AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 49. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904. NO. 7.

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

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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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5 bar 50 " " - -	$1.45
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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Sunday		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			SOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	3.15	4.30	9.15		lv... Baltimore ...Ar	12.00	10.30	9.30	10.30	10.30
10.40	5.15	6.30	9.15		Ar...Love Point...lv.	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....		Ar...Queenstown..lv.	.....	7.40	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sunday Express	Sunday only.	Daily Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sat. and Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	9.25		lv...Love Point..Ar.	9.40	8.20	7.20	8.00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55		.....Queenstown.....	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20		.....Centreville.....	8.55	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.48	f5.21	f10.08		.....Wye Mills.....	f9.05	f7.37	f6.35	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.33	10.27		.....Queen Anne.....	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39		.....Denton.....	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55		.....Hickman.....	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10		.....Greenwood.....	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32		.....Ellendale.....	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.38	6.59	11.45		.....Milton.....	7.27	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05		.....Lewes.....	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.20		Ar...Rehoboth...lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth

JOHN C. BOSLEY, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.

W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

What She Heard.

"Did you hear the shot fired?" inquired the lawyer of the peppery female witness.

"You told me," replied the witness, "that you didn't want any hearsay evidence."

"Answer my question, madam!" roared the lawyer. "Did you hear the shot fired?"

"I heard the gun fired," said the witness, "if that's what you want to know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Use.

We meet the extravagant woman at the bargain counter.

"Why do you spend so much money?" we ask. "Would it not be well to lay by something for a rainy day?"

With a merry gurgle of laughter she replies: "Goodness, no! I never go shopping on rainy days."—Judge.

The Size of Him.

"Yes, my boy! He's a millionaire today, and that man began life with half a dollar."

"H'm! Who did he pinch that from?"—Chicago Journal.

The Very Thing.

President of Girls' Club—Well, girls, we have $40 dollars in the treasury—how shall we spend it?

Chorus—Oh, let's get up a charity ball!—Puck.

Let It Pass.

She—Did you say her husband passes the plate in church?

He—No; I said he let it pass him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Scholastic.

"Yes, our son is to go away to school soon. His father will go next week to take the entrance examinations."

"His father?"

"Yes; the school is a very select school, you know, and no boy is admitted unless his father is worth at least 15 millions."—Puck.

A Wall Street Character.

Jack—Going to the fancy ball?

George—Can't afford a costume.

"Got a threadbare coat?"

"Of course."

"And an old pair of baggy trousers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, put them on and go as a millionaire."—N. Y. Weekly.

HUMILITY.

A little hope to lift us up
To heights sublime,
The while we drink life's bitter cup
And wait on time!

Nor do we ask that all shall be
Made clear as day,
But that the soul be ever free
To trust alway.

A little love we need, to save
Our hearts from pain;
A little joy we humbly crave
That faith may reign.

A little peace, a little rest,
Full and complete;
Of all great gifts these are the best
To make life sweet.

Then may we love and think and work
Through all life's years,
And not the smallest duty shirk
Though crowned with tears.

These are the little things that turn
Our thoughts on high,
Grant them alone, and hell may burn,
But death shall die.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Fad Follower.

Burglar Bill—W'at's become o' Slickfinger's sister?

Sneeky Sam—Servin' time for followin' a fashionable fad.

"Wot fad?"

"Kleptomanier."—N. Y. Weekly.

Old Story.

"Jeemes bet Silas he could stay under water three minutes. Silas bet he could stay under five minutes."

"Who won?"

"The undertaker."—Chicago Daily News.

The Reason Why.

The Statistic Man—We live much longer now than our ancestors did, don't you know?

The Joker—Ah! but you must remember that nowadays we don't hang for stealing.—Ally Sloper.

The Wise Landlord.

"Can I see the proprietor?" asks the guest at the summer resort.

"No, sir," answers the clerk. "He has gone to the city for his summer vacation."—Judge.

Human Nature.

He—There goes a man who hasn't a friend in the world.

She—Poor fellow. How did he lose his money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IN GREEN FIELDS

By BELLE MANIATES

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

IT IS a truism that the trend of life hangs on the turn of a step, but in this case the fate of Elsie Clarke waited on the turn of an automobile, which was whirling around the curves of a country road at breakneck speed.

On the front seat were the owner of the automobile, Walter Earle, and his wife—a comfortably and contentedly married couple who were doing all in their power to bring about a match between Elsie Clarke and Arthur Wynne, the couple on the back seat. In fact, all the friends of these two young people had decided it was a "perfect match" and were using all their endeavors to further it.

There was no trouble as far as Wynne was concerned. He was in love with the fair young woman to the full extent of his placid, well-regulated nature, while she was trying hard to reason herself into a reciprocity. She told herself over and over that he possessed every quality of eligibility. He was of good form and feature, well endowed with worldly possessions; habits, moral manners and disposition, excellent. After one of these mental enumerations of his requisites, she would decide to accept him, but the moment she was in his presence, she felt antagonistic to the fate awaiting her. He clearly bored her, and she skillfully warded off his proposal. The simple solution of the situation was that she was not in love with him, and that love never would respond to reasoning. She knew better than to advance this argument to his supporters, for she intuitively felt they would consider love an obsolete emotion. Finally she had come to believe that, since she had met so many men, and none had awakened the grand passion, the fault must lie in her, and that she was not capable of falling in love.

