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A Bank Account Always Scores

Highest and Is the Most Effective Ammunition

When You Aim at Business Success

This is not a mere figure of speech but a statement of actual fact. Who ever heard of a business establishment attaining any great success without dependable banking connections?

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owe their position of power in the business world to-day to the financial assistance rendered to them in their earlier days by their banks, and without which their wonderful growth would never have been made possible.

A conservatively managed and yet exceptionally fair minded Loan Department which is in a position to comply with all reasonable requests that are in keeping with sound banking principles is at the service of depositors of this bank.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

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Woodrow Wilson Says:

"WE are in this world to provide not for ourselves alone but for others, and that is the basis of economy."

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says Governor Wilson, and he means for loved ones and dependents. You are not doing your full duty towards yourself or those dependent upon you unless you build up a fund against that time when your earnings diminish and cease.

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FERTILIZER TALKS

Number Two

Farmers expect wonders from commercial fertilizers—and from real fertilizers they obtain wonderful results. Let us see—

An acre of land is equal to 4840 square yards. In three hundred pounds of fertilizer of an average spring formula there are 4800 heaping tablespoonsful. So, an application of three hundred pounds of fertilizer to the acre gives just a trifle less than a heaping tablespoonful to every nine square feet of land.

A pretty thin spread, isn't it?

Now, then; suppose the fertilizer you use has one-fourth its weight composed of absolutely worthless "filler"—what does your land get?

Dr. McDonnell, chief chemist of the Maryland Agricultural College, says: "The growing of a crop of cannery peas requires nearly one hundred pounds of ammonia (nitrogen) per acre."

Suppose you use four hundred pounds of fertilizer to the acre, of a fertilizer containing three and a half per cent of ammonia, you really put on the land only fourteen pounds of ammonia. On land "in heart," or good tilth, this is good practice.

Where does the crop secure the other needed eighty-six pounds of ammonia?

From the atmosphere.

Bacteria—very minute bugs of a very low form of life—collect this ammonia (nitrogen) for you.

These bugs are present in land where clover or cowpeas, or certain weeds of the vegetable family called "legumes," have flourished. Their presence is multiplied or increased by the innoculation of the seeds you sow, or can be put into your field by the spreading thereon a few hundred pounds per acre of soil taken from a field that is known to have the bacteria in it—as, for instance, an alfalfa field or a roadside bank where sweet clover flourishes.

The bugs, like any form of bacteria, lie dormant until occasion awakens them—until the roots of leguminous plants reach them. Then they become active; attach themselves to the roots, and proceed to multiply like any bugs. The increased family grows into a lump or tubercle, called a nodule. When the crop is taken off, these bugs remain—besides having nourished the crop, leaving in the land as much as fifty (or up to more than 100 pounds) of nitrogen per acre.

Therefore, growing clover, peas, cowpeas and the like, leaves your land richer if you have mainitained its complete character by putting on plenty of phosphoric acid and potash.

Will you use fertilizer of scientific goodness—free from "filler"—as the goods we make—or trust to luck?

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Murderkill River and Philadelphia

THE NEW STEAMER

"FREDERICA"

NATHAN H. MAXSON, Captain.

Will leave Frederica, Webb's and Bowers for Philadelphia as follows during

December

		FREDERICA	WEBB'S	BOWER'S
Monday,	Dec. 2,	10 a.m.	11 15 a.m.	noon
Thursday,	" 5,	1 p.m.	2 15 p.m.	3 p.m
Monday,	" 9,	2 p.m.	3 15 p.m.	4 p.m
Thursday,	" 12,	7 a.m.	8 15 a.m.	9 a.m
Monday,	" 16,	9 a.m.	10 15 a.m.	11 a.m
Thursday,	" 19,	11 a.m.	12 15 p.m.	1 p.m
Monday,	" 23,	2 p.m.	3 15 p.m.	4 p.m
Thursday,	" 26,	7 a.m.	8 15 a.m.	9 a.m
Monday,	" 30,	8 a.m.	12 15 a.m.	11 a.m

