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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.

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Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

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Best seasoned pine, sawed in stove lengths, and delivered promptly anywhere in town. Terms cash.
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Cantaloupe Crates and Baskets, Peach and Tomato Baskets, Berry Crates,

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IT IS NOT EXPERIMENT.

Our Reputation is Established for Building

THE BEST WAGONS on the Eastern Shore.

Farm Wagons, Lumber wagons, Duplex Fruit-wagons, One-horse Wagons, Timber Carts, and Horse Carts.

Our facilities enable us to make Wagons better and cheaper than our Competitors.

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REPAIRING AND REPAINTING,

We will do it right and reasonable. Our prices are low, but not cheap

Anklam Manufacturing Company,
AT THE DEPOT, DENTON, MD.

The Best Business Positions

I Want to Tell You *free of charge* how to get the BEST BUSINESS POSITIONS, and when you have read the *new* illustrated book, which I have just published, you will thank me for calling your attention to it, for it is *unusually interesting and valuable*—(the most beautiful of its kind ever published)—*mailed free* to young men and young women who are ambitious to succeed, or to parents who have boys and girls to educate.

WRITE ME TO-DAY.

H. S. GOLDEY, President,
Goldey College, Wilmington, Del.

POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

When a Fiddle's Sinkin' Sweet.

Don't like this op'ry music—though they say it's hard to beat—
But it's "Glory hallelujah" when a fiddle's singin' sweet!
When they form the sets for dancin' with the sweet an' rosy girls,
An' you see their bright eyes glancin' an' they're shakin' of their curls!

Then it's "Ready, fellers—all!"
When you hear the fiddler call;
An' take yer rosy partners, an' swing 'em roun' the hall!

It beats this op'ry music—a fiddle on the go—
With the room a-swimmin' roun' you as you trip it, heel-an'-toe!
When roof an' rafter's ringin'—the shingles overhead
A-dancin' to the music that's a-thrillin through the shed!

Then it's "Ready, fellers—all!"
When you hear the fiddler call;
An' take yer rosy partners, an' swing 'em roun' the hall!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Jealousy.

She daily combs his silky hair
And bathes him with her own sweet hands.
The sight o'er whelms me with despair.
I do not think she understands.
Of course, I would not wish her to
Comb out my hair, or thinks like that,
But, oh, it makes me very blue
The way she treats her Persian cat.

She feeds him on the richest milk;
On mutton chops and fish he'll dine;
No sofa cushion, down and silk,
For him is deemed too soft and fine.
I crave no food nor wish to sleep
But lots of times with her I've sat
And wished for what she seems to keep
Entirely for her Persian cat.

It's when she softly strokes his fur
And murmurs pet names to the beast
That I am most provoked at her.
She might call me just one at least.
If I should yowl and pur like him,
If I were lazy, old and fat,
I'd think my chances still more slim—
But then I'm not a Persian cat.

—Chicago Daily News.

A Little Sin.

Oh, when it came it was so sweet and dear
And winning fair I took it to my heart,
Thinking: "So small it is, no danger here
Can lurk for me. Surely I need not fear
This tiny sin will strike a deadly dart
To my soul's life. Lo, I will keep it near,
Nor bid it to depart."

Alas! Since then that little sin has grown
To huge iniquity and holds me so,
Slave of a bondage I may not disown,
Thrall to a tyrant I may not dethrone,
Mocking me in the struggles of my woe.
It is my master! Oh, that I had known
How that small sin would grow!

—L. M. Montgomery, in Ram's Horn.

Responsiveness.

The leaves within the orchard walls
Give to the wind at play
Light-hearted plunges, leaps and falls
Throughout the summer day.
And yet with still, unswerving power
The fruit is ripening hour by hour.

So have I seen a spirit strong
Give to a passing breeze
Of jest and laughter, mirth and song,
Compliant courtesies;
And his soul's purpose lost no whit
Of that great strength that flowed to it.

—Etheiwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

GOOD ENEMIES.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

AS THE shadows deepened across the twisting trail which Marsden followed and no sign of human habitation had yet appeared, he began to realize that he had been a trifle too impetuous in setting out alone over strange roads, when the day was already far advanced.

"This is what I get for knowing more than anybody else," he reflected, philosophically, peering into the tangled vegetation ahead of him for some token that the end of his journey was near, but finding only more shadows, and an increasingly difficult path. "I believe these hills and valleys were especially designed for unsuspecting strangers to get lost in. Now I may have the pleasure of camping out in this tropical wilderness all night, on an empty stomach, and catching the deuce knows how many fevers, providing that mythical brigand doesn't catch me. If he comes I shall try to make it pleasant for him."

He pushed ahead rapidly, seeking a more promising spot for his lonely camp. Instinctively his hand went to his revolvers as he remembered the good American gold in his belt.

The bushes at the side of the path rustled ominously, and, as his horse shied, Marsden's revolver flashed up and gleamed darkly out of the shadows, but there was another sound over his shoulder, the swish of something driving swiftly through the air, and Marsden dropped like a log, under a crushing blow on his head.

The report of his revolver echoed through the hills, and an impatient Spanish curse answered it, as a man stepped out from the bushes and seized the frightened horse, for Senor Gonzales, a half-breed by birth and brigand by profession, was a gentleman who eschewed loud noises, preferring to do his work quietly, like some low-flying night-bird in search of prey. Then, with ungentle hands, he jerked Marsden up into the saddle, binding him there as he lurched forward, and together they picked their way through the dark woods, the watchful brigand keeping eye and ear alert for danger, and the still shivering horse, with the limp, dead weight strapped down on his back.

When consciousness at last came back to Marsden he lay dazed and uncomprehending for some minutes, in the corner where he had been thrown, trying to fit himself back to his own identity, and his identity to the surroundings in which he found himself. The blow on his head had left it bewildered and dizzy, with an all-pervading ache, but as the light of reasoning consciousness filtered back into his mind, a dull resentment took hold of him. His right shoulder was wrenched and horribly sore from his fall, and his captor had bound him with a distinct disregard for his physical comfort.

It was dark in the corner where he lay, but slowly he made out the walls of a hut, and then, as the sound of deep-drawn breaths came to his ears, he followed it to a rough bed, vaguely outlined in the far corner. A woman, entering quietly, had thrown herself face downward across it, and the sound of her smothered sobs came painfully to Marsden across the little room.

It needed but this strange touch to put all his faculties on the alert, and not a movement betrayed his return to consciousness as the woman presently arose and went outside.

Through the open door his eyes followed her, and saw his captor standing by a small fire. The flickering light danced on the man's face and struck out gleaming lights from a sinister-looking machete laid across his arm, but his attention was centered in Marsden's revolvers, which he was examining with infinite satisfaction. Marsden's wrath rose to boiling point, and he ground his teeth impotently as he watched.

The woman came forward and began mechanical preparations for a meal, and Marsden saw that the face which bent over the fire was young and comely, although disfigured by recent tears. Presently she stopped and stood close to the man.

"You will do it, Pedro? You will promise me this much?"

Marsden's Spanish was lame and halting at best, but he strained his ears to catch and understand her words, wondering what this could mean. Her youthfully round face worked painfully as she looked up at Pedro, her hands on his chest and her eyes burning insistently into his. He did not move nor repulse her, but the guttural rumble of his answer conveyed no intelligence to the listening prisoner. Her voice, although low, was clearer, and Marsden's veins tingled with a sense of impending tragedy as she stepped back and threw out her arms in an unconsciously dramatic gesture.

"Pedro, I have been a good wife to you. I left all that I had to go with you, and my father's curse followed me, and is on me yet. Have I ever reproached you with these things, or raised my voice against whatever you chose to do? You will do this one thing for me, Pedro? Or I would do it myself, oh, so gladly, if there were danger for you—if you would but let me! You will not—oh, you cannot leave him here, like a dog!"

Her voice broke huskily in a storm of passionate tears, and she fled back into the little hut, flinging herself once more on the rough bed in the corner, uttering broken little moans which made Marsden shiver.

