AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 46. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1902. NO. 40.

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1902 JUNE 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9 45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

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—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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

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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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

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SUMMER CLOTHING.

J. L. EVERNGAM.

If you have neglected to purchase your summer suit from our immense stock, do so at once. We have just replenished our stock and can show you the nobbiest styles of the season.

CORRECT STYLE

$12 YOUNG MEN'S SUITS. $12.

Single Breasted Sack Coat lined with Princess Serge, stationary stiff front (wont hang limp like a rag); broad high paded shoulders that make you look erect and military; High cut Vest; Trousers right in the fore rank of fashion.

MEN'S-BIG VALUE-$7.50 SUITS.

Stylish three-button Sack Coat High cut Vest with collar. Trousers have corded side seams. Cassimere, with a tinge of green with faint stripe; or red or blue running through. A stunner.

$10.00 MEN'S SUITS; LOOK AT THE STYLE.

Three-button Sack Coat with round corners; inside lined with Italian Cloth; broad shoulders; stationary front (wont sag). High cut Vest with collar. Trousers with ⅜ inch open welt side seams and belt loops.

$3.50 Boy's Norfolk Suits; all the newest cloth; yoke back and front; two box pleats; belt at waist; 4 to 8 years.

$3.50 Boy's Blouse Suit—all wool; Blue Serg, Blue Cheviots and Thibet Cloth in lighest weight goods. Collars trimmed with red, white or black Scotch Braid. Some have stars on collar and shield embroidered blouse cut extra sizes; 3 to 8.

$4.00 Boy's Double-breasted Suit; all wool fancy Cassimere and Cheviots; all seams sewn with silk; lined with Italian cloth; size 8 to 15.

$4.50 Boy's Vest Suits; All wool fancy Cheviot, Cassimere, and stylish patterns in neat stripes; Three button Cutaway Sack Coat; single breasted vest; sizes 10 to 15.

$4.50 The Manly Suit; fancy Cheviots; small collars; sack coat; single-breasted vest.

STYLISH SHOES.

$3.00 Men's Shoes in Vici Kid, Valour Kangaroo Kid, Patent Leather and Patent Kid, C. D or E last in the very latest shape toe; also plain toe.

$3.50 Men's Shoes in finer grades of Vici Kid, Lewis' Patent Leather, Patent Vici, C, D or E. last. Made by the best shoemakers in this country, namely: W L. Douglass and R. & H.

$4.00 Men's Shoe; the Gilt Edge Line; Lewis' Patent leather and fine kid skin are the finest and best in Men's foot wear.

$3.00 Ladies' Shoes, Fine Kid, extended soles; some have rope stitch: lace or button; B, C and D last. Kid tip; the latest style Heel and Toe.

FINE NECK-WEAR.

We can show you all the latest styles in narrow four-in-hands, string ties, bows, etc. All the delicate shades for summer.

COLLARS— If you have failed to find collars that suit you call on us. All the high styles as well as collars for short necks. Rubber collars—they don't wilt in hot weather.

FLOUR & FEED.

Fine Seed Oats in large or small quantities,

HAY AND FEED.

Our Delivery Wagon Runs Every Day.

Flour, Meal and Chops

EXCHANGED GRAIN,
AND HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID AT

Denton Grain and Flour Exchange,
Corner Third and Gay Streets, Dentton, Maryland.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER.

A NEW OLD PAPER.

For sixty years the NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE has been a national weekly newspaper, read almost entirely by farmers, and has enjoyed the confidence and support of the American people to a degree never attained by any similar publication.

THE
NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER

is made absolutely for farmers and their families. The first number was issues November 7th, 1901.

Every department of agricultural industry is covered by special contributors who are leaders in their respective lines, and the TRIBUNE FARMER will be in every sense a high class, up to date, live, enterprising agricultural paper, profusely illustrated with pictures of live stock, model farm buildings and homes, agricultural machinery, etc.

Farmers' wives, sons and daughters will find special pages for their entertainment.

Regular price, $1.00 per year, but you can buy it with your favorite home weekly newspaper. The American Union, one year for $1.50.

Send your subscriptions and money to THE UNION, Denton, Maryland.

