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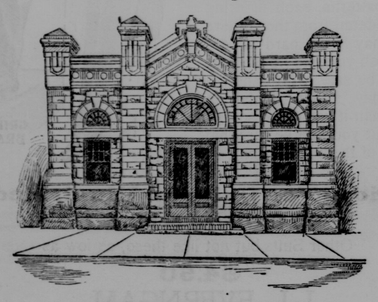
The Peoples National Bank

Denton, Maryland



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ANDREW M. 30850.

Sire of Andrew Moore, 2.18; Nancy Medium, 2.20; Andy M., 2.24¼; Winaway, 3 yrs., 2.24¼; and Little Andy, 3 yrs., 2.28¼. Also sire of the dam of Chief Wilkie, 2.12¼.

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Andrew M. will make the season at my farm, adjoining Fair Grounds, at $25.00 the season with, free return this fall in case of failure.

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[3-31-2m]

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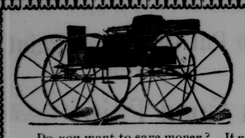

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12-30-6m] W. W. DUKES, Concord, Maryland.

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Small customers given every consideration.
We offer every accommodation consistent with good banking.
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Commencing at 10.30 A. M.
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to select from and ample opportunity for trial, and fresh horses arriving daily. Now for

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contains over 1000 vehicles of all descriptions to suit country purposes. Top Buggies, Surries, Phaetons, Traps, Daytons, Road Carts, Spring and Delivery Wagons, Sleighs and Harness of all kind.

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Remember: My examination is absolutely free of charge. I will examine *each eye separately*, using the latest scientific methods and instruments, and give you the pebble or rock crystal lense for the least possible cost. Your eye trouble you can't afford to put off, so come, have them examined and get relief at once.

Now is a good time to subscribe. F. J. WRIGHT, Ref. D., Carter Block, DENTON, MD.

The Man With a Record

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1905, by Charles W. Hooke

WILLIAM CONROY possessed an admirable tact within the limits of his experience, but he was a stranger in the upper walk of life. Suddenly thrust into high society, it was natural that he should err.

The delicate, almost instinctive, avoidance of such blunders as Du Maurier cartooned under the caption "Things which one would rather not have said," was hardly to be expected of Mr. Conroy. He had not been bred to it.

For reasons which will presently be made clear Mr. Conroy called at the residence of Gilbert Hollender in the early afternoon of a June day. The Hollender mansion is one of the sights of the city, and yet its ornate exterior gives scarcely a hint of the luxury within. The reception room oppressed Mr. Conroy with a sense of the gross inequalities of life, a subject upon which he had often reflected seriously, for he was a thoughtful and grave man and one whose professional training guarded him against mere outward show and vain pretense.

He had barely begun to familiarize himself with his surroundings and had not yet dared to sit down when a very beautiful young lady entered the room.

"You are Mr. Conroy?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

She looked at him with a lively interest, as if he were a thing quite new in her experience.

"You are the detective," said she. "You are going to Sunnyside with us."

"Such is my instructions," answered Conroy.

The careful precision of his utterance gave his grammatical error the effect of a deliberate jest, and Miss Hollender could not conceal her amusement. Instantly she took a great fancy to this man, quite as she might have liked a big dog for some unexpected and ponderous caper.

"My father has just telephoned that he has been detained downtown," said she, "but we are not to wait for him. So if you are ready"—

Conroy bowed low, with a solemn sweep of the right hand, deliciously awkward, and Miss Hollender was positively delighted.

There entered at this moment a woman of middle age, comfortably plump and the picture of gentle self satisfaction. Accompanying her was a lean, eager, pallid boy of twelve. These were Miss Hollender's aunt and brother. Obviously the boy had known who was in the reception room and had been impatient to see him, and it was equally clear that Conroy fell far below Master Hollender's ideal of a detective.

They rode to the railroad station in one of the Hollender automobiles, and upon the way a fortunate chance helped Conroy to gain the boy's favor, for they passed a slender, stooping old man with a long white beard, and the detective pointed him out as one of

"YOU ARE MR. CONROY?"

the most celebrated forgers of modern times, who had spent more than thirty years of his life in prison.

"If he was a reformed man," said Conroy, "I wouldn't make a show of him, but he ain't, and, moreover, he's vainer than an actor. If you should meet him he'd talk you deaf, and always about himself."

"I'd risk an ear or two just the same," said Willie Hollender, looking back at the celebrated criminal. "He must have a lot of ripping good stories."

And thereafter the boy viewed Conroy with more esteem, as one who knew important people.

