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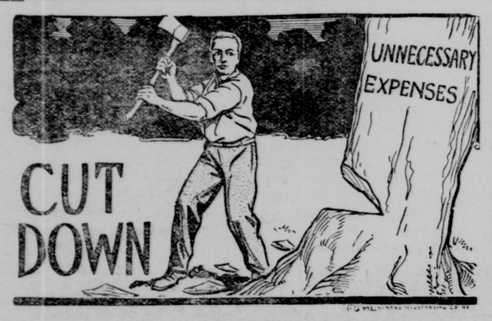


One Safe Way to Increase Your Profits

is to cut down the Unnecessary Expenses. Money saved is money earned--an old proverb which we are only too apt to forget. Most of us pay out considerable money each year, which upon analysis would be found to contain numerous items that could well be eliminated.

These are the Items

which keep gnawing away at your resources and eating up your biggest profits just like the little insects which slowly but surely destroy the finest trees in the orchard. There are positve remedies for both cases: In business, the best protection against the evils of the superfluous expense account is the check book which enables you to keep accurate account of every penny expended and shows in a compact way just where the leak occurs.

Have you a check account with

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000
SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

Woodrow Wilson Says:

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

No one is in position to overlook the importance of this subject, to ignore the claim of the savings bank upon him.

"Save for Others"

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.

A Savings Account is the best place for savings.

T. C. WEST, Cashier. *HARVEY L. COOPER, President.*

For Sale or Rent

The McShane Property, on Gay St., in Denton—2 Dwellings, 2 Barns and a large Lot, wired for Poultry—with Poultry-house already equipped.

FOR SALE

The Elizabeth E. Pippin property, on East Main St., in Denton. Fine residence section. Modern improvements. Electric lights and water.

The Hinman property—7 acres, new dwelling and outbuildings, within one-half mile of Denton, near State road. Possession given at once. This is a very desirable farm, near town. Land in good state of cultivation—mostly set to scarlet clover.

The John W. Clark property, on Fifth Ave., Denton. Lot No. 1 --101 feet on Fifth Ave., 190 feet on Randolph St., with dwelling and barn. One of the most desirable residences in Denton. Lot No. 2—101 feet on Sixth St., 190 feet deep. Will be sold separately or as a whole.

Write or call at my office in Masonic Building, facing Court House.

I represent The Grangers Mutual Fire Insurance Company.—Get rates and learn what the word "Mutual" means to you; Royal Exchange Assurance of London, 92 Williams St., N. Y.; Citizens Fire Insurance Company, Baltimore. I am now in position to write Fire Insurance on all kinds of property.

LEGORE COMBINATION LIME.
AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL CO.'S FERTILIZERS.

S. G. NUTTLE,
MASONIC BUILDING : : DENTON, MARYLAND.

AS A PROTECTION FOR YOUR INVESTMENT

you should cover it with a fire insurance policy in a good company. Then if a fire should happen to you, you will be able to start anew without delay, for the companies we represent pay all losses promptly. See us to-day. Tomorrow may be just one day too late.

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

FERTILIZER TALKS

Number Seven

The tomato yield in Caroline county is too small. Get your tonnage from fewer acres.

Iowa is the "Corn State," yet there are Iowa corn fields that you wouldn't have. Everybody there raises corn—nine million acres of it. But the crop should not require that much land.

So, here with tomatoes—we raise a lot, but we scratch over all creation in doing it.

Proper fertilizing will—

1st increase the yield.

2nd improve the quality.

Wish you could laugh over the pale tomatoes of California; wish you could feel properly thankful for the deep color and beauty of Maryland-grown fruit and vegetables—then we would all try to improve our blessings.

Make your tomatoes, big; soid; all red and very red. Make the blossoms hold on and grow into fruit.

Increase your tonnage.

Who knows how supreme the Peninsula may become as the Tomato Belt.

Our help with fertilizers that are good clean through.

Buy the right thing and use enough of it.