Returning, Steamer will leave Philadelphia from Pier 3, South Wharves (First Pier above Chestnut Street) as follows:

Leave Philadelphia

Tues.,	Dec. 3, 8 p.m	Fri.,	Dec. 20, 8 p.m
Fri.,	" 6, 10 p.m	Tues.,	" 24, 3 p.m
Tues.,	" 10, 12 mdt	Fri.,	" 27, 4 p.m
Fri.,	" 13 4 p.m	Tues.,	" 31, 6 p.m
Tues.,	" 17, 6 p.m		

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Petal of the Rose's Lost Locket

Romance That Ended Happily by the Japan Sea.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Hayden's sketching tour of Japan had been something of a failure from the artist's point of view. True, much of it had happened as he had planned when he set sail from San Francisco after his misunderstanding with Evalyn Grant.

There had been days of serene contentment when he was borne swiftly over mountain passes and among quiet valleys by his faithful jinrikisha men. He had sketched huge bowlders and frowning, cedar topped crags; he had caught the spirit of Fuji San's snow peaked, sacred head as a native artist might have done; he had transferred to his sketch book the paddy fields where coolies worked knee deep in the waving rice, the clumps of feathery bamboo, the picturesque bridges, decaying Shinto temples and wayside tea houses. The city streets had offered him a kaleidoscopic mass of shifting color, and the flower festivals rioted among his pages. Yet, as is the manner of wayward lovers, his heart was sick within him, and he thought far more of a bonny, dark curled head and a pair of brown eyes than all the mystic beauty of this new land.

The night after he arrived at Kobe he bought a ticket for the smallest town on the railroad that bordered the inland sea, and because the size of the town chafed his restless spirit he was whisked as if by magic to a tiny village on the edge of the sea. The quaint houses straggled up from the silver sand, terrace on terrace, embowered in cedars and chestnuts until they lost outline against the towering slopes.

He was made very comfortable in the little inn. He felt soothed by the gentle welcome accorded him and by the delicate cleanliness of his room, cool and bare of superfluous furniture. There followed a bath in very hot water, a supper partaking of strange dishes and a stroll down to the sea.

John Hayden had the silver sands to himself. He flung his great length down in the shadow of a brown rock and watched the changing color on the most beautiful sheet of water in the eastern world.

The sun, just setting, tinged the placid sea with a hundred tints of rose and gold. Above was the pale turquoise sky set with a few fleecy clouds. The towering hills were reflected mysteriously dark and green in the water near the shore, and here and there a clumsy junk broke the surface into ripples of running fire. Small boats darted like dragon flies, and occasionally a sound softened by distance broke the silence.

For the first time since his arrival in the land of the chrysanthemum Hayden regretted his coming. The very beauty of the scene preyed upon his unhappiness and awoke his dormant memory. A short year ago he had planned with Evalyn that their honeymoon should be spent on the shores of this inland sea. This month was the identical one which would have found

THE LIVING IMAGE OF EVALYN GRANT STOOD BEFORE HIM.

them together, blissfully happy on the silver sands, instead of being separated by more than 3,500 miles of land and water and by an eternity of misunderstanding.

He closed his eyes and out of the purple and gold of the sunset tried to evolve the form of his love. A little rattle of pebbles opened his eyes wide, and he sprang to his feet, uncertain whether the vision before him was a chimera of his brain or whether his unuttered prayer to a neglected God had been answered. The living image of Evalyn Grant stood before him—the sweetest, fairest little Japanese maiden imaginable, whose glossy black hair was thrust with golden pins and whose dark eyes surveyed him half joyfully, half fearful of what the strange foreign gentleman might say. Her rose leaf lips were parted, showing milky white teeth, and her olive cheeks were tinted with the faintest flush of embarrassment. She wore the most wonderful of kimonos, a rich blue brocaded silk shot with crimson and gold, and high under her arms was tied a broad obi of golden tissue.

