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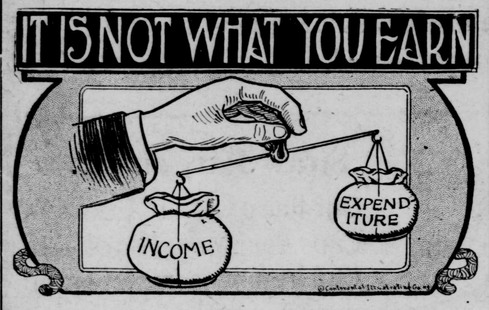
F. J. WRIGHT
JEWELER & OPTICIAN
Denton, Md.

IT IS NOT WHAT YOU EARN



but what you save that determines whether you progress or retrograde. None in this world can remain stationary. If you let your expenditures balance your income you are losing ground in the fight for independence.

The modern key to success and independence is a savings bank account. Why not start one now? Your initial deposit—large or small—will be welcome : : : :

Liberal Interest Paid

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

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

There's nothing small about the Ford—except its purchase price and cost to keep. In number of cars, in world-wide use, in quality of service to owners and in its daily performance it is the biggest car in the world. 530,000 users will testify to these facts.

Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—all f. o. b. Detroit, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from DENTON AUTO CO., Denton, Maryland.
Call at the Big Garage.

A REFRESHING DRINK

no matter what the weather may be, can always be found at our fountain. In fact we boast that we have the greatest variety of drinks of any place in town. We cannot enumerate them here; it would take too much space, so we will just invite you to drop in the next time you are this way, and let us serve you with one of those tasteful beverages, for which we are so noted.

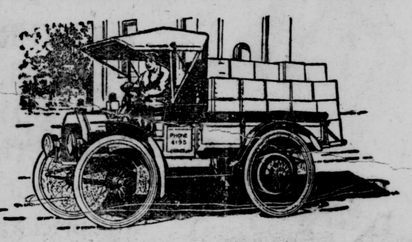
Denton Drug Company,
Denton, Maryland.

REGARDING WIND STORMS

The wind storms in this section seem to be getting stronger all the time and a great deal of damage to buildings has occurred here of late. The premiums on a policy of this kind is such a price that no one can afford to be without same. For an illustration, the rate on dwelling for one year is $.10 per hundred or $1.00 per thousand. A three year policy for $1000 would cost you $2.00. The Company will carry a policy for the cost of buildings or as low as 50 per cent. of cost and it also pays a loss where same is large or small. If you can be interested in a policy of this kind, be kind enough to notify us and we will be glad to take same up with you.

COOPER, WRIGHT & COOPER,
INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS.

International Motor Trucks



The I H C Line
GRAIN AND HAY MACHINES
Binders, Reapers
Headers, Mowers
Rakes, Stackers
Hay Loaders
Hay Presses
CORN MACHINES
Planters, Pickers
Binders, Cultivators
Ensilage Cutters
Shellers, Shredders
TILLAGE
Peg, Spring-Tooth, and Disk Harrows
Cultivators
GENERAL LINE
Oil and Gas Engines
Oil Tractors
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Farm Wagons
Motor Trucks
Threshers
Grain Drills
Feed Grinders
Knife Grinders
Binder Twine

"LAST fall we handled nearly our entire fruit crop with an International Motor Truck, the truck readily doing as much as two teams. For a period of nearly three months the truck was on the road six days a week, averaging about forty miles a day over all kinds of roads. It appears to be in as good shape now as the day we brought it home. The machine is a money maker as well as a time saver for us.

GARLOCK FRUIT FARM CO., Grimes, Iowa."

Use an International Motor Truck, and handle your produce much more economically and profitably.

The solid tires cut down tire troubles. The motor is simple. The truck is easy to operate—one lever controls the car. You can have any style of body—express—stake—panel; the one that best suits your needs.

Our International truck catalogue is full of facts that may mean money to you later. Drop us a card and let us send you information.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Baltimore Md.
Champion Deering McCormick Milwaukee Osborne Plano

Notice to Farmers, Truckers and Poultry Raisers.

Very complete this season is our stock of Field and Garden Seeds:

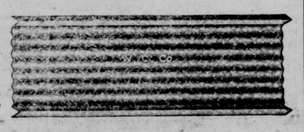
EARLY POTATOES,
CLOVER SEED, LAWN GRASS,
SEED OATS, SUGAR CORN,
ONION, PEAS,
WAX BEANS, ETC.