On the platform beside the train the two ladies encountered a man of thirty-five or thereabout, English in dress and manner, accompanied by a valet carrying a suit case and a bag with golf clubs. It appeared presently that the Englishman was to be of the party; that he had been invited to Sunnyside for the week end and that he was upon very good terms with Miss Hollender, for she called him Tom and greeted him with warmth. His patronymic was Clifford.

When they entered Mr. Hollender's private car, which was attached to the train, they found several other people who were bound for Sunnyside, and in the distribution of the party, after the usual compliments had been exchanged, it is probable that Mr. Clifford would have maneuvered Miss Hollender into a corner for a tete-a-tete, but the young lady was not to be cheated of her pleasure in Conroy as a new type of the species, nor could Willie Hollender be parted from the detective, and thus a group of four was formed.

"We have had a series of petty but very annoying thefts at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender to Mr. Clifford. "There must be a thief among the servants, but he is too shrewd for amateur methods of detection, so we have begged Mr. Conroy to detach himself from more important affairs and help us in our perplexity."

"And what does Mr. Conroy think of the case?" asked Clifford.

"From what your father told me," said he, "I guess there's no doubt that you've got a crook on your payroll up there. It must be one of the servants, because things have been stolen when there wasn't a guest in the house—nobody but your father and young Mr. Hollender."

"Willie," said Miss Hollender sternly, "the searchlight of suspicion is veering in your direction."

Willie opened his eyes wide with sudden interest, and he seemed to experience a genuine disappointment when Conroy said:

"As there's been only one touch made while Willie was there and something like a dozen when he wasn't, I guess we'll have to let him out of it. No, miss, we've got a sure thing on the servants so far as I can see."

"You seem confident of success," remarked Clifford.

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded the detective. "The chances are that I'll spot an old friend before I've been there two hours."

"An old friend?" said Willie.

"Somebody with a record, I mean," responded Conroy. "Somebody with a mug in the gallery."

"A mug in the gallery?" echoed Clifford.

"I beg the young lady's pardon," said the detective, conscious of his rough phrase. "I mean a portrait at headquarters. If I don't recognize an acquaintance right away I'll have to look 'em up. And when I've found a record I've found my thief."

"That is always the theory of the police," said Miss Hollender. "Really, Mr. Conroy, I expected to find you more original."

"There's nothing original about facts," rejoined the detective gravely. "They're all old and hard, as old and hard as sin. Sin is in the heart, and it comes out in conduct like sweat through your skin. It comes out early. I've been in this business a good many years, and while I've seen first offenders, so called, I've never seen a thief that hadn't been dishonest as far back as you could look him up. You'll find a lot of things that have been covered over. This world ain't so hard as you maybe think it is. Criminals are excused. They're let off over and over again when they're young, but the evil is in 'em, and by and by they come to their natural windup, and that's in jail."

"Perhaps this may be true as to thieves," began Clifford. "I mean the petty, habitual 'sneaks'—I believe that's your word for them in America, isn't it?—but"—

"It's just as true of all wrongdoers," said Conroy sententiously. "Why, what's all this we hear about these divorces and the breaking up of homes? Do you ever find one single case where the guilty party didn't have a record? Take cruelty and neglect and meanness and all kinds of disrespect and dishonesty to women. I tell you that it's in the man, from his youth up, or he wouldn't do it. Every one of those divorced and redivorced men is a bad egg and always has been, and you may take my word for it. And as for the women, may the Lord pity and pardon 'em and lead 'em to a better life. Amen."

He spoke the closing words with a somber and prayerful earnestness, and a tense silence followed. Perceiving that he had made an impression, and being proud of it, he continued:

"If a lady was going to hire a butler and I should tell her that the man had been convicted twice of robbery she wouldn't hire him, but if he's been convicted twice of being a bad husband she'll marry him."

During these remarks Willie's pale countenance had been growing red very fast. At the last his hands went suddenly to his mouth, and he exploded behind them with one hysterical outburst of laughter. Then he rose hastily and went to the other end of the car.

Conroy, surprised, looked hastily into Miss Hollender's face. The young lady was beautifully serene, but, with the corner of an eye, the detective saw Clifford and perceived that his countenance was darkly clouded.

Immediately the Englishman straightened up in his chair and thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. Conroy had often seen a nervous man hide his hands. It is an impulse of protection, for the hands are betrayers of secrets. In this instance, however, there was a new phase of the familiar act, for Clifford became suddenly rigid, and the detective knew that his left hand spasmodically closed upon something in his pocket.

"Speaking of the robberies at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender placidly, "I hope your theory will prove true. I would rather we had hired a thief than that we had developed one on the estate."

Conroy did not reply. He was saying to himself: "I've hit 'em both, but the man much the hardest. And, besides, the girl's got the blood. She's the thoroughbred."