As Hayden stared at her she dropped a graceful obeisance and spoke in English with a delicious little foreign accent, which deprived Hayden of his atom of hope that this flower-like maiden might by some magic of the workaday world be transformed into his lost love.

"If the honorable foreigner will pardon my intrusion," she said softly, "I would explain that I have lost a treasured keepsake on the sands—if I might be permitted to search around the rocks?" Her lashes fluttered upward as she glanced at him.

"Certainly," he said, with an awkward sense of his own perturbation at the sudden interruption of his solitude. "Perhaps I may be able to assist you. It is growing late, and the sun will soon drop behind the hills."

"I thank you, but I shall perhaps find it alone," she said in rather a frightened tone. And she swept past him with the little teetering gait of Japanese ladies, whose feet are accustomed to wearing clogs. She did not wear those wooden monstrosities, but now and then there peeped out the toe of a little blue brocaded slipper, all too fragile and delicate for any seashore save the fairy sands of the inland sea.

She hurried along, looking hither and thither, now bending to scan the pebbles drifted in the lee of brown rocks, now standing with one slim hand arched above her troubled eyes while she scanned the silver shore for her lost trinket. At last she shook her head sadly and drifted toward him against the gorgeous background of the setting sun.

"You couldn't find it?" queried Hayden.

She shook her head.

"If you will tell me what it was, mademoiselle, perhaps I may be more successful," he suggested, with an engerness that surprised himself. By all rights he should have been too ill natured to assist this little Japanese sister of his lost sweetheart. "Shall I search for it?" he added.

She hesitated as if loath to tell him what it was she had lost; then she said, with some agitation: "It is a chain—a gold chain carrying a locket. But it has doubtless been found by some of the fishermen. I will not trouble the honorable foreigner if he will accept my thanks for his kindness." She bowed once more and backed away from her newly made acquaintance as if filled with sudden fear of him.

Hayden looked down at her with eloquent eyes. If only the magic which had evolved her out of the sunset would transmute her into the being of Evalyn Grant it would be more than mortal could ask. He drew a sharp breath and took himself to task for expecting Providence to turn the world upside down to rectify his asinine mistakes.

"Good night," she called softly from the gathering twilight.

"You are not going now—you couldn't wait a little while? Perhaps I may find the chain for you," he stammered eagerly.

"Oh, I must go, thank you," she said in a shocked tone.

"Suppose I find the chain—what shall I do with it?" He smiled at his own cleverness.

There was a puzzled silence while she stood there as if on the very outskirts of the gathering dusk. He could see the dimness of her dark robe, and the last flicker of the dropping sun caught the gold of her sash and held her prisoner to his sight.

"What shall I do with the chain if I find it?" he persisted.

"You might bring it to my home, or you may leave it with Kashmura, the inn keeper, but I shall find it myself perhaps tomorrow."

"I will find it," declared Hayden recklessly. "Tell me where you live so that I may return it to you."

Again there was a silence while the little toy villages on the hillsides were slowly effaced by the coming night, later to be revealed in the white light of the full moon, now throwing a great rim above the eastern heights.

"There is a little path that leads up among the cedars—my home is there." The girl's breath came in little frightened gasps as if the darkness had taken away her courage.

"You are not afraid to go up there alone now?" asked Hayden curiously.

"Oh, no! I was educated in the United States. I am quite American," she said proudly. "I have no fear of the dark."

"I will bring the chain to you in the morning, O Cho San. Is that your name?" he asked half humorously.

"Oh, no!" she said, her voice changing to sudden laughter, with a note of tenderness in its lower tones. "I am not Madama Butterfly nor Miss Chrysanthemum. I have been called Petal of the Rose."

Hayden stood in stunned silence while she faded from his sight. He heard the patter of her slippered feet as she hastened away from him. Pebbles rattled down from the black cedar faced hillside as she wound up some hidden path. Far up there hung a faint pink light, and somehow he knew that was her home. When a black shadow had effaced the light for an instant and was gone he turned back to stare at the rising moon with a face as white as that of the ascending disk.