JUST IN—A Carload of Wire for Poultry Fencing and Rabbit Fencing.

We have some fine Runabouts and Carriages at extra low prices. Look at them before you buy. Carriage Harness of all kinds—also double carriage and wagon Harness.

We have secured a special lot of Bicycles of guaranteed quality with 1⅝ inch tires, and will sell them to quick buyers at $14.90 each; with coaster brakes $18.90.

Galvanized iron roofing has just been shipped in large quantities and the prices are right. We sell rubber roofing.



Come to us for anything in BUILDING HARDWARE

Will you beautify your home this season by painting? We have a big stock of Paints, Oils and Varnishes. We have paints in the paste and ready-mixed brands.

SMITH & WALLS,
Law Building, DENTON, MARYLAND.

Carriages, Spring Dearborns, Harness and Farm Machinery.

We desire to call your attention to the following:

Carriages Full Leather Top and Side Curtains, All-Wool Lining, will not fade, 48" Top, Light, Roomy and Snappy. $60

Spring Dearborns 1¼" Duplex - - - - $42

HIGH GRADE CARRIAGES also in stock, including Brown Carriage Co.'s line.

Harness. We carry a large line.

DEERING BINDERS, MOWERS, ETC.

W. H. HOLLIS & SON,
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. Lady Assistant.
Phone 38 PRESTON, MD.

Inspection solicited, and we will as cheerfully show you our lines as we would to sell them to you.

The New Automobile

Its Demonstration Trip Was an Eventful One

By F. A. MITCHEL

I was shopping and had been looking at some laces. Leaving the store, I went out on to the sidewalk, intending to go home, but it was such a bright spring morning that I was loath to do so. Beside the curb stood a new spick and span automobile, the sun glistening on it and the cushions looking so comfortable that I wished I might have a spin in it. My husband was at the time trying automobiles with a view to buying a new one, and I wished he would select one exactly like the car before me. While I was coveting it Charlie Forsyth came along and after greeting me joined me in admiring the machine.

"I'd like a spin this morning," I said to him. "I haven't been out for a week. Our chauffeur has been laid up, and I'm afraid to go out into the

"I DON'T OWN THIS CAR. ISN'T IT YOURS?"

country alone, for if my machine should break down I wouldn't know what to do."

"I'll take you out," he said. "Get in."

I knew that Charlie was fond of motoring, but was surprised that the car should be his. However, he owned several cars, and I expressed no surprise. The truth is I was thinking that I should decline his invitation. My husband was not at all jealous and permitted me to accept any attentions I saw fit. But I was quite sure that if he would be displeased at my motoring with any one that person was Charlie Forsyth. This was what occupied my mind as I stepped into the car.

"Only a short ride," I said. "Tom said he might be at home at noon today with a new car he is trying and take me out with him after luncheon."

"Just as long or as short as you like," he replied.

I knew Charlie to be a fine driver, and I was therefore surprised that he had some difficulty in getting under way, but I supposed that, his machine being a new one, he had not yet become familiar with it. However, we finally got out from the crowd of vehicles that frequented that part of the city, and it was not long before we were moving on a country road regardless of the speed limit. We had been out about half an hour when I asked Charlie how long he had owned the auto.

"Owned what auto?"

"Why, this one."

"This one! I don't own this car. Isn't it yours?"

"Mine! No. I never saw it before today."

"Well, I'll be jinged! We've stolen an auto."

I began to laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," he added. "The owner can make a lot of trouble for us if he likes."

"I wonder who the owner is?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I'm going to take it back from where I got it as soon as possible. I only hope—no, that cannot be expected—the fellow has been detained so that we can get it back before he misses it."

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "Turn around and go back as fast as you can!"

"It would be better to return by another road. We'll strike a crossroad presently. I'll take it and in a mile or so reach an asphalt paved way that will take us back to the city."

We kept on, but in a few minutes I heard an ominous buzzing behind. I turned and saw an auto coming like the wind.

"My goodness gracious!" I cried. "Suppose it should be the owner of the car coming for us!"

"Quite likely it is," said Charlie grimly.

