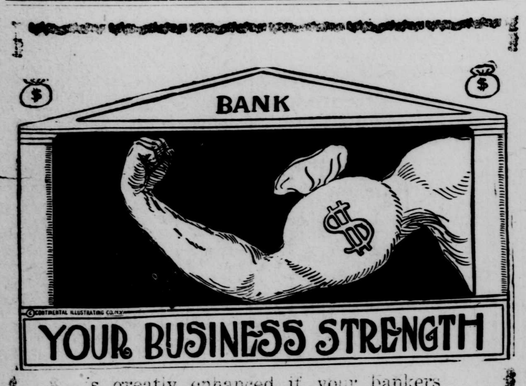
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Vol. 58. No. 37 | DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1913 | $1.00 Per Year



YOUR BUSINESS STRENGTH

is greatly enhanced if your bankers are students of local conditions. Our officers keep in close touch with all the interests and requirements of this community. We strive to help our depositors in business by lending every possible financial assistance consistent with conservative banking. We can be of benefit to each other. Won't you pay us a visit?

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The Peoples National Bank,
DENTON, MD.
ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

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We carry a complete and up-to-date line of merchandise, pleasing to the buying public, including

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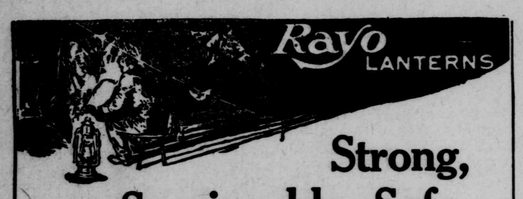
Marketable Produce taken in exchange for goods

Soliciting a liberal share patronage, and wishing you a prosperous New Year, I am yours for business,

J. H. BEER, Proprietor,
Phone 90. DENTON, MD.

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taker balmer
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We use the Arterial System of Embalming, and all the latest underta king appliances. Phone calls answered at all hours, day or night. **Phone No. 39.** No Extra charge for Lady Assistant.



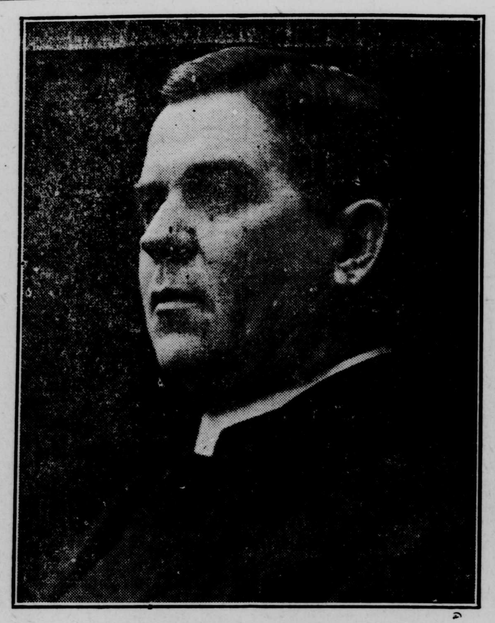
Strong, Serviceable, Safe.

THE most reliable lantern for farm use is the RAYO. It is made of the best materials, so that it is strong and durable without being heavy and awkward.

It gives a clear, strong light. Is easy to light and rewick. It won't blow out, won't leak, and won't smoke. It is an expert-made lantern. Made in various styles and sizes. There is a RAYO for every requirement.

At Dealers Everywhere
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated in New Jersey)
Newark, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA | Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
AT THE 1913 CHAUTAUQUA.

If we miss the sensational element in Dr. Cadman's career, we are attracted as compellingly by its peerless consistency and strength. The great English divine was born to be a preacher, one might say. The Cadman's generations back were a race of great spirituality. He was educated to come to America,—and he came Relying absolutely on himself, he tried for recognition, and won it.

This is the record of a dozen years in which he has been the pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn: Two thousand new members, three-quarters of a million for missions! The most accurate measure of the man is the deep and lasting stir that he has left in every community from London to Chicago, from New York to Montreal, in which his words have been read or heard.

RETURN OF POLLY

By S. B. DINKELSPIEL.

Thomas had tasted of success. Verily, he had wallowed in it. His name became a household word.

"Thomas, the man who writes the adventures of Polly O'Han, or, as he is known at his club, 'Tommy, the Polly Man.'"

