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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—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
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

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

T. FRED. GAREY,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

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

FRED R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

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.

A. G. GELLETLY,
2-5] Williston, Md.

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.,

DOWNES BUILDING, DENTON, MARYLAND.

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.

FURNITURE.

Four piece Bedroom Suits 12.00 16.00, 18.00, 20.00, 12.00, 25.00, 30.00 dollars
Couches 5.75, 9.50 12.00 14.00, 17.00, 23.00 dollars

$4.75.

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.

A NEW LOT OF FINE PAINTS call and get prices.

IT WILL SURPRISE YOU

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

Hughes Lumber & Coal COMPANY LONG AGO.

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

BOX SHOOKS.

A SUNSHINE SONG.

There's a sunshine of the heart that is stronger than the weather,
For it keeps the spirit blithe though the clouds may gather round;
There's a better feeling round us when we can all smile together,
And our troubles partly vanish when companionship is found.

There's a sunshine of the heart that invites a neighbor's trusting,
He who sings about his work is not plotting any crime;
Deeds of duty are not heavy if ambition be not lusting,
And the best of life's in helping and helping all the time.

There's a sunshine of the heart that will conquer every sorrow,
To see the silver lining is to roll away the dark,
He who makes each day more joyful shall not have a sad to-morrow,
And there never was a morning but somewhere sang a lark.

Then let this heart of sunshine rule the life of every lover,
And let there be a lover in the heart of every man,
For happy is the toiler who no evil can discover,
And gladness lies in kindness in a wise and holy plan.

Let your heart of sunshine help the poor, the sick, and needy,
Let your daily message with its light and love be free,
Shout hosannas to the runners that the reign of joy be speedy,
And the gloom of melancholy forever cease to be.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Indianapolis Journal.

THE END of THE QUEST

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

CLAYTON rose from his desk with a yawn, indicative of physical exhaustion and mental relaxation. He had written for three steady hours, without intermission, [illegible] to hastily sign

wife's writing table.

There was a decidedly unusual litter of papers over it—just as though she had been suddenly interrupted, and had not waited or come back to set it to rights. A discarded sheet of paper, slightly crumpled, lay on the floor beneath it. Clayton stooped mechanically and picked it up. He had no intention whatever of prying into his wife's private papers, but something—a word—on the paper he held in his hand, sent the blood racing from his cheeks.

"My darling," he read, "I will go with you at once, to-night—if you wish it. Try as I will, I cannot see my way clear to leading this wretched soft of life a day longer. It is a hypocrisy; a lie, if you could only know—everything. Let me hear from you as soon as possible and I shall then arrange my plans accordingly. I—" Here it was torn off; probably she had thrown away this sheet, and rewritten the letter on another.

Clayton stared at the words, (undeniably in his wife's own characteristic hand) like a crazy man. The paper slipped from his nerveless fingers and fell, unheeded, to the floor. For several moments he thought rapidly. His wife's feelings were a complete revelation to him. He had been living, then, in a fool's paradise all this time, while fancying himself the happiest and most beloved of men!

Well, he would go away. There was nothing else to be done. Who the man was that had robbed him of his wife's fidelity, he could not know—had no way of knowing or finding out. At least he would not stay to hear the story of her wretchedness bandied from mouth to mouth. He would leave the house—and at once, taking the first steamer out of New York, forever afterward, would lose his old identity in a world across the ocean!

A year passed. Truly enough, Clayton had lost himself to his quondam world as surely as though the earth had swallowed him up. He lived in the closest retirement, amounting almost to hermitage, in one of the most obscure suburbs of London. Newspapers, he refused, lest some maddening allusion should find its way into their columns.

One day, he sat idly turning over the leaves of a magazine he had picked up at a little news stand. The illustrations amused him; one could easily recognize them from their total unsimilarity to the subjects they represented. He laughed a little at the idea, glancing carelessly at the long pages of printed stuff. They contained not the slightest appeal to his morose mind, and he was in the act of

"She has never said what she thought, Dick. But I'll tell you what I think she imagined."

"Well?" Clayton regarded him with paling lips.

"She would not believe you unfaithful; she positively refused to do that. From what I can glean—from what she says, she—" He paused, somewhat uncertain how to go on.

Clayton looked at him beseechingly. "Don't hesitate," he said, quickly.

"Well, in brief, I believe she considers that you were—must have been mentally unbalanced."

Clayton started. A shiver ran over him from head to foot. But in a moment he had controlled himself and explained everything as they walked on together through the driving rain.

"That goes to show, then, why no amount of advertising could reach you. Together, we exhausted the whole catalogue in vain."

"You will come home with me, will you not? I—I'm half afraid I haven't the strength—the courage—"

Kenner shook his head, smiling. "No," he said. "I am not coming home with you—this time. I see your heart is in the right place—if your head is not. I'll see you at the office to-morrow?"

