ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 48. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1904. NO. 47.

1904 JUNE 1904

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	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		

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,
PHYSICIAN 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.

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

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

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

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

Dr. King's New Discovery

For Consumption 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,

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.,
DOWNES BUILDING, DENTON, MARYLAND.

A Safe Combination.

We have a good combination of Wall Paper from 5c to 20c per piece. Cotton Warp and China Mattings. Hammocks, Porch Rockers, Screen Doors and Window Screens.

If your horse needs a new Collar or a new Suit (of harness) we can fit him in the latest styles. We have a suit for $10 that is a beauty.

If you need anything in Building Material or Fencing call or write and get our prices; we have the largest stock we ever had.

PITTSBURG PERFECT FENCING

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.

Ayer's Pills Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** Fifty cts. of Druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Every Wide-Awake Farmer

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

Good Local Weekly Newspaper.

to keep him in touch with the doings of his neighbors, the home markets, and all items of interest 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.

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.

Is Your Nose on the Grindstone

day in and day out without hope of advancement in wages or position? Then the I. C. S. can help you. We train ambitious men or women, in spare time, for positions that pay well because special training is required for filling them. If you want to change your work, we can train you for a salaried position in your chosen profession, without loss of time from your present work.

Start TODAY to Rise!

We can help you qualify, by mail, at small expense, for any of the following positions:

Mechanical Engineer; Mechanical Draftsman; Electrical Engineer; Electrician; Civil Engineer; Surveyor; Mining Engineer; Sanitary Engineer; Architect; Architectural Draftsman; Sign Painter; Show-Card Writer; Ad Writer; Window Dresser; Chemist; Ornamental Designer; Bookkeeper; Stenographer; French, German, or Spanish, with Phonograph; Commercial Law.

Write TODAY, stating position that interests you, to

INTERNATIONAL Correspondence Schools
BOX 799, SCRANTON, PA.
OR CALL ON OUR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE:
HARRY D HARDEN, Seaford, Del.

SPRING AWAKENING.

When the winds drag at the branches
Of the live oaks in the street,
When each breath is like the quaffing
Of a wine cup deep and sweet,
And the blossoms beckon to you,
And the perfumed breezes woo you,
Don't you feel it coursing through you,
All the springtime's diabloria, till you
can't control your feet?

Can't you see the plowman standing
In the furrow by his team?
Can't you see the smoky waters
Of the river twist and gleam?
Can't you see the shoulders sailing?
Can't you see the branches trailing?
Hear the hailing counter-hailing
Of the birds to one another like the
voices in a dream?

Out along the dusty highways
Where wide shadows lie and cool,
In the leafy glens and byways,
By each wimpling wayside pool.
There is the soul of spring is stirring,
New-born insects wings are whirring,
Like a kitten's happy purring,
And the children gather flowers as they
take their way to school.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A CLEVER THIEF

By Mrs. Christine Stephens.

FOR the greater part of the year our little neighborhood in Penobscot county, Maine, was kept in a state of alarm by the frequent and sudden visitations of a large black bear, which turned up when most unbooked for and in most unexpected places. It was all the more exciting as no bears had been seen in that locality for some years. This one was so inquisitive and daring in its treatment of human habitations that I think it must have been partially tamed at some former period.

Its first appearance was about the end of March, when Dod Nerrick and Wink Dudley were making maple sugar on the side of Jack's Ridge. They had a little camp in the lee of the great maples, with a rough stone arch and a set of big iron kettles. Here they used sometimes to stay and boil sap nearly all night after a big "run."

One night they had put their last kettleful on to boil, after a hard day of rain, which at the last had turned to snow. The sap did not evaporate rapidly, and the boys were tired out. They built a new fire about nine o'clock, and threw themselves down on a bed of fir boughs in one corner of the camp to drowse, but had hardly shut their eyes when a loud sniffing like that of a great dog roused them.

There in the doorway, with long muzzle extended and head swaying from side to side, was a big black creature with shining eyes. Dod noticed in the light of the arch fire that it had a white stripe in its face. It shuffled in toward the other corner of the camp, where two pails of warm sirup stood.

With a hoop of terror the boys leaped from the boughs and bolted, nearly running against the bear in their frantic haste to get out of the camp, and did not stop until they reached home.

