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 S 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.

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Among our Carpets will be found

Brussels Carpet	70 and 85 cents per yard.
All-Wool Ingrains, Extra Heavy	55 to 70 " "
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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.
Bed 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, $1.75 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 Laly Irving Range, a wonderful baker using but a small amount of fuel. Also the Vent 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				BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday Ex.	Daily Ex.	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	3.15	2.30	7.15	lv... Baltimore... Ar.	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 Ex.	Daily Ex.	Daily Ex. 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	6.25	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	x7 56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	.... Centreville....	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6 55
.....	f8.45	f5.21	f10.08	.... Wye Mills.....	f9.05	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	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	11.45	..... 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 00	x6 15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30	Ar... Rehoboth... lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		P.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.

QUEER SOLOMON OAKS.

A queer old fellow is Solomon Oaks;
He belongs to the good-natured order of folks;
He sings and he whistles about the work
And nobody has ever known him to shirk,
And he makes you think, with his blithe good cheer,
Of the merry blackbirds when spring is here.

If they come to him with a doleful tale
Of a neighbor's faults, they always fail
To rouse attention to what they tell
At such a time he can't hear very well;
But if they praise up a neighbor—then
He can hear as well as the best of men.

He always indorses the good things said
By his friends of the living as well as the dead.
If he's asked what he thinks of a man gone wrong,
He'll pause, perhaps, in his cheerful song,
And say: "I'm sorry, but there must be
Some good to his credit, it seems to me."

"I haven't time to keep track," says he,
"Of the sad things and bad things that I might see
If I was to look for them; so I try
To shut my eyes as I pass them by,
And see only good things along the way—
And I find a lot of them every day.

"By always having something to do
I keep out of trouble and mischief, too.
I stick to my business, as best I can,
And keep on good terms with my fellow-man—
And the better I treat him, it seems to me,
The better my fellow-man treats me."

A queer old fellow, this Solomon Oaks,
With his merry laugh and his pleasant jokes,
And his faith in his fellows, said or sung,
He's a host of friends among old and young.
He makes them and keeps them by smile and song,
And the word that helps us when things go wrong.

His life holds a lesson 'twere well to learn:
Shut your eyes to the bad; all the good discern;
Keep busy; be cheerful; and aim to make
This old world better for love's sweet sake.
Queer? Well, it may be; but this I say:
More of such queerness we need to-day.
—N. Y. Tribune.

Buking the Trust

By W. Y. SHEPPARD

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

LANGLEY had a cigar store on Locust street. It had taken him two years to raise the business to a point where it could support itself and Langley. When it arrived at that point his sole ambition was to raise it one notch higher; that is, to where it could support itself and Langley, and at the same time pay off each month part of the debt which had descended upon them during the period of nonsuppert.

For a time it seemed as if Langley would succeed, as he was an enterprising, energetic young fellow, shrewd beyond his years. Then one day Mr. A. P. Rockway, the local representative of the cigar trust, blew into his store.

He had heard that Langley was pushing a local brand of cigars to the detriment of the trust goods.

"Look here, Langley," said the trust's man, "this has got to stop. I like you well enough personally; but business is business."

Langley tried to explain that the increasing demand for the local cigars was not due to any effort of his. But Rockway knew better.

"You've got to cut Turner & Co.'s goods out," he said, "or we'll cut you."

Now Langley was not a man to be dictated to, and he fired up right away.

"If you think you can do it, go ahead," he retorted. "I've got the only cigar store in the block. And what's more you can't rent a store in this block. They're all leased except Miss Child's, the millinery shop, next door; and she owns that. Now, if you think you can run me out, try it."

"We'll try it, and we'll do it," snapped the trust man, as he flung himself out of Langley's store.

Two days later Langley was greatly surprised and a good deal chagrined at seeing a big transfer wagon loaded with glass showcases halt in front of the millinery store next door. Before night the cases had been installed and filled, every one of them, with trust cigars. Miss Childs, now no longer a milliner, stood behind the counter, dispensing cigars and smiles in a way that made Langley feel sick at heart.

During the next week Langley's trade fell off distressingly. And no wonder, when the shop next door was selling five-cent cigars three for ten and ten-cent cigars four for a quarter, to say nothing about the smiles that were given so lavishly with each purchase.

Of course, Langley met the cut in prices; but the half-hearted grin he gave away was not nearly so valuable to the smokers as was the charming smile they received next door. The natural consequences were that Langley's trade dropped off more and more each day; and the business soon fell back to a point where, instead of supporting itself and Langley, it supported neither.

It was just four weeks after Langley's defy to the trust that Rockway again blew into the store.