Send your name and address to the NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, New York City, and a free sample copy will be mailed to you.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

"IF I WAS PAW."

If I was paw and paw was me,
Gee! what a great thing that 'ud be!
I wouldn't whip him just 'cause he
Went sneakin' off sometimes to fish;
And if he'd druther play than go
To school I'd say "All right," and, oh,
But wouldn't he have good times though,
With everything for which he'd wish!

I'd let him stay up late at night,
And then I'd go ahead and light
The gas for him, because he might
Bump into chairs or things, you see;
I'll bet he'd be that glad all day,
With not a thing to do but play,
He'd haft to yell, he'd feel so gay,
If I was paw and paw was me.

If I was in his place I'll bet
That everything he'd want he'd get,
I guess he'd think that he had met
The kindest paw he ever saw—
But still I'm glad that I can't be
My paw and that he isn't me,
Because if I was him, you see,
Then maw, she wouldn't be my maw.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rivalry of Brock and Higby

By J. H. RAFTERY

THE medical students didn't quite understand David Brock, of Lexington, Ky. He was a red-haired giant, with bright, brown eyes and a smile that must have won his way with women if he had cared to try it. But he didn't. He had a grim, sly sort of humor and a capacity for affection peculiar to men of his type, but he seemed to ignore women, and during his first term at Bush medical college he was never even suspected of "an affair."

Then he didn't drink red liquor. A Kentuckian who doesn't drink and has no eye for women is supposed to be an anomaly. The contemporaries of Brock regarded him as a "freak," even while they respected and loved him. He was as poor as Lazarus and as proud as Lucifer. Perhaps these qualities hindered any natural bent he may have had for frivolity, for he lived like a hermit and got his amusement free in the laboratory and the lecture room.

Brock was so poor at the end of his first term that he had gotten down to celluloid collars and a dark-colored stock. He used to make his notes on pale yellow paper that looked suspiciously like the kind bundle wrappers use, and his one suit of clothes was getting past the stage in which brushing and pressing foods people. If Brock had a chum, Higby was the man. A rich, reckless trifler was Higby, full of ebullient spirits and bent on proving that life was a farce, the medical profession a joke and woman a toy. How on earth Higby ever got on the right side of Brock nobody knew, but he did, and, what was stranger yet, Brock seemed to like him. Money? Not at all. Brock would have starved before he would borrow money from any man, and even in the days of their closest intimacy the Kentuckian never was known to accept even the hospitality of a meal from his wealthy friend.

When Brock came back for his second year he had a new suit that must have cost at least ten dollars. He had risen again to linen collars, neckties and shirts, and all knew then that he had "put in" his vacation at work. There were a few blisters on his big hands, and the tan on his skin was the red scorching of days in the wheat field rather than the sallow of a season by the seashore. Higby came back, too. He was wilder than ever, and he hadn't attended three lectures before he began to talk about "the new fairy."

It seems that during the summer a new laundry had opened just round the corner, and behind the counter was stationed a young woman who, according to Higby, "for looks and style, had the flag beat a block." Brock was present the first time Higby mentioned his "discovery," and even the enthusiastic scapegrace noticed the sneer on the Kentuckian's face as the slangy description of the girl's charms was spoken. Of course, every one of a hundred students who had heard of Higby's "laundry queen" went past the place on the way home to get a glimpse of the beauty. Sure enough, there she was, surpassing even Higby's blatant praise; a queenly girl of 18, great slumbrous eyes, hair like spun bronze, the poise of an aristocrat in the gown of a lady's maid.

Within ten days every student, and, to be perfectly just, some of the professors of Bush college were sending their linen to the new laundry. Rather they were bringing it there and calling for it in person. If the trade of the place had been all with medical students there would have been no need of a delivery wagon. Every man jack of them not only insisted on carrying home his own "washing" but made a practice of calling for it at least twice before the time set for its readiness.

At least half of these customers were desperately in love with the new divinity within a fortnight. They made the most extraordinary efforts to win a glance, if not a smile; they sat up nights contriving schemes to learn her name, to awaken her interest, to start a conversation with her. The janitor began to find a lot of weird poetry in the waste baskets, the slovens began to dress up, and the dudes became almost glorified in their sartorial homage to the girl at the laundry. She yielded not an iota of recognition to any of them. She was serenely gracious to all until the business in hand was transacted, and then she receded into a hard but beautiful shell of stately reticence that simply maddened her admirers.

