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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

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—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

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

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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

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Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS Price 50c & $1.00

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

For the Spring Trade.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

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Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

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If your home is new the walls need papering. If it is old see how cheaply you can brighten it up. No lime to soil hands or clothing and once done it lasts for years.

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Three piece Bedroom Suits
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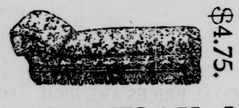

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COUCHES 4.75, 5.50, 6.25, 8.00, 9.00, 11.25, 15.50. Extension Tables 70c to $1.50 per foot. Bedsteads, Cribs and Dining Room Chairs. White Enameled Iron beds from 4.50 to 8.50. Rockers, Oak and Reed 1.00 to 7.50.

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IT WILL SURPRISE YOU

AS IT HAS OTHERS, WHY YOU DID NOT BUY FROM THE

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WE SELL THE LUCAS PAINTS

LUMBER, ROUGH AND DRESSED, SHINGLES, LATH, WINDOWS, DOORS, BLINDS, CEMENT, LIME, HAIR, COAL, HAY, BERRY CRATES, BASKETS, AND ALL KINDS OF

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WALTHAM WATCHES

SOLID GOLD WATCHES

At $20 to $50, fine Standard Elgin or American Waltham movements. You can have your choice. With good gold-filled cases $15 to $36. Quality for the money guaranteed.

C. H. BULLOCK,
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.

The Mills of the Gods

By IDA SHEPLER

(Copyright 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

AN OLD-FASHIONED house, on a dingy side street, its two front doors opening on the uneven sidewalk; above one a dressmaking sign swung out to the breeze, about the other hung the strong odor of ether, for within lay a bruised and broken piece of humanity, over which bent two doctors, one elderly, the other young and blythe. At a table apart sat a doctor putting away his instruments used in the work which now seemed done and ready for the nurse. This man, goodly of face and form, belonged to the early prime of life.

"Pity that electric car didn't finish this poor soul while it was about it," said the young doctor, glibly. "Now he will suffer a dozen deaths and finish up in the last. It is claimed that Providence looks after the feet of fools and drunken men, but it did not prove out in this case. Why wasn't he taken to the hospital?"

"Fairfield and I were on the car that hurt him. We reached him just as he was lapsing into unconsciousness. He asked to be taken home to his wife, and Fairfield would hear to nothing else," with a nod toward the man at the table. "The hospital was the place for him. We've worked at a disadvantage here It was little use patching him up outside when he is broken up to greater extent inside, but Fairfield would have it so," growled the old doctor. Then added: "He was a total wreck before this happened. Our work is all for naught."

"It is entirely too soon to give a decision in this case. He may live. I know the prognosis is unfavorable, and there are signs that show nerve wreckage, but with all this, one can never exactly guage the reserve force that may prolong life beyond our farthest guess." The doctor at the table was adding his decision. The elder doctor shook his head, then continued, as he looked around the room for his hat and gloves:

"I understand, Dr. Fairfield, that you are a friend of the family—or at least of

"YOU HAVE COME TO TELL ME THAT HE WILL LIVE?"

the wife. It devolves upon you to make her acquainted with the real condition of her husband, and—and leave orders for his care. If not, Hurty looks after many cases in this part of—"

"I have not spoken to Mrs. Grayson for years, but I am very sure that Dr. Hurty, the county physician, would not be her choice. I will look after the welfare of Grayson until the end, whatever it may be," interrupted Dr. Fairfield, coldly. The young doctor glanced at him in a pleased way. His heart was yet callow, and he had not learned the art of withholding relief from humanity unless gold was back of it.

When the two had gone, after a close look at the white face upon the pillow, Dr. Fairfield opened the door of an adjoining room where a woman sat with her hands clasped on the sewing table in front of her. Turning from contemplating the blank wall, she disclosed a face still beautiful, despite the troubled droop at the mouth corner, and the weary, deep-set eyes.

"You have come to tell me that he will live?" she began, then stopped suddenly. The words had come unexpectedly to her lips.

