AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 59. No. 12 — DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913. — $1.00 Per Year

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

A TEMPTATION— to spend more than you can afford.

A CURE— to bank your money

Few people are proof against the temptation of spending more money than they should, if they have it about them. Usually it is spent little by little almost unconsciously, but the sum total is much larger than we realize.

The best cure for these useless expenditures is to open a savings bank account. The habit of thrift and saving is acquired, and pride taken in seeing the account grow. Deposit what you can each week and see how much better off you are at the end of the year.

Opening deposit of $1.00 gladly accepted.

The Peoples National Bank,
DENTON, MD.
ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

The Denton
Cash Bargain House
Sixth St. near Depot. DENTON, MD.

Saves You Money

In Poplins. We have blue, black, lavendar, and tan, at	25c yd	Percales,	12c yd
Spring Lawns,	12c yd	Standard Prints,	6c yd
Veils, worth 20c,	15c yd	Muslins,	7½c to 10c yd
Ponger, 32 in. wide	25c yd	Drills and Tickings	10c to 12c yd
Fancy Ginghams 32 in. wide	12c yd	Men's and Youths' Clothing from	$5 to $10 per suit
Galatea Cloth,	12c yd	Children's Suits,	$2 to $5
Apron Gingham,	8c yd	Ladies' White Oxford Shoes,	$1.25 to $2
India Linen,	10c yd	Patent and Gunmetal Oxfords, worth $3,	$2.50
Long Cloth,	12c yd		
White Linen Damask,	30c yd		
Ceilings,	15c to 20c yd	Other styles of shoes in stock.	

Groceries at Lowest Prices, Quality Considered.

Lard, 15c. Lard Compound 13c. Compound, 12c. Sugar, . Coffee, 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c. Rice, 8c. Corn, 8c per can, etc. Mason Fruit Jars—Pints, 45c; quarts, 65c; half gallons, 80c per dozen. Paris Green, 25c per pound.

J. H. BEER, Proprietor,
Phone 90. DENTON, MD.

FARMS FOR SALE

I HAVE SEVERAL FARMS FOR SALE in the vicinity of Denton, Greensboro, Ridgely, Concord, Federalsburg, Hickman, Williston and Smithville, from 10 acres to 200 acres.

Several of these farms are on or adjacent to State Road. Anyone desiring a farm convenient to towns, schools and churches would do well to take the matter up with me.

I also have several Houses in Town for sale, and some desirable building lots.

Call and see me at my office in Denton and I will take pleasure in giving you descriptions of properties and showing them to you.

TERMS REASONABLE.

I represent the following Insurance Companies:
CITIZENS FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Baltimore,
ROYAL EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL,
GERMAN ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY, N. Y.
GRANGERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

S. G. NUTTLE,
Masonic Building. Denton, Md.

DR. W. A. SMITH,
DENTIST
DENTON, MARYLAND.

Dentistry in all its branches at prices that workmanship and quality of material cannot be equaled in the city or elsewhere.

Artificial Teeth.—Some want quality, others quantity. We can furnish teeth at any price.

OPEN DAILY FROM 8 A. M. TO 5 PM.

Appointments by mail or telephone—phone No. 34.

M. D. & V. Railway Co.,
Railway Division.

Schedule Effective Sept. 29th, 1913.

EAST BOUND				WEST BOUND		
*111	†109	†103		†106	†110	*114
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
7.4	2.45	6.30	lv. Baltimore ar	11.55	10.15	5.05
11.25	6.32	10.09	Denton	8.16	6.32	4.24
12.46	7.53	11.48	ar. Lewes lv.	6.45	5.00	3.00
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

†Daily except Sunday. *Sunday only.

T. MURDOCH, Genl. Passenger Agent. I. E. JONES, Div. Pass. Agent
WILLARD THOMSON, Genl. Mgr.

BARNES MADE GOOD

By GEORGE HURSON.

Nesta had one sorrow in her life, and that was the thought of Jim Barnes. She was the daughter of a settler in the forest region of Oregon, and Barnes and John Anderson had both wanted her. Anderson had won. He was a successful sheep farmer, and he and Nesta loved each other devotedly. They had been married six months.