Some unimportant things were said, and Conroy presently excused himself, awkwardly enough, and went to the observation window in the rear of the car, but, though he seemed absorbed in the scenery, he never quite lost sight of Mr. Clifford from that moment to the end of the journey. As they were nearing Sunnyside Willie stole up behind the detective.

"I say," he whispered, "you didn't do a thing to Tom Clifford! Give it to him again. He's no good. He's been divorced twice."

This coincidence gave Conroy a cold chill.

"Don't speak of it," he groaned. "Forget it, Willie, forget it."

But after the boy had taken himself away Conroy's natural instincts began to assert themselves, and especially that trained serviceable curiosity which is the chief essential of success in the detective's profession. Thus his mind came to center with ever increasing intensity upon the one unexplained detail of this affair. What was it that Clifford's hand had unexpectedly encountered in his coat pocket?

Under the spur of this question the detective's powers of observation followed diligently upon the trail, and the

"SO THIS IS YOUR ERRAND?"

pursuit was not long, for when the party had arrived at the little railroad station which is nearest to the estate of Sunnyside Clifford took advantage of a moment when he thought that no eye was upon him and, drawing a letter from the suspected pocket, he dropped it through a crack between two planks of the platform. Conroy was surprised that the man had not torn the letter, and yet, of course, the odds were enormous that it would lie unseen forever.

There was indeed another explanation which Conroy discovered some hours later, when he had hired a youthful native of that region to crawl under the platform and secure the letter. It had already been torn and was all in small bits inside the envelope.

An hour's work in the room which had been assigned to him at Sunnyside sufficed for the task of putting the pieces together. Then Conroy pasted them neatly upon thin paper and reviewed the letter as a whole. It had been mailed in London and ran as follows:

Dear Clifford—I write this in a hurry to catch a mail. Miss M. is dead—and who that has a heart will not be glad? You that have none will rejoice in your own way, for while she lived there was always danger that some enemy would retell the old story. Fifteen years of madness! Poor woman, poor woman! Of course I have never exaggerated your conduct. You were engaged to her, she loved you, you saw a chance for a rich marriage, you jilted her, and the shock dethroned her reason. That's the worst of it and the whole of it. May God forgive you.

R.

It was now nearly 10 o'clock, but Conroy, armed with this weapon, which Providence had put into his hands, could delay to use it. The trivial affair which had brought him to that house was already upon the way to a conclusion, for he had recognized in one of the footmen an old and clever offender. But in any case he would have given all his thought to the more serious matter, for surely Mr. Hollender would rather lose a few pieces of plate than that his daughter should marry a rascal.

Conroy descended the stairs and found the lower part of the house deserted except for a few servants, for the guests were all upon the verandas. Passing through the dimly lighted drawing room he came suddenly face to face with the object of his search.

"Miss Hollender," he said, "I'm glad to find you alone. Here's something that you certainly ought to see. Perhaps I ought to show it to your father, but I guess this way will be the quickest and for that reason the best. It's a letter that I saw Mr. Clifford dispose of"—

A hand suddenly fell upon the detective's wrist and a voice vibrant with wrath spoke in his ear.

"So this is your errand here, is it? The robbery story is only a blind, eh? You're on my trail!"

Conroy wrenched himself free of Clifford's grip and preserved his hold upon the letter. At the same moment he heard Miss Hollender's voice, cold and smooth as ice:

"Of course I could not read a letter of Mr. Clifford's under any circumstances," she said, "but if I did so, whatever the contents might be, I could not know him better than I do at this present instant. His inference in regard to your business here, Mr. Conroy, will be all that I shall require. That I owe to you, and I thank you heartily."

Asked and Answered.

In the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins" (Lord Brampton) a story is told concerning Jack, the pet terrier which always accompanied the famous judge wherever he went.

On one occasion, when on circuit and driving to the cathedral of a certain city for the preliminary religious service, Jack sat beside his master in the sheriff's coach. The sheriff and his chaplain, a most solemn looking, ascetic high churchman, occupied the opposite seat.

His lordship in relating the story says that the chaplain eyed the dog for a long time with great uneasiness. Then, as they neared the cathedral, he seemed to get alarmed and, in a state of great agitation, stammeringly said:

"My lord, may I—ah—er—ask if the dog is going to divine service?"

"Well, I don't know," replied his lordship. "I shall ask him. Jack, would you like to go to church?"

Jack growled and lifted his head to howl.

"No," went on the judge. "Jack says that he doesn't like dry sermons."

After Identification.

Detective—Could you identify the man who bunkoed you? The Victim—Identify him? I'll do a good deal more than that to him if I ever get near enough.