Higby, of course, was the most ardent of pursuers. He swore that she was the most beautiful woman in Chicago, and his hearers were inclined to agree. One evening he was standing on the steps of the college descanting upon her charms to a crowd of sympathetic fellow students.

"Such a shape! Such a—"

"Cut that out, Higby," bawled a voice from the door behind him. Everybody turned to see Brock coming out. His face was pale with rage. His big fists were clenched, and his voice trembled as he went on:

"You'll have to stop talking about this young lady, Higby. I won't stand it."

"Haven't I a right to admire—"

"Admire, but keep your mouth shut."

Brock paused for a moment as if to restrain his rising passion. Then his face softened, he came closer and almost whispered:

"Excuse me, Hig, old man. I didn't mean to be rude." Then he turned to the students and said: "Excuse me, gentlemen. I want to speak to Mr. Higby privately."

They went away together, arm in arm, Higby mystified and big Brock bending over him in earnest conversation. Nobody ever heard Higby talk about his "new fairy" after that. Instead a change came over him for which none seemed able to account. He quit drinking and took to study. He grew serious and staid in words and habits, and began to shine a bit at examinations. The students thought they understood it all when word went round the college that Brock and the laundry beauty had been seen together at church. Certain it was that Brock the austere, Brock the woman hater, Brock the ascetic, had at least won a measure of recognition from the naughty beauty round the corner.

She was seen talking to him across the counter, and the smile on her face was certainly not inspired by any argument over a lost collar. Along toward Christmas Brock began to take her home from work. They seemed very confidential and happy as they marched away, and every man in the college envied the Kentuckian. The queer part of the affair soon developed, however, and after Brock and Higby, one at each side of the goddess, had been seen escorting her from the laundry, nobody knew just what to think. Every man in the college knew that Higby was violently and probably hopelessly in love with her, that Brock had "cut him out," and that the chances were good for a fierce and bloody feud between the two former friends.

It was just before the final examinations that Higby made verbal announcement of his approaching wedding.

"Who's the lucky girl, Hig?" the students would ask.

"Oh, you don't know her," he would smile. "I'll introduce you after the wedding. We're to give all you fellows a reception and a chance to dance in our honor. Brock is to be best man."

That seemed to settle it. Of course Brock wouldn't be best man for his successful rival, and the students decided that Hig was to marry some society girl. The list of guests included every professor and student in the college, and when the night of the reception came none of them knew any more about the wedding than it had been solemnized privately in Louisville.

Higby met them at the door. Beyond stood old Brock, radiant and towering, shaking hands with everybody, and smiling while the tears stood in his eyes. Just behind the big Kentuckian stood the bride.

Prof. Hatfield, with a dozen favorite students at his heels, was the first to see her.

"Professor," said Brock, introducing him, "let me present you to the bride, Mrs. Higby, my sister."

It was the laundry queen, the new fairy, the goddess around the corner.

"Whose bride?" blundered Sykes, grinning as he came up.

"Why, Higby's, of course," laughed Brock.

"Whose sister?" whispered Sykes, looking puzzled, as he gazed at the rare splendor of the beaming bride.

"My sister, Sykes," said Brock, and in a few moments they all understood.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Count's Ambassador

By LUCIE FRANCE PIERCE

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

DURING certain lucid intervals it occurred to Van Horton that possibly he had made a mistake, after all, in marrying the blue-eyed, yellow-haired darling who had been the talk of the resort the winter before. He fancied when he won her love that she had tired in a measure of the silly adulations of the string of idle titled foreigners and nondescript ne'er-do-wells who flock to a fashionable seaside resort during the winter months and live on the proceeds of the gaming table. However, Lily Van Horton could not resist knowing the French arrival, Count Boni de Noir, late of Paris, and decorated with several conspicuous orders which at least looked important.