Once a week the National published a further experience of Polly. The Polly coiffure became popular, and the Polly waltz set all toes prancing.

Polly, be it known, was a pretty Irish nursery maid, who pushed a gurgling go-cart in the park, and pushed it through the walls of impossibility and improbability in a most delightful manner.

She pushed it into a world of gold dollars, where she adapted herself easily to the most agreeable new state of affairs and set about to bring to her feet—in a thrilling series of adventures published every Friday—the sons of the wealthy of the land, even as she before had tied to her go-cart the park police and the paper picker, and the toy balloon man.

Finally Thomas decided to wed Polly in one of the many adventures, and announced that fact to the National editorial staff.

Whereupon the staff and Tommy and Miss Gilhully, the stenographer, and her girl friend went out to fittingly celebrate the event.

Over the lobster Miss Gilhully sang the Polly waltz song, and over the coffee Tommy sang some choice lines of his own—and to go into no further details of the supper, the following morning Mr. Thomas found himself in the throes of ptomain poisoning. To the doctor's surprise he lived.

Polly, on the other hand, after a few feeble clutches at life, passed away. Try as he would, the Polly man could not rouse sufficient enthusiasm in himself to even offer as a final supreme adventure "The Marriage of Polly."

And what happened then, you ask?

How shall I tell in my few pages of the years that turned Tommy to W. K. Thomas, then William K. Thomas, Esq., and finally Old Man Thomas?

He lived, grew prosperous, and slightly bald. He gambled a bit, and drank a bit, and enjoyed the best cigars. He had written his last story before the Polly supper.

His adventures on 'change were as successful as polly's adventures had been in the National.

And then the slump came.

At the age of fifty-five William Thomas lit a quarter cigar and remarked to the lined face that grimaced at him in his mirror: "Tommy, my boy, do you realize it?"

He had seen the startling condition impending for some time, the mind that had schemed so many adventures for his heroine could not now scare up an adventure to bring him in a dollar.

His credit was still good at the club. There he went each morning and breakfasted and lit a club cigar. Then he read his paper, and toward noon was invited, or, as it was all on the books, invited a fellow member to luncheon. A game of chess in the afternoon, a buffet supper; and, after all, the day was not so long.

Then one evil morning he was invited into the offices and received a suggestion that his account had been increasing rapidly for some time. Thomas thanked the office for reminding him, passed round club cigars, and then, in a cold perspiration, sought his rooms. All night he sat at his table, dozing and pulling at a cold cigar, seeking in the faces of the passers-by and the flickering lights a way out.

In the morning he bathed and changed his clothes. Discouraged, he passed down the street. 'A friend greeted him and took him into a hotel for a drink. They sat through the morning, chatting in the lobby. Two ladies entered.

"Alicia, my dear," said one, "you must see the colonial pendant dad has given me. I do think this revival of old fashions is so interesting."

Then they passed on and Thomas went home. He lay on his bed and pulled his mustache. He had come to the end of his tether.

He rose, opened his desk, and aimlessly ran through his papers. He picked up the revolver that lay there, glared at it, laughed, and held it to his head.

Then he threw it back among the papers. Again he lay on his bed. The word of the lady in the lobby occurred to him—"this revial of old fashions is so interesting."

"Old fashions," muttered Thomas, sentimentally. "Old fashions—old friend—old friend—John Gleason—and Polly—Jove!" What had made him think of Polly? And so he mused and then sprang to his feet.

Why not? It could do no harm to try. Why not revive Polly—introduce her to the daughters of the women who had chuckled over her thirty years ago?

"Old fashions are so interesting!"

It was sure to succeed. A man could not lose all his skill in thirty years. The National was still appearing Fridays.

Thomas plunged for his desk and pulled out a roll of paper, filled his pen—and then sank back and chewed his mustache. Should she be married—a widow—a divorcee? It was hard to choose. Should she still be young? Or should it be a tale of Polly's daughter?

An hour passed. Thomas had not written a word. Then an idea offered itself. He commenced to write. It was slow work. The lines did not sound clever when he re-read them. He scratched and rewrote and remodeled and finally became enthusiastic. The night was hot.

He set his bottle of Scotch within reach. His coat and collar were on the floor. A wet towel was bound about his head. And so he wrote, his blood on fire, his thoughts racing far ahead of his pen. He paused only to drink of the Scotch or moisten the towel.