HORSEY, ROE & COMPANY,
E. H. MALOY, MANAGER,
GREENSBORO STATION, MARYLAND

J. B. COLGAIN, Agent, Denton, Md.
J. H. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.
L. M. JONES, Henderson, Md.

Protection to Depositors!

Those who keep their money in this bank while it awaits their use, know positively that no harm can come to it and that they can get it when they want it.

This bank is equipped with a Victor Manganese Screw door safe that is absolutely burglar proof. Also steel safe deposit boxes,

SECURE YOUR MONEY FROM LOSS AND MISSPENDING.

Deposit it in this bank as soon as you get it. Pay by check. An obligation paid by check leaves no chance for dispute. The check is returned after payment and becomes a receipt. It is also businesslike and convenient and puts system and safety into your transactions.

This bank welcomes checking accounts with business men and individuals. A small beginning will do.

THE GOLDSBORO BANK,
GOLDSBORO, MARYLAND.

Capital - -	$ 12,000.00	Surplus (earned)	$ 4,500.00
Resources -	137,000.00	Deposits - -	110,000.00

FERTILIZERS

Anyone desiring a good grade of FERTILIZER can buy it, with guarantee as to analysis, by applying to

JAMES TEMPLE,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Agent for M. P. HUBBARD & CO.
(7-22-tf)

Town Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be an election of Commissioners of Denton on MONDAY, APRIL 28th, 1913, between the hours of 1 o'clock and 5 o'clock p. m., in the Court House lobby.

By order of the Board,
W. S. CROUSE, Clerk.

For Sale.

50 White Leghorn hens' eggs for hatching, fifty cents for fifteen. Two fine Rhode Island Red Cockerels for sale. J. VIRGIL MOORE,
3-22-3t Denton, Md.

Seed Potatoes.

1000 Baskets Jersey Big Stem and Up-River varieties. Call or write for orders. H. M. PARROTT,
3-22-4t Preston, Md.

A Profitable Business For Sale

HAVING been employed by the Farmers and Merchants Telephone Company for the past five years, and now as my duties with the new company will require all my time I am compelled to dispose of my

Farm Implement, Carriage and Harness Business.

This business was established by me in 1890. I have always enjoyed a good trade, and, I trust, the good will of my many customers. I consider this a grand opportunity for one or more energetic young men to STEP INTO A PROFITABLE BUSINESS, one that is well established. I will sell the entire stock now on hand, or will reduce it to suit purchaser, and sell or lease the building for a terms of years, and give possession within fifteen days.

H. M. THOMPSON,
Thompson Hardware & Implement Co.,
HILLSBORO, MD.
3-29.3t

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscribers, of Caroline county, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

B. GOOTEE STEVENS,

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 25th day of October, 1913, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under our hands this 25th day of March, 1913.

BRUCE G. STEVENS,
H. EARLE SMITH,
Administrators of B. Gootee Stevens, deceased.

For Rent.

Two Houses in Denton—one on Franklin St., recently occupied by Mr. Wm. B. Gootee; possession given at once—the other on Fourth St., now occupied by Mr. John B. Tull; possession given April 1st. Both of these houses are in good repair and are desirable houses. T. PLINY FISHER.

The Golden Buddha

A Rascal Meets the Fate Intended For Another.

By RELLING H. WILLIAMS

A little after 2 o'clock one afternoon Jack Gordon looked up from his desk in the Shanghai banking house of Blent & Co. and met the weasel eyes of Jimmy Blake fastened upon him.

James Patrick Blake was the auditor and in his own opinion quite a personage. To his subordinates in the office he was merely "old Jimmy," with whom they had played from childhood and whom they unmercifully licked at all out of door sports when office hours were over.

Mr. Blake lifted a delicate forefinger and beckoned to young Gordon. "Come into my office," he said curtly.

"Are you speaking to me?" demanded Jack haughtily.

Jimmy nodded and turned into the little partitioned room which bore his name on the door.

The eyes of his fellow clerks followed Jack's tall, young figure until the door closed behind him, and a meaning glance went the round of desks, and, although not a sound was uttered, the room seemed to echo with the words:

"Beastly little cad, Blake!"