Petal of the Rose! So that was what she was called. Verily this maiden must be the spirit of his lost love, for had he not called Evalyn that in loving jest? Perhaps this apparition was a warning that Evalyn was dead. If that was so he resolved that he would spend the remainder of his days beside the inland sea in the hope of seeing her sweet spirit walk the sands again.

He flung himself prone upon the sand, and his hand fell upon something smooth to the touch. It was not a pebble, for there was the pressure of a fine chain coiled against his skin. He held it for a moment, not daring to look at what he had found. Then he raised himself to a sitting posture and held the locket and chain to the brilliant moonlight.

The gold locket, shaped like a heart and holding a large sapphire that burned in his eyes with a familiar blue flame, shook in his trembling fingers. All at once he plucked at the opening, and it sprang apart, showing his own pictured face in one side and the face of Evalyn's father in the other.

Without a word he crammed the locket into his pocket and dashed toward the dark group of cedars where she had disappeared. The moon filtered through the twisted branches and disclosed a path which wound upward toward the pink light. Hayden did not stop to question the motive that sent him onward. His heart was beating wildly, riotously, and he only knew that the bungalow on the hillside held

JOHN HAYDEN WAS CRUSHING PETAL OF THE ROSE TO HIS BREAST.

something for him, either the ghost of his dead sweetheart or he did not dare clothe the idea with thought.

All at once he stumbled upon the bungalow, a tiny affair half hidden under tall bamboos. A shaded light burned on a reading table, and as he passed the windows Hayden saw the handsome head of Mrs. Smithers Grant bent above a book.

In the tiny veranda a white figure fluttered to meet him. Now the Japanese dress and the stiffly arranged hair were no longer deceiving. His delusion would always be a subject for tender raillery between them.

He paused at the foot of the steps. "I have found the locket and chain, Petal of the Rose," he said exultantly.

"Yes?" she breathed holding out her hands.

"Wait—tell me, do you love the man whose picture is within the locket?" he asked.

"Yes," she said withour hesitation. "I—I am pledged to marry him, and because we disagreed and he went away, why—why—I came to the land where we were to spend our honeymoon, and the second day I was here I went down to the Inland sea and found him grieving there; so I slipped up to the bungalow and got into this blue kimono and made myself into a Japanese maiden just to see if you would know me—and you were so stupid, John!"

"I did know you, Evalyn. I must have known you, for I hated to let you go away from me. But, the locket and chain—how came you to lose them, dear?"

The silver radiance of the moon caught and held her dark beauty as her eyes sought his. Her lips trembled with laughter. "I—I didn't lose it, John, but you were so stupid about recognizing me that I positively had to fling it on the sand at your feet and run away. Your face told me that you were unhappy and"—

But John Hayden was crushing Petal of the Rose close to his heart and telling her that after all there would be a honeymoon beside the Inland sea.

Mrs. Partington and the Ocean.

I would not be disrespectful, but the attempt of the house of lords to stop the progress of reforms reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town. The tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean!

The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up likewise, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease. Be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.—Sydney Smith.

Breaking It Gently.

"Whom have you there in tow?"

"This is Rip Van Winkle. He just woke up."

"Why guard him so carefully?"

"Well, we're letting him see the women's styles gradually, don't you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Encouraging.

"Madam, do you think you can use your influence with your husband to induce him to support me in the coming campaign?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never yet succeeded in inducing him to support me."—Baltimore American.

Stingy.

"She's the cheapest woman I know of."

"Why do you say that?"

"The other day we got on a car together, and I insisted on paying my own fare, and she let me."—Detroit Free Press.

Pecan Nuts.

Try cracking pecan nuts by placing them on end in the nut cracker. One vigorous crushing of the cracker will split the nut open through the center

Giving Advice.

Sillicus—Do you ever give advice? Cynicus—Not unless I'm pretty sure it won't be followed.—Philadelphia Record.

SAVING THE SCENE

An Emergency For Which Actors Must Ever Be Prepared.

ACTS NOT ON THE PLAYBILLS.