The count had won $3,000 from Van Horton, one week after arriving and the little Frenchman found himself on good terms with the world, and especially with Van Horton, to whom he repeatedly expressed admiration of the beauty and grace of madame. Not having met her as yet, and watching her from a distance, he was secretly amused at her extraordinary effusion of manner.

Lily, not knowing of the $3,000, determined to invite the count to dine with them at the charming little Van Horton nest just down the avenue beyond the gardens of the hotel. He had called several evenings before at Van Horton's suggestion, especially to meet his sister Marie, and not finding the ladies at home, he had written an expression of sincere regret along the edge of each card which he left. Lily, though never found to be openly selfish, cherished a little feeling of rivalry now, when she fancied that her sister-in-law might be clever enough to fascinate the count and so deprive her of some of the attention which she constantly craved.

The two young women were in a flutter of expectancy when the count's note of acceptance arrived on the day of the dinner. They failed to notice the rudeness and the implied sneer in its delay. They put on their golf rigs and walked to the country gardener's and purchased great armfuls of bachelor-buttons for the table decoration because Lily thought that the beautiful blue blossoms might serve as a wedge to open the conversation concerning the count's domestic life.

Van Horton himself was amused and disgusted with the buzz of half-suppressed excitement which the women exhibited. Their eyes were wide and brilliant from emotional unrest, their tempers far from sweet, and their complexions a source of persistent coddling and attention. The forgotten head of the house drew on a light top coat and sauntered toward the hotel garden, and then sat down in the vague shadow of the palms, wondering mutely how he could get out of meeting that Frenchman again, and still keep peace in the household. He was wishing that the count would drop dead, or be arrested or recalled to Paris or anything, so long as he could be freed from the disagreeable duty of breaking bread with his financial despoiler. He watched his own front door for two hours, and until almost five o'clock, and seeing no messenger of any kind approach the house, he knew his guest meant to keep his engagement. He fancied the women had begun to dress, and he could imagine the nature of their nervous confidences and the care they were taking with their dinner toilets. Arousing himself to a pitch of unrestrained antagonism toward the foreigner, he finally made a resolve.

Walking briskly across the hotel park, he boarded a car bound for the inland city, and on reaching an obscure hotel away from the center he hurriedly sent a telegram to his wife apprising her of the fact that he was compelled to come to the city on account of a serious business matter and she must present his excuses to the count. Then he sent another message to the count begging him to join a fictitious party of friends at poker, scarcely hoping that he would take the bait.

The telegram to the two women surprised them but mildly. They were flittering about the drawing-room and the dining hall with the suspense of young smitten damsels, entertaining a coronet for the first time. Lily was disconcerted for a moment, but presently gained her composure, and each finally acknowledged to the other that she felt actually relieved because now they could converse freely with the count without fear of future ridicule from Van Horton.

Fifteen minutes before the hour of dinner the doorbell was rung.

"Gracious, he is delightfully early, isn't he, Marie?" gasped Lily. The women glided into the drawing-room and posed in becoming and conspicuous corners. Neither had ever met the count, nor beheld him except from a great distance, and each was running over French phrases in her mind, wondering at the same time whether their guest had become sufficiently attached to American habits to learn fluent English.

A slender, dapper, very much perfumed and polished little man appeared at the drawing-room door, and before he could speak or the servant could announce him, the two young women rushed frantically at their titled guest, grasping his hands with a kind of warmth and cordiality that seemed to overwhelm him.

"Dear count, we are charmed—indeed we are, perfectly charmed! So sorry we were not at home the other evening," both women were saying at once.

"But, madame—" gasped the little man, visibly nervous, and blushing crimson with ill-concealed excitement. "But, madame—" He held a letter in his hand, which Lily took eagerly and dropped unread on a table.

"Oh, we understand. You were afraid we should not know. How could you, dear count? Of course, we should know you. You are so different, so superior to the ordinary, coarse American. Our men are so vulgarly athletic."

"But, madame—" protested the count. Marie was now adding her ecstacies to those of her sister-in-law, and in a moment both seized him impulsively by either arm, and led him triumphantly to the dining hall.

"Mon Dieu, madame—" wailed the little Frenchman.

"No excuses, count, pray don't! We are so glad to see you. Pray don't make excuses for anything."

