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1902 AUGUST 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

8:00 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.
11:20 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.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
DEWEESE & OWENS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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Bone Phosphate and Lime.
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AGNER, MARYLAND

Field & Willis sell the celebrated Dance cigar. Try them.

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THAT BABY.

There's a droll little baby that runs away—
From round the corner on Frenchman street—
If you watch you may see him most any day,
With his brown, bare arms, and his brown, bare feet.

A smaller tot you'll rarely see—
Of the human sort—with such speed and spring
His legs are crooked as legs can be,
And they take him along with a knee saw swing.

His hair is tousled, his frock is rent,
He is mud-besplattered and dirt-bedight;
But his little face shows supreme content,
And his dancing eyes are with fun alight.

Oh, the wabbly work of those limbs, so small—
Oh, the frantic strain of the spidery thing—
When he hears the voice of his mother call,
When her nearing footsteps behind him ring!

An extra scramble! A clutch! A hug!
There's a shrilling of laughter that slivers the air!
There's a flourish of feet as she holds him snug,
With his head thrown back in a swirl of hair!

Then, laughing and happy, they hurry back
To that smallest of cots on that small side way,
Ah, much of its brightness the season would lack
Without that baby that runs away!
—Boston Transcript.

Tempered with Mercy

By ELIZABETH MOON.

HE closed the hall door behind him and stood for a few minutes—a bewildered-looking little man in his long, clerical coat—trying to realize all that had happened since he had passed through that same doorway a short half-hour before.

He had entered radiant with happiness—firm in his belief in the fidelity of the woman who had promised to be his wife; now he had left the presence of his lately affianced wife with his faith in women blighted, staggering under the sudden blow, and with a queer, cold feeling about his heart that had beaten so joyfully.

He took off his soft hat as though its weight oppressed him, and thrust his finger wildly through his stubbly, fair hair. As he did so he saw Jacynth.

He waited for the child to come up to him, his face strangely gray and old. The intimacy with the child had led him often into the presence of her mother, and love inevitably followed.

Was it only now, when the beautiful widow had owned with almost baby petulance that she was mistaken in imagining that the feeling she entertained for him was warmer than that of friendship, that he saw a vain and shallow soul shining in those wonderful turquoise eyes? And yet—he loved her still—for such love as his, tardy in coming, was hard to destroy.

A hideous din uprose from the village, and the curate suddenly remembered, with a groan, that an enterprising showman had visited the place with some wonderful steam gallopers, and on this afternoon he had promised to take Jacynth himself for a ride on the horses. Then the better nature of the little man asserted itself. If he were miserable, what right had he to thwart the happiness of others?

"Tell your mistress that Miss Jacynth is with me," he said to the servant.

"Yes, sir."

The crowd parted to let the thin figure in the long black coat and the flushed, pleased child pass through. The few who could spare time from their enjoyments to notice the actions of others smiled broadly at the sight of the whirling figure of their little parson, the tails of his long coat shrouding the hindquarters of his steed.

When the curate had kissed her and left her at her own gate, she called after him with a gleeful little laugh:

"It was eight times. We had eight whole rides. It was lovely—lovely!"

For a few days he avoided those haunts where he was likely to fall across the widow or Jacynth. The wound was still bleeding, and his day of simple duties had become a day of misery and torment.

But at the uttermost end of the parish the squire's dogcart flashed past him into a narrow lane, almost forcing the pedestrian into the ditch, and he caught a glimpse of a face saucily smiling recognition under an airy toque of white tulle, and her gay little laugh came floating back to him.

For an instant he almost hated her for her heartlessness. The next minute he had found extenuation for her; the man she had chosen was a fitter mate for her—he had wealth, position and good looks, and perhaps he had repented of his wild ways and would prove a tender husband after all.

He would be a coward no longer; he would take up the threads of his life in the old way and weave the pattern that God had set for him. But, notwithstanding his resolution, he shrank from meeting Jacynth for many days. He wondered often that the child did not come to him, and at last he put himself in her way.

When he turned down the road and came in sight of the green gate, a naughty little Scotch terrier darted out to bark at the heels of a passing errand boy, and Jacynth ran in pursuit of her pet.

As soon as the child turned her head and saw him, he knew instantly that she was aware of their changed relations. She gave him her small hand, and he felt it quiver in his as he stooped to kiss her. Her replies were quiet, and almost indifferent.

Something in the child's voice went straight to the curate's heart.

"Jack, dear," he said, tenderly—perhaps he was hardly conscious himself of the depth of tenderness in his voice.

The child's composure was broken; she looked up at him for an instant, then flung herself into his arms with a stormy burst of tears.