His work swept him away—he was Tommy—the old Polly man again—he could feel the young blood coursing through his veins—and Polly—the Polly of old, was dashing through the pages an iridescent, irresistible bit of Irish humanity, adorably impish and lovable.

"I'm in love with her myself," swore Tommy, as he measured a drink.

All night he wrote, and then, when the sun awoke the flies on the window screen, the old man dropped his pen and sobbed and fell asleep on his arms.

He awoke hours later.

The sun was setting.

He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then he remembered Polly. He stepped into the bathroom and plunged his head and arms in cold water. Then he turned to his desk and picked up the bunch of papers.

The first page was blank. Thomas yawned and crumpled it and threw it in the basket. The next was blank also. And the third, and the fourth.

All the mass of papers were not touched by a pen.

In a frenzy he sprang to his feet. A few pages lay on the floor. Not a word was written upon them.

The man snarled and trampled them. Then his eyes fell on the whisky flask.

He lifed it—it was empty. He understood then.

It had all been a nightmare—a drunken fantasy. He had not written a word. He buried his head in his arm and his hand touched the pistol.

Slowly he drew it out and set it before him. He lit a cigar. The blue smoke curled to the ceiling.

Then he held the thing to his head and pulled the trigger.

The National on Friday showed a handsome photograph of William Thomas, Esq.

It lamented his death—his fall—his debaucheries.

Finally it announced that the following week would be published a story by him, found by his housekeeper, good soul, while he was drunk.

She had taken it to her room to preserve it.

The public owed her a vote of thanks.

It was a tale of Polly—Polly whom our mothers had read of thirty years ago—a tale of Polly's return.—Houston Post.

QUITE A JOKER.

"Dilks is a facetious chap."

"Yes?"

"He refers to the stock exchange as one of our best known watering places."

VERY MUCH SO.

"So Mayme is going to marry a man in the upper circles."

"Yes, I understand he is an aviator."

NO SUCH LUCK.

"Swans sing, don't they, before they die?"

"Yes, and how nice it would be for the community if some people would only reverse the rule and die before they sing."

HER TENDENCY.

"Our boarding house mistress would make herself extremely popular with the patrons of a railroad."

"Why so?"

"She is always cutting down the fare."

FRIGHTENED INTO ADMISSION.

Teacher—Class in geography, pay attention. You on the end there, are you a Caucasian?

Small Boy (whimpering)—No'm. I'm Mr. Jones' little boy.

BUSINESS, NOT REVENGE.

"He married her to get square, I'm told."

"Ah! With some other woman with whom he had quarreled, I suppose."

"No; with his creditors."

Better Than Spanking

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. 2525, Chicago, Ill., have discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 50c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any reader of The UNION. This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., is an Old Reliable House, write to day for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted members of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy.



should have rich, red blood and sturdy, healthy bodies to withstand cold rains, changing seasons and winter storms.

If your child is weary when rising—lacks energy and ambition—has no appetite or possibly sallow skin or a pinched face—it is for want of vital body-nourishment; this growing period demands special, concentrated, easily digested food for body-development—mental strain—physical changes.

Scott's Emulsion is the greatest body-builder known—it is nature's wholesome strength-maker—without alcohol or stimulant—***makes rosy cheeks, active blood, sturdy frames and sound bodies.***

But you must have SCOTT'S.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-62

White Muscovy Ducks.

Eggs $1.00 per Dozen

White Muscovy Ducks are best for table use. They are large and dress away but very little. The flesh has flavor equal to wild duck. They are becoming very popular. Are easy to raise and, unlike other varieties, make no noise. They are good layers and splendid setters. Drakes weigh from 12 to 15 pounds, according to age. It takes five weeks to hatch white muscovy duck eggs. They require about half the amount of feed as other varieties of ducks. Will thrive well in small enclosures and need but little water. Give them a trial.

W. J, BLACKISTON,
3-13,'13] Denton, Md.



Denton, Md. June 2 to 8, 1913

NOTICE—All persons indebted to me on book accounts are requested to call at once and make settlement either by cash or note.

C. H. REDDEN.

TAKE NOTICE.—Bernard Kersey, a bound boy, 16 years old, left my home on March 16th. Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts or acts of his, and any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated.

J. L. HOWARD.
3-27,3t] Hobbs, Md.

The Largest Magazine in the World.

TODAY'S MAGAZINE is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio.

