DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1906

VOL. 60 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906. NO. 44

The Peoples National Bank

Denton, Maryland

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

JOSEPH H. BERNARD, President. FRED. R. OWENS, Vice-President

ORMOND W. DOWNES, Cashier. BENNETT TODD, Teller.

WILLIAM H. NUTTLE, Book-Keeper.

DIRECTORS

JOSEPH H. BERNARD, Greensboro. FRANK P. COVEY, Denton.
FRED. R. OWENS, Denton. PAUL HOLSINGER, Ridgely.
ALBERT W. SISK, Preston. HENRY T. NUTTLE, Andersontown.
ROBERT JARRELL, Goldsboro. WILLARD C. TODD, Williston.
THOMAS L. DAY, Ridgely. H. CLAY HOBBS, Hobbs.
ALBERT G. TOWERS, Denton. B. F. JACKSON, Greensboro.

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK offers the very best facilities to the people of Caroline and adjacent counties. The public is assured that the officials of the institution will put forth every effort to make their relations both pleasant and profitable.

The physical strength of the bank, the solidity of its construction in banking-house, vault, and money-chest, is unsurpassed, and the absolute security to depositors is unquestionable, while the personal responsibility of its management and the conduct of all its affairs could hardly be improved.

The Savings Department, established some time ago, in which depositors are paid three per cent., compounded every four months, is a convenient incentive for everyone, especially young men, to accumulate a capital which in time to come may grow to an amount sufficiently large to establish some much desired business enterprise. Such a Department in the Bank tends to foster a spirit of economy and thrift, which means so much to everyone who will avail himself of it.

Farmers, merchants, professional men, and all others, are cordially invited to inspect our institution when in Denton and see if we cannot serve their interests.

ORMOND W. DOWNES, Cashier.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK

DENTON, MARYLAND

Capital, - - - - -	$ 75,000
Surplus, - - - - -	$100,000
Undivided Profits, - -	$ 12,000
Stockholders' Liability,	$ 75,000
Security to Depositors,	$262,000

In Considering Your Financial Interests, It Might Be Well to Remember the Strength and Security Which the Above Figures Show.

We solicit your banking business, large or small.
Small customers given every consideration.
We offer every accommodation consistent with good banking.
We furnish check books to our customers free.
We treat everyone courteously.
We make conservative loans to our customers.
We are liberal in the matter of renewals.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

We allow three per cent. interest on deposits in this Department. Interest payable three times a year. This is an excellent opportunity for those not desiring to be annoyed by the loaning of their money, and gives them a moderate rate of interest, which is entered to their credit on the books of the bank three times a year. It gives to the depositor an investment, at a fair rate of interest, which is absolutely safe.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

We would call your attention to the fact that our vault is constructed in the same manner as the vaults of the largest banking institutions in the country, and is lined with railroad iron, interlocked. We have in the vault safe deposit boxes which ean be rented at a small cost. It is a safe place to keep your valuable papers, jewelry, silverware, etc.

T. C. WEST, CASHIER.

When *the* Power Stopped

By Nettie Dixon

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

Edna came out of the woods, her arms filled with flowers. It had been her first visit that spring, and as she made her way to the road and stationed herself beside the trolley tracks she thought of the difference last year, when they had to drive out from town and the only sign of the trolley was a group of men with funny looking instruments working along the road.

It was delightful to feel that those long yellow cars brought town and country into such close union, and she peered down the track for the first sign of the approaching car.

She had understood that they ran every ten minutes, but after awhile she grew tired and sat on a rock by the roadway. It must be the very rock, she reflected, on which she and Jack had sat while they were waiting for the wagon to come along.

That had been a year ago. Things had changed since then. There had been a little misunderstanding, and Jack had left town for the west—to forget.

Perhaps—if he were here—she might—well, somehow the arbutus and the woods seemed to put things in a different light. She had been a little mean to Jack Masters. It was the first time she had admitted it, even to herself. If only Jack knew!

