AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 48. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1904. NO. 51.

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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.

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Fancy Shirts 50c each. Working Man's Shirt 25c. Boys' Shirts 25c. Cuffs at 25 cents per pair.

Latest Style Collars in all sizes in Linen at 12½c Also Celuloid and Rubber Collars at 10c each.

Notions.



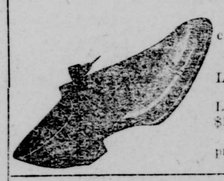
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A full line of Men's and Boy's Overalls best Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere for less than a half dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

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Good working shoes from $1 up LADIES SHOES, popular prices

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Babies shoes in all sizes and prices.

MEAT AND FISH ALWAYS ON HAND FROM TEN CENTS A POUND UP.

NOT FOR ME.

I don't want no peaks o' glory
In their everlastin' snows;
Better for the peaceful valley
Where the singin' streamlet flows
An' the shoulder-touch o' brother
Marchin' with me down the way,
An' the fields o' bloomin' clover
Where the little children play.

Better for their happy laughter
An' the blossoms in their fist,
Than the silent frosty summits;
Lips upturning to be kissed
I'd a something dearer to me
Than Ambition's summits do;
Mine the pathway in the valley
Where the streamlet tinkles though.

Mine to just romp with the babies,
Hear the gleeful happy chime
Of their laughter—have them near me;
Let the other fellow climb;
Lord, they're pretty! Them same peaks are,
There's a tantalizing glow
Plays about them like a halo;
But—well—I'll stay down below.

Whoso climbs the lofty summits
Must outclimb his fellow man;
Who arrives is all alone there,
Far from kith an' kin an' clan;
I ain't lookin' for no bay-wreaths,
I'm afraid they'd leave a smart;
Heaps o' glory wouldn't pay me
For no lonesome empty heart.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A Strong-Minded Woman.

How Skipper Mudge Met His Match.

By John Fleming Wilson.

SAMUEL TWIZZLE took off his cap with both hands and bowed with deference. "That's Mrs. Mudge," he explained to me, as he restored the cap to his head. "And that big chap alongside her is Capt. Mudge, of the tug B. Walsh."

"He must have good eyesight to have picked that little woman in a crowd and married her," I said with a fatuous attempt to be humorous. Twizzle looked at me severely. "Men with good eyes sometimes sit on a tack. Mrs. Mudge is a fine woman and terrible strong minded, if she is no bigger than a flitterbug."

I grew more respectful and gazed after the towering Mudge and his consort. "He looks as if it would take more than a strong mind to keep him in submission," I ventured. "Do you mean to hint that Mrs. Mudge is the skipper? Does that fellow take orders from his wife?"

Twizzle swept up a handful of beard and rubbed the end of his nose therewith. Suddenly, without a premonitory chuckle, his eyes shut, his mouth opened, and there issued a roar hilarious, voluminous, magnificent. It ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and Capt. Twizzle successively closed his mouth, opened his eyes, and gazed at me appreciatively through those moist orbs. Then, with startling precipitancy, he emitted a second resounding roar, instantly thereafter to resume an exaggerated solemnity. I was about to ask the occasion of such singular emotion when he laid his thick hand on my shoulder to signify, I took it, that he was on the point of speech. But memory seemed too strong for him, and he was once more overwhelmed, at the end of the ebullition falling into an air of dignified melancholy. Before I could protest against my exclusion from the joke, Twizzle measured off on the forefinger of his left hand the first two joints and looked at me as if matters had been made plain to the dullest. When my perplexity showed on my face, he said, quaveringly, "She's no bigger than that, Mudge's a whale. But she's tremendously strong-minded." Twizzle wagged his head, stopped, fixed his eyes on the opposite bank of Oakland creek, and gave vent to a fourth and most terrific roar which drew upon us the cordial attention of several shipwrights. This relief seemed final. Twizzle pulled down his waistcoat, wiped his eyes, swung one stumpy leg over the corner of a big timber (we were observing the calkers' progress on his new steam schooner, the Airy Bell), and plucked at his beard as if to draw from its luxuriant jungle the matter of his story. "I saw that bit of a woman show her strong-mindedness, and I was there when Mudge caved in. It was worth seeing. I used to run to Puget sound ports," he reminded me. "Mudge was skipper of the sternwheeler Swan, a scandalous craft with a permanent list to port on account of a leak in her starboard water tank. This marine scarecrow traded up and down from Tacoma to Quartermaster harbor, Vashon and Seattle, packing loggers' supplies and landing groceries at any place where there was a stove to cook 'em. In those days Mudge was up to his hair in debt, drank himself ugly every afternoon, and abused his wife. Look at him now. He don't touch liquor; he's got property here in Oakland, and helps his wife over the muddy spots. All because she was strong-minded," Twizzle insisted. "Lemme tell you what she did once. It was the time she fetched him."

"Go on," I urged, when the captain showed symptoms of vehement hilarity again; "go on and tell me."