"Why, don't you want him to live?" Her tone had startled the doctor. I would not have brought him home had I—"

"Had you not thought I earnestly desired it," she interrupted, bitterly. "I know that I have given those who once respected me, the right to despise me for condoning sin, by living with it, but I shrank from facing the world with my children, and this was my home, not his, that I should be forced away from it. Then, when the children were gone, I had my living here, and—it will be a wrench to go away and leave those three little graves in Elmwood. Oh, the world cannot know a woman's heart."

"It may not, but I do, Mary," and the doctor leaned over to take her hands in his own, for an undertone of the words startled him to the knowledge that she was not excusing herself to the world, but to him alone."

"Perhaps you never guessed, Mary," he went on, "that when your father's farm joined that of my father, and you were a beautiful girl, far above the reach of an awkward country boy, that I loved you. You were my womanly ideal. I cannot explain it so that you will understand, but when he came, careless and handsome, and carried you away, I never could quite lose hearing of you. Mary, my heart has been with you in all that he has made of life for you, and it was with you in the Shadowy Valley."

"But you won distinction, wealth and a wife that belonged to the world you gained by your intellect. Your womanly ideal changed?" She breathed in a surprised way. He shook his head. "It never changed. I married her because she had your looks, your voice, your manner. Dear little one. She has been lying in Elmwood so long it seems, and they think I have shut her away in my heart to grieve over forever."

An echo of something like a moan sounded in the next room. The woman's face flushed, and she drew away her hands with a jerk. "It is all wrong, wrong, and him lying in there alive—and, and yet my husband."

"Perhaps it is," was the answer, the tone losing its late inflection, "but as I have said so much, and said it without premeditation, let me add this, the ideal of the boy is yet the ideal of the middle-aged man. Should you ever need an abiding, a resting place, free from this incubus on your life, remember that my home, my heart and name awaits you."

With returning consciousness came agony intense for the patient, agony that called for Mary's presence through days and nights of utter exhaustion, finally, for herself.

"You are wearing out," commented Dr. Fairfield in a professional tone.

"It is not so much the nursing that I care for, but my work. I am losing that, and—" she stopped short. She had forgotten to whom she was complaining. The doctor understood. She was the wage earner of this home, and yet he knew her spirit of independence would never allow him to offer the financial help he could never possibly miss.

"We must risk a little and give our patient medicine strong enough to induce longer sleep. That will be the means of giving you a needed rest also. I will leave some powders, and be very careful. Do not crowd them, and under no circumstance double them, as I had you do the last sleeping potion. Two or three of these given closely would put him in a sleep from which, in his weakened condition, he could not be aroused."

She took the medicine ina mechanical way, thinking no more of this order than those preceding, except to put this medicine in a place of safety. But the sick man had heard and heeded.

As the door closed behind the doctor, he fretfully said: "You will be glad when I am dead, Mary?"

"Why should I be sorry? Have you cared for me. Have you brought aught but sorrow and disgrace into my life? Did you love your children? I might have forgiven you all neglect of myself, but that you had no thought or care in life for these children, and no tears in death, has seared all feeling in my heart for you. I may weep when you die, but it will not be for grief that you are gone, but for what you might have been."

The bell under the dressmaking sign rang sharply. She did not move. "Why don't you go?" he queried.

"It is some woman to see about work. I am tired of turning them away. She will not ring more than twice," she answered, in dreary way.

"You had better go," was his brusque retort. "I can wait on myself, at least I can use my arms to-day. See. Bring me the sleeping powders that doctor left. I can take them as I need them, and not bother you. I heard the direction." Something strange in his voice attracted her, the look in his eyes told her better than his tone why he wanted the medicine, and was eager to get her out of the room.

Hurrying to get the powders, then tucking them under his pillow at his direction, she dare not look in his face, lest her face tell that she comprehended. The woman had turned away when the door was suddenly opened and she was bidden to enter.