Jim Barnes was in the government service. He was a forest ranger. He was a lonely man, somewhat older than Anderson. All his life had been spent in the forests and on the plains. He loved his work; and, when Nesta rejected his suit, he went quietly back to it. No one but Nesta knew how hard he took his failure to make her his wife.

Barnes was successful because he gave his flock all his attention. In winter he kept them in the pens, but in summer he pastured them in the sweet grasses of the uplands. These long, sloping ranges rise above the surrounding forests, into which the sheep will not stray. Thus a herd can be secured, so long as the pasturage holds out, within fifty acres, ringed around with trees; and every alternate day they can be moved to another of the mountain slopes.

Nesta and John had a series of little cabins all along the edge of the range. Each contained only a bed, blankets, and cooking utensils. In these they were spending the summer months happily. While Nesta prepared the meal in the day time, John would lie on the hill slopes, watching his flock, and smoking, and dreaming of his return to Nesta.

It was during one of these days that Barnes came riding up to Nesta's cabin, where she was alone.

"Can you spare me a drink of water, ma'am?" he began. "I saw your fire smoking and thought it might be—"

Then she turned round and they recognized each other. It was the first

Rode Toward It at Full Gallop.

time they had met since Nesta had refused him, nearly a year before. Both were confused, Nesta the more deeply.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Anderson," said Barnes. "I didn't know it was you. You see, I thought the smoke from your chimney might be the beginning of a forest fire. We rangers are on the alert nowadays, owing to the dry spell."

Nesta gave him the cup of water. He drank it, raised his hat, and turned to go. Suddenly he wheeled round. His voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Nesta!" he cried, and caught her by the hands. "Nesta!"

There was an intense passion in his voice. He said no more, and, suddenly dropping her hands, he turned away. Nesta watched him depart. She knew that he had been beside himself, that the old love, always smoldering within his heart, had suddenly overmastered him at the sight of her. She felt only pity for him.

She could not know the hell in Barnes' heart. For months he had been fighting this overwhelming passion in the depths of the forests; he thought that he had conquered it, until the sight of Nesta had proved too strong for his resolution. To wound her would have been the last of his desires; he felt that he must, in some way, atone for his offense.

Days passed. Nesta had said nothing to John. Barnes did not go near the cabin. As a matter of fact, Nesta and John now occupied a little hut ten miles away, at the very edge of the clearing, and only a mile from his camp, but of that Barnes was ignorant.

It was toward evening about three weeks later that Barnes, ascending an observation hill, perceived a line of smoke curling up from the forest edge beneath him. It indicated a sudden and extensive conflagration, fanned by a high wind, and threatening destruction.

He rode toward it at full gallop, but before he reached it he perceived that it was beyond one man's control. There was nothing to do but ride to the camp, five miles away, and summon aid. He returned about nine o'clock, with a company of ten fire-fighters; but by this time the heaven was alight with the lurid flames.

"There's a camp down there," said Smith, one of his men. "I think it's a sheepman's. I saw a man and woman as I rode by yesterday." He pointed toward a spot near the lower slope of the hill. "You got them out, of course?" he continued.

Barnes stared at him one moment. Then:

"Take charge, Smith," he said. "I'm going to see about them." He spurred his horse and rode off at full gallop.

He dared not think it might be Nesta. If they had not been warned the situation was extremely perilous, for the flames had ringed the hill, and the only chance of safety was in hewing a path through that part where the forests dwindled into patches of underbrush, and so reaching the river. As he galloped the stench of burning wood was in his nostrils, and now and again the grass started into ripples of fire under his horse's hoofs.

In their cabin Nesta and John were sleeping. They had known nothing of that remorseless enemy creeping nearer and nearer, and already sending out long streamers of smoke through the open door.

John stirred in his sleep and muttered. He caught at his throat, turned over, and slept again. Nesta heard him, but she did not know that death was upon them, nor that this unconsciousness which crept upon her was anything but sleep.