I can understand the temptation of persons running autos when they knock down or run over some one to try to get out of the scrape by flight. The impulse to make a race for concealment is very strong. The almost certainty of final detection is lost sight of. This is the way I felt, and I fancy Charlie was tempted in like manner. But he never said a word, nor did I. I knew by the sputtering of the machine as he turned on more power and opened a valve to let out gas that he was going to run for it.

But both Charlie and I were fools not to turn about and, if we met the owner of the car we had taken, explain the mistake and throw ourselves on his mercy. As I have said, it was that desire inborn in humanity, and in the brute creation for that matter, for the excitement of a race.

"Don't look back," said Charlie. I knew by this that my doing so would indicate that we were trying to escape by flight, whereas if we paid no attention to those behind us it would appear that we were simply going at high speed. But despite the caution I could not help turning my head. I could not see who was in the car behind us on account of the dust, and by other evidences of a breakneck speed I had little doubt that the driver was trying to catch us.

"I think they're gaining just a little," I said.

Tom pushed the speed gauge a trifle farther on—not to the limit, for we were already going at a tremendous gait. The telegraph poles flew like the spokes of a revolving wheel. Fortunately the road was good, but Charlie dare not turn when we reached the crossroad without slowing down, and this he did not wish to do. So we shot by it like a cannon ball.

Looking ahead, I saw what teams were in the road turn and as far as possible on the side. When we reached one of them the astonished face of the driver flashed upon me and vanished.

Looking back, I saw that we had gained on our pursuers. They were still under full speed, but they surely could not have as swift going a machine as ours. But at this moment something underneath our car began to rattle. Charlie instinctively moved back the speed gauge.

"I'm afraid we're beaten," he said.

"Oh, go ahead!" I cried. "Take the chances."

"If anything should break while going at this speed we'd be mashed into pulp."

Possibly, added to this view of the case, Charlie had had time to consider the folly of our course. The rattling continued, and he took off more power. I looked back and saw that our pursuers were rapidly coming up with us. I think I would have renewed the pace if I had known we should be wrecked, but Charlie had got some discretion into him and kept reducing instead of putting on speed.

"When they come up," he said, "don't appear as if we had been trying to get away from them. Brazen it out. I'll declare, till otherwise convinced, that the machine is mine."

So we prepared ourselves for a bluff, and our pursuers, coming near, shouted to us to stop. Charlie obeyed, and the other car slowed down beside us. When I saw what it contained the heavens grew black, all about me whirled, and I sank back on the leather cushion.

I had been flying from my husband.

I didn't quite faint away. I was sufficiently conscious to see on Tom's face the look of a man who had caught his wife running away with a rival. The first words I heard came from Charlie, and it was evident that he had not lost his presence of mind.

"Hello, Tom!" he said. "What are you doing out here at this time in the morning?"

Tom made no reply. He was too appalled to speak.

"I met your wife," Charlie continued, "in front of Waterman's store looking at this auto. I thought it was hers, and she thought it was mine. I proposed a spin, and it was only a few minutes ago that we discovered our mistake."

I saw a look of mingled relief and doubt come over my husband's face. He seemed to wish to believe the story, but found it hard to swallow. Presently he said in a reserved tone:

"You are in a car I have been thinking of buying. I left it awhile ago before Waterman's, going in to buy a pair of driving gloves. When I came out the auto was gone. A policeman told me he saw a man and a woman get into it and drive off in this direction."

By this time I had recovered sufficiently to take my part in the conversation.

"We discovered our mistake," I said. "Just as we heard you coming for us. Not knowing who you were, but supposing you were the owner of the car we had taken, we thought we would race you for it. Flying from my own husband—ha, ha!"

Tom didn't seem to think it funny a bit, the reason being plain. The idea that was uppermost in his head was that I was eloping with his rival. However, the fact that we had taken the automobile he had been using convinced him. If we had intended an elopement we should not have been likely to take that particular car. The fact of having been pursued by Tom began to strike Charlie as very ludicrous. The corners of his mouth began to quirk up. Tom's scowl also broke into a smile.

"We've got to get back to town," said Charlie. "Do you want your wife in your car, Tom, or will you trust her to me? I promise solemnly not to run away with her again."