Hunting for the tape line, a blur came over her eyes, a ringing in her head. At last rest was coming. But how? The next moment she had straightened up, her hand over her heart. She, the rigidly conscientious, to not put forth her hand to stay death. Glad that it was coming, anyway, anyhow, just so it came. She glanced at her face in the mirror, and saw the reflection of a lost soul. The next moment she was out of the room, and leaning over him, was roughly shaking the sleeping potion, doubled twice over, broadcast from his hand.

"Why did you do that?" he gasped, glaring at her. "I wanted to die, and I thought you wanted me out of the way. You knew why I wanted the medicine. What made you change your mind?"

She could not answer for the trembling still upon her. As she went back to her customer, he called: "I will get well now to spite you."

Weeks after, Dr. Fairfield said: "Mrs. Grayson, our patient has upset the best laid calculations of the medical fraternity on injuries of his kind, and is going to live—that is awhile, at least. I cannot answer for how long if he goes back to his old life."

"He will go back—is already pining for the flesh pots of his Egypt," was the laconic answer.

"And you? Will you still tread the old paths, too?" The doctor's eyes were bent upon her.

"No; the old life is over and done with. I have come to the parting of the ways in it. I am going where he can never see or know of me again."

"Mary, do you forget what I said that day?" His voice was anxious.

"Forget! Oh, my good angel, never, never. But I respect you—love you, if you will have it so—too well to bring one breath of reproach to your fair name and reputation. No, not while he lives." Her voice was shaking, but he read the sound of no appeal in it.

The mills of the gods are slow. They take that down in their revolutions which seems lost to sight forever, to bring it back and up some day in a way we had not dreamed for. And one day they brought back love and rest for Mary, and with them Dr. Fairfield's olden ideal.

Taking a Mean Advantage.

The California professors who have dug up the fossil remains of a hitherto unknown animal have named it the thalattosaurus and the animal has been dead so many million years, remarks the Chicago Daily News, that it is not able to resent the affront.

FOREIGNERS OF NOTE.

King Edward, who is establishing the most friendly relations with the Irish people, proposes to make another visit to Ireland.

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late shah of Persia, a boy not yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, tells an amusing story of Marion Crawford, the novelist. According to Mr. Yeats, a lady asked Mr. Crawford if he thought that anything he had written would live after he had gone. "Madam," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

When Capt. Dreyfus published his book containing the story of his troubles the editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for the unfortunate soldier, went to see the novelist to get him to join in the movement. Dreyfus opened up a man grunted "Why never

It is becoming evident to students of birds that they are influenced almost solely in their migratory habits by the harvest of weed seeds and not by the climate. Formerly it was supposed that the birds started southward as soon as the chill of autumn approached, but cold, frosty weather might come in August, and the birds would not begin to migrate. They are not weather prophets at all, but simply hungry little creatures in search of ripening seeds.

FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL.

A school for the training of teachers at Westfield, Ind., is to be established, and Prof. Walter A. Jessup, a well known educator, will be its head.

Charles Scale-Hayne, an English member of parliament, willed enough money to provide for the establishment of a college of science, art and agriculture in the neighborhood of Newton abbey.

The Prussain minister of public instruction has issued a notice to teachers urging them to oppose the placing of nickel-in-the-slot machines near schools, especially those containing cheap candies.

Rudyard Kipling, in a letter to Sir Clinton Edward Dawkins, advocates that 10 per cent. of the time devoted to cricket and football in the British public schools should be allotted to military drill.

What is tantamount to the establishment of a chair to teach American questions exists in the College of France. Last year Prof. Izoulet gave a course of lectures upon economic questions in America. This year the subject matter of his course will be religious questions in the United States.

PLAYHOUSE ECHOES.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed" is to be put upon the stage in almost every European language. Sarah Bernhardt is to appear in the French version.

Asbestos warehouses with offices in New York city have had a noticeable increase in orders for this fireproof material since the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago, and the majority of the contracts taken have been for asbestos curtains.

