AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 49. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904. NO. 9.

ENOCH PRATT ★★★★ BALTO. ★★★★ FREE LIBRARY

1904			OCT			1904
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
31	30					

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
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to

HENRY R. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. FRED. GAREY,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

DEWEESE & ELLWANGER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & $1.00

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

For the Sprig Trae.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

A. G. GELLETLY,



Is Your Nose on the Grindstone

day in and day out without hope of advancement in wages or position? Then the I. C. S. can help you. We train ambitious men or women, in spare time, for positions that pay well because special training is required for filling them. If you want to change your work, we can train you for a salaried position in your chosen profession, without loss of time from your present work.

Start TODAY to Rise!

We can help you qualify, by mail, at small expense, for any of the following positions:

Mechanical Engineer; Mechanical Draftsman; Electrical Engineer; Electrician; Civil Engineer; Surveyor; Mining Engineer; Sanitary Engineer; Architect; Architectural Draftsman; Sign Painter; Show-Card Writer; Ad Writer; Window Dresser; Chemist; Ornamental Designer; Bookkeeper; Stenographer; French, German, or Spanish, with Phonograph; Commercial Law.

Write TODAY, stating position that interests you, to

INTERNATIONAL Correspondence Schools

BOX 799, SCRANTON, PA.

OR CALL ON OUR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE:



IT WILL SURPRISE YOU

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

Hughes Lumber & Coal COMPANY 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

BOX SHOOKS.

Ayer's Pills The great rule of health—Keep the bowels regular. And the great medicine—Ayer's Pills. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Every Wide-Awake Farmer

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

Good Local Weekly Newspapr

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

American Union
Denton, Md.

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

Regular Price, $1.00 Per Year.

Every Up-to-Date Farmer NEEDS

A gh-Class Agricultural Weekly

to give him the experience of others in all the advanced methods and improvements which are an invaluable aid in securing the largest possible profit from the farm, and with special matter for every member of his family.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE-FARMER
NEW YORK CITY

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

Both of these papers one year for $1.25 if you send your order with the money to

The American Union,
DENTON, MARYLAND

Send your name and address to The New York Tribune-Farmer, New York

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,

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.

DENTON, MARYLAND.

WE NOW HAVE OUR FALL LINE OF FURNITURE CARPETS, ROBES, BLANKETS, STOVES, ETC.



CARPETS

Among our Carpets will be found

Brussels Carpet	70 and 85 cents	per yard.
All-Wool Ingraing, Extra Heavy	55 to 70	" "
One-half Wool Ingrains, Extra Heavy,	40	" "
Granite Ingrains, Extra Heavy	25	" "
Rag Carpet, the kind Grand mother used to make	25c	" "
CARPET LININGS—Filled Linings	4 to 6	" "
Corrugated Linings	2	" "

RUGS

Axminister Rugs 30 x 60 $2.50.	18 x 36 $1.25.
Moquet Rugs 30 x 60, $2.40.	18 x 36 $1.10.
Smyrna Rugs 30 x 60, $1.25 to $1.85.	24 x 42 $1.65.

FURNITURE



Oak Bedroom Suits $13.50; $16.00; $20.00; $21.00; $27.00; $28.50.

Enameled Beds $4.75; $6.00; $6.25.

Red Springs from $1.85 to $4.00.

Sideboards $6.25 to $20.00. A Good Oak Sideboard, $8.50

We also have a nice line of Mattresses, Extra Washstands, Extra Bureaus, etc.

Centre Stands 75c to $3.00 Couches $4.25 to $11.00

We have a lot of big bargains in Rockers. A Rocker that was sold last year at $2.25, now $1.75 and others in proportion.

A good Solid Oak Dining Chair, with arms and cane seat, $4.75 per set. Other styles from $2.50 to $11.50 per set.

6 foot Extension Table $3.75.
8 foot " " $4.75.
10 foot " " $5.75.

STOVES

Among our Stoves will be found the celebrated Lady Irving Range, a wonderful baker using but a small amount of fuel. Also the Bent Oak Double Heater, the most powerful double heater on the market, with a moderate consumption of fuel.

Airtight Stoves from $2.50 to $10.00.