Inside the office Jimmy Blake sat before his polished mahogany desk twirling a fan in his white hands. He glanced with narrowed eyes at Jack, who stood back against the door.

"What about that package in your desk, Jack?" he asked abruptly.

Jack stared. "What package?"

Blake fanned himself leisurely. "Of course I knew you would deny it," he said in his smooth accents. "But I may as well tell you, Jack, that the game is up! All is discovered—flee for your life and all that rot, you know."

"I don't know. What's up? What's discovered? You'll have to explain, Jimmy," sneered Jack.

"Still deny it? Still assert that you have not concealed in your desk—in the second drawer, to be more explicit—a package wrapped in blue cloth which—well, never mind that. You deny that such a package is in your desk?" rapped out Blake.

"I distinctly deny that, to my knowledge, such a package is there," asserted Jack indignantly.

"You have no objection to proving that statement?"

"None whatever."

Jack shot out of the office, and after a few moments he returned with a very white face, bearing in one hand the described package.

"You win," he said sullenly as he placed it on the desk. "You seem so well informed in the matter perhaps you will tell me how it got there."

"I was about to ask you that question, Jack," returned Blake coolly.

"YOU LYING SCOUNDREL!" AND JACK THREW HIMSELF AT THE LITTLE MAN.

"Now, sit down, my boy. I want to make some inquiries."

"I prefer to stand," said Jack stiffly.

"As you will," said the auditor with a shrug of his narrow shoulders. "First tell me where you were last night."

Gordon started a little, and then with studied insolence he replied:

"It's none of your business."

Blake laughed. "Of course you prefer not to tell. But unfortunately you were followed to the bank here and were seen to place the package in your desk."

"You lie!" snapped Jack savagely.

Jimmy Blake lifted his scanty eyebrows and, except for a reddening of his little eyes, would seem to have passed the insult.

"Of course I expected you to say that, but it is a fact that you are known to have been implicated in the theft of the Golden Buddha from the summer palace at Peking!"

"You lying scoundrel!" Jack threw himself furiously upon the little man, but before his strong brown fingers had reached the stringy throat of his accuser he withheld them, for James Blake had flashed out a small revolver, which he pressed menacingly against the breast of the clerk.

"Now just cool off, Gordon," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice. "You are in a devilish scrape, I know, but I will help you out if I can. In fact, I am the only one who can help you out. Make an enemy of me if you wish and you will be handed over to the Chinese government for punishment, for you will be taken secretly into custody by the imperial spies and will not have a chance to claim protection under the stars and stripes or even to appeal for a hearing before the consular court. It is a crime punishable by death regardless of nationality or position or wealth.

"The facts are these: I received information last night that government spies were tracking a clerk in our office who was suspected of being mixed up in the case of the theft of the Golden Buddha from the summer palace at Peking."

Jack winced, but his expression of scornful unbelief did not change.

"We all know the history of the Golden Buddha," went on Blake in a guarded tone, looking straight into the eyes of the younger man. "We know that it is a most sacred relic and contains within its hollow form several gems of priceless value which were placed there for safe keeping, as the reverence with which this image is regarded has always been sufficient guarantee of its safety. The priests who guarded it were foully murdered, and the image disappeared.

"It has been traced to Shanghai, first to the old city and then, last night, to the doors of Blent & Co. and finally to the desk of John Gordon."

Jack commanded his voice with difficulty as he replied in measured tones: "I repeat that I know nothing whatever about the matter. I never heard of the Golden Buddha until I read of the theft in the newspapers. I have never been in Peking in my life, and, of course, I can prove that I was here at my desk when the image was stolen."

"Can you?" ejaculated Blake with a short laugh of triumph. "The theft occurred on the 1st of June. Today is the 14th. According to the office records, you were granted leave of absence from the 30th of May until the 2d of June."