"I—I thought—you were—never going to call me—that again."

"My own little Jack!"

"You are not going to marry us—he is—Mr. Dalrymple—and I don't love him; no, not a bit. And we are going to live in that big black house—and—and Martha says that you—will be going away."

"Martha doesn't know what she is talking about," said the curate, soothingly. That very morning he would have been inclined to agree with Martha's prophecy, for the thought had come to him, not for the first time, that he would try and leave the place as soon as he could. But not now—not yet awhile, at least.

"You will come and see us to-morrow—mummy and me?"

He gave the promise and kissed her again and watched her entering the gate and returned the last wave of her little hand.

One afternoon as the curate trudged up the lane, after a long and wearying round of parish visits, to call for Jacynth and take her back to his rooms for tea, he saw the squire's dogcart awaiting at the gate. The woman smiled when she saw him and came a few steps forward to meet him, but Dalrymple passed him with a nod that he might have bestowed upon one of his laborers, and went to speak to his servant.

"Jacynth is waiting for you, I think. I am jealous—really jealous; I am nowhere now. Good gracious!" she broke off suddenly and regarded the

SHE GAVE HIM HER SMALL HAND.

little man rather wonderingly. "I declare you startled me. Is there anything the matter?"

"I—er—I hardly know," said the curate, lamely. "A queer kind of feeling came over me. I—I wish you could put off your drive this evening."

"A presentiment," she said, gayly. "What nonsense! And after all your labors to drive superstition out of the minds of your villagers.

"It was not a presentiment, it was a—"

He broke down before the mocking sparkle in those bright eyes. He had seen to his horror that Dalrymple was very much the worse for drink—that accounted for his look of solemn dignity.

"I wish I could persuade you to remain at home," said the little man, distressedly. "In fact—I—don't think that the 'squire is—well"

And then his blundering words were frozen on his lips at the haughty reproof of those beautiful eyes.

"You infer—" And then she laughed and shrugged her shoulders with a gay laugh that grated on his ear. "You are tired. Don't let Jacynth plague you too much.

When he brought Jacynth back at her usual bedtime, they had not returned. But hardly had he reached his own door when he heard the squire's servant panting at his heels.

"She wants you, sir. You must come quickly or she'll be gone before we can get back!"

"How did it happen?"

"He struck Daphne, sir and she wouldn't stand the whip—he was crazy to do it. She turned the cart into the ditch, and the poor lady fell on a heap of stones. She keeps asking for you."

Those beautiful eyes with all the merry light in them quenched, drew the curate down on his knees beside her.

"I—am—not to get well; did you hear them say that?"

The man made an inarticulate sound, and raised his agonized eyes to the doctor who stood beside her, but no hope was written in that grave countenance.

"I—want you to take—Jacynth."

"Yes, yes."

"Bring her up to be good—and true."

"I will, God helping me."

"You all hear"—she moved her eyes restlessly round the room—"he is to have Jacynth." She turned her face toward him. "God bless you." Then more faintly: "Bring her to me."

And when he left the house he carried Jacynth in his arms.—Black and White.

When the City Man Loves Nature Best.

A Genuine Liking for the Woods and Waters Comes with the Warm Days of Spring

BUT few Chicagoans there are who will not tell you that Chicago is the ideal summer resort, and they believe it. But there is no place where spring fever is more prevalent than in this same city of Chicago. One and all of us denizens are afflicted with the disease, if such it may be called; every mother's son, and daughter, too, for that matter, have their periods of dreaming during the early days of summer, and such dreams are all of the woods and water, of our favorite retreats away from the madding crowds that throng State street.

Not one may be said to be exempt from these dreams, unless, perchance, it may be those whose misfortunes have never permitted them to breathe the clear, pure air of the country; to while away the warm days beneath the spreading branches of a noble monarch of the forest; to paddle a light canoe over the smooth waters of a lake or river far removed from the haunts of civilization; to entice, with fly or frog or spoon, the gamey bass or trout from the quiet nooks in which they lie.

Never a Chicagoan, or for that

"The long, sweet, quiet rest beneath the stately pines."

matter the dweller of any city, who has once tasted of these sweets but who dreams of them when the warm days of the spring bring forth the green of the parks and boulevards; a green that is so hedged about by the artificiality of the city as to make it but a temptation to forsake the urgent duties of the office, store or factory and steal away to those favorite haunts where the hand of man has not encroached upon or marred the beauties of nature.