Never let go the reins of the wild colt of the heart.—Japanese Proverb.

A MURDEROUS WEAPON.

The Explosive Harpoon, the Whale Hunter's Chief Reliance.

The explosive harpoon, which is the modern whale hunter's chief reliance, is a truly murderous weapon, six feet in length and strong in proportion, made chiefly of malleable iron and admirably designed for the slaying of the immense creatures. Its most striking feature next to the bomb head, which is operated by a time fuse and explodes in the vitals of the whale, is the anchor-like device that prevents the harpoon "drawing" out of the body again under the terrific strain of the wounded monster's frantic efforts to free itself. This consists of four hinged barbs, which lie along the shaft before it is fired, but which are forced apart and imbed themselves in the whale's body after he is hit, so that if the prize escapes, which sometimes occurs, it is only by breaking the rope.

When "fish" are numerous and there is a chance of killing more than one in a day a novel method is adopted with the first victim. When it is seen to be dead a hole is bored through its back into its stomach and air is pumped into it by a pipe from the steamer's engines until it is inflated like a great balloon. The orifice is then closed with a wooden plug, and a man is left alongside in a small boat to establish ownership, while the whaler steams off in quest of other prey. As many as five whales have been killed by a ship in one day, four is not an unusual "bag," and threes and twos are commonly got. A single ship killed twenty-two in a week, and the record year's work for one is 258, an amazing number when it is remembered that on stormy days it is impossible to cruise at all, as the sprays bury the gun, and that during the winter months fishing is abandoned. During that period the whales "strike off" the coast to escape the ice floes, to which the rorquals are not partial, being in this respect unlike their arctic congeners, whose habitat is now the remotest section of Hudson bay and the channels which strike north from its farthest bounds into the polar sea itself.—Technical World.

LINCOLN'S CARELESSNESS.

His Hat His Favorite Receptacle For Letters and Papers.

When Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem he used to tuck the letters inside his hat and deliver them whenever he happened to meet the persons to whom they were addressed. As this is a fair example of his business system, it may readily be imagined that the office of Stuart & Lincoln was not a model establishment, where there was a place for everything and everything in its place. And it was not. Indeed, as a managing clerk the junior partner would have been a hopeless failure, and as an attorney, in the technical sense of the term, he would never have distinguished himself. He disliked everything connected with the drudgery of legal routine, hated drawing the declarations and pleas, despised the artificialities and refinements which were even then beginning to creep into the pleadings and disregarded forms whenever it was possible to do so.

There was nothing mechanical, precise or methodical about the man, and in all those housewifely virtues which characterized the careful, orderly, exact solicitor he was utterly deficient. He never knew where his papers were, and apparently the only attempt he ever made to better the disorder was to write on one of his bundles of papers which littered his desk, "When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this." But that was long after the firm of Stuart & Lincoln had dissolved, and even then we find him explaining to a correspondent that he had placed his letter inside an old hat and had thus neglected answering it, which shows he had not wholly outgrown the habit of his postoffice days. Indeed, his hat continued to be his favorite receptacle for papers as long as he lived, and he never acquired any sense of order.—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

THE STOMACH.

How It Is Affected by the Use of Mixed Fatty Foods.

The stomach never has the least power of digesting true fat. This is disposed of in the intestines. When eaten in the ordinary forms, as fat meat, butter, etc., the fat separates out in the stomach and does not in the least interfere with the work of the gastric juice on the other food, but when a nonfatty food has been intimately mixed with grease the latter prevents the gastric juice getting at the food it could digest. Fish fried in oil or butter is by no means the most marked example, as the fat does not penetrate very deeply. Potatoes mashed with butter are rather worse, and minced vegetables fried with butter are bad offenders. The reason advanced explains why pork is difficult of digestion. The muscular fibers are mixed up with fat cells, and by the liberation of the oil in each tiny cell the eaten pork is made into an oily paste. A very strong stomach will do the work required, but it is not a fair task to impose frequently, and a weak stomach will refuse to do anything beyond reminding its owner by a few stabs that it will not stand such treatment.

A Ruskin Remedy.

A letter written by the late John Ruskin to Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Is it still impossible to get into any human head at your universities that the economic crisis is because people will dig iron out of the ground and build ironclads, instead of raising corn and wine and giving them to whoso needs them? That is the one plain two plus two equals four that I have tried to teach these twenty years—the thing of all others indisputable and needful, and no mortal yet has taken up the word!"

Brief Mention.

Reporter—Now that I have described your dress and those of your maids, the house decorations and the presents, what shall I say of the bridegroom when we print the account of the wedding?

Bride Elect—Well, I suppose his name must go in. You might say that he was among those present.—Woman's Home Companion.