Jack started violently, and the color foresook his face. "You have formed a very pretty bit of evidence, Mr. Blake," he said slowly, "but you cannot prove that it was I who placed the package in my desk. It might have been some one else, who, finding he was detected, has planted the crime upon my shoulders. It might have been any one of a dozen others. It might have been you! And, after all, I have no proof that this package does contain the Golden Buddha," he added heatedly.

Jimmy Blake drew the package toward him and calmly untied the red silk cords that bound the covering of blue cotton cloth and presently disclosed a lacquered box about twelve inches square.

He pressed a spring, and the cover flew up, revealing an object that caused Jack Gordon to utter a cry of amazement and to lean forward with unconcealed interest.

Squatting in a bed of green silk, with crossed hands and feet and terrible, impassive countenance, was a Buddha wrought in pure gold set with diamonds and rubies that flamed in the faces of the two men with dazzling radiance.

"And that is it?" murmured Jack breathlessly.

"Nothing less," returned Blake as he lifted the image from the box and pressed firmly on the top of the head.

The creases in the neck thickened as the head sank between the shoulders, and then from the base of the squat figure poured forth a stream of enormous gems which ran like living fire and flame across the blotting pad on Jimmy Blake's desk.

"My God!" muttered Jack at last. "And they accuse me of stealing that?"

"They certainly do," said Blake coolly as he replaced the image in the casket and retied the crimson cords about the outer covering.

Then Jimmy Blake said: "Now, Jack, step to the window there. Stand behind the blind. Now, look across the road. See three coolies gambling under that portico?"

Gordon nodded.

"They have been there for several days; they are not coolies; they are imperial spies watching the bank. Night and day we have been under espionage."

"Now, Jack, my boy, you must decide what you will do within a very few minutes. I have tried to think of some way to help you out, and my plan is for you to take the image and go down to the native city. There you can hire a sampan—I will go with you if you wish—and proceed to the island of Wasoo. Once there, we will meet a man who has power from the exalted rulers to negotiate for the box. When the matter is concluded you and I will return to Shanghai and all will be forgotten—by me, at least."

Blake twirled his mustache complacently as he watched the changing emotions on Jack's face. Pride struggled with fear and defiance, and once a spasm of horror contracted his features.

"It seems to be your day, Blake," said Jack at last. "Although I will maintain to my last breath that I am guiltless of this matter, I suppose the quickest way out of it is to pose as a guilty man and follow your advice."

Exactly at 3:30 that afternoon Jack Gordon left the offices of Blent & Co. and took his way slowly along the Bund. He bore a small leather satchel in one hand, and, although he carried his broad shoulders with his customary proud swing, there were new lines graven on his face since he had left home that morning.

He crossed the garden bridge and passed the public gardens and then on beyond to the Yankingpang creek, where he crossed the bridge and finally wended his way along the water front toward the eastern gate of the old walled city.

Three coolies passed him swiftly, and each one as he passed looked intently into his troubled face. They were walking in single file, and each one had his hands folded in the depths of his voluminous sleeves.

There was something significant in their strange, swift pace and in the curious glance each one had vouchsafed. Jack watched them with fascinated eyes until they reached the eastern gate. There they paused and waited, and it dawned upon him with something of a shock that they were waiting for him.

With a shrug of his shoulders he resumed his walk, and when he reached the gate the spies had disappeared, but he had no doubt they would track him from alley to alley and up and down the filthy, crooked streets.

But his mind was wrestling with the problem of why James Blake had selected him out of the entire office force as a scapegoat for what was evidently his own crime. Discovering that his movements were being followed, Blake had undoubtedly slipped the incriminating evidence into Jack's desk and had now turned the young man loose with the Golden Buddha in his possession, to be pounced upon by the spies and probably murdered. The gates of the ancient native city swallow up many a victim.

All at once Jack started forward on a run to overtake the spies. He would give them the bag containing the Buddha and bribe them into momentary blindness while he made his escape. When he came suddenly upon them they were as diligently pursuing another person, and that person was Mr. James Blake, whose dapper person was walking with nervous haste toward the rendezvous he had named to Jack.

