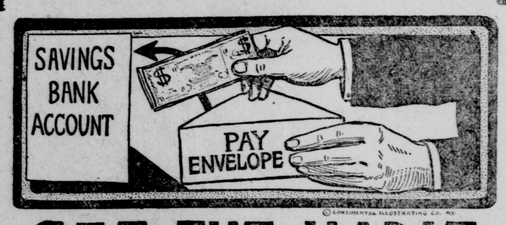
AMERICAN UNION

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GET THE HABIT

BECAUSE habits once formed are very hard to break. What we do week in and week out is very apt to shape our course in life. The man who acquires a small sum each week and deposits it in a savings bank, is the man who soon is free from the slavery of worry and has something laid up for a rainy day, which is sure to come some time. Start an account with us and begin to acquire the habit of thrift and saving.

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

The Denton
Cash Bargain House
Sixth St. near Depot. DENTON, MD.

Saves You Money

In Poplins. We have blue, black, lavendar, and tan, at	25c yd	Percales,	12c yd
Spring Lawns,	12c yd	Standard Prints,	6c yd
Veils, worth 20c,	15c yd	Muslins,	7½c to 10c yd
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Long Cloth,	12c yd	Other styles of shoes in stock.	
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Groceries at Lowest Prices, Quality Considered.

Lard, 15c Lard Compound, 13c Compound, 12c. Sugar, . Coffee, 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c. Rice, 8c. Corn, 8c per can, etc. Mason Fruit Jars—Pints, 45c; quarts, 65c; half gallons, 80c per dozen. Paris Green, 25c per pound.

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

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Now is the time to buy your Fall Goods, such as Shoes, Notions, Dry Goods, Bed Blankets, Comforts, Men's and Boys' Winter Pants, Hats and Caps, Underwear, Sweaters.

Men's Heavy Fleece Underwear at 39c. Sweater for Young and Old. One of the best lines of Boys' and Girls' School Hose in town.

A Very Large Line of 5 and 10 Cent Goods.

And it will surprise you to see how many vacant places you can fill in your kitchen for $1.00 or $2.00. A few Specials in Groceries for this week:

A Good Coffee for	19c lb	5c Sunny Monday Soap	4c
A Fine Cheese	20c lb	5c Bottle Bluing	5c
5c Celluloid Starch	4c box	Picnic Hams	16c lb
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5c Box Cream Corn Starch	4c box	Fat Back	14c lb

SUGAR, 5 1-2c Per Pound

We want your trade, and will do right by you. If you are not one of our regular customers, it will pay you to become one. Call in and see us, anyway. Bring your Eggs for Trade or Cash and get top market prices. I can use a lot of good Round Potatoes at market prices. I have 3 good Sewing Machines for sale cheap.

To supply our wholesale trade we carry in stock the finest line of Candies in Caroline county.

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Baby's bowels must be regulated properly and by a medicine that is safe.
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Has proved itself—mothers know it and babies like it. Used in 100,000 American homes. Prevents Cholera Infantum. Best for bowel complaints. Cures Colic in ten minutes. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

NOT A LOVE MATCH

By VERA STRAIGHT.

Esther Norris was to be married the next afternoon. She sat at her window, her chin upon her hand, looking out into the shadows of the maple trees. Her fiance had just left her and she had slipped away to her room, leaving her mother to put the final touches to the decorations and to rehearse the wedding dinner.

Esther was thirty-one. Francis Pryce, whom she was to marry, was forty-seven. It was not a love match but born of mutual respect and confidence. Both had been in love before and each knew it of the other.

Two years and three months before Esther had sent away her lover, Harry Goddard. They had been engaged five years and Harry showed no prospects of doing anything either for himself or for her.

"It isn't that you are unfortunate, Harry," she said. "But a man who thinks of marriage must be prepared to make a home for the woman he loves. You can't stick to anything; you squander your money; you drink. If you had ever saved I might—" She broke off and continued: "Harry, I'm going to put you to the test. Do you think you can get a position, hold it two years and save five hundred dollars? If you can I will marry you when the two years are up. If not—I don't want you to come back."

