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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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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
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door screens 75c, 80c, $1.10, $1.35
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We still have a good stock of Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stoves, Ice Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, and Ice Chests.

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5 bar 40 lash net - - - 85c
5 bar 50 " " - - $1.45
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Mummy Dusters from 35c to $1
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Castings for South Bend and Oliver Plows.

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

WE SELL THE LUCUS 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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We sell the famous "CRESCO" Corset at 98c. It gives entire satisfaction to the wearer, as it insures perfect figure, grace and comfort, while the disconnection at the waist adapts the corset to the form and prevents the possibility of breaking at sides. We also carry F. C. Corsets; Extension Hip Girdle; Straight Front Girdles at 50c; also the little Satin Girdles for the young Misses. A good serviceable corset for 25 cents.

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We have just received a nice line of Waist and Summer Goods in Cotton Voiles and Cotton Voilards @ 12½c. Sinens for Suits @ 20c. Canton Cloth @ 12½c. Organdies in all shades @ 10c India Linen and Persian Lawn from 10c to 25c per yard. Ginghams from 8c to 10c, and a line of 5c Lawns in pretty patterns.

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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.



Ladies Wrappers in all sizes in Percale and Lawns @ 75c and 98c. Also Sun Bonnets @ 20c. Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Men from 5c to 25c. Ribbons in different widths and colors. Latest styles in Fancy Stock Collars at 10c, 15c, 25c 50c.

A full line of Hosiery for Men, Ladies and Children, in Plain, Fancy and Lace; also White in long and Short for Little Folks.

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

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Men's Patent Leathers in Blucher or side button @ $3.00.
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Good working shoes from $1 up
LADIES SHOES, popular prices
For ease and comfort, our Old Ladies Shoes cannot be beat at $1.25.
Babies shoes in all sizes and prices.

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

EATING AND LIVING.

The busy professors are always
Explaining old notions away;
They tell us that people may fatten
On less than a quarter a day.
One says that an egg or an onion
Contains enough strength for a meal,
A cupful of rice, says another,
Will furnish us muscles of steel.

We hear that sea water will give us
The life everlasting we crave;
They tell us that things which taste
pleasant
All hurry us on to the grave.
Whatever appeals to our palates
They earnestly warn us to shun;
We are told that the pancake is deadly,
That suicide lurks in the bun.

We must chew every mouthful a minute,
If we drink at our meals we will die;
The wise men of science inform us
That bombs are less deadly than pie;
They say we must turn from the oyster
And also eliminate fish;
Torpedoes and mines are as nothing
Compared with the dread chafing dish.

Perhaps they are right, but no matter;
Processions still wind to the graves;
Therefore let's eat, drink and be merry,
Let the appetite have what it craves;
For, with firetraps, trolleys, grade crossings,
The switches misplaced, and the gay,
Glad assassins out automobiling,
What show could we have anyway?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CHOICE OF MARGUERITE.

M. DE KERGARIEL, with his daughter, Marguerite, and his nephew, Georges d'Orval, lived in a huge chateau perched on a steep cliff in Brittany, overlooking a limitless expanse of sea. Though a wealthy man, he went to Paris only when compelled to do so by important business, for he was passionately fond of hunting and prized his reputation as a crack shot far beyond the highest honors he could have won elsewhere.

His daughter, Marguerite, shared his taste for outdoor sports, horseback riding and athletic exercises. In person she was a wonderfully charming girl of 18, fair haired and slender, with eyes whose expression was both frank and gentle.

The third inhabitant of the chateau, M. de Kergariel's nephew, was about 24. His figure, though only of middle height, was admirably proportioned. In disposition he was quiet and reserved, with a marked inclination toward art.

He loved fine paintings, statues and chivalrous persons. He wrote verses himself, which were by no means destitute of talent, and his last volume had been highly praised by literary men.

His cousin was somewhat dazzled by this aureole of fame, and felt both deep respect and genuine affection for the young man; but she would have preferred to have him share her own tastes, and teased him unmercifully about his fancies.

He received the innocent little jests with a smile, for, though he had never acknowledged it, even to himself, he loved her.

Orphaned at 16, and the heir of a large fortune, Georges d'Orval had spent eight months of every year with his uncle and cousin. He liked the wild, desolate, arid region, whose beauties they admired together.

One day when he was standing alone lost in thought in one of the large drawing rooms, Marguerite glided softly into the room, a mischievous smile on her lips.

"What is our poet dreaming about?" she asked.

He started at the sound of the beloved voice and clasping her hand pressed a long, tremulous kiss upon the satin skin.

"Well, well!" said Marguerite, withdrawing it. "Here is a cousin who profits more than he ought from his relationship."

Georges gazed deep into the young girl's eyes.

"I was dreaming of you," he said.

Under the look Marguerite felt the stirring of a new and strange emotion; and, to conceal it she strove to jest.