"It was in '94," he said, "and if God had let a pin drop you'd ha' heard it all over the sound, times were so dull. I was finicking between there and the Columbia river a while and then my coaster was laid up, on account of no freight offering. So I took the master's berth on the Tornado, running three trips a week from Port Townsend to Tacoma. We used to overhaul the Swan every day or so, tottering from back door to back door, with Mudge drunk and growling in the pilot house, and Mrs. Mudge selling groceries in the after-cabin to the island people. Yes, sir, you could buy anything from a needle to a bay steer on that Swan, and if Mrs. Mudge hadn't got it in stock she'd fetch it to you from town next trip.

"Pretty soon I got acquainted and found Mudge was ill-using the little mite—not beating her or anything like that, but he'd sit in the cabin and tell her the food was poor and she was cheating him to stand in with the people she dealt with, and made himself generally an idiot. She took it all quite meek, but I surmise," Twizzle continued, cautiously, "that she did talk back some. But it was the aggravating kind, and didn't only make matters worse, but when she did finally sit up and take notice Mudge got a lesson he never will forget. He'd have learned that stint sooner if Mrs. Mudge had been bigger. She never rightly attracted his attention, don't you know? She is so small. But when she did get her old man's eye, let me tell you he come up with a round turn." Twizzle was quite overcome with his recollections and barked loudly to the sun. "There was a time in Seattle," he resumed, presently, "when I saw just how the thing was. If Mudge had taken my advice then, he'd ha' spared himself being made a curious show of and embarrassing remarks 'longshore afterward. I was up at a market laying in some stores, and there was Mrs. Mudge after some stuff for customers of the Swan. It was nigh sailing time, and she was rushing the marketman around and telling him he'd have to get those goods right down to the wharf, and I noticed he did exactly what she told him to. In comes Mudge, drunk, and white about the mouth. I'm going to pull out from the dock in five minutes,' he croaks. 'Hurry down, Mrs. M., and get aboard with your truck.'

"'You'll just have to wait ten minutes more for these goods,' explains Mrs. Mudge.

"'Not a minute, not one second,' says he. 'If you think the Swan is going to loaf and lose time just because you haven't gumption enough to get through your work in time, you're mistaken, Mrs. M.'

"I thought," said Twizzle, meditatively, "that she would cry. She didn't. She swelled up all of a sudden till she looked about ten feet high, and she says to Mudge, 'You wait.' Sort of caught his eye, don't you know? They tell me it was the first back talk she ever made stick. Mudge said 'All right,' sort of astonished, and I took him one side. 'Look here,' I remarks, 'I ain't drunk and I ain't up in woman's ways, but I think I'd lush a little less and talk pleasant a little more if I wanted to keep ahead of Mrs. Mudge.' Yes, that's what I said to him, and he was very mild.

"I thought later I had made a bad reckoning. But Mrs. Mudge was terrible strong-minded after all. One day we were tooling down the sound in the afternoon opposite to Vashon island. There was a goodish haze on the water, and I was keeping my eyes wide open. About two o'clock, I recollect, a man for'ad sings out, 'Something to starboard, sir.' I peered out, and just where I could make it out in the haze was a black, queer something floating on the water. Looked like an umbrella opened up on the water, with other articles on top. I was curious, and slowed down, stopped the engines and put the wheel over to take in the show. Do you know what that was?"

Twizzle contemplated me with an air of scientific interest, while I protested that my imagination was incompetent to picture the answer. He sighed with satisfaction and filled his pipe. When it was going he waved it in the air to emphasize his statements. "That thing was Mrs. Mudge, very ca'm," he said. "She recognized me, and says, as the Tornado slops up to within a potato's throw of her, says she, 'When do you think the Swan will be along?'

"'God A'mighty,' says I, 'is that you, Mrs. Mudge?' And she answers, quite bashful, 'It is. I'm waiting for Mudge to come back.'

"'Come back!' I remarks loud from the pilothouse, 'why he ought 'a' passed this point two hours ago.'

"'He did,' says she. 'I fell overboard in passing. I guess Mudge is wondering where I am.'

"Being mostly flustered I had forgot to think about getting her out of the water, but now I yells for a boat to go out and pick her up. 'Don't bother about a boat,' she says, quiet, 'I'll just wait for Mudge.'

"'But you'll drown,' I urges her. 'Your clothes 'ull get waterlogged and then down you go.'

"'If I ain't drowned now,' she remarks, squinting up at me thoughtful, 'it isn't the fault of Mudge, who never heard me calling because he was so drunk.'

"'It's God's mercy we found you,' I says, and calls some more for the mate to get away a boat. But she was terrible strong-minded, and says, 'I won't get into any boat. I'll stay right here in this ridic'lous position till Mudge comes back and apologizes on his bended knees.'

"'Did he throw you over?' I inquires, polite. She was very indignant and ca'm, though she wiggled her legs in the water till I was afraid she'd loosen the gear of her skirts and sink just as I had to start the propeller to get the Tornado up near her again. 'Stop kicking, ma'am,' hollers I. 'Just rest easy till I get you into the boat.' It was going for her then.