"Oh, but madame—" murmured the guest, dropping back into a chair quite exhausted, his eyes wandering wildly away from his enthusiastic idolators, and thinking of much save their alluring blandishments.

The two women kept up a tornado of talk. The gossip flew from the lion of the hour to the most successful belle of the season, from Broadway to the Bois, and all the way back again, from the north pole to fashion in hats, and they discussed the people whom it was desirable to know, and many who were not desirable. Each strived to outtalk the other in order to make the dinner hour brilliant. The guest smiled feebly now and then and during the incessant clatter began finally to eat with relish and to drink the succession of wines with the appreciation of a connoisseur. The young women began to believe that they were making an impression, and though Count Boni pulled frightfully at his mustache and deigned to interfere but seldom in the conversation and then only in weak replies, Lily and her sister attributed his gentle mildness to quiescent satisfaction, and Marie fancied that she beheld an easy victim.

The dinner at an end, Count Boni rose abruptly, still peculiarly nervous. The hostess was nonplussed. She began to imagine that the Frenchman was not used to listening to the garrulity of two American girls, and for that reason felt ill at ease. Then for 30 whole minutes she abandoned him to the tender mercies of Marie, who never flagged for a moment in conversational ardor. She felt in her heart that the count was experiencing a distinct relief under her more gentle, persuasive coquetry and that her sister had actually frightened him.

"We are so glad to know you, count, because we all adore Paris, and dear, fascinating France. I am sure you have some imposing, weird chateau in the north, or perhaps in the south, that you will tell us about. Won't you, dear count, when you come and see us in New York?"

"But, mademoiselle," he cried, with a wild flourish of his hands, "you do not understand, you do not understand. It is time I should depart. You will excuse me now—"

"Oh, don't go yet," Lily begged as she rejoined them. "Really, you must not go yet!" But Count Boni steadily retreated to the doorway, managed to slip into his coat, of which the servant had divested him on entering, and finally reached the outer air to breathe freely and honestly again.

"Mon Dieu!" he was muttering hoarsely to himself, as he walked nervously along the beach. "Mon Dieu, what will happen next!"

His gentle, quick footfalls died away as he ascended the steps of the hotel veranda and disappeared down the corridor.

At half-past 11 o'clock Van Horton returned home. Lily was waiting for him.

"You wretch," she exclaimed for greeting. "I am sure that the count felt awfully annoyed at your absence. He did not feel at ease for a moment. He didn't talk at all, and left early, not even mentioning you. He was awfully annoyed."

"The count," drawled Van Horton, somewhat mystified." Did you see the count?"

"Yes, he arrived promptly and we had a delightful time in spite of you."

"That's well enough to tell your poor, deluded husband, Lily, but I saw your count in the city at 6:30 o'clock with three sheets in the wind, trying to dictate a note to somebody in the hotel."

"But he came, anyway," Lily protested, "and his conduct was above reproach."

"Then you didn't get the note?"

"Yes; he brought it himself."

"Who brought it?"

"The count, of course!" she exclaimed.

Van Horton sank into a chair, bursting into a succession of loud, hoarse guffaws.

"Here it is!" she cried, victoriously, opening it for the first time. Van Horton snatched it quickly, and between spasms of violent laughter, he managed to read aloud to the dejected woman:

"Dear Madam: My valet, Jean, will present my regrets to you, and will say that I am suddenly indisposed and cannot appear to accept your generous and gracious hospitality.
JULIO BONI de NOIR."

"I hope for your sake, Lily," Van Horton managed to explode, "that Jean knows how to hold a discreet tongue."

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by R. J. Colston, Denton; Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro; J. P. Davis, Ridgely.

If A Man Lie to You,

And say some other salve, ointment, lotion oil or alleged healer is as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, tell him thirty years of marvelous cures of Piles, Burns, Boils, Corns, Felons, Ulcers, Cuts, Scalds, Bruises and Skin Eruptions prove it's the best and cheapest. 25c at George & Redden's, Denton; Hugh Duffy's, Hillsboro, drug stores.

Subscribe for the UNION.

Looking on the Bright Side.

A Missouri man treated his farm the other day for an oil claim in Oklahoma. When he went to take possession, says the Chicago Tribune, he found his claim was an inaccessible mountain peak. Let him not be discouraged. He owns it all the way down, and there may be oil in it somewhere.