"If you'll only marry me now!" he cried, and Esther shook her head in her obstinate way.

"In two years," was all she would answer; and so Harry went away.

Then Francis Pryce, state senator and millionaire, had wooed her. So gently, so persistently did he set about the winning of her that he had won her consent almost before she



"Housekeeping!" She Repeated.

was aware of it. And, six months before, when he asked her, she told him about Harry.

"I won't hide the fact that we cared for each other," she said. "In fact, if he came back—"

"You would care for him more than for me?" asked the senator quietly.

"Yes. But I do care for you," she answered.

"I am satisfied with that," Pryce answered. "Goddard shall have his chance. If he does not return when the two years are up, I shall claim you. And I shall test you both," he added, smiling in his enigmatic way.

Goddard did not come back. Esther learned that he had been living just the same life as of old. He had been just as dissipated, just as improvident and reckless. She knew that life with him would have been an impossibility.

Now she sat beside her window, thinking over the past. Life had never given her much. First it had offered her the love of a worthless scapegrace, then the measured affection of a mature man, and neither fulfilled the demand that her nature made.

"But Harry loved me," she thought, and felt that that atoned for all. The future looked black and dismal. Her heart felt very tender toward Harry at that moment.

She murmured his name as she sat by the window. And, even as she invoked it a man stepped through the shadows of the maples. He came toward her and stood beneath her window, resting his arms upon the sill. Esther clutched at the window frame. It was Harry! He had come back on her wedding eve.

"Esther, it is I!" he whispered. "I have come back to you."

She stared at him incredulously and then recoiled.

"You are too late," she muttered. "Don't you know what evening this is?" Then, with rising passion, "Why did you not come before?" she cried.

"I couldn't come before," he answered. "You made the conditions. I must have five hundred dollars."

"What did I care for five hundred dollars, except as a proof that you were able to make some sacrifice for me!" she cried.

"But I have it now, and in my pocket," he answered. "Come, dear. We can start housekeeping on that."

"Housekeeping!" she repeated the commonplace word with something of mockery. "You are mad, Harry. Do you think I would break my engagement with Senator Pryce at this eleventh hour and steal away like a thief? Why"—she laughed hysterically—"the wedding arrangements are all made; the dinner is ordered; the guests have received their invitations—"

She burst into hysterical sobs and when he took her in his arms she felt that she had not the strength to resist longer. His love had meant more to her than she had let even her own soul know.

"Harry, I will come with you," she said, raising her head. "Anywhere!"

She stepped out through the window and they faced each other in the garden outside. Nobody was stirring in the street. She looked back at the house, fearful, and still uncertain.

"Why couldn't you come before?" she whispered.

Harry Goddard threw back his head and laughed.

"Because," he answered, "Senator Pryce gave me five hundred dollars to stay away until his wedding day."

"What! He paid you money?"

"Yes. And the joke is that the old man outwitted himself. This is his wedding day, because it is past midnight. He thought the joke was on me, but that's where he fell down."

Esther laid her hand on his arm.

"Harry, you did this dastardly thing?" she asked.

"Well, hasn't he money to spare? And wasn't he just as bad, with all his money, bribing a poor man?"

"It wasn't the bribe," she muttered.

It was the making her the subject of the bribe. She knew that the link which bound her to Harry was broken forever. Quietly she stepped back through the window.

"I win," said a low voice in her ear. Senator Pryce was standing before her, in her room, smiling.

"What does this mean?" asked Esther.

"It means," answered the senator, "that I have tested you and found you true, just as I found him false. O, Esther, forgive me, but I couldn't marry you until I had given you the chance to see what you have escaped—"

"No, what I have found," she answered softly.

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WORD OF REMARKABLE ORIGIN

"Quiz," Which Is in Such Common Use, Has No Root Nor Etymological Meaning.