Tom's smile broadened into a grin, and, starting his auto—he had borrowed it for the pursuit—he left us to go where we pleased. We followed him home, and I invited Charlie into luncheon. We found Tom opening a bottle of wine, and before the party broke up we were in a gale of laughter at our stealing an automobile, being chased for thieves and finally my being considered an eloper by my own husband.

Maybe He Got It Back.

Brown and Jones were leaning on a polished counter and talking intimately. Then said Brown to Jones:

"Look here, old man. Suppose you were to come around to my apartments one of these days and should walk up to my room and, receiving no answer to your knock, should come in and find my lifeless body stretched out cold across the bed. Now, in a case like that, what would you do?"

"I'll tell you," answered Jones after thinking it over. "I'd institute an immediate search for the $5 you have owed me for two years."—Exchange.

The New Woman.

Simeon Ford, the humorist, said at a recent dinner:

"The new woman is a commanding figure. Man buckles down to her.

"Man, the conqueror, when he would win a woman in the past, brought her to the dust. Today, on the contrary, he brings the dust to her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A SINGULAR CRIME

And as Singular a Method of Punishment

By EDITH V. ROSS

Tom Arnold was one of those boys who are so full of animal life that it is hard for them to control themselves and impossible for their parents to control them. It became evident to Tom's father that since his son was bound to sow his wild oats he had better have plenty of scope. So when the boy was seventeen his father sent him to what was then the wild and woolly west. Before he was nineteen he had been on different occasions when important work was to be done made deputy sheriff and when he was twenty received the appointment to that office. His tastes not being in the line of money making, he did not accumulate this world's goods, but this was of little consequence, for his father was well off.

When Tom was about twenty-five years old he had exhausted the novelty of the life he led and concluded to make a favorable reply to the many letters his mother had written him to return to civilization for a visit if he could be contented to remain.

On his way east Tom passed through a small town where he was obliged to stop over a day. This stop was fatal to his return—at least, at that time—for another motive than danger detained him. A traveling company consisting of acrobats, tight rope dancers, trained dogs and such like performers was also passing through the town and gave an exhibition during the afternoon and evening. Tom to while away the time attended the show in the afternoon.

There was one number on the program that interested Tom especially. Edward and Blanche Withrow, a young man and his sister, gave a performance in rifle firing, the brother sending a bullet through an apple resting on the girl's head. Whether it was because such a feat was in Tom's line or that the girl was very pretty or that he feared for her life probably

IT LOOKED FOR AWHILE AS IF THE OFFENDER WOULD BE LYNCHED.

Tom himself could not have told. All he knew about it was that he was fascinated.

When the evening performance came on Tom was again in the audience. He waited patiently through the other stunts, and when the rifle shooting commenced it was evident that this alone interested him. When the young man was preparing to fire Tom watched him intently; when he was aiming Tom breathed hard, and after he had fired till it was evident the girl had escaped injury Tom held his breath.

The next day Tom proceeded on his journey in a stagecoach, the performers going in the same direction in their own wagons. The latter stopped at a town to give a performance, and Tom stopped too. From that time for a week he followed the company; then something happened.

At an afternoon's performance preparations were being made for the rifle feat, when Tom was blinded by an instantaneous flash. Happening to turn his eyes to a dark corner of a gallery, he saw a man, and above him on the ceiling, for a moment only, danced a spot of sunlight. Then the man put something in his pocket. Others in the audience seemed to have been troubled by the flash, but only Tom knew whence it came. He felt sure the man in the gallery had caught the sunlight on a hand mirror. But all, including Tom, were intent on the main feat of the show that was coming and thought nothing of the flash.

The girl having been placed against an upright board with her face to her brother, he took his position, aimed, as usual, with great care and fired. A dazed look came over his sister, and she clasped her left arm with the hand of the right. Unloosening her grasp for a moment, she looked at it. There was blood on it. Her brother threw down his rifle and ran toward her. Both were very pale.

A great deal went through Tom Arnold's brain in a very few moments. His experience in gun practice told him that something had disconcerted the marksman. He saw the man he had noticed in the gallery get up and go out. Then it occurred to Tom that the marksman had faced the gallery in which this man had sat. The culmination of all these things was a feeling of certainty that the man had thrown a ray of sunlight into the performer's eyes just as he was about to pull the trigger.