On going to camp early the next morning, they found the pails overturned. What had not been devoured of their contents had run down through the wide cracks of the camp floor. Part of a small ham, from which the boys had fried savory slices for their dinners, was pulled down from its peg by the arch and eaten, and the boughs of the bunk were scattered about the camp. Outside great tracks in the soft spring snow showed their visitor to be a bear. Probably it had just come from the long fast of hibernation, and the odor of boiling sirup had tempted it to the camp.

Dod and Wink did not see the bear again till toward the middle of May. Dod had determined to hang a May basket for Lucy Jane Nickey, despite the dire threats of her father, who had given out word that any youngster caught galloping over his onion beds on such a "tom-fool's errand" would be flogged.

As an earnest of his intention, the old gentleman kept two or three long birch switches standing in a corner in his entry. But Dod was not impressed by these formidable preparations, and sallied forth one bright moonlight night with Wink.

When nearing the Nickey place, the boys heard a great commotion in the barn-yard, which was at some distance from the house—plaintive bleats, deep bellowings, and at times a loud stampeding of sheep and cattle about the yard. Dropping their May baskets on the door-step, Dod and Wink ran down to the yard to discover the cause of such a commotion.

"It's a bear," exclaimed Wink, peering between the high bars.

"Our bear!" cried Dod. "There's the white stripe. Run for Mr. Nickey!"

Wink rushed to the house to awaken the owner, while Dod gathered stones and hurled them with all his might promiscuously at the flying combatants.

In the meantime Wink narrowly dodged the promised flogging, for the furious Mr. Nickey, wakened, as he believed, by the persistent and loud thumping of May baskets, pounced out suddenly, withe in hand. It was only after nimbly circling the house several times that the boy succeeded in making his pursuer understand the state of affairs.

Nobody could stop to hunt bears until planting was over. In the meantime the creature broke into an old outhouse of Mr. Dudley's, where there was a large lot of Roxbury russets, that Wink and his father had carefully picked over for market. These apples were bringing a high price at that season, and were reckoned on to pay taxes for the year. But the bear had little pity for the burdened taxpayer.

Next he stole a young pig from Peggy Wright, for which that energetic little spinster had "tailored" hard for ten days in fitting out Deacon Withal's boys with Sunday suits.

Peggy looked upon that pig as an important item, and could not part with it without a struggle. On hearing its cries, she gave pursuit, blowing a great tin dinner-horn. But the bear got away with the pig despite the racket.

To the theft of the pig was added the slaughter of the Nerrick gander. His beautiful, white, snowy feathers and one big red foot alone remained to tell the story of his unhappy fate.

Following this occurred an incident that roused the neighborhood to hunt the marauder. In haying time, after sundown one evening, Dod, with his sister Zilph and her little terrier, Jim, set out to find the cows, and had not come home as usual. After hunting for some time, they heard the bell off in the edge of a rough, swampy tract.

By that time the bear had come to the conclusion that the odds were too great to contend against, for a pair of big steers were careering about with tails in the air, now and then making dashes with lowered heads. A great long-horned ram would deliver a sounding blow when the steers left an opening. At last the ponderous horns fiercely butted the bear's stomach, when she had reared to strike the sheep, and sent her heels over head into a deep pool in one corner of the yard.

This, with Dod's sudden and noisy attack, put brain in a panic; and relinquishing her hope to feast on young mutton, she crawled through a broken fence and ran off across the potato field toward the near-by woods, just as Wink and Mr. Nickey arrived on the scene.

They found one sheep badly lacerated and another with her fleece nearly pulled off. Mr. Nickey was so thankful because the bear had been discovered in season to prevent any further damage that he did not pursue his inquiry as to why Dod and Wink were there at that time of night.

of hemlock scrub, and with its wild jangling came the hoarse bawls and deep grumbling of the cattle. Something was wrong.

Dod and Zilph, running with all speed, soon came in sight of the herd, and perceived to their horror that a bear had grappled one of Dod's grizzly yearlings—one of a pair he had hoped to exhibit at the county fair in the fall. The wild beast was tearing and clawing its prostrate victim, which it had dexterously cast in between a hemlock stub and some big rocks. The other cattle, instead of running away, kept circling round, uttering threatening cries.

Dod siezed a branch of dead hemlock and rushing courageously upon the bear, shouting with all his might, while Jim barked furiously. Assaulted in the rear so unexpectedly, the bear at first took to his heels. But she was reluctant to give up her prey; so she turned and faced Dod with grinning teeth and ugly eyes, looking greedily toward the prostrate yearling, beside which Dod was brandishing his club and shouting. The boy saw that it was the old white-face again.

