a wild, unnatural gleam in his eyes. Then, throwing his weight upon the handle, he threw back the bolt and swung open the door.

Instantly he shrank back and put a hand to his eyes. For, just within the open vault, Mildred stood, her features



HE PLACED HIS HAND ON THE KNOB THAT WORKED THE COMBINATION.

pallid with fright, her lips trembling but speechless.

As the door was opened she raised one hand, palm outward, to shield her blinded eyes from the bright light of day.

But to the man cowering before her she stood in the attitude of one barring the way of a thief, who sought the wealth of which her father was custodian. With warning hand uplifted, she seemed to command: "Stand back!"

In a moment the woman's eyes became accustomed to the light, and she stepped lightly out of her prison and stood beside the man she loved.

"It was kind of you to come back after me," she said. "They must not have known I was in there, for they locked the door and I could not make them hear me. I was afraid I must remain there until morning, and I felt sure I would smother."

She shivered and crept closer to the other.

"I am glad I came," he faltered, realizing that she did not guess the truth. "I was thinking you might have been locked in, and when I found you were I was startled."

It was a lie—a poor, weak lie. But it saved his soul.

"Walter," she said, softly, and he beheld the old-time love light in her eyes, "how foolish it was in us to quarrel. I—have not been quite happy—a single moment—since, Walter."

PAWNS SHIFTLESS HUSBAND

Polish Wife Puts Spouse Into Pledge, Repents, and Appeals to Courts, But in Vain.

A peasant woman of Bielastochek, in the government of Vilna, in Russian Poland, recently wishing to raise some money for household expenses, went to an old maid who made small loans to friends. She had nothing to pawn, but at last thought of her shiftless husband, and suggested that he be the pledge. The money lender consented and the money was advanced.

The peasant woman made her purchases, and, on returning home, found her husband gone. The money lender had been there and taken away the husband, with whom she was preparing to take a long journey.

The wife complained to the village court, but the judge decided against her, and, as the sum borrowed was more than she could pay back and as no one would go to her rescue, she had the mortification of seeing her husband depart with his captor amid the cheers and laughter of the townspeople.

THE EARTH.

Give me the hills, the pine-clad hills, the steep ones;
The jagged cliffs and slopes of living green;
The valleys, vernal valleys, cool and deep ones,
That round the hills, and rambling down between,
Hold out a brawling course for some swift torrent,
All boulder tortured—bridged by fallen tree—
Some men there be who find the hills abhorrent;
But oh, the hills; the hills seem good to me!

Or give to me the plains that roll and tumble
In earthen billows on the sky's far line,
All decked in blooms, a color scheme to crumble
Into a thousand shades! No words of mine
Could ever paint in way that you might see them—
You'll have to find and know them as I know,
You'll have to wade among their blooms and knee them—
Fair are the plains where wild flow'rs bud and blow!

Or give to me the sea! I love its hollows,
Where fishers shallops skim the tossing brine,
Light on the wing, and daintily as swallows!
The hills, the plains, the sea, all, all are mine!
Oh, if the jasper gates ope on no garden
Like these I know I'll weep celestial birth!
And I shall weep, and Heaven be a burden,
And all my plaint shall be: "I want the earth!"

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Ram's Horn Blasts.

The obedience of the heart is the heart of all obedience.

The standard of cash is not the standard of the kingdom.

A man's title to Heaven does not depend on his titles on earth.

Doing good to men is the best way of singing "Glory to God."

It is no use being fervent in spirit if you are not fair in business.

The man who makes others live in a sty is the worst hog of all.

The road to Heaven is lined with the trees of God's planting.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Tour to the Grand Canyon.

On account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and Santa Fe route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth, and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Fransisco, will be sold at rate of $106 from New York, $105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and $100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1.00 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

COLDS CAUSE PNEUMONIA

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight health and strength." Sold by A. L. Duffy, Hillsboro.

—Charles D. Cannon, an aged and well known resident of Easton, and a native of Caroline county, died at his residence in Easton Wednesday afternoon of last week, of acute Bright's disease, aged 69 years. He leaves a widow and nine children.

—The carpenters have nearly completed their work on the new Opera House at Dover and the plumbers are now at work. The house will be ready for occupancy by April 1. Five hundred dollars' worth of scenery has been ordered from a Baltimore scene painter which will be delivered early in April. The first shipment of the chairs has been made and they are expected to arrive at an early date.