Guns and Gun Goods



Single guns $3.75 to $4.00
Double Guns, $10.00 to $17.00
Hammerless Double Guns at $19.00 to $22.00.
Gunning Coats from 65c to $1.65.
Leggings, Gun Covers, in fact anything needed by the sportsman

Robes and Blankets

We have the best line of Robes and Blankets that we have ever handled, and give very low prices on them, as we bought them last spring before the advance. We can save you some money on them. Blankets from 65c to $5.50. Robes from $2.50 to $9.00. Galaway Cow Robes, extra fine quality, $18.00.

All we ask is a trial and we are sure to please.

FRANK EHLEN, RECEIVER

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

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

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD				SALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Lv... Baltimore ...Ar.	NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	5.15	2.30	7.15		12.00	10.30	9.30	10 30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15	Ar... Love Point...Lv.	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....	Ar. Queenstown..Lv.	.....	7.30	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 Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday 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	4.25	lv...Love Point...Ar.	9.50	8.20	7 20	8 00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55	.....Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x 7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	.....Centreville.....	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f 8.48	f 5.21	f 10.08	.....Wye Mills.....	f 9.05	f 7.37	f 6.38	f 7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.35	10.22	.....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
.....	10.35	6.59	11.48	.....Milton.....	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05	..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.05	x 6.18
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.

No Retreat.

Buzfus—Good morning. I've just looked in to tell you something about that new cashier of yours.

Smarte—Yes?

Buzfus—Why, I found out quite by accident that she had to bolt from New York.

Smarte—I know all about that. That's why I engaged him.

Buzfus—What?

Smarte—Don't you see that's a guarantee that he can't go back there—with my money?—Ally Sloper.

Distinguished Ancestry.

Mrs. Parvenu (patronizingly)—Were any of your ancestors men of note?

Mr. Flippant—Yes, madam, I should say so. One of them was the most famous admiral of his day, and commanded the allied forces of the world.

Mrs. Parvenu (with altered tone of deep respect)—Is it possible, Mr. Flippant? And what was his name?

Mr. Flippant—Noah, madam.—Tit-Bits.

The Wife Came Back.

A Frenchman, whose wife deserted him, amused his neighbors by telling how he got her back with ut trouble.

"Did I run after her and beg her to come back?" he dramatically asked. "No, I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty tousand francs in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker zan in no time."—Tit-Bits.

YOU ALL KNOW HIM.

He's quite a well-intentioned man—but oh
It is a sin
The way that he's addicted to the vice
of butting in.
He makes himself more trouble and
plague other folk as well.
The scrapes it's brought him into it
would never do to tell.
He never minds his business, has no time
to attend
To that and other people's, and he wouldn't
slight a friend.
He's proof against a snubbing, it's no
earthly use to try
To make him keep his finger from the
other fellow's pie.

He's trying to be helpful, you are confident of that.
He thinks that his suggestions are invariably pat.
He'll show you how to do things in the way they should be done;
He'll give you his opinions on all things beneath the sun.
Wherever people gather for discussion, though it be
Of strictly private matters, you can never make him see
By voice or tone or manner any earthly reason why
He shouldn't have a finger in their confidential pie.

And innocent about it! That's the trouble, don't you know.
Your hints are always wasted, so one hasn't any show.
I've mentioned that he never can quite comprehend a snub;
A kick would be too brutal and one cannot use a club.
And so we bear his poking and his prying as we can,
Because we know there really is no harm about the man.
But oh, he is a trial! And we're all constrained to sigh
When he comes near us eager for a finger in the pie.
—Chicago Daily News.



AN EIGHTY FOOT ADDITION HAS RECENTLY BEEN ADDED TO THIS STORE MAKING IT 150 DEEP AND THE LARGEST IN TOWN. THE NUTTLE HARDWARE CO., AND J. L. EVERNGAM OCCUPY IT.

HER PINK WRAPPER

By STELLA BELDING

THERE is a place where the leaves grow more profoundly green in Summer, redder and more golden in autumn, and where the brilliant eternity of sky is of a deeper sapphire hue. Thus is slumbrous Greenton Valley.

Here a tiny cottage stood, white and rose embowered, idyllic, poetic, and charged with the gentle Virginian grace of ancient Italy. It was set in a garden laid off with academic primness. Yellow dwarf roses reared their idle, creamy heads beside such lurid effects of nature as red and white chrysanthemums; a sisterhood of passionate red dahlias flaunted away in the sunshine opposite nunlike lilies; and an infinity of little ox-eyed pansies made for borders. It was a most delectable garden indeed.