Clayton nodded, shook hands and swung himself onto the next car. Inside of 15 minutes, he stood before the gate of his own home, trembling with a strange mixture of emotions. He hesitated just long enough to collect himself; then entered noiselessly, and tried the door. It was unlocked and yielded readily to his touch. Inside the hallway, he looked about him with eyes dazed by the very familiarity of the objects everywhere. He did not pause, but sprang up the steps, three at a time, crossing the corridor softly, to the door of his wife's boudoir. He knocked lightly; there was the sound of swift footsteps and the musical rustle of a woman's skirts. It was the half hour before dinner. Clayton remembered with a sudden sense of delinquency, that he had not dressed for the meal! The door opened quietly.

"Why Dick!" she cried joyfully, "I've been waiting for you. I knew you would come to-day; something told me. It—it is our anniversary."

Clayton opened his arms.

Bachelor's Notion.

The Benedict—I suppose every man looks foolish when he proposes marriage to a girl?

The Bachelor—Well he is, isn't he?—Yonkers Statesman.

THE ANSWER OF THE NIGHT.

"The firmament showeth His handiwork."—Psalms 19:1.

When night her sable veil has flung
Far out, until it shrouds the world,
We marvel how each mesh is hung
With stars, and how each fold is pearled
With strands of living fire whose glow
Comes faintly through the outer mist,
Where subtle colors ebb and flow
From ebony to amethyst.

Then man looks in the jeweled sky
Where patiently the planets climb,
And there is held before his eye
The unsolved mystery of time.
He traces all the wanderings
Of restless universe and world,
But where the hand that onward flings
The stars with such precision hurled?

What is the all-explaining word
Writ with the stars for man to heed?
Why is it in its grandeur blurred
That straining eyes may never read?
Why, when our sight has found the place
Wherein the farthest star is set
Do unknown fingers swiftly trace
A constellation farther yet?

Each star that sends its laughing light
Has that deep secret long possessed;
It trembles on the lips of Night—
The knowledge hidden in her breast.
Yet man repeats his What and Why,
And frets for that he never sees
How that the stars have made reply
Through God's unnumbered centuries.

—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

WISDOM OF THE WISE

By STELLA BEEDING

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE old man sat in his corner, his silver hair and beard forming a faint aureole about his face. His thin, toil-worn hands flitted ghostlike above a kickshaw he was fashioning for little Errol. Steve was also in his corner, an open book across his knees, but he did not read; instead he looked into the fire and then across at Marianina.

"And this is to be the last night," said Steve.

"You will let me know where you are sometimes?" Marianina asked, leaning forward eagerly.

Their dark, handsome heads were close together. He was the first to draw back. The room suddenly became stifling.

Errol ran up to [illegible] ered his face with soft, moist little kisses. The toy was finished.

"Dear Uncle Lucien," she cried in her imperious way, "lift up my hair and put the beads around my neck."

Marianina's face was bowed in her hands. Steve thought she was crying, but it was not so. It came upon him with a rush what a beautiful woman she would be. He was only 18 and Marianina was younger; he had not thought much of feminine beauty before. He saw for the first time that her wrists were small and well-turned; that the rich red of her cheek and the dusky brown of her curling lashes made a delicious combination.

Marianina rose and flung back her hair from her face. The room had become close for her, too. She was lithe with the fugitive grace of closing childhood as she stood there in the fitful firelight.

"Steve, can't we take a little walk? It seems to me I choke in here."

He marked the place in his book where he had left off, and followed her out into the feathery night. They began to walk up and down the graveled path. She turned upon him wildly.

"Just think, Steve, what the place will be to me without you! You seem a part of it; I cannot think of it without you. I was a mere baby, you know, when Uncle Lucien found you and brought you here. How I shall miss you! Think of the books we have read together, the thoughts we have exchanged! Steve, do not the books say that the world is cold and cruel?"

She clasped her little hands together, and her breath caught painfully.

"Yes," he answered, "but I will fight the world. I am not afraid."

"Steve, but you do not know; you will be alone, it will be hard, they will crush you down."

He smiled. He was strong and straight as a young Hermes.

"I am not afraid," he repeated. "I will work, work, work, and in a few years I will come back and take you to the places we have dreamed about, and give you laces and jewels and furs, and you will be a little princess. The old home seems very dear to-night, but I am sure there are fairer places than this, Marianina."

"I am not so sure of that, Steve. Every corner here is a crying memory, every bush a thought. But remember, Steve, though I will not know where you are many times, I will always be with you in thought, always touch you in thought. But I am afraid—afraid—"

She buried her face in her hands, crying bitterly, and sank down to the gravel upon her knees.

"Marianina—Marianina, don't!" he pleaded softly, as one reasons with a naughty child.

He tried to raise her, his soft, black curls brushing her wet cheek. She tore herself away, still weeping. He knelt down beside her, stroking her hair silently, letting his big, strong hand tell by its gentleness what his mouth could not utter in words. Presently she rose and dried her eyes on her handerchief.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, and this the last night, too," she said.