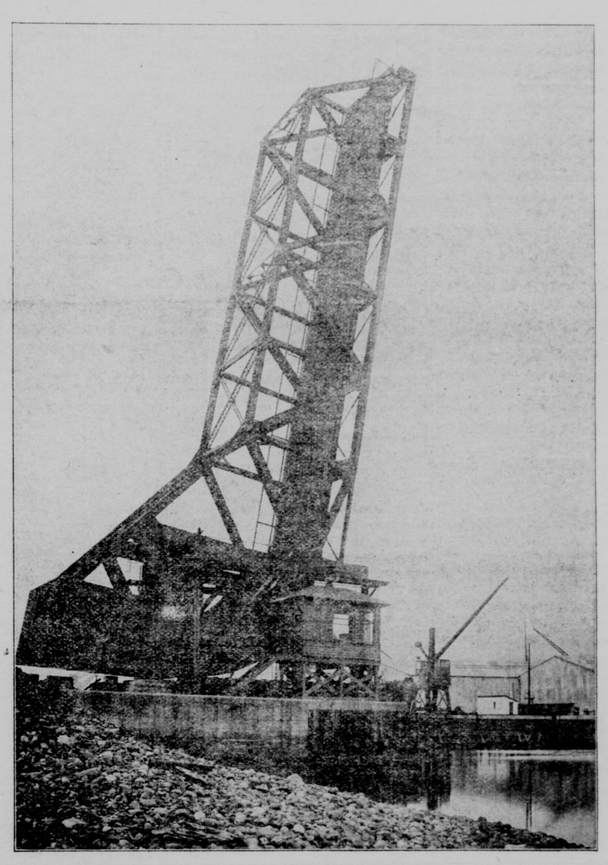
Jack reached the spies and thrust the bag into the hand of the nearest. The man laughed in his face and tossed the bag contemptuously back, pointing at Jimmy Blake as he did so. Then the three spies outdistanced him, and Jack was left gaping after them.

He opened the bag and saw for the first time what the spies already guessed. The blue cloth wrapped box that had contained the Buddha was there, but it was empty. James Blake, terrified for his own safety, was probably trying to pass the precious image to some confederate for safe keeping until after the government had been placated by the sacrifice of a victim. Jack was to be the victim. Now he understood, and he shuddered for James Blake.

He threw aside the bag and turned to retrace his steps toward home. All at once a cry rang through the streets, followed by a great silence, and he shuddered.

For he knew that the Golden Buddha had claimed another life and that James Blake would scheme no more.

HOW THE NEW LIFT DRAW OVER THE CHOPTANK WILL LOOK



"MY GOD!" MUTTERED JACK. "AND THEY ACCUSE ME OF STEALING THAT?"

Got Her Number.

"Dearest," said the east end matron, "I wish to say a few words to you. You are not treating me right, darling. Not that you are as bad as Mr. Hoggerty, who is untrue to his family. And you aren't like Mr. Jikk, on our left, who drinks and gambles, but"—

"Thank you, sweetheart!"

"Don't interrupt. I'm awfully glad that you aren't like Mrs. Smith's husband. Mrs. Smith thinks he's all right, but I happen to know that he is a perfect demon. Not that Mrs. Smith is any too good. She makes believe she is all right, but the other day Mrs. Brown told me"—

"All right, Auto!"

"Why do you call me Auto?"

"You are always running people down, that's all. But go on!"

She refused to crank up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Minstrels.

"Mr. Interlocutor, if a baby swallowed a key what would you call it?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bones. What would you call it?"

"A key in A minor."

"Mr. Baker will now oblige with a recitation entitled 'Ragtime.'"

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Matter of Measure.

Filcher (who has a cow to sell)—Of course she hasn't any of those A. R. O.'s attached to her name, but she's got her good p'ints, all right. Milcher—Yeuh, but I want one with a record and some good daughters. You can judge them by their quarts and gals.—Exchange.

Overconfidence.

Probably the best thing about overconfidence is that if a girl didn't have it she wouldn't ever marry.—Galveston News.