"Indeed? And in what way if you please? Were you composing some delicious madrigal in my honor? I am prepared to hear my praises from your lips, and your verses will seem better than the finest music, if you compare my hair to molten gold, my complexion to lilies and roses, and my eyes to corn flowers."

"No," replied the young man. "I will recite no madrigal, but will tell you something—something which perhaps you do not expect, because until now I have hidden it in the depth of my heart, but which I am longing to confess. Do you understand me, Marguerite?"

Yes, she did understand him. And the revelation, so wholly unexpected, completely bewildered her.

She gazed at Georges with different eyes. His avowal seemed suddenly to have raised a barrier between them.

He loved her! What a strange thing! He, whom she had regarded as a brother, felt the love which she would have expected only from a stranger.

But she answered:

"I don't understand you, Georges. What confession do you want to make?"

Then, kneeling at her feet, he murmured the words so full of the promise of joy.

"I love you."

Marguerite looked at him mournfully.

"But I have done nothing to inspire such a feeling, Georges, and I do not know whether I can return your affection. True, I love you, too, but only as a brother, infinitely dear, a devoted friend and comrade. I have never thought that some day you might be something more."

He gazed at her rapturously.

"I suppose so, but now that you know my dearest wish is to be united to you, do not deprive me of all hope until you are certain that you cannot respond to my love."

"Have you spoken to my father?" asked the young girl.

"Yes, and he approves my wishes. He will be happy, he said, in a union which will bring me nearer to him. But that must not influence you, Marguerite. Wait until your heart speaks. Perhaps it will not remain insensible to the language of mine."

"I will give you my answer in a month," replied Marguerite de Kergariel, who had become grave and thoughtful.

A week passed; Marguerite was secretly watching Georges and beginning to become accustomed to the thought of a marriage with him. She knew that he was kind and loving, and he seemed more attentive now that she looked at him more closely and with different eyes. Surprised by charms of mind and person which she had not noticed before, her heart was gradually opening to love.

Georges divined the change, and his joy was reflected in his face.

But one evening M. de Kergariel disturbed his peace of mind.

The two men were pacing up and down the terrace. It was a cloudless night, and a fresh breeze, blowing from the sea, brought the salt breath of the waves.

"I received a letter this morning from my old friend, Mme. de Millery," said M. de Kergariel. "You know her; she is a distant relative.

"She is coming to spend a few days here, and will arrive to-morrow. She adds that she will be accompanied by a young man who was a ward of her husband, to whom she is much attached.

"He has no property, but she will leave him her whole fortune, and believes that he would be an ideal husband for Marguerite. What do you say?"

"I say," replied Georges vehemently, "that these are very useless complications, and I hope, uncle, that you will avoid them. You need only tell Mme. de Millery that she is wasting her time by trying to marry off Marguerite, since you have the man whom you desire for her."

"Impossible. I don't wish to vex Mme. de Millery. She would never forgive me if your marriage did not take place. I could write only in case Marguerite accepted you. Then I could announce my daughter's approching marriage and all would be settled."

"Marguerite requested a month's delay, uncle."

"Try to obtain her answer sooner."

"She would have reason to be surprised at my urgency, and I should not like to tell her the cause."

"Then you must understand that, under these circumstances, I cannot refuse to receive Mme. de Millery and her friend. If Marguerite will not marry you, she must make another choice. Come, my dear Georges, courage; learn to fight—and to conquer!"

Georges made no reply. A dull sense of anger oppressed him. He feared the stranger.

The morning of the following day Mme. de Millery reached the chateau, accompanied by Raoul de Villiers, the young man mentioned in her letter. She also brought her maid and a detestable pug dog named Coquette, from which she never separated.

She was a woman of 60, extremely kind, but so excessively vivacious that she seemed to fill the quiet dwelling with noise and bustle. A great beauty in her youth, she was now almost hideous, owing to her efforts to conceal, by art dyes, the irreparable damage of the years."

M. de Kergariel, who had known her in her prime and even at one time in his life had been somewhat captivated by her, was full of indulgence for all the whims which, after all, scarcely disguised the genuine goodness of his old friend's heart.

Raoul de Villiers, whom she treated like a spoiled child, had a very fine figure and a most pleasing face. Tall and fair, with blue eyes, whose expression was sometimes laughing, sometimes cold and keen, he made a deep impression upon Marguerite. But he had a shallow heart, and the young girl's principal charm in his eyes was the amount of her dowry.

Georges and he instantly hated each other.

There was an actual duel of sharp words between the two young men whenever they were alone.

Marguerite still hesitated.

Raoul perhaps pleased her more than Georges. He shared her tastes, had the same love for outdoor life. But Georges was so devoted to her, she knew his loving, loyal soul, while she was totally ignorant of his rival's nature.

So one day, when Raoul jested about the love of the "handsome misanthrope," as he sarcastically dubbed Georges, she answered, with a consciousness of being wounded.

"Do not jeer, I beg of you. His love has at least one merit; it is unfeigned and sincere. Could I say as much of yours?"

Raoul looked at her steadily.