Sweet Ernestine Tebbs looked up from her gardening, prettily perplexed, as Col. Sam Raphael Bell shut the absurd toy of a white gate with an announcing click. Everything was on a doll-like, miniature scale.

Ernestine's fingers were buried in the rich, clean loam. By her side a huge pair of shears lay, the only thing of consequential size about the place. She raised her hand and pushed back her hair from her forehead, and settled the flapping proportions of her garden hat on the crown of her head. The colonel thought gardening such a pretty, pretty pastime.

"I see you've had your shutters painted," remarked the colonel, with originality.

"Um-um, yes," faltered Ernestine, with a streak of the same element. Then she added, softly: "I did it."

The colonel laughed his hearty, regimental laugh, and flushed rather under the healthy tan of his skin.

"I must confess you made a striking success of it," he said, letting his eyes wander over the six gingerbread windows of this doll house. Everything was so delightfully, ridiculously, absurdly neat and tidy and clean and prim. And the girl before him was remarkably pretty, with her fresh morning face, her silky fawn-brown hair, and her long, flowerlike hands that now lay loosely clasped over her dimpled knees.

The morning wrapper she wore was worthy of being called an invention, and it was a product of her own imagination. It was crisp and very pink and clean, with an infinity of loops and bows and ruffles, and last, but not least, a honeycomb yoke and peekaboo sleeves. Ernestine was also the author of her hat.

This delicious precision and tidiness about the doll house was balm upon the cleanly, order-loving soul of Col. Bell.

"I'm really just curious enough to want to know how you managed, Miss Ernestine," he said, expanding his military chest with the clean, fresh air of Greenton Valley, as he seated himself beside Ernestine.

She bit in her under lip. There was an almost dangerous sweetness lurking about the corners of her round mouth.

Suddenly she laughed outright, and drooped her head, burying her charming, dimpling face in her rosy hands.

"Oh! I'm almost ashamed to tell you," she said, hardly audible. "It's so ridiculous, but then it seems to me that everything that happens during these summers here is ridiculous."

"Miss Ernestine," said the colonel, with unction, "I promise to keep perfectly sober."

"Well, then, I'll tell you."

She sighed a delectable little dirling sigh that thrilled straight through the colonel and finally lodged in his heart.

The yellow, impalpable sunshine beat down upon them, and over them brooded the eternity of lustrous sapphire sky.

"You see it's just this way," began Ernestine, "there are only two of us, of course, and my sister, being past mistress of expedients and strategy, suggested that we make a stepladder of our household goods. So we piled chairs and tables up from the ground and down from the windows, and I stood on these and held to the frame while I painted."

The colonel glanced up at the trim muslin curtained, gingerbread window that looked out of the wall like three staring eyes slightly askew.

"But why didn't you take the shutters off to paint them, Miss Ernestine?" exclaimed the colonel, inspirationally.

Ernestine extended her pretty hands in a tender little movement of appeal to the colonel. She pressed her glowing morning face down among the cool leaves and blossoms of the chrysanthemums.

"Oh, don't tell me, at this late day, dear colonel, that shutters come off!"

She was very tempting as she sat there in her trim little garden, her bright head catching and holding the sunlight like a jewel. She herself was like a rare gem, on which one discovered new and beautiful facets at every turn. Her charms were very penetrating, very many, very appealing.

The colonel took counsel with himself. He intended telling a falsehood, he also intended giving it away with the great white light of truth.

"No, Miss Ernestine," he said, "I think you were quite right. It has always been my theory that shutters look better afterward when painted on the house. I do not know why; but that has always been my experience."

She looked up at him gratefully, and he felt repaid.

Presently the colonel left, followed by his Irish setter Lodusky. For quite a few minutes after on the homeward walk he could see nothing very distinctly but sweet Ernestine's graceful figure, the peculiar poise of her head, the charming gestures of her hands, the dreamy, Germanic sweetness of her face. And this delightful picture was framed in a border of dancing light and shadow, chrysanthemums, dwarf roses, and delectable, inspiring cleanliness and order.

The colonel had attained a certain age. He had often seen his sisters in the matutinal hours display themselves in, well, perhaps picturesque disarray one might call it, if one were disposed to be lenient. The colonel wished to commit himself not swiftly. He desired his future wife to be his most dainty, his most beautiful, plaything and idol. There was, perhaps a dash of Bagdad and the far east in the make-up of Col. Bell. He would call on Miss Ernestine very early to-morrow morning; and then, perhaps—if—

"Is it eight o'clock yet?" yawned Ernestine, turning over in bed and presenting a white rampart of back to her sister's sleepy face.