The word quiz is one of the few English words which has no root nor etymological meaning to give a hint of what it signifies.

It is said, in fact, that the manufacturer of the word himself did not know what it meant. He made it up jokingly, according to the following story of the word's origin:

Many years ago there lived in Dublin a person whose name was Daly. According to custom he and a party of friends were gathered together one evening, when he made a wager that by the end of the following day every man in Dublin would be speaking a word having no meaning and being derived from no language known.

The wager was eagerly taken up by Daly's associates, who were sure that he had no chance of winning under the circumstances.

Daly owned among other things a theater and after the party had broken up he called up all the men connected with the theater, assigned to each a certain portion of the city, supplied them with chalk and instructed them to write the letters "Q-U-I-Z" on every door and shop window in town before daylight. His orders were carried out so effectually that before the morning of the following day was over everybody was asking of his neighbor the meaning of the mysterious word "quiz." The ignorance of its meaning and its sudden appearance all over the city created talk and conjecture for many a day.

When the truth that it was all a joke came out the word was adopted as a synonym for a jest and expressive also of a puzzle because of the questions and general perplexity it had aroused.

To quiz means, therefore, in one sense, to ask questions, and in other to quiz a person means to jest with or poke fun at him.

She Enjoys Cigars.

Miss Dillwyn, whose father represented Swansea in parliament, and who herself has done excellent service on the old Swansea school board and board of guardians, is one of the few Englishwomen who enjoy a cigar. She even smokes cigars at public dinners.

"I smoke them because I like them," she told a newspaper representative. "I can't remember how many years I have smoked—all over the world and wherever I go. Some people smoke for asthma and kindred complaints, but I smoke simply and solely for pleasure. I smoked my first cigar when I was eleven years old, and later my father used to give me cigars. I do not like cigarettes. Someone once said, 'Do I drink beer out of a thimble?' and that is my opinion of cigarettes. Personally, I have never suffered any ill-effects from cigars."

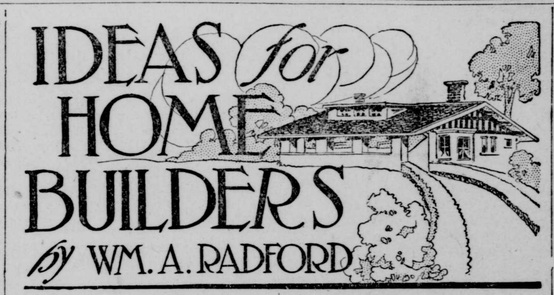
Look Ahead.

"Daughter, the young man you are engaged to doesn't smoke or drink or dance the tango."

"Sometimes I think I had better not marry him, ma."

"You are right. That kind of a man will always be a wet blanket whenever you want to have a little innocent fun."

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS



by WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

There is more solid comfort in a house that is "just big enough, and no more," than there is in the most elaborate mansion which is far beyond the requirements of its occupants. In all house planning, economy is the part of wisdom; and the size of a man's house is sometimes an indication of his good or poor judgment. For a young couple starting out in life, or for an older couple for whom the flight of years has called their children away to other homes of their own, a five-room cottage like the one here illustrated is "plenty big enough." It costs little to build and keep up, and the daily housework is not over-heavy.

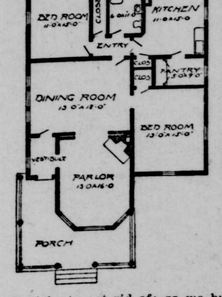
A five-room cottage, however, that is convenient and that looks neat and comfortable, is not easily planned. There are many difficulties in the way of laying out living rooms and bedrooms on one floor. Cottage house plans have brought gray hairs to the heads of many architects, and a good deal of comfort to the owners after they are built and paid for.

Formerly families were not so hard to please as they are at the present time. In fact, a hundred years ago the most fastidious and exclusive of our forefathers thought they were quite comfortable in a log cottage having two rooms and a loft. The front room answered for parlor, sitting-room, bedroom and general living room; while the kitchen did service for general work, comprising cooking and washing, as well as storage for wood, vegetables and many other things. A little round-bottom table in one corner did service for a dining table.