I, for one, dream these dreams. As the first warmth of the coming summer adds weight to my eyelids and forces them shut I depart for a time from the exciting scenes of a winter's conflict with life's stern duties and travel with lightning speed to the tall pines that encircle the rocky banks of Lake Kah-pee-kog far away in the Canadian wilds. It is all very real and very vivid, that journey. The passage through the islands of Georgian bay; the welcome reception at the unpretentious home of that tried and oft proved friend, Sweet, at the mouth of the Moon river; the hearty handclasp of our good guide, Frazer; the swish of the canoe through the waters of Lake Healy; the portage around the log jam into Lake Kah-pee-kog, and then the long, sweet, quiet rest beneath the stately pines among which our summer home is pitched.

It is a glorious dream, that of the journey from the stifling city to the far-away wilds where all is just as nature placed it, nor does the dream end at the end of the journey. How distinct there comes to me the voice of loved summer companions as they

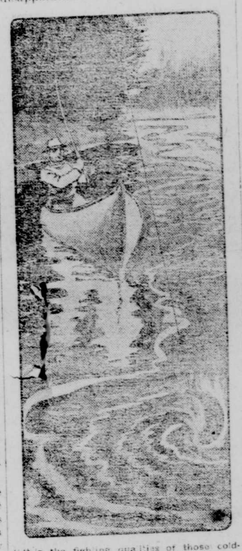
The dropping water, as it falls from the paddle blade, is sweeter music than any ever sung to me by paid performers."

urge me to action and demand a fish for dinner. Out into the waters of the lake I push the canoe, and the dripping water, as it falls from the paddle blade, is sweeter music than any ever sung to me by paid performers from a city stage. I know full well the spot where a bass lies in wait for the bait I am to offer, and as I cast my line far out from the boat it is with an expectancy I know will not end in a disappointment. That looked-for first bass has never failed me yet, nor is this to be the exception to that rule. The reel sings in a merry strain as the line unwinds from it; the frog on the hook at its end is going straight for the favorite spot. It strikes, and there comes almost a moment of awakening as the expected bass has not grasped the offered prize. But even without the wished-for bass the dream would not be

"And I industriously ply the little crank that winds it in."

complete with my line stretching away into the water, and I industriously ply the little crank that winds it in, when—yes the fish was there, though a moment late. Again the reel sings as my victim runs with the bait, and leaps into the air a hundred feet away in a vain endeavor to release himself from the barb that holds him prisoner.

How I glory in every shake of his saucy body, how I use all of my fisherman skill in piloting him away from the weeds and brush; how I coax, and play and battle with the gamey little bundle of muscle and nerve on the end of that line. Long before he has consented to give up the struggle for life, and I have him safely landed, I have weighed him; I know he is the catch of the season. It is but a passing pang of disappointment that I feel when the



"It is the fighting qualities of those cold-water, no-there fish that count."

scales in my fishing box tell me he weighs less than three pounds. After all, size matters but little; it is the fighting qualities of those cold-water, northern fish that count. It is the sport of pitting my skill against their's that takes me away from Chicago, even though it offers all the pleasures of a cool lake breeze. This is one feature of life that makes it worth the living.

And yet the dream is not complete. Frazer, the master chef of the northern woods, has a part to play. As the fish is cleaned I watch him as he drops it onto the heated rock that serves us, its spider, and the piece that is served me in a tin plate is a more dainty morsel than money could buy at any city hostelry.

As the flames of the camp fire of the evening die down, and leave but the flickering embers, a bed of fragrant pine needles beckons me to a night of sweetest repose, and I obey the summons right cheerfully. And—

It is the office boy. There is the desk before me; vacation time is yet many weeks away. I have been haying but one of the day dreams that comes to every unhappy city mortal in the first days of the budding summer. A few moments wasted probably, yet are they wasted? I am the better for that dream even though it instills nothing more than a selfish desire to earn the vacation of which this has been such a pleasant foretaste.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

In Her Line.

Miss Thurley Tyred—I've decided to have my voice cultivated. What school would you advise me to attend?

Miss Inao Scent—The school for Scandal.—Chicago American.

SYNDICATE No. 1. May 30.

A Necessary Precaution.

Don't neglect a cold. It is worse than unpleasant. It is dangerous. By using One Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Allays inflammation, clears the heads, soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane. Cures coughs, croup, throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Children like it. H. Duffy, Hillsboro.

Just Look at Her.

Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result,—all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at George A. Holden's, Denton; H. Duffy's Hillsboro.

VAST SOCIAL POWER.

Placed in the Hands of Mrs. Paget by King Edward.

His Majesty Consulted Her as to the Advisability of Permitting the Prince of Wales to Visit New York.