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for each full set of False Teeth or 50c for ½ set. Partial sets in proportion. Highest cash prices paid for Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds and Jewelry. Send what you have today.
PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
823 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

NOTICE
—TO—
Merchants, Traders and Others

ALL PERSONS AND BODIES CORporate or politic in Caroline county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose for which a license is made necessary by the laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a license or renew the same before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT,

under the penalty imposed by said laws for the infraction thereof.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the License Laws:

TRADERS' LICENSES.—The amount to be paid by traders for license (the amount of stock at the principal season of sale to be given under oath) is as follows:

If the applicant's stock in trade does not exceed $1000			$12 60
If over 1000 and not over		$1500	15 60
" 1500	"	2500	18 60
" 2500	"	4000	22 60
" 4000	"	6000	30 60
" 6000	"	8000	40 60
" 8000	"	10000	50 60
" 10000	"	15000	60 60
" 15000	"	20000	80 60
" 20000	"	30000	100 60
" 30000	"	40000	125 60
" 40000			150 60

Females vending millinery and other small articles of merchandise, whose stock does not at any time during the year exceed five hundred dollars, shall be entitled to a license on paying $6 60, but if stock exceeds five hundred dollars shall pay the same rates as other persons, the amount of stock in trade to be ascertained by oath, as in other cases.

The applicant must either make oath as heretofore, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for the county where he is engaged in business, of the amount of goods kept on hand at the principal season of sale, or the oath may be administered by a justice of the peace when a person wanting a license applies through an agent.

Persons may sell salt to cure fish in March, April and May without license.

HAWKERS AND PEDDLERS must renew their license on or before the first day of May, as other traders. These rates are as follows:

To travel on foot,	$100 00
With one horse and wagon,	200 00
With two horses and wagon,	300 00

BROKERS.—Any person who shall make it his business to deal in any manner, on his own account or for others, in the purchase or sale of stocks, bills, notes, bank notes or other obligations, shall be deemed and taken to be a broker. The rates are as follows:

Stock broker,	$75 60
Real Estate Broker,	25 60
Merchandise, for each individual or member of firm,	75 60
Bill broker,	50 00
Insurance broker (granted by Insurance Commissioner),	101 00
Exchange broker,	100 00
EXHIBITION—Circus,	$30 00
Menageries,	15 00

LICENSES TO OWNERS AND KEEPERS OF STALLIONS AND JACKS.

The owner and keeper of every Stallion or Jack shall, before being permitted to stand or station such animal, pay to the Clerk of the Circuit Court of some one of the counties of this State the highest sum which he intends to ask or receive for the season for one mare, and the receipt of the said Clerk, with the seal of the court attached thereto, for said sum shall be the license for stationing or standing such Stallion or Jack for one year from the date thereof; provided that in no case shall the sum directed to be paid by this section for license be less than $10, and that every Stallion or Jack upon which the said tax is paid shall be exempt from all other tax.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION OF OWNERS OF STALLIONS IS CALLED TO THE ACT OF 1892, CHAPTER 419, SECTIONS 1 and 2, WHICH READ AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That every owner or agent who may have the custody or control of any stallion, who shall charge a fee for the services of such stallion, shall, before advertising or offering such services to the public for any fee, reward or compensation, file with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the county in which such owner or owners, agent or agents reside, or in which such stallion shall be kept for service, or if such services shall be offered in the city of Baltimore, then with the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, a written statement giving the name, age, pedigree and record, if it is known, and if not known then that the same is not known, the description, terms and conditions upon which such stallion will serve. Upon filing such statement the Clerk for the Circuit Court for the county, or for the Court of Common Pleas of Baltimore, as the case may be, shall issue a certificate or license to the owner or owners, agent or agents having the custody and control of such stallion, that such statement has been filed in his office; they shall then post a written or printed copy of the statement so filed with such clerk in a conspicuous place in each locality in which said stallion shall be kept for service.

SEC. 2. Every owner or agent who shall proclaim or publish a false or fraudulent pedigree or record or statement of any kind regarding any stallion, or shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of section one of this act shall forfeit all fees for services of such stallion, and the person or persons who may be deceived or defrauded by such false or fraudulent pedigree or record or statement may sue and recover in any court of competent jurisdiction such damage as may be shown to have been sustained by reason of such false and fraudulent representations.

ALCENUS E. COOPER,
Sheriff of Caroline county.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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