The audience were intent on the girl, who had evidently received a wound in the arm, but Tom Arnold, full of a burning desire to punish the man who had committed the outrage, arose from his seat and hurried out to the door. There he met the man, moving rapidly, evidently desirous to get away.

"What's your hurry?" asked Tom.

"None of your business," said the other.

Tom went close up to him, thrust his hand into an outside coat pocket and took out a little round mirror with a metal back. The man paled. Tom ordered him to go back into the hall. The man demurred, but the cold muzzle of a revolver against his temple brought him to terms. Tom marched him down an aisle close to the stage, or, rather, the platform. The curtain had been rung down, and the audience were discussing the accident. Facing them, Tom said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am handy with the gun, and that you shall not be disappointed in seeing an exhibition of such skill I would be pleased, if you desire it, to give you one."

The shouts that greeted this offer left no doubt that it was very acceptable.

Tom took the man he had captured up a short flight of stairs on to the platform and behind the curtain. He found a commotion which he quieted and repeated his offer to the manager, who acquiesced. Tom spoke a few words of sympathy to the young performer and his sister, and the curtain was rung up, Tom and his captive standing in the wings.

"What are you going to do?" asked the man.

"Shoot an apple off your head. Proceed."

The man sidled on to the platform. Tom motioned to the manager to stand him against the board and put an apple on his head. Then Tom, drawing his own revolver, took aim at his victim. Several minutes elapsed before a shot was fired owing to the target's unsteadiness, for he seemed on the verge of collapse. Finally Tom told him that if he didn't brace up and stand still he was liable to get a bullet in his brain. This steadied him. Tom fired and pierced the apple, which the manager held up for the inspection of the audience.

Then Tom, taking a silver half dollar from his pocket, handed it to the manager, telling him to put it on the man's head. When it appeared that Tom was intending to shoot the coin some of the audience protested, while others shouted to him to proceed. Stepping to the footlights, he told them that the wounding of the girl was not an accident, but had been produced by this fellow throwing a ray of sunlight into her brother's eyes. Then Tom held up the mirror.

It looked for awhile as if the offender would be lynched. Indeed, several men started up to the stage for the purpose, but Tom, who had a revolver in his hand, drove them back and claimed the privilege of punishing the culprit himself.

At the next shot the half dollar was knocked into the air, fell and rolled over the floor.

Tom now asked the audience if he had not better turn the man over to the sheriff, since he was so limp that he was not fitted for a target. Some cried "Yes," some "No," while others cried "Shoot him down!" But Tom had some time before suggested to the manager to send for an officer to make the arrest, and the sheriff having arrived and learned the circumstances walked on to the stage and took the man away amid howls from the audience.

Tom now went back to the room used in common by the company to find that a doctor had dressed the girl's wound, and she and her brother were waiting for a conveyance to take her to a hotel. The brother thanked Tom for bringing his enemy to justice, and the wounded girl looked a gratitude that was more pleasing than words. Tom drove to the hotel with the two, and before they retired he was put into possession of the man's reasons for his inhuman action.

He was a rough character who had followed them, endeavoring to thrust his attentions on the girl. She had snubbed him, and her brother had told him that if he did not let his sister alone he would take measures to force him to do so.

Both Tom Arnold and the company of players were detained in the town till their depositions could be taken down, and they were required to return for the trial. The man was convicted and sentenced to state prison for a term of years. Meanwhile Tom had returned to civilization, but not fancying city life his father furnished him with the means to return to the west. The Withrows never gave another performance after the one in which the sister had been wounded, the brother having by it been deprived of his nerve for the feat and the sister not again daring to have him try it. Arnold kept in touch with them and when he established his ranch took Withrow into his employ. It was not long after this that Tom married Blanche and found it much easier to settle himself as a married man than as a single one.

Rungs of the Ladder.

Thomas A. Edison at a dinner once endeavored to instill courage into a disappointed man.

"You haven't got on," said Mr. Edison, "but if you keep on trying you'll succeed in the end. The successful man's life is just like yours, only he keeps up the fight; he doesn't give in.

"Yes," Mr. Edison ended, "the ladder of success is composed of round after round of failure."—Washington Star.

Willing Messenger.

Mrs. Suburbs (to tramp)—Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up, and I was just going to send for a man to do it. Tramp—That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him.—Boston Transcript.

In essentials unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity.—Melanchthon.