The advice of an American woman may determine whether or not the Prince of Wales will visit this country to attend the dedication of the New York chamber of commerce's new home. Decision on the question awaits the return of King Edward from his spring cruise, and it is believed in court circles that probabilities incline toward its acceptance.

It is thought likely that the King, to whom the prince has deferred the question, will be largely guided by suggestions of Americans in London society.

It is said that Mrs. Arthur H. Paget (the daughter of Paran Stevens, of New York) has been consulted as well as Secretary White, of the United States embassy, in his private capacity. Mr. White has been persona grata with King Edward for many years.

The prince of Wales has no intimate friends in the Anglo-American set. Indeed, it may be said generally that his friends are not the king's friends. He does not cultivate millionaires, but has his friends among the oldest aristocrats, who rather look down on the "Marlborough house set" as money worshipers and notoriety-hunters.

The prince is extremely quiet and undemonstrative—in truth, he is rather shy and has none of the sailor-like bluffness which carried Prince Henry of Prussia so far. He has a good deal of his father's tact, and, under the tutelage of Gen. Bigge, his private secretary, he always does the correct thing.

In court circles it is almost assumed that if the prince goes to New York he will go in a semi-private capacity, for if he should go as the official representative of King Edward there would arise many awkward questions of precedence and etiquette which it would be desirable to obviate.

MRS. ARTHUR H. PAGET.
(Daughter of the Late Mr. Paran Stevens, of New York.)

It is suggested, says the New York World, that an easy and grateful way of treating the invitation would be for the prince to get command of the newest battleship, and accompanied by two cruisers cross to New York. In this capacity he would simply be a naval officer and would secure rest and privacy by residing aboard his own ship.

Anyway it is not thought that the German precedent of crossing in an ocean liner would be followed, as such a method of approaching the United States is held to be peculiarly unfitting in a representative of the greatest naval power in the world.

It is very probable that this scheme may be adopted if a visit is found to be possible.

The prince's suite would be small, consisting only of six members. There would be two gentlemen-in-waiting, including Hon. Derek W. Keppel (a brother of George Keppel, who is well known in Chicago); a military and naval attache, Gen. Sir Arthur Bigge, private secretary, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the prince's historiographer.

All invitations to the prince would be forwarded to Gen. Bigge, who would submit the arrangements for the prince's approval.

Saves Steep for His Firm.

There is a man in New York city who holds down a hilarious job. He serves a big firm in the capacity of buying entertainer. The buyers whom he entertains suppose him to be a junior partner in the firm, but he isn't. He is simply a buffer between the firm and the buyer. He saves sleep for the firm, and big heads and that morning feeling. He bears the brunt of the buyers' stored-up skittishness. The average buyer has an anticipatory glitter in his eyes from the minute that he sets foot in town. There is much that he desires to see. This buyer entertainer shows it to him. Sometimes he meets a buyer who nearly outdoes him in the high-ball home stretch about two o'clock in the morning; but, as a rule, he gets the buyer to his hotel in a safe condition.

Alone in Her Old Age.

Mrs. Mary Elvira Gillespie, at the age of 84, has just been admitted to a hospital in Denver. She is the mother of 37 children, among them being 15 sets of twins. Strange to say, all of the children have drifted away from her, and she knows not the address of any of them.

"Old Patch," The Forger.

It was about the year 1784 that the first forgeries on a large scale were discovered by the Bank of England, and these were done by one man, known from his favorite disguise as "Old Patch." By a large issue of notes spread over a long period he defrauded the bank of more than a million, and, having only one confidante, his mistress, great difficulty was experienced in tracing the source of the forgeries. "Old Patch," in his checkered career of lottery office keeper, stock jobber and gambler, had gone bank notes a careful study, and acquired a knowledge of engraving, paper making and printing. He made his own ink, manufactured the paper and printed the notes on a private press. In various disguises he hired boys from the streets to present the notes. Suspicion was at last aroused by his movements; he was thrown into prison, where he cheated the law by hanging himself in his cell.—London Chronicle.

Force of Gravity Over the Oceans.

The force of gravity over the land is determined by counting the number of swings of a pendulum of known length that occur in a known lapse of time. Dr. Hecker, of Potsdam, has recently made an attempt to determine the relative force of gravity over different parts of the Atlantic ocean between Hamburg and Bahia by means of a barometer and a hypsometer (a boiling point thermometer). The barometric formula contains a term depending on the intensity of gravity at the place of observation. The hypsometer is independent of this influence. A comparison of the results of simultaneous observations by the two methods affords a means of determining the force of gravity approximately. The preliminary results indicate that gravity of the deep ocean is nearly normal and they confirm Pratt's hypothesis in regard to the isostatic arrangement of the masses of the earth's crust.—N. Y. Sun.