This table often was made by splitting a log in the middle and inserting lengths cut from saplings for legs in the rounded side.

Since the "good old times," however, cottage houses have passed through a wonderful evolution. A little improvement can be traced through each generation, until the present plans offer almost as much comfort and privacy as a two-story house. Our grandfathers had an open fireplace; and it has pleased the present generation to retain this idea, although in a greatly modified form. We haven't so much room to spend on brickwork; nor do we need such a wide opening, because we do not cook in the fireplace any more, and we have no logs or cord-



wood sticks to get rid of; so we build a little "dinky" affair that looks nice, and, if we are lucky enough to have a draft sufficient to draw the smoke up the chimney, we can maintain a handful of red coals for companionship while we heat the house with a furnace.

There are a great many small families that may be accommodated in a house of this size. They do not need any more room; they don't care to go to the expense of furnishing a full-sized house; and they don't want the work and trouble of keeping it up. Small families are suitable subjects for sympathy, because they look lonesome; but they do look a great deal more comfortable in a neat little cottage house than when they undertake to scatter themselves through the different rooms of a more pretentious habitation.

Lots of men and women fool themselves by building a house several times larger than they really need. They do it out of pride. They want an opportunity to show off, and they generally get disappointed. They can exploit themselves all right enough; but where they "get off" is in the satisfaction of lording it over their less prosperous but more sensible neighbors. It is a sort of bully business in which the aggressive party usually feels a boomerang effect. The thing hits back. "Man needs but little here below, nor needs that little long," but a man's needs and his wants are two very different propositions.

This little cottage is 33 feet wide and 46 feet 6 inches long, with the porches extra. The wall is laid up to a good height above ground. You have a much more comfortable feeling in a cottage if it is well set up; in fact, the bottom of the windows should be higher than a man's head; then you feel as though you might leave the window open without seeing some investigating tramp crawl in when you are not looking.

It is much easier to improve the outside appearance of a cottage house than any other style of habitation. A cottage lends itself to a decorative scheme in a very easy manner. It may be surrounded with vines, trees, flowers or shrubbery in almost any kind of profusion, and look well every time. This is no reason, however, for planting the grounds in a promiscuous manner. It is easy enough to lay out a plan and work to it.

There should be an expanse of lawn either in front or at the side that is entirely free of flowers or shrubbery. Nothing but nicely mown grass has any business in the main lawn. There may be borders of plants and borders of flowers next to the house and along the fences. There may be fruit bushes and fruit trees, if the lot is big enough—the more the better until they crowd one another; but there should be system in it all. On a large town or village lot a great deal of fruit and vegetables can be grown in the back garden.

It helps the general appearance of the home to have the fruit or vegetable garden definitely marked off by a low hedge. The hedge may be permanent, or it may be of annual plants, flowering shrubs, or such flowers as the salvia, dahlia, chrysanthemum, etc. A screen covered with climbing cucumber (the greenhouse sort), scarlet runners, sweet peas, morning glories, moon flowers, etc., is useful in some places, and pretty, too.

When people get interested in growing vines, shrubs and flowers they find a great many varieties suitable for one place or another in the garden, in such a way as to conform readily to a general plan. A little house like this, finished up in such a complete manner, shows comfort; and it feels just as good as it looks.

Tolstoy's Last Wishes.

The last wishes of Count Tolstoy regarding his estate have finally, owing to the devotion of his daughter, the Countess Alexandra, been complied with. Three-fourths of the estate of Jasnoia has been legally settled on the peasants who occupied the land, the other fourth, with the dwelling house and the tomb of the renowned author, remaing in possession of the family. The mother and brother of this daughter opposed the alienation of the property, but the Countess Alexandra paid them 400,000 rubles which she received from the sale of her father's rights of authorship and thus became owner of the land which she gave over to the peasants.