Dod told Zylph to run for help. The cattle, now fairly routed and frightened, bolted toward home before her.

The boy's brave front disconcerted the bear, and at first she made no movement forward, but shuffled back and forth in great impatience, growling and showing her teeth. But soon Dod's threatening shouts and wild brandishings began to lose effect.

The bear began to edge closer. Then, at his master's command and encouragement, Jim sallied forth, made a little detour, dashed slyly up to the enemy's rear and grabbed her heels.

The bear turned and tried again and again to scoop in little Jim with a sweep of her great paw, but the wily little dog dodged the long claws until at last one sharp nail tore through his ear, and he retired hastily beneath a scrub hemlock and was silent. Then in the gathering dusk the bear turned once more to Dod and the yearling.

Dod was in a panic. To leave the already bruised yearling to be torn and tortured by the cruel bear could not be thought of. Yet the ugly glow in the bear's eyes warned Dod of danger.

He could no longer hear the tinkle of the bell. The cows had reached the yard. A bird began singing off a little way in the woods, and Dod could hear the "Yeep, yeep, yeep! Yawp, yawp!" of a wandering flock of belated turkeys slowly wending their way homeward before an exasperated and noisy small boy on the next farm.

Suddenly loud shouts broke over the ridge above Dod, and his father and the hired man came running into view. Then the bear took to her heels and disappeared into the scrub.

The yearling was pulled out of the hole and driven home, a good deal bruised and torn about the flanks.

The next morning several men started out to hunt the creature, but not a sign was discovered. Then a trap was set. But she was all together too knowing to be "taken in," although she managed to secure the bait—a shank of veal and several other dainties.

Not long after that she looked in on Betty Marston one hot morning, just as Betty was putting her cream to churn. With hysterical cries for help, the girl tumbled out of the buttery window at the back of the house, and ran to the meadow, where the men were mowing. She left the bear in possession of the kitchen, where a large baking of pumpkin pies from the brick oven had been set down on the wide brick hearth to cool.

When the excited haymakers rushed in with pitchforks and rakes, they found only the empty pie-shells, out of which the bear had deftly scooped the contents.

She had upset the big dash-churn and guzzled some of the cream; the rest was running across the kitchen floor and out to the door-rock.

Several parties soon went out to seek the bear, but no clue to her whereabouts could be discovered, nor did she fall into any of the snares that were set for her. She harvested Dod's watermelons and Wink's luscious cantaloups in the burned patch later on, and destroyed no end of corn in the milk. In the fall she took a few fat lambs just to fortify herself for the winter, which the harassed farmers were glad to see set in.

Toward the end of February Dod and Wink started out one morning on snow-shoes, with guns and axes, to go up to Jack's Ridge to prepare wood for the coming sugar season. They worked through the forenoon, cutting and breaking up the dead maple limbs, getting a large pile ready. After lunch they went with their guns away over the ridge and down into the wooded valley beyond, hoping to find some rabbits, and possibly a few partridges.

After tramping for about two hours they had secured only one rabbit, and were about to start toward home, tired out, when they were saluted by fierce growls and snarls close at hand. The boys were terribly alarmed. They could not run on snow-shoes, but whatever the beast was they realized after a moment's panic that it could make but slow progress through the deep snow. So they stopped to listen.

The growls seemed stationary, and to proceed from the dense brush of a fallen hemlock not far away. Dod and Wink determined to find out what creature was making such a fuss and why it did not show itself.

Cautiously making a circuit, they approached the hemlock, and after clambering over brush and small bushes, in which they frequently entangled their snow-shoes, they discovered that the sounds came from an old, hollow pine stump. Through a small hole above the roots and half hidden by hemlock boughs a bear's head protruded.

With the white stripe in her face, her red mouth, big white teeth and glaring, wicked eyes, she made a very ugly picture indeed. The boys had stumbled upon her den at last.

Some time during the winter a small hemlock had been blown down and lodged across the opening under the great pine roots, through which, in the fall, she had entered to make her bed. Snow had drifted in among the hemlock branches, and what with frequent rains and the warmth of the creature's body within, had formed a wall of ice, barring her exit. Her breath had kept a small hole open, and through this she plunged her head, now that she had awakened from her long sleep, to reconnoiter. She had scented them from afar and at once gave voice to her rage.

Seeing them near, she made frantic efforts to break through. She dug and bit savagely at the sides of the aperture, making the ice and hemlock twigs fly in little showers, all the time uttering wild and furious cries. The boys feared she would soon be loose upon them.