So engrossed did she become with her thoughts that it was fully half an hour before she realized that in all that time not a single car had passed in either direction. She glanced impatiently up the track. It was not pleasant to be alone on a country road with the ghost of the dead past. All the wishing in the world would not bring Jack back.

A lumbering wagon creaked along, and the driver reined his horses in before her.

"Waiting for the trolley?" he shouted. Edna nodded.

"Likely to have a long wait," he chuckled. "The power house is burning down. Guess they'll be running again in about six weeks. G'lang!"

JACK SPRANG TO THE GROUND AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

And the tired horses resumed their jog with the driver still chuckling over the joke.

For a moment Edna's heart sank. It was getting well along in the afternoon. She had had a long day in the woods, and now she had to face a ten mile walk to town unless some one came along who would give her a lift. In spite of the memories that clustered about the spot she decided that she would remain and wait for something to turn up.

Presently a grocery cart came rattling along, and Edna hailed the driver. He refused her proffer of money and sprang down to help her to the seat. The sprig of arbutus she pinned in his buttonhole was a greater reward than any fee she could give, and he was sorry when a mile beyond a second wayfarer hailed him, asking for a ride.

As the man turned at the sound of the wheels Edna gasped. She had supposed Jack Masters to be out west somewhere, yet here was he or his double standing in the muddy road.

"Do you mind?" asked the boy apologetically as he heard the anticipated request. "There's room on the seat for three."

"Not at all," said Edna, wondering if her cheeks were as red as they felt. The next moment Masters sprang to the seat.

For the first time he seemed to realize who the second occupant of the wagon was. "Edna," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I have been out after wild flowers," she explained. "The day was so tempting I could not stand the city."

"Did you go to the old place?" he asked quietly.

"The arbutus is thickest there," she said. "I guess it was about the old hill."

"I was out there day before yesterday," he said. "Somehow I felt that I would like to go back to the old place. You remember that that was where—where"—

"It is not necessary to be more specific," said Edna severely. "It is not nice to rake up unpleasant memories."

The next moment she was penitent and longed to tell him how sorry she was for all that had occurred, but Jack was looking out over the fields now, and he did not catch the glint of tears in her eyes.

He was thinking of the promise she had made him when they were gathering the arbutus together and how they had agreed to gather the arbutus the next spring as husband and wife.

Somehow the memory of it had brought him back from the cactus and sagebrush of the western plains. He had felt that he must come back—that perhaps in the springtime she would see things with clearer vision. He had hoped against hope on his long journey across the continent, and now, at this unexpected meeting, she had snubbed him.

It was several minutes before he could command himself, but when he turned to her again it was with an impassive face and some comment upon the destruction of the power house.

Edna felt hurt. Why should she care when he seemed to feel so little regret? Her penitence vanished, and instead there came an elfin desire to tease.

For a moment he seemed hurt at her flippancy; then he rallied and met her mood. Beneath his smiles there lay a bleeding heart, but he did not show his hurt, and the indifference roused Edna to further flights until she was almost insolent.

He bore with her patiently, but when at last the boy drew up at the outskirts and announced that he had to turn off to his store Jack sprang to the ground and caught her in his arms as she sought to jump to the ground without his assistance. Just for a moment they shared the fragrance of the arbutus that was crushed between them; then he released her with a sigh and fell into step beside her.

"I do not need your escort," she protested when it became apparent that he intended to walk with her.

"You have to pass through a rather tough quarter of the town before you reach your home," he said quietly. "I am sorry to have to force my company on you, but I intend to see you safely home."

Edna thrilled at the quiet authority of the tone. She had been rather disappointed at the quiet way in which he had taken her raillery. This was more like the old Jack, and because it evoked old memories it made her resentful.

"I suppose you have come back home because you were a failure out west?" she said sharply. "Father said when you went that you would never make a success on a ranch."