Steel curtains, not uncommon in European theaters, have been advocated by some theatrical firms, as well as by building contractors, who allege that asbestos lacks the necessary stiffness and strength to stop the blasts of hot air common in theater fires.

Miss Julia Neilson, the celebrated actress, performed the ceremony of launching the Baltic, the largest ship in the world, at Belfast, the other day. She had simply to open a hydraulic valve, the act releasing the great ship from the stocks. So perfect now are the arrangements for floating marine monsters that the launch of the Baltic occupied less than a minute.

Mary Anderson Navarro astonished her English audience the other day by her exceedingly youthful appearance. One American woman who saw her for the first time said: "Why, she does not look a day over 20." Her peculiarly clear enunciation had fine effect in her contralto song, "The Throstle," written by her friend Miss Maude Valerie White, who accompanied her. Miss Anderson's last professional appearance was at Wallack's, New York, in the spring of 1888. The entertainment at which she appeared in the cast end of London was for the benefit of sick and suffering poor.

A WELL-TOLD TALE.

Entitled

"Mystery of the Bayou Woods"

BY WALKER KENNEDY.

Will begin running in this paper within a short time. It is the story of a mysterious murder in a Mississippi river town, full of thrilling situations and narrow escapes for those on the trail of the criminals.

IT IS A STORY THAT WILL INTEREST YOU.

Watch for the Opening Chapters.

Florida.

The first Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia, and Washington by special train February 2. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54; Elmira, $51.45; Erie, $54 85; Williamsport, $50; Wilkesbarre, $50.-35; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

THINGS FOR THE HOME.

Fern dishes are shown in green glass with tracing of gold.

Bead fringes are on every kind and sort of lamp shade and are very popular.

A hunting dog that carries in its mouth a rather large and unnatural looking leaf in vivid green is intended for an ash receiver.

Flower pots of silver are among the pretty things in the silver departments and are made to fit over the ordinary flower pots of clay.

Most housekeepers will appreciate the Chinese linens, which come in sets and consist of a center piece and perhaps two dozen doilies for plates and tumblers. The linen is almost like silk and the embroidery, which is done by Chinese women, is very fine, indeed.

She Didn't Mind It.

"I hope you don't object to my mustache?" remarked the young man, after he had sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

"Oh, no," replied the dear girl. "I did feel a little down in the mouth at first, but I'll soon get accustomed to it."—Chicago Evening News.

Ayer's

Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it to-day more than ever. They rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.

"I had a very bad cough for three years. When I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My sore lungs were soon healed and my cough dropped away." MRS. PEARL HYDE, Guthrie Centre, Ia.

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

Cherry Pectoral for Old Coughs

Take Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures natural action next morning.

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.

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

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and $1; all druggists.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION ... ORDER.

Resolve to give the new store ... ge.

Dry Goods.

A new and nicely assorted line of DRY GOODS has arrived this week and have been put on our shelves. We shall be pleased to have you inspect them.

Notions.

We have a nice new line of NOTIONS; New Style Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hamburgs of every design, Corsets, Shirts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Overalls, etc., at the very lowest prices. Some handsome patterns in Chinaware, Lamps and Crockery.

Meats.

When in need of fresh meats give us a call. We have a complet line of meats always fresh. Rib Roast, Surloin Steak, Soup Meat, Round Steak, Ham, Shoulder, Side Meat, Lard, Sausage, Scrapple, Chickens, Cod Fish and Labradore Herrings.

...h and of the best quality ... stock is complete, em... be had outside a city ... Oysteretts, Zu Zu Snaps, ...tter Thins, Social Tea, ...ts, Loose and Seeded Rai... Postum, Geletine, Cocoa, ...en's Peerless Cream, Con... ney Cakes, all kinds of ... bread every day.

...ars.

...ring and Smoking Tobac..., come to us and get the

Country Produce.

We always have on hand all kinds of Country Produce; Cabbage, Potatoes, Onions, Turnips, Apples, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Walnuts, Pop Corn.

LEROY LONGFELLOW, West Denton.

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