"But she wouldn't have any of it. 'I'm going to make a stand right here,' she asserts, 'even if my feet are dangling in cold water. I'll either be picked up by my lawful husband or I'll drown.' Nothing could budge her. I told the mate to pick her up anyhow, but she pulled a hat-pin out of her clothes and he said he thought she would be all right. 'Yes, you just go right along,' says she, swinging around in an eddy till her back was to me, 'go right along, and I'll wait for Mudge.' Then she paddled around till her face was to us again, and said, 'Excuse my back, but I can't help it sometimes.'

"'The Swan may not be back for hours yet,' I said at last. 'You might sink in spite of your skirts. Excuse me if I just hang around. I've no passengers this trip and I'd enjoy it.'

"It sort of comforted her, even if she was so strong-minded, and she settled down in her clothes as if she was ready to have a visit. 'It doesn't seem hardly respectable, does it?' she remarks, when the mate had taken the boat in, 'but if you don't mind just staying on your steamer and keep that propeller away from my legs it'll be company for me. It was sort of lonesome out here alone.'"

Twizzle lit his pipe, which had gone out in the vehemence of his recital, and looked critically at me. "To think of that woman all wet stringing her legs toward bottom in a bundle of clothes and willing to stay with the proposition till she got even with her husband—that's stren'th of mind for you. So I gave the wheel to the mate and went down on the lower deck with the engineer, and I introduced him to Mrs. Mudge, and we sat on the rail quite company for her. We talked by streaks, the Tornado drifting away now and again, and having to be fetched back. On the engineer's advice, I offered her a line. 'No,' says she, 'I am going to wait for Mudge just as I am with my hat all sludged and the curl out of my hair and my feet fair perished with cold till I couldn't feel if a fish bit them, which I hope none will, for goodness' sake. Is the fog getting thicker?'

"It was, and the mate started to blow a concert on the whistle. He tooted it quite a spell, but it was 15 minutes before we got an answer. 'There's the Swan,' I calls out to her. Mrs. Mudge's back was turned, owing to her being unhandy in the water, but she yelled over her shoulder that it wasn't the Swan's whistle.

"'Then there'll likely be quite a party to see you picked up,' says I, knowing that no seafaring man alive would think for a moment of not seeing her through, especially as Mudge was no favorite. Pretty soon up sneaks the Raccoon in the fog. 'What's the matter?' hawls Cap Randall, trying to stop his wheel in a hurry. 'What's up? Broke down?'

"'No, just visiting with a lady,' says I. 'Come out and let me introduce you.'

"Randall stares a minute, and then pops out of the pilot-house, and stares at me some more. Then he looked down and saw Mrs. Mudge bobbing in the water. It took ten minutes to explain matters. 'Please go right on,' says Mrs. Mudge, when Randall got it through his head. 'Capt. Twizzle will look out for me.'

"But Randall was very hearty about it, told his engineer to close his dampers, and laid the Raccoon off a little. Then he came down and swung his legs over the bow, and struck up quite a conversation with Mrs. Mudge. It was surprising how that woman behaved. She floated out there nice and ladylike, and we passed the time of day real pleasant. Randall said afterwards he never enjoyed talking to any woman more, even if she did keep turning round in the water so that one part of a word went over one shoulder and the other over the other. You may not think it, but it was nearly sunset before we heard the Swan's whistle, and Randall and I blew our whistles till people ashore must ha' thought there was red-handed murder doing on the high seas. In the middle of the racket in wobbles the Swan listed like a shed roof, and Mudge bawling to know what the matter was. Nobody says a word till the old Swan slipped in between the Tornado and the Raccoon, with Mudge craning his neck out of the window of the pilot-house. 'What's the matter?' says Mudge again.

"'Is that you, Mudge?' says Mrs. M., very ca'm from the water.

"He looked out but couldn't see anything, so he came out of the pilot-house and peered over the upper-deck rail. Then he worked his mouth, seeing her as if she was a spirit on the deep waters. 'Is that you, Mudge?' she inquires again, very ca'm. 'I've been waiting for you.'

"Mudge looked first at me, sitting peacefully on the rail of the Tornado, and then at Randall, meditating on the bow of the Raccoon, neither of us letting on that we noticed anything out of the way. With that," said Twizzle, emptying the ashes out of his pipe, "he got her aboard in a dead silence, and steamed off as if there was 20,000,000 barometers all registering the lowest ever known, and it was 4,000 miles to a harbor. And he was so embarrassed that he's never touched a drop since and got proppity in Oakland here, and hops whenever his wife says anything at all. She's very strong-minded."—San Francisco Argonaut.

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How Changed!

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"Oh, my son, she happened to be playing in an amateur pantomime."—Yonkers Statesman.

Among Our Obligations.

The Professor—We owe a great deal to chemistry—

Friend—Yes, indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blondes.—Judge.

WEAK HEARTS

are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, the stomach expands—swells, and puffs up against the heart. This crowds the heart and shortens the breath. Rapid heart beats and heart disease is the final result. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, takes the strain off the heart, cures indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, and contributes nourishment, strength and health to every organ of the body. Sold by A. L. Duffey, Hillsboro.

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