Presence of Mind by Which Clara Morris Turned to Advantage a Canine Interruption In "Miss Multon" and a Feline Intrusion In "Camille."

An experienced actor is supposed to be able to cope with any stage emergency, no matter what is lacking or what happens. Cool, self possessed, it is expected of him to turn the ridiculous into a source of applause rather than of disapproval or laughter.

And among the necessary acquirements for the actress is an unshakable self control, no matter if by some carelessness she is thrown into a situation almost without precedent. She must never fly off at a tangent because of some unrehearsed incident. She must not scream when the perennial gallery idiot yells "Fire!" If something is forgotten she must try hard to hide its absence or invent a substitute.

If anything unusual occurred I always tried to incorporate it into the play if possible, as when in the schoolroom scene of "Miss Multon" I was astonished to see a large water spaniel come trotting on to the stage, waving his tail at me as if we had been bosom friends for years. I don't like to recall all the things I thought about that dog for a moment or two.

Then I rose, and, thanking heaven and a generous master for the collar he wore, I grasped it, and, having stroked his silky ear with the other hand, I said to my pupils: "Children, I do not wish to curtail your pleasures, but I have told you before that I cannot permit you to have your pets in this room during lesson hours. Now, don't force me to remind you of that again."

And the little girl who played Paul quickly and cleverly responded to my wink. "Oh, excuse us this time, Miss Multon, and we won't do it again." And, taking the dog from me, she led him off into the retirement of private life, while in the morning one newspaper remarked that "among the prettiest of the lighter touches of the performance was the scene at the Christmas tree in the first act and the dog scene in the third act."

Another time, in Baltimore, when I was playing "Camille," I had a similar experience. In the fifth act I had staggered from the window to the bureau, nearing that dread moment when I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self in the looking glass. The house was all attention, watching dim eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman. Just then I heard the quick indrawing of the breath that startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh.

My heart gave a plunge. "What is it? Oh, what is wrong?" And I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore very little in that scene. "What is it?"

Then came a titter, and evidently it was growing. In agony I turned quickly about and found myself facing a monstrous cat. Starlike, he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes fixed unflinchingly upon my face. His tail stood straight and aggressively in the air, twitching with short twitches at the very top.

Alas, no wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death scene was what went through my mind.

Clinging to the bureau, I slipped to my knees, and with an earnest prayer that he would not resist my appeal in a faint voice I called him to me. Thomas looked suspiciously at me, hesitated, then approached gingerly and sniffed at my fingers. Then he rubbed his dingy body against my knee, and in an instant my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head. What a sigh of relief went like a wave over that audience! I had won!

I then called Nanine to relieve me, and the applause that swept the house was as balm to my great distress. I said to Nanine, "Take him downstairs; he grows too heavy for me to pet." And Sir Thomas was carried off reluctantly, imagining perhaps that I was envious of the hit he had made.

My manager, who was somewhat of a wag, of course made the most of the saved situation. A gentleman met him on the street the next morning and was anxious for him to settle an argument between himself and wife.

"My wife, who has seen the play several times in New York, insists that the beautiful little scene with the cat belongs to the play, while I don't recall it, nor do any of our acquaintances whom I have asked this morning. Won't you kindly set us right?"

"Willingly," replied my manager. "Your wife is in the right, my dear sir. That cat scene is always done. It is a great favorite with Miss Morris, and she hauls that cat all over the country with her."

May heaven forgive him!—Clara Morris in New York Press.

A Sign.

"Barbers are determined they shall not be mistaken as catering to any but the males."

"How so?"

"Didn't you ever notice that they are always postmarked?"—Baltimore American.

Interested.

"The earliest mention of coal is said to have been made by Theophrastus," said the professor at breakfast.

"And what did he say it was a ton, professor?" inquired the economical landlady, pouring the coffee.—Yonkers Statesman.

Up to the Proposing Point.

Many a fellow who has been trying to get his courage up to the proposing point for two years is surprised when the girl accepts him in two seconds.—Philadelphia Record.

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.—Terence.