Guests Pass with Glaciers.

Hotel keepers in the Alps have a new trouble and are complaining at the loss of patrons, who are moving away from the glaciers. Yes, the attractive glaciers are actually passing from the landscape, and as they recede the hotels along their borders find that their registers are shortening. These glaciers are not running away, by any means, but they are deteriorating slowly, with a persistency that means their final annihilation. Hotels that a few years ago stood very near to a great river of slowly moving ice now find themselves a considerable distance away, and the attractiveness of the site is lessened. The famous glaciers of the Rhone have shrunk 3,000 feet in the last 20 years, or about 110 feet a year. A number of the well-known glaciers approximate this diminution, and the scientific fact is established that these reminders of the great glacial period are surely disappearing.—N. Y. Herald.

He Was Not Unreasonable.

A young man with an impediment in his speech went to a stammerers' institute and asked for a course of treatment. The professor, who had an eye to the main chance, asked him if he wanted a full or a partial course.

"A p-p-partial c-c-course."

"How much of a partial course?"

"Enough s-so that wh-when I go to a f-f-fl-florist's and ask for a c-c-cchrchry-s-s-anth- (whistle here) e-m-mum, the th-thing won't w-wilt before I g-get it."—Independent.

Well Supplied.

"Look here," said the employer to the office boy, "you have already been off twice because your grandmother was dead, and to-day you want to be off on the same excuse. How is that?"

"Oh, sir," answered the office boy, struggling against the temptation to rush to the window and watch the baseball parade, "oh, sir I am pained to tell you that poor grandfather was a bigamist."—Baltimore American.

Father of the Man.

"No more meat," said Willie's pa. "When boys start eating they never know when to stop."

"When I get to be a man like you I'll be different, won't I?"

"Yes; you won't eat so much then."

"No, but I'll drink a lot. Aunt Mary was just telling ma that when you start drinking you never know when to stop."—Catholic Standard.

Getting Even.

Miss Passe was distressed by the hint as to her age.

"Yes," she said to Miss Pert, concealing her annoyance, "I am old enough to remember you as a baby. You were such a pretty, sweet, innocent little thing—then."—Chicago Post.

The Old Story.

Harold—And so their marriage turned out unhappily?

Mildred—Yes. She was a hard ice cream soda drinker, and he married her to reform her.—Judge.

Prospects Good.

Kind Gentleman—Have you caught anything, little boy?

Little Boy (fishing)—Nope. I won't ketch nuthin' 'til I git home.—Ohio State Journal.

A Good Housekeeper.

Wife—Arthur, we'll have to go without breakfast this morning.

Arthur—Why?

"The cook's sick."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Gift Pipe.

Never look a gift pipe in the mouthpiece.—Chicago Daily News.

She Wondered.

Husband—After all, civilization has its drawbacks. People in the savage state seldom get ill.

Wife (sweetly)—I wonder if that's the reason you are so healthy?—Tit-Bits.

Freddie's Explanation.

"What did Freddie say when you caught him coming out of the pantry with his hands stained red?"

"He told me the truth by saying that he had jammed his fingers."—N. O. Picayune.

A Generation Ago coffee could only be bought in bulk. The 20th century way is the **LION COFFEE** way—sealed packages, always clean, fresh and retaining its rich flavor.

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, $180 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.

Summer Tours to the North

The Pennsylvania Railroad personally conducted tour to Northern New York and Canada, leaving August 13, covers prominent places of interest to the Summer tourist—Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of St. Lawrence, Quebec The Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga. The tour covers a period of fifteen days; round trip rate $1[illegible]

The party will be in charge of one the Company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate covers railway fare for the entire round trip, parlor car seats, en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage fare.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, and any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Reduced Rates to Denver Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

On account of the biennial Meeting A. O. H, to be held at Denver, Col., July 15 to 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, Col., from all stations on its lines, at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going on July 10 to 15, inclusive, and will be good to return leaving Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo not later than August 31. Tickets must be validated for return passage by Joint Agent at any of the above-mentioned points, for which service a fee of 25 cents will be charged.

For specific rates and conditions, apply to ticket agents.

7-3 1t.

LOSING FLESH in summer can be prevented by taking **Scott's Emulsion**. Its as beneficial in summer as in winter. If you are weak or run down, it will build you up. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Dental Notice.

DR. C F. HUTCHINS

has located in Denton and will practice DENTISTRY. Next door to Colston's Drug Store. [jun12,tf

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 DEWEES
FRED R. OWENS.

June 24, 1902.

Try the Union for a year.

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