A hand pulled at her shoulder. She muttered drowsily. She opened her eyes. Barnes was standing over her, but in her benumbed state it occasioned no surprise.

She felt herself lifted in his arms. A moment later, and Barnes was dashing away to safety, and, when Nesta came back to consciousness, they were safe over the river bank, and on the opposite edge was an inferno of flame.

"John! John!" she cried, at last understanding.

But Barnes was already gone. She waited in an agony of suspense, watching the flames leap higher, and the crackle of buring wood sounded in her ears like musketry. Then, out of the forest a horse came plunging, and on its back were two figures.

One was Barnes, and before him, upon the saddle, swathed in a smoldering blanket, and supported by Barnes' arm, was John. The terrified horse plunged into the cooling stream and stumbled. Barnes flung himself from the saddle and, tearing the blanket from Anderson, carried him to the bank. Neither man was badly hurt. The blanket had protected John, though he was still stupefied by the smoke, but Barnes' hair and eyebrows were scorched, and his clothes were tinder. As Nesta ran forward Anderson opened his eyes.

"Nesta!" he murmured feebly, and clasped her in his arms.

Barnes turned quickly away. He knew that he had atoned, and that the hell of his heart was quenched in the waters of self-conquest. Still, he did not want to let John and Nesta thank him.

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A PIECE OF GOOD LUCK

By A. F. RANSOM.

"Will," she said, suddenly breaking a long silence, "we are to be married in six weeks."

"A happy fact which has occupied my mind to its fullest capacity," he answered. "I sometimes wonder that Barnes & Co. don't fire me for lack of attention to business."

She gave a little laugh. "There is danger, isn't there?" Then, after a pause: "How much money have you in bank, will you tell me?"

He shifted his position the better to see her face. "Well," he said, "if we don't drink too much ice cream and swallow too much soda at the picnic next week, I 'callate' to make my deposit an even $600 by next Saturday noon."

"Oh, Will! have you got all that?"

"All that? Just wait until you try to make it include everything from a gas range to a parlor set; then you'll cry instead: 'That all?'"

"You never asked me if I had a bank account," she said in reply.

"What kind of a cur do you think I am?" he asked. "What business of mine whether you have one or not?"

"I have nearly as much as you," she said, "and do you know what I want?"

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little; but woman wants it all, you know, and wants it mighty strong," he solemnly responded.

"You don't deserve anything," she cried, "after such a parody, but if you'll be good I'll tell you."

He folded his arms, seated himself more comfortably on the hillside and heaved a sigh. "My goodness is like Abraham Mastovicks' profits when he says: 'I buy for one dollar and I sells for two, and that gifs me shust one per cent.,' and that is also the size of my want-to-know."

"It's the want-to-get that will floor you. Do you know that I just abominate living in a flat?"

"But, Margaret, you know I told you I was not rich. I have only my salary, and that isn't very large. To take a house will cost far more than we will be able to afford, and—" he stopped.

"Listen, Will," she responded. "Why can't we buy a place of our own?"

He shook his head. "I wish we might, but it will take all the cash to furnish that yet-to-be-discovered and abominated flat."

She fished down into the purse suspended from her belt. "Just read that," was her command, producing a newspaper clipping.

He obeyed. It was an advertisement.

Continued in last column

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 173 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

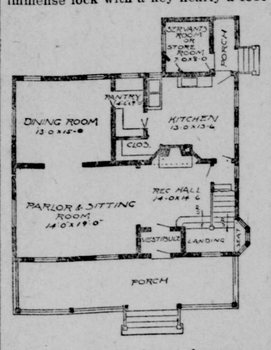
The word "Colonial," as referring to house construction and also to furniture design, is frequently used without a definite idea of its meaning in this connection. Properly speaking, a Colonial house, or Colonial furniture, dates back to a time before the Declaration of Independence, when this country was a dependency of Great Britain and classed as a colony or colonies. Some good houses were built at that time by emigrants from England and other countries, and the best ideas of building then known were incorporated in these houses. There is abundant evidence of the influence exerted on the minds of builders in those days by the free expanse of new territory. Some of these old-time builders came from the narrow streets of old London and other large cities, where narrow fronts and a dingy outlook were the rule even in the case of the better and more expensive dwellings.