The tall brigand must have had a soft side, even though his weapon had been so very hard against Marsden's head, and he slowly followed her in, pausing to bend over his prisoner by the way and push him curiously with his foot. Marsden lay there inertly, with eyes closed and suspended breath, blessing the kindly darkness of his corner, and with a final shove, his captor went over to the woman, saying little, except for an occasional guttural word or two, which left the prisoner hopelessly unenlightened as to the nature of the little hill tragedy before his eyes. Only this one thing was plain; the words were kind, and the violence of her grief was subsiding, although she still lay in a huddled heap at his feet, while he stood arrow-straight, looking down at her.

Then they went out again, and for Marsden the import of these things faded into blankness before his own situation. What would this villainous looking half-breed do with him? The ache in his head and shoulder reminded him that mercy would be scant, that life itself hung on a slender thread of expediency. He strained at his bonds cautiously, seeking a weak point.

The fairness of early morning still hung over the valley, touched the hilltops with rose lights, and lingered, fresh and sweet-smelling, in the faintly stirring air. On a nearby plantation the peons had already gone forth to the coffee fields, but here in the tiny village men were less industrious, for why should a man bend his back to labor when generous nature provides fruit at hand for his eating, and a very few garments will suffice?

It was a languid little village, with a few straggling houses and a small, bare church in the middle of all. Even the church was closed, and the only sign of life was a dust-stained peon, sitting on the ground by the church door. His light shirt and trousers—his only garments—were torn by brambles, and the weariness of a long journey spoke in the droop of his head as he leaned against the church wall, his knees drawn close under his chin, and in his mouth a bit of straw, which he chewed absently as he waited.

Evidently he had come far in the early morning, and the cause of his coming lay beside him, a bit of a pasteboard box, lidless and frail, but there were bright, wild-blooming flowers twined over the edge, and within it lay a tiny naked child, quite still and cold, with small, wasted hands crossed over his breast, and another bright flower placed within the stiff fingers.

It was a strange sight, crude and ghastly, but one not likely to arouse the faintest surprise here. Often men sat thus before the door of the little church, their dead beside them, carried down over the twisting trails through the night or in the early morning, in such manner as the surviving could afford. They were poor, these ragged, careless peons, but seldom were the pesos too scare, or the way too long, for the living to carry the dead many miles over the hills and down here to the little church, to give them burial.

It was such a tiny box which the crouching peon had brought down in the early morning, that the light burden could have caused no weariness, save for the pitiful stillness of the little figure within. From time to time he looked slowly down at the flower-decked child, but there was nothing in his face of sorrow or joy, despair or hope—only a listless acceptance of the inevitable. It was fate, this and many other things.

The padre was a long time coming. He had been up betimes, but he had a guest this morning, a sore and weary Americano who had dragged himself into the village the night before, having suffered grievously in body and in purse at the hands of the cleverest of robbers. It was a miracle, surely, that he should be here, since where Pedro Gonzales robbed he ever killed, and foolish men who ventured alone across the hills, with gold in their belts, disappeared from time to time like pebbles dropped in a deep pool. The rascal's mind must have been mightily taken with other things to have so neglected a victim; nevertheless the Americano had escaped, crawling painfully through the bushes and running, slipping, dodging over the rough way to the village, where the padre, roused from his first sleep, had received the stranger with open arms and assiduous ministrations. Seldom did visitors of education and worldly training come into this hill-girded village, and it is small wonder that the padre lingered over his breakfast, talking of the busy outside world with his guest, who responded gallantly, in such Spanish as he could muster. The man of good works arose reluctantly.

"You will not leave us to-day?" he inquired, solicitously. "My house is yours while you remain. Myself, I must leave you for a time; my servant tells me that a peon awaits me at the church, having walked far over the hills to give his child Christian burial."

"Carried it here himself?" queried the Americano, fastidiously.

"Yes. Oh, yes. They bring their dead to me on rough litters or laid in an open box, but they always bring them. I must leave you, Senor Marsden; command my servant."