Time to Surrender.

Wife—Do you mean to tell me you lost $2 at cards?

Husband—I don't mean to tell you, but I may as well—you'll find out anyway.

GAUZY-WINGED DRAGON FLIES

Among the Most Fascinating of the Useful and Handsome Insects of the Air.

Of all the insects of the air perhaps none is more fascinating to watch than the beautiful dragon fly darting swiftly over pond and marsh with dazzling gauzy wings flashing in the sunlight of a summer day.

When I was a child I was afraid of dragon flies, for some ignorant person had told me that they sewed up children's ears and lips. We called them the devil's darning needles. But this foolish story has no truth in it, for as a matter of fact the dragon fly is not only perfectly harmless but helpful to man, destroying countless mosquitoes. The young, called nymphs, capture the wrigglers in the water, and the adults catch the full-grown mosquitoes hovering over the water to deposit their eggs.

Perhaps the reason for the old superstition is that one variety of dragon flies has a habit of flying away from the water, even into houses, and will hold itself still on whirring wings very close to one's face.

Though harmless to man, the dragon flies are well named, for they are fierce hunters—the larger ones not hesitating to attack their own weaker relatives when they can.

Much like the dragon flies are the damsel flies, though their bodies are more slender and more brilliantly colored. These damsel flies are not so swift in flight as the ever-darting dragon fly, and stay nearer the water, often clinging to the leaves along the edge. However, the greatest difference is seen when the two are at rest, as the damsel folds its wings over the back while the dragon keeps them outstretched.

Dragon flies lay their eggs in the water and from them come dull, homely young "nymphs" with six spiderly legs and no wings, although the wings that are coming later are folded up in little pads down the back. The ugly head of a nymph has an astonishingly large lower lip armed with hooks, which can be thrust far forward to seize its prey.

In April or May we can collect some with a dip net from the bottom of a pond or slow-moving stream, and, if we choose, may keep them in an aquarium to study their habits. But we must not put any other living thing in with those bloodthirsty creatures unless we intend it for their food. We can feed them bits of raw meat as well as insects. There should be sand and growing plants in the aquarium, for when the nymph is ready to shed its last coat it climbs upon some stem into the air, ready to —fly away with its gorgeous new dragon fly wings.—The Churchman.

His Long Reach.

Tobe Toppleton and a traveling man had been discussing the dry spell down at the depot the other day. After a pause the traveling man said: "I suppose you would like a precipitation." Tobe spat out his tobacco, wiped his chin and said he reckoned he could take just one. Seeing that the joke was on himself, the traveling man opened his grip and handed out a flask. "Tobe," said the station agent, who witnessed the incident, "can reach out farther after a drink than anybody I ever saw." Later in the day a lad rushed into the depot and said Tobe had broken his arm between there and the distillery. "I reckon," said the station agent, "that he reached it out after another drink and a horse stepped on it."—Kansas City Star.

Nature Fake?

The idea of a cat eating a cucumber would probably be scoffed at by most observers of animal life, but such an occurrence is vouched for by an attache of the Maine state agricultural department, in whose garden the incident took place. A member of the household was about to gather cucumbers for the dinner table when the family cat was calmly seen eating the largest cucumber in the lot.

Consumption Takes 350 People Every Day

in the United States and the surprising truth is that most cases are preventable with timely, intelligent treatment.

These appalling facts should warn us that after sickness, colds, overwork or any other drains upon strength, Scott's Emulsion should be promptly and regularly used because tubercular germs thrive only in a weakened system.

The tested and proven value of Scott's Emulsion is recognized by the greatest specialists because its medical nourishment assimilates quickly to build healthy tissue; aids in the development of active, life-sustaining blood corpuscles; strengthens the lungs and builds physical force without reaction. Scott's Emulsion is used in tuberculosis camps because of its rare body-building, blood-making properties and because it contains no alcohol or habit-forming drug. Be sure to insist on Scott's.

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