She felt that this day and ride was to be the consummation of the affair and that it was purposely planned by the Earles and Wynnes. They were now, at the close of an early summer afternoon, en route to a country inn several miles distant where they were to dine, after which she knew the Earles would discreetly vanish for a stroll on the lake shore, leaving her alone with Wynne and her fate. The coming ordeal oppressed her. She felt her opposition oozing, and feared she would yield to his quiet, well-modulated entreaties.

"Oh, if something—anything would only happen!" she thought.

Was the wish father to the thought? Something did happen. A whirlpool of sand, the deadly foe of automobiles, attacked the wheels. The road was narrow—a steep embankment on either side, a brook below. Earle was an expert as chauffeur, but no human power under the conditions could have prevented the quick swerve and the headlong pitch over the embankment.

Elsie dimly felt that strong arms were carrying her over road and green fields. She vaguely wondered if it was Arthur who was carrying her thus. She opened her eyes and looked into a strange face that was bending anxiously and tenderly over.

"John," she murmured with a faint smile, as she contentedly sank back into unconsciousness.

The accident had occurred near the well-kept farm of William Mofford. His son, John Mofford, was walking down the road toward the automobile when it took the awful plunge. He rushed down the bank expecting they were all killed. The automobile had upset, providentially on the very edge of the brook. Earle was already helping his wife to arise, and they had only sustained a few bruises. Wynne appeared to be all right, unless his wrist was sprained. The doctor's quick glance wandered from these stunned, frightened people and fell upon the motionless form of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had been thrown some little distance. In a moment he had her in his arms and calling to the others to follow, he started for the house.

As he came up the old-fashioned garden in front of the farm house, and her beautiful, long-lashed eyes looked vaguely into his, he had a new, strange sensation, and a fierce jealousy was born within him towards "John," whoever he might be. Was it that pale-faced fellow who was following, hanging on to his wrist?

The Mofords and the farm hands had all come to meet them, and his mother instantly returned to the house to make ready the west bedroom.

"Right in here, John," she said, leading the way to the big, cool room. He laid his patient down on the white, billowy bed, and proceeded to learn the extent of her injuries.

"Is she badly hurt, John?" asked Mrs. Mofford, anxiously.

"Her arm is broken, but she will come out all right," he said, hopefully, as he cut away her sleeve.

"Don't let the others come in here," he said, hearing excited voices in the adjoining room.

His mother locked the door and returned to the bedside. He deftly set the broken arm and left his patient to his mother's administrations.

When he came out, he was besieged with questions concerning Elsie, which he answered reassuringly as he set Wynne's wrist.

"Then, if you will let one of your men drive us in, we will return to the city tonight, and send out to-morrow for the automobile, as it is not in shape to run."

"Though her injuries are not serious, she must not be moved now, probably not for a couple of weeks," said Dr. Mofford, firmly.

"Then you and Arthur go home tonight and I'll stay with Elsie," said Mrs. Earle to her husband.

"Then he isn't John," thought the young doctor triumphantly.

"You won't mind," said Mrs. Earle addressing him, "if they send out our family physician, Dr. Lowe, in the morning to give his opinion. You see Miss Clarke is our guest, and we feel that we ought to give her every attention."

"Certainly," agreed the doctor. "I shall be glad to have you do so."

"And will she need a nurse? I am quite efficient in a sick room."

"So is my mother. I think a nurse will be quite superfluous in this case. In two or three days, she will need amusing more than care."

After the men had driven away, Dr. Mofford returned to Elsie. She had recovered consciousness and all her faculties. As she met his steady gaze, a feeling of security came to her.

"Are the others hurt?" she asked.

"No," he replied, lifting her head to give her some medicine.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; Mrs. Earle is waiting to come in here. Her husband and Mr. Wynne went home as soon as they were assured of your safety. They feared false reports of the accident might reach home and they wanted to relieve anxiety."

He saw an expression of pleasure in her eyes at this information.

"Will that medicine you gave me make me sleep?"

"I hope so. Don't try to keep awake."

"I can't sleep until I see Mrs. Earle," she said, resolutely. "I must tell her something."

He instantly went to that lady.

"Don't oppose anything she says," he said peremptorily. "She has had a bad shock to her nerves, and she must be humored."

She promised obedience to this command, and followed him into the bedroom.

"Oh, Grace!" said Elsie, sitting upright, while two round, red spots burned in her cheeks, "I must tell you something."

The doctor laid her back gently on the pillow, and then started to leave the room.

"No," said Elsie, detaining him, "stay! You give me courage to say what I am going to."

He held her hand firmly.

"Grace," she resumed, solemnly, "I am glad I was hurt instead of any of you. If anyone had been killed, I should have been a murderess."