A broad front and square rooms, with a wide hall in the center, was the elegant plan adopted by the more generous-hearted entertainers of colonial days. They could afford to be prodigal in the expenditure of space because they had left congestion behind them, and the influence of their new environment had suggested broadened lines in regard to house room as well as affairs of state.

Many ideas have since resulted in the modification of this commendable style of house building; but down to the present time we have many admirers of the old-fashioned square house with a parlor on one side and

a drawing-room on the other. These old houses had a broad hall, often ten or twelve feet wide, in the center of the house. This great hall sometimes was furnished with a big brick or stone fireplace in the far end, where cordwood sticks were burned and the warmth from the fire was diffused through the open stairway to the rooms above.

It is easy to imagine the cordial reception the guests received on entering the wide, thick, paneled front door encased in a heavy frame of timbers. There was a heavy sash with its several lights of glass on each side of the door-frame, sometimes reaching nearly to the floor; and generally there was a big brass knocker, and an immense lock with a key nearly a foot

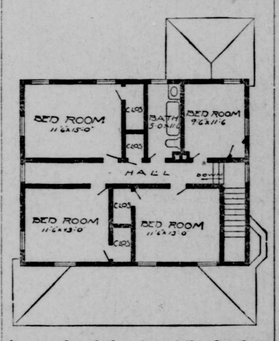


long. But the big, heavy doors opened easily and quickly in response to the clatter of the big brass knocker, because even strangers were welcome, and friends were received with genuine cordiality if not affection.

Some of these old Colonial houses were built with timbers much larger and placed closer together than is now customary in building our largest barns or warehouses.

Through all the intervening years, we have retained the general style of these commodious old houses. The one herewith illustrated has the old style of roof, the square proportions, and the general air of breadth—practically the same as the most approved house in George Washington's time. But we have moved the hall a little to one side, to make room for a longer sitting room in proportion to the size of the house. We have done away with the old-fashioned drawing-room, and substituted a parlor and sitting room combined that offers a great deal more comfort because it tends to increase sociability, and sociability is the keynote of entertaining.

We still have the wide hall with a fireplace in the far end; but we haven't the cordwood to burn; so we



have reduced the size of the fireplace to fit the fuel that we are obliged to use. Then, instead of building the servants' quarters outside in a separate building, we have combined the porch with a pleasant room that answers the same purpose.

We have improved on the old-style dining room, pantry, and kitchen, because we have discovered that it takes a great many steps to travel a distance of 20 or 30 feet between the dining table and the kitchen range. We have cut down the number of these steps as much as possible, and we have arranged the pantry with shelves for the dishes midway between the dining room and kitchen, and we have a pot cupboard for the storage of necessary kitchen utensils as close and convenient as possible to the range.

During the interval between the good old Colonial days and the present time, we have added a hot-water heater to our kitchen range, and connected it with a water-pressure supply that carries hot water to the bathroom as well as to the kitchen sink.

Our modern bathrooms effect a great saving in perfumery bills. When hot water was scarce and bathrooms were the exception rather than the rule, scent bottles and sachet bags were a necessary accompaniment of the toilet. Our hard-headed, practical, inventive geniuses and mechanics probably had no intention of putting the scent makers out of business; but they are responsible for the change, whether they intended to be or not.

Because of the light construction of this house, it is less expensive, even in these days of high prices, than a similar house constructed a hundred years ago. With all improvements, a house built after this plan, 28 by 30 feet, may be built complete with heating apparatus and plumbing, in the smaller cities and country places, for about $2,800.

China's Position.

Wu Ting-Fang, well known here as a former Chinese ambassador, sent recently to a Washington lady an interesting letter about the situation in the new Chinese republic.

"You ask, dear madam"—so the letter ran—"which side China would take if certain great powers began to squabble over her.