"Yes," came the muffled answer.

Ernestine rose, yawned again, pressed her hands to her frowsy head and stretched herself luxuriously, blinking hard to open her eyes. She sent out one small foot to feel about on the floor for the badly down-trodden slippers that lay hidden under the pile of ruffled bedclothes that had slipped to the floor during the night.

Ernestine groaned audibly, the room was so intolerably, deplorably untidy.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ernestine crossly, then stopped suddenly as a rather sick looking wrapper came down over her head and shut off utterance. "Do get up, Anne, everything is in such a nasty mess."

She kicked a roll of soiled towels into a corner, and threw a bunch of withered roses into the brimming slop basin. When the shutters were flung open she stepped for a moment before the mirror. In it she saw a most dowdy little figure. She nearly laughed out loud. Her beautiful hair was tumbled about her shoulders and standing absurdly at sixes and sevens. Traces of yesterday morning's chocolate adorned her wrapper front.

"I certainly am a little—fright!" she laughed.

She thought languidly of the transformation that would take place when she donned the fresh pink wrapper now lying across the back of a chair in the next room, and of the effect of a knot of young rosebuds at the belt.

The beat of footsteps sounded in the hall. The girls stopped short, and their eyes met. They came upsettingly near, then ceased. The sisters still stood transfixed, looking at each other.

An inquiring, long, brown nose was softly protuded within the crack of the door.

"Lodusky!" screamed Ernestine Tebbs, running to him and beginning to pat his head vigorously.

"Col. Bell!" ejaculated her sister.

Ernestine had long since raised quick costuming to the level of a science.

Very shortly she emerged distractingly pretty, captivating, immaculate as the morning, and in time to gather a few blossoms for her throat as she tripped down the gravel walk to meet the unregenerate colonel. She was as fresh and sweet as one of her own favorite blush roses that bloomed at her feet, as she faced the colonel in that most delectable of pink morning wrappers. She looked up at him, archly, coyly, from out the shadow of her great garden hat.

"Good morning," he said, abru "Miss Ernestine, pray pardon s early morning call, but—"

She put out her soft, whit quickly and laid it on his, pr gently.

"Dear colonel," she said, "I fi the early, early morning the most beautiful part of the day. Why apologize?"

She let her hand drop. His own still tingled, he felt her little fingertips resting in his palm. The colonel's face was overspread with a not conventional beatitude, for had she not stood the supreme test, and come out with not only flying but scrupulously clean colors. He twined his arm about her, drawing her into the shadow of a tree near by, and whispered a few hurried words in her ear. Lodusky lay on the gravel and stared at them with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

It was very quiet, not a leaf stirred in slumberous Greenton valley.—National Magazine.

Men often meet as antagonists to separate with expressions of friendliness.

A Hard Question.

Modern Maid—I wish some advice.

Old Lady—Certainly, my dear. What is it?

Modern Maid—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him, or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?—N Y Weekly.

Useful and Ornamental.

Girls nowadays are not so particular as they used to be about trifles. The other day a newly-made friend said to an awfully fetching girl: "What lovely teeth you have, dear."

"Yes," replied the other, without turning a hair, "they were a birthday present."—Ally Sloper.

In the Days of His Youth.

"Have you felt slippers, sir?" she said.
The shopman blushed and scratched his head.
Then, smiling back, he found his tongue:
"I felt 'em often when I was young."
—Tit-Bits.

UNFOUNDED RUMOR.



He—Some one has started the story that I have the big head. What do you think of it?

She—There's nothing in it.—Chicago Journal.

The Gay Soubrette.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
She screeched with much ado;
And no one would have cared a rap
Had she cut out the new.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Noncommittal.

"I always feel sorry for a henpecked man."

"Why?"

"Say, I want you to understand that I never talk about my wife outside of the family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Vacation.

Diggs—On your vacation now, eh? Rather late in the year, isn't it?

Henpeck—Well—er—yes, but my wife thought I'd better wait until this time, so I could help her with fall house-cleaning.—Philadelphia Press.

Better Than a Suit.

Mose Mossybank—So Pete Persimmons got run down by an "auto." Did he get satisfaction?

Jim Jackson—He suttinly did. He took de feller's number, played policy wif it, an' won five dollars.—Puck.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3537-0167.jpg