Marsden watched him trudging sturdily over to the church, saw the peon arise with weary but reverent gesture, and take up the little pasteboard box in one hand.

Then, because his shoulder still ached from the attentions of Senor Gonzales, he rubbed it resentfully and rolled a cigarette wherewith to console himself.

"Poor little beggar," he muttered, "it can't be much bigger than a kitten, if it goes in that box. What a queer, ghastly performance it is, this taking your own dead in your arms and carrying them miles for burial, only to have some vandal dig them up in a few months if you don't pay your grave rent. They have queer practices here in our new possessions, but I suppose the poor devils think they are happy. I might step over and see it through. Hang that brute, but I am sore!"

He wandered languidly over, slipping quietly in the church door and standing back in the shadow that his intrusion might not be observed and resented by the poor wretch in front.

From where the American stood he could see the lidless pasteboard box as it lay before the altar, and the tiny occupant with his crossed hands and the slowly wilting flowers in his fingers. The light of the candles paled before a slender shaft of sunshine, striking down from a window and gleaming across the peon's face whenever he raised his head. Marsden's eyes wandered slowly from peon to child, from child to priest, and back again to the man who had carried his son over the hills in the early morning, to give him the last rites of his church. Then he slipped out again, as quietly as he had entered, and was leaning over the rough wall of the cemetery when the peon came out.

They had a queer fascination for him, these cemeteries of Spanish America. He frowned musingly as his eyes wandered to the corners of the enclosure, where lay the bones of the evicted dead, dug coolly from their graves and flung here as refuse, because their grave rental was past due.

"Savage custom," Marsden muttered, and forgot the dishonored bones as the peon came again into his line of vision. He limped slightly, and stooped as though years of toil had bent and stiffened him, as he went toward the little stone building at the end of the cemetery, scarcely to be termed a receiving vault, being barren of everything save four walls and a roof, and in which the dead were thrust until there were enough of them to bury at once.

When he came out, leaving the flower-wreathed box behind him, the American barred his path, staring at him curiously.

"Good morning, my friend. It occurs to me that you have considerable nerve."

Like a flash the weary stoop vanished, and the limping peon was a tall half-breed with scowling brow, erect and muscular.

"Senor Americano!" he responded, jauntily, and squared his shoulders in cool defiance, but the gleam in his eyes was not pleasant as he took in the probable chances of escape or capture. A group of men were coming down the road; the padre was just leaving the church door.

"Why did you do it?" Marsden asked, steadily.

"Why not, senor? Is the son of a brigand to be thrown out on the hillside, like a dog?"

He shrugged his shoulders insolently, but his narrowing eyes were measuring the distance between himself and the Americano, and again to the group of men who walked between him and the hills.

"You were fortunate to escape senor. Where Pedro Gonzales strikes he also kills, that no man may point to him and say, 'That man is Pedro Gonzales, the robber.'"

The Americano gave no attention. He was rubbing his shoulder thoughtfully, and looking beyond at the little stone house of the dead. The woman's voice was insistently in his ears. He guessed now for what she had been pleading, and what had lain on the bed in the dark corner. He turned his gaze back to the half-breed as though he were studying some curious psychological phenomenon.

"I think you'd better be going," he suggested, casually, a grim smile pulling at the corners of his mouth. "The climate of the valley is not healthy for persons accustomed to dryer air, especially robbers. If we should meet in town, I have a poor memory for faces, you know, but if I ever see you again in the hills, I shall probably try to shoot you."

A look of uncomprehending wonder spread over the half-breed's face, but a flashing smile of intelligence followed it. The tall figure drooped again to its aged stoop, and limped painfully past Marsden, making for the road and liberty.

"The senor is a good enemy," floated back over his shoulder. "It is pleasant to fight a brave man. Adios."

He passed the group on the road safely, and a moment later vanished into the tangle of trees and brush leading into the hills.

At dawn the next morning a saddled horse was found before the padre's door, and there was great wonderment in that village when Marsden recognized it as his own, but the Americano kept his own counsel, and smiled wisely to himself as he mounted and went forth again on his journey.—Good Literature.