"Well, madam, I would ask you in return if you ever saw a half-dozen dogs fighting over a bone. I hear you answer yes. And now I would ask—"'But did you ever see the bone do any fighting?'"

His Facial Resources.

"I see now why it takes you so long to shave. I've been watching you, Rivers."

"Well?"

"You make a lot of hideous faces at yourself while you're doing it, and every face, of course, requires a separate shave."

"Reads well, doesn't it?" he said, returning it. "But what I can't understand is this: When a person has such an Eden as that (pointing to the clipping), why don't they hang on to it for themselves?"

"I've been looking," she said, rubbing her chin thoughtfully with her forefinger, "for two months. I could not find anything that suited until I struck this one. I've been to see it, and it's nice. Will you go out and look at it with me?"

He sprang up. "Come on, it's only ten miles from here. If it suits, I can take the train back and forth."

Nearly an hour later they were walking down a country road bordered on either side by maple trees, whose branches met above their heads in a grand triumphal arch. Suddenly at a bend in the roadway they came upon a cottage nestling in a group of magnificent pines. As Margaret turned in at the gate her companion gave a little start, but he followed without a word. She rang the bell and a moment later it was answered by a cheery "Where did you spring from?" on the far end of the wide veranda. She turned swiftly as Will sang out:

"Halio, Moll, came out to take dinner with you. Got anything to devour? I'm starving."

The owner of the voice came forward and the irrepressible Will ran on:

"Miss Greyson, this is the best looking and best mannered cousin I've got, and she anwers to the name of Mrs. Molly Logan. Moll, this is Miss Greyson."

The ladies laughed. "I've met Miss Greyson when you wern't around to introduce her," came Mrs. Logan's welcome. "She and I are interested in real estate matters."

"That's what brought us out here today," Will responded.

Margaret turned appealingly toward Will. "Why didn't you tell me?" she said. "I believe you knew all the time."

"Didn't know a thing; how was I to know it was Moll who is selling out?"

Mrs. Logan looked from one to the other. "Will Manning," she cried, "I've caught you now! What do you two want to buy a home for?"

"What do you want to sell for?" he demanded. "Own up, what's wrong with this place? Is it that you and Logan are candidates for South Dakota or the lunatic asylum?"

"Going to Porto Rico to take charge of that end of Brown's banana business. We want to sell everything, furniture and all. What are you buying for?"

They capitulated. "We didn't propose that anyone should know until afterward," said Margaret, with a laugh.

"We want to go in six weeks, you'll be married right here, and we'll take your wedding trip for you," was Mrs. Logan's decision, in which they heartily agreed.

Lacking in Print Shop Realism.

A dramatic criticism from the Howard Courant: "Two weeks ago up at Kansas City, I saw a very good production of 'That Printer at Udell's' at the Grand. One or two of the acts were staged to represent a country printing office, and it was very realistic, even to the printing office towel. But there wasn't a printer in the whole play. When the make-believe type-slinger would go to the case and take up the stick, his typesetting motions were not like a real one. He never reached for the cap case, never spaced out a line, and couldn't get onto the old jour swing at all. Then when Udell went to take a stone proof of a job, he rolled it with a hand roller with no ink on it, laid a piece of paper on the form and put the hard planer on it, with no blanket or pad under it, and hit it a lick with the mallet. Any printer knows a readable proof can't be taken that way."—Kansas City Star.

Business Caution Needed.

The farm with its stock, machinery and crops represents a large investment, and the man who succeeds must act with the greatest business caution.

AFTER SICKNESS OR OPERATION

It is a pathetic mistake to accept drugs or alcoholic mixtures when nature craves nourishment to repair the wasted body and restore the vigor of health.

For forty years the best physicians have relied on the wholesome predigested nourishment in Scott's Emulsion which is totally free from alcohol or opiates.

Scott's Emulsion sharpens the appetite—renews blood—nourishes nerves—strengthens bones and restores the courage of health to make life bright.

Scott's Emulsion sets in action the very forces that promote health; it is pure, rich strength. 12-60

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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