Dropping into their guns small chunks of lead to serve as bullets, they approached as near as they dared and fired through the boughs. The lead brought redoubled roars and fiercer struggling. She had now her head and shoulders out. The situation was alarming. Wink reloaded and fired a second charge, which took effect in the shoulder. Dod followed it up with a shot through the head, and the bear fell back into the cavity.

Some minutes passed before the boys dared to make a close investigation; but as no further sound came from the den, they grew brave and went up to it. The old bear was dead. Enlarging the hole in the pine stump, Dod and Wink entered her den. The bounty on the old bear's scalp, together with her skin, brought Dod and Wink a purse of money.—Youth's Companion.

TAMING A FIERCE TIGER.

Ingenious Ruse of a Wild Animal Trainer That Was Entirely Successful.

The trainers of wild beasts show a good deal of originality in devising means to subdue intractable animals. The Philadelphia Record quotes Mr. Lover, superintendent of the Zoological park in that city, as thus describing how a tiger became reconciled to its attendant:

There was a showman I used to know named Melchior. He once bought a magnificent Bengal tiger, which he got at a low price because it had already killed two men.

At first Melchior would put his foot or his hand into his cage, but from the way the tiger would leap at him he knew that to put himself entirely in its power would be suicide. Nothing he could do would establish a friendly relationship between himself and the tiger.

Some originality was needed, and Melchior showed it by taking some old clothes, stuffing them with rags and throwing them into the cage. The tiger in a jiffy tore the old clothes to pieces, thinking that the figure was a human being.

Next day and the next day and the next Melchior continued to throw in to the tiger stuffed figures and the tiger continued to destroy them. But as time passed the animal ceased to put heart into its work and in the end it gave up altogether these attacks on the scarecrows; it would just play with them, or else not notice them at all.

Now was Melchior's time. He opened the cage door one morning, walked in boldly and slapped the tiger familiarly on the back. It gave him a friendly look and purred. It took him for another manikin not worth bothering about. It lived seven years with Melchior and became as gentle as a kitten.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Dr. Edward Elgar is quite a man in the musical world. His wife, daughter of Gen. Sir H. Gee-Roberts, writes the words for his songs.

"I hired ten chorus girls in five minutes this morning," remarked Julian Mitchell, who wanted to show how busy he had been. "Geewillikens!" exclaimed Jack Flaherty, manager of the Majestic theater, New York, "you are quick at figures."

Miss May Harrison, who has just succeeded in winning an open scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, plays the violin, at the age of ten, carried off the gold medal offered by the associated board of the Royal academy and Royal College of Music from among 3,057 competitors.

Gustin Wright, the American organist and composer; John Philip Sousa, Reginald De Koven and Victor Herbert have been refused membership in the French Society of Composers. The reason assigned for thus turning down the Americans is because French composers are not recognized in America by the laws of production and copyright.

The Iroquois theater tragedy has had some good results. One of them is that the scenery, dresses and accessories of the ballet at the Alhambra, London, have been made fireproof, so that the flimsy dresses of the dancers will not burn, even when held over burning gas; the other reformation is the attention paid to the exits of the great theater of La Scala, Milan. Every evening as soon as the performance is over all the emergency exits are thrown open and the public is compelled to use them.

Mme. Francisco Romana Janauschek, at one time one of the greatest of the world's classic actresses, has formally applied to the actors' fund for the privilege of passing the remainder of her days in the actors' home in Staten Island. Mme. Janauschek is now 75 years of age, and is living in the home of Dr. Kelly, at Saratoga, who has had her under his professional care for the last four years. Recently her effects, including many mementoes and artistic treasures acquired during her long professional career, were sold, and it is said that she is now utterly destitute.

MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

A friend sized up the huge bulk of Secretary Taft and asked: "Mr. Taft, how much do you weigh?" "You remember," answered the secretary, "that Tom Reed, in answer to a similar inquiry, said: 'No gentleman weighs more than 200 pounds.' Well, I have revised that dictum. No gentleman weighs over 300 pounds nowadays."

To Cure Constipation

take just a mite of Liver Food before retiring each night. Kamon's Tonic Regulator supplies it in a palatable form of powder, tea or tonic, and money back if not satisfied.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

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

Judge C. W. Raymond, recently appointed chief justice of the United States court of appeals in Indian Territory, was a factory hand in an interior town of this state 25 years ago. Joseph G. Cannon, now speaker of the house of representatives, became interested in the young man, induced him to study law, and has remained a helpful friend. Judge Raymond was appointed to the federal court at Muskogee by President McKinley in 1901.