They turned and walked back. The little home lay low and dark in its nest of vines and flowers. A slender cowl of smoke curled from the chimney. A myriad of little stars flickered coldly overhead, and some birds in the distant trees sang an archaic duo.

"The last night!" whispered Steve, squeezing her fingers.

"The last night!" she echoed, with a firm, energetic answering pressure.

continued on 4th page

Ayer's

When the nerves are weak everything goes wrong. You are tired all the time, easily discouraged, nervous, and irritable. Your cheeks are

Sarsaparilla

pale and your blood is thin. Your doctor says you are threatened with a nervous breakdown. He orders this grand old family medicine.

"For more than 50 years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. It is a grand tonic at all times, and a wonderful medicine for impure blood."—D. C. HOLT, West Haven, Conn.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Weak Nerves**

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample.

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.

The New York Tribune-Farmer, a national illustrated agricultural weekly of twenty large pages, has no superior as a thoroughly practical and helpful publication for the farmer and every member of his family and the publishers are determined to give it a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class in the United States.

Knowing that every enterprising up-to-date farmer always reads his own local weekly newspaper, The New York Tribune-Farmer has made an exceedingly liberal arrangement which enables us to offer the two papers at so low a price that no farmer can afford to lose the opportunity.

The price of The New York Tribune-Farmer is $1.00 a year, and THE AMERICAN UNION is $1.00 a year, but both papers will be sent for a full year if you forward $1.25 to THE AMERICAN UNION, Denton Md.

Send your name and address to The New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, and a specimen copy of that paper will be mailed to you.

BAFFLED PHYSICIANS.

W. L. Yancy, of Paducah, Ky., writes: "I had a severe case of kidney disease and three of the best physicians in Kentucky treated me without success. I then took Foley's Kidney Cure. The first bottle gave immediate relief and three bottles cured me permanently. I gladly recommend this wonderful remedy."

To Exchange

Any subscriber to this newspaper may use five or six lines in this column without cost. Sign name or give P. O. box number, in all exchange propositions.

What have you to offer for a new Iver Johnson revolver 32 calibre, is a repeater, self-shell extractor, address, Box 102, Denton Md.

Would like to exchange a one horse wagon for a light covered hack; address, X. Y. Z., AMERICAN UNION office.

Autoharp to exchange. What have you to offer? Address 667 AMERICAN UNION office.

I have a single barrel breech loading Cresent shot gun. What do you offer for it? Address, Box 102.

Denton Markets

The following trade prices are being paid to-day for Country Produce at the store of Leroy Longfellow, Denton Bridge. Corrected weekly.

Butter,	20c lb
Eggs,	15c
Live Chickens,	10c to 11c lb
White Potatoes,	50c bus
Onions,	65c bus
Cabbage,	2@5c head
Side Meat,	12c lb
Lard,	12c lb
Beeswax,	30c lb
White Beans,	$2.25 bu
Sweet Potatoes,	30 to 35c bus
Apples,	30 to 35c bus
Dried Apples,	6c lb

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

Every Wide-Awake Farmer

who is interested in the news of his town and county should subscribe for a

Good Local Weekly Newsaper

to keep him in touch with the doings of his neighbors, the home markets, and all items of int rest to himself and family. The

American Union Denton, Md.

will admirably supply your wants for county news and prove a welcome visitor in every household.

Regular Price, $1.00 Per Year.

Every Up-to-Date Farmer NEEDS A High-Class Agricultural Weekly

to give him the experience of others in all the advanced methods and improvements which are an invaluable aid in securing the largest possible profit from the farm, and with special matter for every member of his family.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE-FARMER NEW YORK CITY

will post you every week on all important agricultural topics of the day, and show you how to make money from the farm

Regular Price, $1.00 Pr Year.

Both of these papers one year for $1.25 if you send your order with the money to

The American Union, DENTON, MARYLAND

Send your name and address to The New York Tribune-Farmer, New York City for free sample copy.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

THE B[illegible] [illegible]OS ARE CHEAPEST.

Res[illegible]re a part of your patronage.

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.

Groceries.

My stock of GROCERIES is fresh and of the best quality and new goods still arriving. This stock is complete, embracing a great many articles not to be had outside a city store, such as Uneeda Milk Biscuit, Oysteretts, Zu Zu Snaps, Graham Crackers, New Saltines, Butter Thins, Social Tea, N. B. C. Soda, Force, Dates, Currants, Loose and Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, Mustard, Olives, Postum, Geletine, Cocoa, Chocolate, Tapioco, Macaroni, Borden's Peerless Cream, Condenced Milk, Oranges, Lemons, Fancy Cakes, all kinds of Candies and Nuts. We have fresh bread every day.

Tobacco and Cigars.

We keep a complete line of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, etc. Mr. Smoker, come to us and get the best 2 for-5 cigar on the market.

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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