"Business pretty good, Langley?" he asked, after answering the young man's surly nod with a broad smile.

Langley did not condescend to reply. So the trust man went on:

"Heard you wanted to sell out. I'd like to make you an offer, but can't, you know. We've made a contract with the young lady next door to supply her with cigars at the market price for ten years. By-the-way, a pretty shrewd business woman she is, too. Made us agree not to sell anyone else in this block for the whole term of the contract. But that's all right, I guess. She's doing a dandy business; that's what she is. Oh, well, old fellow, if you don't care to discuss it—ta-ta. I think I see you inish, and pretty soon, too."

Langley spent a bad nig[illegible] There were two notes falling du[illegible] and he had heard from good auth[illegible] that they had been bought by Roc[illegible]ay. Truly Langley found bucking the trust a very unprofitable occupation.

Next morning he started for the store early. As he was in the act of passing the one-time millinery shop, he heard an energetic banging at the door. Turning, he saw a sweet, though rather f[illegible]shed face bending over a lock while two white, dimpled hands were makin[illegible] vigorous, yet vain, efforts to turn a key.

For a moment Langley did a very ungentlemanly thing. He felt glad that his neighbor and rival was in trouble. But this was only for a moment. Another instant found him saying:

"Allow me, madam." He took the key from her hands, and after a mighty wrench threw open the door.

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Langley," smiled the young woman, who had now recovered her breath, but on whose face the blush still lingered. "I don't believe I ever would have opened it. Will you not come in? It's too early for any busines yet awhile."

Langley stammered an excuse for not accepting the invitation; then, strange to say, walked right in.

No wonder trade had left Langley. It was worth the price of several cigars just to enter the dainty little shop. Everything was spick and span. There were flowers blooming on the counter, and tall rubber plants and ferns setting in the corners. Inviting leather-cushioned chairs were standing against the wall, which was dotted here and there with cute little pictures. And there were curtains, lacy-looking curtains, at the windows. That was why Langley had never been able to see inside the place before. Now that he had seen, it was no longer a mystery to him why his customers, even some of the most anti-trust ones, had forsaken him. To tell the truth, Langley did not blame them, either.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Langley?" asked the young woman, after enjoying his evident astonishment for a short time.

Langley sat down. It certainly was a comfortable chair. And the cigar that she gave him—he did not know that the trust made such good cigars. Langley took three or four long draws; then he sighed. The trust man was right. He saw his finish.

After that day Langley formed a new habit, which was to come down early every morning. And it was strange how often the little used-to-be milliner had trouble unlocking her door. Of course, Langley had to stop and help her. Nearly every morning she vowed to have a new lock put on before night. But for some unaccountable reason the old lock remained.

After unlocking the door, Langley would often sit down in one of the comfortable chairs almost surrounded by rubber plants and ferns, and smoke a trust cigar which the young woman had given him. While he smoked they would talk. He couldn't help from telling her something about his troubles, she was so sympathetic. And Langley always sighed heavily when the time came to leave the comfortable chair for his own unattractive shop.

One day, however, Langley stayed a full hour later than was his custom. And he forgot to sigh when he left. Instead, he hummed merrily to himself all the time he was sweeping and dusting out his store.

Trade was even duller than usual that day; but Langley didn't seem to mind one bit. He even bowed and smiled genialy to his old friends whenever he saw them going in or coming out the shop next door—a thing Langley had never done before, for he had grown to look on all who traded there as his enemies.

About three o'clock that afternoon, when there wasn't a soul in the store except himself, Langley saw Rockway, the trust's agent, coming down the street. He stopped for a moment, with a satisfied smile on his face, before the shop next door. Then he came on to Langley's.

"Hello," he cried, as he stepped in, noting at the same time that there was not a single customer in the store. "Business pretty good?"

"Well, it might be worse," Langley answered, with a smile. "How are they doing next door?"

"Oh, fine. That little woman's got the best business head on her shoulders I ever saw. And she's mighty pretty, too—don't you think so?"

"Very," replied Langley. And his smile broadened.

"I'm glad we got her to go into that ten-year contract. To tell the truth, that was our last hope. You'd have had us but for that. And say, Langley," the trust man went on, "I heard you were going into a new business. What is it this time?"

"Matrimony," replied Langley, jerking his head toward the shop next door. "No ten-year contract, either. This one's for life."

Well, to Rockway's credit let it be said took defeat with a good grace and danced at Langley's wedding with as light a step as the bridegroom himself.

Mosquito Bite Remedies.