Secretary Shaw has put a stop to the practice of making souvenirs out of macerated currency. The comptroller of the currency called his attention to some samples in which there were pieces of bills half an inch square or more. It was pointed out that a person seeking to make bogus money might pick out there fragments, paste them together and make a bill of them; also, that there was danger that charter numbers which had not been ground up might be used by counterfeiters.

Senator Dick, Mark Hanna's successor, when a youth was a teller in an Akron bank. Among the depositors was an old fellow who was quite a miser. A local physician who was a great student of his profession said to the old man one day: "John, I'll give you $10,000 if you'll let me cut a certain vein. It will kill you, but then you will have the $10,000." The miser considered for a moment and replied: "Let me think over that till tomorrow." Next day he called on the doctor and said: "I've figured that thing out, and I can't see what good the $10,000 would do me after I was dead. But, say, I'll let you half kill me for $5,000."

TOLD OF U. S. SENATORS.

Senator Frye is the only great grandfather in congress.

Senator Blackburn carries an old-fashioned carpetbag—the kind in vogue 50 years ago.

One of the greatest sticklers for propriety in the United States senate is Mr. Pettus, of Alabama. The other day he arrived minus a cravat and only learned of his mistake after he noticed some of the pages snickering at him. The old gentleman hurried into the cloak room, where he remained until a messenger brought him the necessary article of apparel.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by a German mayor of a small town in Wisconsin where Spooner had engaged to speak. The mayor said: "Ladies and Shentlemehn: I asked haf been to indrotoose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you will make a speech, yes. I haf now done so, und he will now do so."

Senator Knute Nelson was telling colleagues on the commerce committee about his experiences with a subcommittee in Alaska last summer. They made a landing at Nome one day when the sea was so rough that the passengers were put in a cage and swung ashore. "And that," he concluded, "was the only time any man ever had me in a cage." "Not much," bluntly interposed Senator Berry, of Arkansas, with whom Mr. Nelson has many a time and oft fought over the battles of the civil war. "We had you in a cage at Port Hudson." And Senator Nelson had to admit it. He was taken prisoner by the confederates there and for a season held in durance vile.

Garland the Living.

Why do you wait, oh, friend beloved,
To praise the dead?
All praise is false that is not true
Till life is fled.
If true in life, to voice it then
Were better far;
Who love invokes is made of stuff
No praise can mar.

If others joy to see your wreath
Bedeck the dead,
They joy no less to see you crown
The living head;
While those sweet words which other hearts
With music throng
Would thrill the very one you praise
With endless song.

—Louis Minturn Waterman, in S. S. Times.

The Knight Errant.

You proudly go away to-day,
But you'll come back to me;
You go to win renown, you say,
But you'll come back to me;
You hear a call far off, and so,
With splendid dreams you proudly go;
My heart is with you, as you know,
But you'll come back to me.

You say you need a wider sphere,
But you'll come back to me;
You leave me heavy-hearted here,
But you'll come back to me;
You go where riches may be won,
Where there are wonders to be done,
But when your money's gone, my son,
Oh, you'll come back to me.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Picture.

The sky grows dark, and darker,
Dim shadows quickly fall.
They softly nestle 'neath each low bush
And beside the garden wall.

Above, like giant sentinels,
Grimly showing their strength and might,
Tall poplar trees their stations keep,
And watch for the coming night.

From the river, across the meadow,
A mist rises slow and still;
And the road, like a dusty ribbon,
Winds downward over the hill.

—Ethel C. Fessenden, in Boston Budget.

If Nervous and Run Down

simply improve your circulation. Remove the waste matter that clogs the blood by taking Kamon's Pills—then tone the nervous system with the Tonic Pellets. All in one box for 25 cts and money back if not satisfied.

FOUNTAIN PENS.—Something new. A little wonder. Every user of a pen needs one. One dip sufficient to write several hundred words. Advertised price, 10 cents each; special price to those mentioning the AMERICAN UNION, 25 CENTS PER DOZEN including ONE GOLD PEN, ONE SELF-EJECTING PEN-HOLDER, and sufficient INK-TABLETS to make 3 ounces of the very best writing ink. This great offer is made only to introduce the most wonderful pens manufactured. All the articles above mentioned sent prepaid on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed, or the UNION will refund the money. Address College Pen Company, Box 1012, Station B, Philadelphia, Pa

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.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3537-0093.jpg