"If I understand you correctly," he said dryly, "you doubt me; therefore it is useless for me to play a ridiculous part longer. Since you have made your choice, why did you not say so? I would have spared my ardent declacations and annoying attentions!"

"My choice is not made," the young girl protested. "It would be, if you had not come."

This was almost a confession. Raoul smiled proudly, believing himself the victor.

"Then I am not wholly uncongenial to you? You do not wish to repulse me? Do you give me hope?"

"Hope nothing before the hour," replied Mlle. de Kergariel eagerly. "I know that no one except Georges will devote himself exclusively to my happiness. That is why I hesitate so much. But I must give him an answer in two days. I will tell you, also, my decision at the same time."

M. de Kergariel and Mme. de Millery came up just at that moment, and Marguerite said no more.

Mme. de Millery thought that the conversation between the two young people must have taken a more sentimental turn and, glancing mischievously at M. de Kergariel, murmured:

"Those children worship each other. Do you remember how cleverly we used to slip away by ourselves when we were their age? Come, your nephew will not be the one to win her!"

M. de Kergariel shook his head and answered slowly:

"Women's acts cannot be reckoned with. We sometimes slipped away together, Marquise, yet I did not become your happy husband. I shall wait for Marguerite's decision."

The next day at the time they usually took their walk along the edge of the cliffs, Marguerite and the two young men, followed by M. de Kergariel and Mme. de Millery—the latter accompanied by her faithful Coquette—were exploring the lofty rocks overhanging the sea.

Howls of terror suddenly arose.

No one knew how the accident happened, but Mme. de Millery's dog had fallen into the sea and the waves were already bearing it away.

The old lady shrieked, wept, wrung her hands and offered her whole fortune to any one who would save the poor animal.

"It would be useless," said Georges. "That is a dangerous place. No sensible person can risk his life to save a dog's."

As if the words were some magic spell, the indecision portrayed on Raoul de Villier's face during Mme. de Millery's appeal suddenly vanished and, before there was time to stop him, he threw off his coat, climbed down the bluff and plunged into the terrible sea.

Cries of terror escaped every one's lips. Marguerite's heart almost stopped beating.

Georges alone remained unmoved, his eyes fixed upon Raoul, guessing what excessive vanity, united to the desire of pleasing his patroness, had suddenly decided this man's action.

But the fears of the others became intense as they saw that Raoul, though an excellent swimmer, after having seized the animal, could no longer struggle against the waves; his strength was failing and the spectators of the drama fairly held their breath.

Marguerite was on the point of falling when a hand was laid on her arm. Turning, she saw Georges, who was looking at her intently. He was frightfully pale, but his voice was firm as, pointing to Raoul, he asked:

"Do you love him?"

Marguerite answered angrily—for she read in her cousin's eyes his hate for Raoul and thought it unworthy of him at such a moment.

"Yes; I do love him!"

Then, to her bewilderment, for the words she had just uttered should have deepened the gulf between the two men, Georges in his turn rushed to the strand and breasted the threatening waves.

Swimming with unusual power, he succeeded by great exertion in reaching Raoul and dragging him out on the shore.

The whole scene had taken place in a few moments, but to the terrified spectators the time seemed endless.

When Georges had returned to the cliff Marguerite gazed proudly at him, a radiant expression illumining her face.

In witnessing the danger he had incurred merely to save her from suffering, in spite of the hatred he bore Raoul de Villiers, her cousin's disinterested love shone victoriously before her eyes.

And by the intense emotion she felt she realized that she, too, loved him, and that his love had taken possession of her whole soul.

The next morning when Georges and Marguerite were alone the young girl's eyes expressed heartfelt affection, radiant joy. He thought that he was going to thank him for restoring her lover; and before she could speak he said bitterly:

"Not a word of gratitude, I beg of you! It was against my will that I saved the man you love. If you are happy, so much the better, for I had no other object than to secure your happiness! But I would have rejoiced if, after saving this man, the ocean had closed over me!"

"And the answer to your question," said the young girl. "Then you do not desire to know it. Yet I had prepared it, hoping that you would be satisfied—must I not speak of it?"

"But you told me that you loved him?" cried Georges, his eyes shining with joy—for at last he understood.

Then, bending toward him, she murmured in a low tone, so low that the very air scarcely heard:

"It was a trial."

Far away a confused chant of voices seemed to rise from the sea, breaking in a hymn of infinite joy the glorification of vanquished cupidity and the brilliant triumph of love.—N.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

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As Defined.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a confidence man?

Pa—A confidence man, my son, is a man who separates others from their money and their confidence simultaneously.—Chicago Daily News.

WEAK HEAR.

are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, the stomach expands—swells—puffs up against the heart, crowds the heart and shortens the breath. Rapid heart beats, 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 to the development, strength and health of every organ of the body. S... Duffey, Hillsboro.

If Nervous and ... simply improve your digestion, waste matter that clogs the system. Ramon's Pills other tonic with the Tonic Pellets. and money back if no...

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