Not only in America, but in Europe as well, have mosquitoes been exceptionally abundant this year. Ammonia, the remedy commonly used in this country, is condemned by a German physician, who says it does not prevent the effect of a bite from remaining several days. He recommends holding the place bitten for a few seconds, and repeatedly, in hot steam, which, he says, promptly relieves the itching and pain. Another remedy superior to ammonia is alum dissolved in alcohol and rubbed in vigorously. To keep mosquitoes away at night, rub the face, neck and hands with lemon juice.

Motor-Car for the Pope.

According to the Giornale d'Italia, the pope has decided to purchase a motor car for use in the shady groves of the vatican gardens in place of the traditional light carriage drawn by funereal-looking horses.

Doesn't Play Golf.

"What yer doin' now, Tommie?"
"Not'in!"
"Ain't yer workin'?"
"Nope."
"I heerd yer was caddyin' at de golf club?"
"So I is."
"Well, ain't dat workin'?"
"No, I only carry de clubs; de other fellers does de work."—Yonkers Statesman.

One Sacred Secret.

Parker—I have noticed that nearly all the articles on "How to Manage a Husband" were written by unmarried women. How do you account for it?

Kerwin—Oh, you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Advice.

Bridget—Why, Master Tommy, phwat'ver is th' matther?

Tommy—I've hurt my h-hand in th' h-hot water.

Bridget—Shure, thin, it serves ye roight. Ye should have felt th' wather befoor ye put yure hand in it.—Judge.

Swallowed It.

She had her watch fob in her mouth,
Then she gave a quick shriek of alarm,
And her lover guessed right when he told her that night
He had ne'er seen her so full of charm.
—Houston Post.

HIS FIRST ESSAY.

"Vacashun," wrote the boy in his first essay after returning to school, "is sumthing that Russel Saige never takes becos hee is oled enuff not to haf to go to skule any more."—Chicago Tribune.

Trite and True.

"Vinegar never catches flies,"
So the proverb maker wrote;
And sugarless candidates, likewise,
Fail to catch the floating vote.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Difficulty.

"The great secret of success," said the prosperous man, "is the ability to see an opportunity."

"Yes," answered the less fortunate friend. "But the trouble is that so many opportunities turn out to be optical illusions."—Washington Star.

A Victim.

"Yes," said the fireman, "there were two men in the building playing chess and one of them is in the ruins yet. We couldn't get him out."

"Why, how was that?"

"He insisted that it wasn't his move."—Philadelphia Press.

Fatherly Conclusion.

Farmer Trefog—What makes you think Daniel Webster wuz a smart man?

Farmer Hoptoad—Waal, I've been readin' some of his speeches, an' they seem to agree pretty thoroughly with Mary Jane's graduation essays.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wanted No Quarreling.

He (encouragingly)—I'm sure of one thing, my angel, you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing.

She (with decision) — Indeed we won't. If you ever speak to me as he did to her, I'll call the police. — N. Y. Weekly.

Another Absurd Old Saying.

"Isn't it ridiculous to say that half the world doesn't know what the other half's doing?"

"Why so?"

"Because half the world must live next door to the other half."—Augusta Herald.

The Next Step.

"At that point, he was afraid he wouldn't be in a condition to go home."

"Ha! Ha! What did he do then?"

"Why, he took a few more high balls and stopped worrying about it."—Puck.

Those Girls.

"Has Miss Plain got her new photographs yet?"

"Yes, got them to-day. They look just like her."

"She told me she was afraid she wasn't going to like them."—Houston Post.

A Distinction.

"Does my daughter's singing disturb you, Mrs. Knox?"

"No, I never heard her sing, but I must admit that her morning practice does become rather wearisome."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Chicago.

"Mrs. Wabash is celebrating her wooden wedding to-night."

"What's that? Ten?"

"No; five."

"Years or times?"—Philadelphia Press.

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.

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UNENDURABLE.

[illegible]rence
[illegible]retense,
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[illegible], I am afraid,
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[illegible]ates in our youth
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[illegible]er sweet and mild—
[illegible]isputes the child
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[illegible]me now, I'm sure—
[illegible]ould endure
On me that blight.
It maddened me, because I knew
That he was right.

If I some weakness could detect,
Some speck or flaw;
If something in him not correct
I only saw,
My just resentment I'd abate;
I even might
Be friendly, but a man I hate
Who's always right.
—Chicago Daily News.

"Gracious!" exclaims the husband. "Is that the new gown Mme. Skinnem made for you? I thought she said it was to be very high."

"O, you fcolish man!" explains the wife. "She meant the price. I thought at the time you didn't understand her."—Scraps.

To Cure a Cut, Sore or Wound

apply Ramon's Nerve & Bone Oil promptly. It is antiseptic—stops the pain and causes healing by first intention. 25c and money back if not satisfied

C. H. Redden, Druggist, Denton, Md.

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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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