"Now, Elsie, it was no one's fault."

"Yes, it was mine," persisted Elsie. "I was wishing something—anything would happen, just before we went over!"

"Elsie! Were you unhappy?" asked her friend.

"Yes; wretched, because I thought I ought—had got to marry Arthur. I won't do it. I know he is your friend and awfully nice, but I don't like him—I don't know why."

"I think I know why," said Mrs. Earle, looking thoughtfully into the doctor's steel-gray eyes with their dark lashes. "He is milk and water."

She hadn't though so until now, though.

"Go to sleep, Elsie, and you needn't marry anyone. I will never match-make again."

After she had left the room, Elsie still unconsciously held the doctor's hand while she went to sleep.

When Dr. Lowe came the next morning he approved all that had been done and sustained Dr. Mofford in his opinion that Elsie must not be moved. She made a quick recovery, and in three or four days, Mrs. Earle returned to her home, as one of her children had a childish ailment.

During the next fortnight, Dr. Mofford was in constant attendance and the young girl thought she had never felt so peaceful and restful in her life as she did in this big, clean, airy bedroom with the sweet scent of the hay meadows coming in through the vine-latticed windows. And the doctor, too, was happier than he had ever been, except that in her sleep she so often murmured the name "John," for though it was his own, he knew it was not of him she was thinking or dreaming.

There came a beautiful week of convalescence which she spent in the fields and woods with her doctor, and at last there came a day when they realized that there was no longer any reason from a health standpoint why she should not return to Mrs. Earle's home.

"Elsie," said the doctor, abruptly, unconscious that he had called her by her first name, "will you tell me something—something I have no right to ask?"

"I will tell you anything," she answered, softly.

"Who is John, and what is he to you?" Her eyes grew tender as they looked full into his.

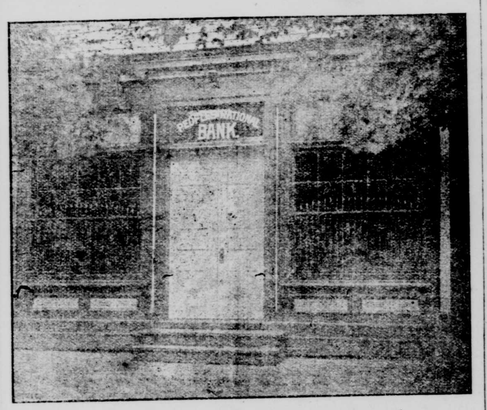
"Did I talk of him?" she asked, wistfully.

"Always."

"He was my only brother," she said, after a moment's silence. "He died six years ago."

"Elsie, now may I ask something more?"

"I said you might ask me—anything," she said, with a bright blush.



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8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

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We will send you a little free.

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Diplomacy.

Walker—Were you at the races yesterday?

Ryder—No.

Walker—Good! You are the very man I've been looking for.

Ryder—Why so?

Walker—I want to borrow $5.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His F8.

Once a young fellow named T8
Asked K8 if she'd be his m8.
"I'm sorry to sti8
I'm married," said K8.
And such was the young fellow's f8.
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MAIDEN.



Few men are as happy as their neighbors think them or as miserable as they believe themselves to be.—Town Topics.

An Earnest Seeker.

"Man proposes—" spake the parson,
When a spinster waved her fan,
And the worshipers all giggled
As she asked: "Where is the man?"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All in His Hands.

Eminent Surgeon—I operated on Mr. Bullion for appendicitis to-day.

His Wife—Dear me! I wonder who will have it next!

Eminent Surgeon (absent-mindedly)—I don't know. I haven't decided yet.—Life.

As Compared.

"A woman," remarked the bachelor boarder, "always reminds me of an egg."

"The answer?"

"You can never tell her age by her looks," replied the b. b.—Chicago Daily News.

Dangers of City Life.

First Citizen—The spirit of anarchy can only be found in large cities.

Second Citizen—Guess that's so. A man never feels like slaughtering the whole human race until he lives in a flat, with a piano above and a baby below.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sensitive Conscience.

Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out.

Belle—No, I won't tell a story; but I will say that you have not come back yet."—N. Y. Times.

Can't Afford to Ride.

Little Clarence—Pa, why do they call Mr. Broadhead a walking encyclopedia?

Mr. Callipers—Because, my son, like most men who are full of wisdom, he is too poor to own an automobile.—Town Topics.

Persevering.

"And if you refuse me," hissed Percy Vere, "I shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Gracious!" replied the beautiful girl. "Are you a book agent or insurance man?"—Chicago Daily News.

In Congo Land.

Traveler (gazing upon a cleared space garnished with little heaps of human bones)—This is a cemetery, I suppose?

Belgianized Native Guide (with a smile)—No, M'sieu, des am de—er—er—rest'raunt.—Ally Sloper.

Diplomacy.

"She married the president of one of the big trunk lines, I believe."

"Yes. I s'pose she did it so she could have her extra trunks taken without being compelled to pay for excess baggage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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