Crowned with Success.

Success, to most people in this the Dawn of the 20th Century, is the synonym of happiness. He is most happy who is most prosperous. This is true, at least, if the baby is well and cheerful, the home is full of sunshine. O. V. Waltz, Hartford City, Ind., says "I believe that Victor Remedies stand ahead of all others. Victor Infants Relief has been crowned with success in every home;" Its a grand Digestive Tonic for the baby, rests the nerves, and is unsurpassed in teething. Your Merchant and Druggist keep it.

Her Reason.

Mary—"I just know you don't love me as much as you did."

Wayne—"But, darling, how can you think that?"

Mary—"Because you are not half so foolish as you were."

The Lone Star State.

Down in Texas at Yoakum, is a big dry goods firm of which Mr. J. M. Haller is the head. Mr. Haller on one of his trips East to buy goods said to a friend who was with him in the palace car, "Here, take one of these Little Early Risers upon retiring and you will be up early in the morning feeling good." For the "dark brown" taste, headache and that logy feeling DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills to use Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro, Md.

A Fortunate Escape.

First Turkey—"You were lucky to survive the season."

Second Turkey—"I should say so. I was so dangerously healthy that I didn't expect to live through it."—Puck.

Shouting Christians.

Some Christians, who formerly shouted, no longer do so. Some never shouted. Some do not approve of it; others are never well, never in buoyant, hopeful spirits, so don't feel like it. Rev. Jno. S. Rush, Yellow Creek, Pa., says: "Victor Liver Syrup is still healing the sick. It seems as if God s blessing is upon it. Listen, women that have been sick for years are now at work and singing God's praises, and men are living a new and happier life. Good reports from the Victor Remedies everywhere." All live Druggists and Merchants keep them.

Help.

Ferdy—"I put in a good word for you, old chap. I told her you had more money than brains."

Algy—"And what did she say then?"

Ferdy—"She asked me if you had any money."—Puck.

Good for Children.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Crop and LaGrippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes effect right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by enabling the lungs to contribute pure life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood and tissues. Dr. Armstrong, of Delia, Tex., prescribes it daily and says there is no better cough remedy made. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro, Md.

The New Woman's Quandary.

"Yes," the new woman remarked, "I am greatly troubled."

"By what?"

"Well, I want to get married just to prove that I can, and I don't want to get married just to prove that I don't have to. If I don't they'll say I have no more independence than any other woman."—Chicago Post.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c at R. J. Colston's drug store, Denton.

A Frightened Horse,

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at R. J. Colston's drugstore, Denton.

He who does no good while he lives, dies like a beast.

Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

Cherry Pectoral

doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. H. BRYNER, Shelby, Ala.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Night Coughs**

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

PROVERBS.

Charity.

True happiness consists in making happy.—Hindoo.

He most lives who lives for others.

The day wasted on others is not wasted on one's self.—Dickens.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; God will know of it; if the fishes do not.—Oriental.

One hand opened in charity is worth a hundred folded in prayer.

Alms are the golden key that open the gate of heaven.

He who lends to the poor gets his interest from the Lord.—German.

It is good to lend to God and the poil; they pay good interest.—Danish.

The hand that gives gathers.

He that does good to another, does good to himself.—Seneca.

It is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.—Beecher.

What we gave we have; what we spent we had; what we left we lost.—Epitaph of the Earl of Devon.

First relieve the needy, then question them if you must.—Rules of the Benedictines.

He gives double who gives unasked.—Arabian.

He gives twice who gives in a trice.—Latin.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.—Shakespeare.

For love the smallest gift commends.—Theocritus.

A gift with a kind word is a double gift.

Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.—Pope.

Live to do good and you will never tire of your employment.

The world is my country; to do good my religion.—Paine.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.—1 Peter, IV.8.

Mohomet's definition of charity embraced the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face, is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road, is charity; your assisting the blind, is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions from the road, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter, is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him."—L.

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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