CZAR'S COUSIN COMING.

Grand Duke Borris, of Russia, to Make Special Study of Immigration.

It was announced at the Russian embassy the other day that Grand Duke Boris, first cousin of the czar, will arrive in the United States about July 1, if indeed he is not here now in the person of "De Wolf." Grand Duke Boris is the second son of his imperial highness, Grand Duke Vladimir, the uncle of the czar. He was born at St. Petersburg November 12, 1877, and is the colonel of the Asow regiment of the imperial foot guards. Although barely 25 years of age, he has devoted himself to science and is an authority on economic subjects. The grand duke will come to the Russian embassy in Washington, where fetes have been planned in his honor. He will be presented to the president, but will not accept any public functions in his honor.

While in the United States Grand Duke Boris expects to devote considerable time to investigation of the immigration problem and the condition of American sons of Russian extraction. Afterward he will continue his journey around the world. He will return to St. Petersburg by way of the Trans-Siberian railroad. He will probably leave America by way of San Francisco. De Wolf is on board a German ship now in this country.

Two August Tours to the Pacific Coasts.

On account of the low rate authorized by the transcontinental lines to the Pacific Coast during the Summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run two high grade personally-conducted tours to the Pacific Coast by special trains of the highest grade Pullman equipment. Both tours will leave New York August 2, visiting Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Del Monte, (Monterey), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Jose, and Portland on the going trip.

Returning, Tour No. 1. will run northward from Portland and eastward through the magnificent Canadian Rockies by leisurely daylight trips, with stops at Glacier, Banff Hot Springs, and other points, reaching New York and the East via St. Paul and Chicago on August 31.

Tour No. 2 will run eastbound from Portland over the Northern Pacific Railway to Cinnabar, where the special train will be sidetracked while the passengers make the usual six-day trip of the Yellowstone National Park. From the Park the route homeward will be via St Paul and Chicago, arriving New York September 4.

Rates from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, or any point on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, including transportation, Pullman berth, and all meals on the tour except during the five days spent in San Francisco, when Pullman accommodations and meals are not provided:—

For Tour No 1, $200. Two persons occupying one berth, $189 each.

For Tour No 2, $250, including all expenses through Yellowstone Park. Two persons occupying one berth, $230 each.

A preliminary announcement outlining the various details is now in course of preparation, and will be furnished as soon as ready upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

An Advertising Moral.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into a hole, and after nearly starving caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am to small to aid you," said the fox, "but I will give you some advice. Only a few rods away is a big strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the fox had gone the donkey thus reasoned: "I am very weak from the want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. He did not feel at ease for a moment. my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the fox, on passing the hole, saw within a white skeleton, and remarked:

"If it be that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that donkey will become one of these merchants who can never afford to advertise."

Reduced Rates to Minneapolis.

On account of the National Educational Association's Annual Meeting, at Minneapolis, Minn. July 7 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all station on its lines July 4 to 6, good to return not earlier than July 8, and not later than July 14, at the rate of single fare for the round trip plus $2.00. These tickets will be good for return passage only when executed by Joint Agent at Minneapolis and payment of 25 cents made for this service. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent not earlier than July 8 nor later than July 14, and payment of 50 cents at time of deposit, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Minneapolis not later than September 11.

For specific rates and conditions, apply to ticket agents.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Deweese & Owens will be dissolved by mutual consent on June 30, 1902. Any unfinished business will be attended to by either of the undersigned. Mr. Deweese will occupy the offices of Deweese & Owens; Mr. Owens will occupy the office in the Masonic Building adjoining the Court House.

WILLIAM H DEWEESE,
FRED R. OWENS.

June 24, 1902.

NOTICE.

We wish to announce to the Public, that we now have our old baker again with us, Mr. H. Mensing, and will guarantee nothing but the best bread, rolls, rusks, buns, cakes, pies, etc.

6-25 FIELD & WILLIS

Teething

Then the baby is most likely nervous, and fretful, and doesn't gain in weight.

Scott's Emulsion is the best food and medicine for teething babies. They gain from the start.

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

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