Ayer's

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

Sarsaparilla

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 12 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of illness. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
MRS. E. BUCKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J.

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

for The Children

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

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.

To see that this picture in the form of a label is on the genuine wrapper of every bottle of

SCOTT & BOWNE,
Chemists,
409 Pearl St., New York.

A Bargain For Farmers.

The New York Tribune-Farmer, a national illustrated agricultural weekly of twenty large pages, has no superior as a thoroughly practical and helpful publication for the farmer and every member of his family and the publishers are determined to give it a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class in the United States.

Knowing that every enterprising up to date farmer always reads his own local weekly newspaper, The New York Tribune-Farmer has made an exceedingly liberal arrangement which enables us to offer the two papers at so low a price that no farmer can afford to lose the opportunity.

The price of The New York Tribune-Farmer is $1.00 a year, and THE AMERICAN UNION is $1.00 a year, but both papers will be sent for a full year if you forward $1.25 to THE AMERICAN UNION, Denton Md.

Send your name and address to The New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, and a specimen copy of that paper will be mailed to you.

BAFFLED PHYSICIANS.

W. L. Yancy, of Paducah, Ky., writes: "I had a severe case of kidney disease and three of the best physicians in Kentucky treated me without success. I then took Foley's Kidney Cure. The first bottle gave immediate relief and three bottles cured me permanently. I gladly recommend this wonderful remedy."

To Exchange

Any subscriber to this newspaper may use five or six lines in this column without cost. Sign name or give P. O. box number, in all exchange propositions.

What have you to offer for a new Iver Johnson revolver 32 calibre. It is a repeater, self-shell extractor, address, Box 102, Denton Md.

Would like to exchange a one horse wagon for a light covered buck; address, X. Y. Z., AMERICAN UNION office.

Autoharp to exchange. What have you to offer? Address 666 AMERICAN UNION office.

I have a single barrel breech loading Crescent shot gun. What do you offer for it? Address, Box 102.

Denton Markets

The following trade prices are being paid to-day for Country Produce at the store of Leroy Longfellow, Denton Bridge. Corrected weekly.

Butter	20c lb
Eggs	15c
Live Chickens	10c to 11c lb
White Potatoes	40c bus
Onions	65c bus
Cabbage	2@5c head
Side Meat	12c lb
Lard	12c lb
Beeswax	30c lb
White Beans	$2.25 bu
Sweet Potatoes	30 to 35c bus
Apples	30 to 35c bus
Dried Apples	6c lb
Turnips	15 bus

THE BEST GOODS ARE CHEAPEST.

Resolve to give the new store a part of your patronage.

Dry Goods.

A new and nicely assorted line of DRY GOODS has arrived this week and have been put on our shelves. We shall be pleased to have you inspect them.

Notions.

We have a nice new line of NOTIONS; New Style Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hamburgs of every design, Corsets, Shirts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Overails, etc., at the very lowest prices. Some handsome patterns in Chinaware, Lamps and Crockery.

Meats.

When in need of fresh meats give us a call. We have a complet line of meats always fresh. Rib Roast, Surloin Steak, Soup Meat, Round Steak, Ham, Shoulder, Side Meat, Lard, Sausage, Scrapple, Chickens, Cod Fish and Labradore Herrings.

Groceries.

My stock of GROCERIES is fresh and of the best quality and new goods still arriving. This stock is complete, embracing a great many articles not to be had outside a city store, such as Uneeda Milk Biscuit, Oysteretts, Zu Zu Snaps, Graham Crackers, New Saltines, Butter Thins, Social Tea, N. B. C. Soda, Force, Dates, Currants, Loose and Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, Mustard, Olives, Postum, Geletine, Cocoa, Chocolate, Tapioco, Macaroni, Borden's Peerless Cream, Condenced Milk, Oranges, Lemons, Fancy Cakes, all kinds of Candies and Nuts. We have fresh bread every day.

Tobacco and Cigars.

We keep a complete line of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, etc. Mr. Smoker, come to us and get the best 2 for-5 cigar on the market.

Country Produce

We always have on hand all kinds of Country Produce; Cabbage, Potatoes, Onions, Turnips, Apples, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Walnuts, Pop Corn.

LEROY LONGFELLOW, West Denton.

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