"On the contrary, I have been remarkably successful," he said quietly. They passed under the street lamp, and she glanced at his well worn clothes.

"I am wearing an old suit for a reason," he said. "Don't judge by that. Shall I tell you why I came home?"

"I suppose I cannot help myself," she mocked.

"Because I read the message of spring," he said; "because the dusty cactus spoke of the pink arbutus and made me think of you; because I hoped that the season might bring memories to you and make you more kind.

"I went out to the woods the day I arrived and to the place where we plighted our troth. I was hoping, perhaps, you might come. It was the anniversary. I was there again yesterday and today. I am wearing an old suit because it is the suit I wore then."

"I remember it," she cried penitently, "but I did not know that was the reason why."

"We are at your gate," he said, with a sudden change of tone. "Pardon my heroics." He lifted his hat and turned away. She waited a moment, then called softly to him. He turned back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"I'm glad the trolley house burned down," she said softly. "We could go out tomorrow in a buggy—if you care to. Perhaps it might happen"—

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," he announced promptly. "It has happened already."

"I'm glad it has," she said meekly. "I shall always love arbutus."

"And me?" he demanded.

"And—you!" she said.

A Lincoln Reminiscence.

When in the summer of 1864 the Lincolns went to live in the cottage near the Soldiers' home outside Washington the president was daily accompanied on his drives to and from the White House by his special mounted escort of tall Ohioans. There was serious need for such an escort, for Early was not far away from the city, but the daily journey sometimes had its playful side. "The Magazine of American History" quotes this reminiscence by Lieutenant Ashmun of the escort: "It was in the early autumn of that year when one morning on our ride in to the White House, 'Tad' Lincoln, who alone was riding with his father, demanded that the carriage be stopped and that one of the escort should climb a wayside tree and get him some persimmons. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced, and while the boy's wish was being gratified the president turned to those nearest him and remarked upon some plowing doing near by and ended by saying: 'I hope to see the day when our western prairies will be plowed by steam, and I believe it will be done. I have always felt a great interest in that subject.'"

No Cause For Anxiety.

"I wish, Susan," said a fond mother to her new nursemaid, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give the baby his bath."

"Oh," replied Susan cheerfully, "don't you worry about that. I don't need any thermometer. If the little 'un turns red the water is too hot, if he turns blue it's too cold, and there you are."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quaint Customs In Abyssinia.

Quaint customs prevail in parts of Abyssinia. When a father is getting on in years the son bids him climb into a tree and jump down from the branches. If the old man staggers on landing the son spears him on the spot—his usefulness is over. One tribe had a custom of sewing chance visitors up in green hides and leaving them to be killed by the contraction of the skins. With another the only orthodox way of dealing with strangers was to tie them in a bundle and roll them over a precipice.—London Mail.

Lots of Chatter.

"What is he playing?"

"Oh, Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"Hm! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—London Bystander.

The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.—Hindoo Maxim.

SOMETHING TO SELL

By Francis A. Corey

Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell

At the ringing of the doorbell a blush blended suddenly with the happy smile on Elizabeth Mellen's lips. It was Teddy Davenport, of course! Hadn't he called regularly at this hour of the afternoon for weeks and weeks?

"I'm so glad you've come, Teddy," she cried, giving him both her hands.

She always had for him this warm, impulsive greeting. But Davenport was not responsive for once. The slender, jeweled hands were quickly released. His lips wore no answering smile. There was a new line in his face.

"Something has gone wrong, Teddy," she said in her quick, direct way.

"Yes."

"Is it so very, very bad?"

"As bad as it well can be," he groaned.

Elizabeth paled a little. Teddy was not one to take alarm at nothing. But instead of asking what troubled him she drew a little nearer and said:

"Let the unpleasant news wait. I want to talk of something else. Yesterday we were debating whether we would announce our engagement at once or not until next month. Why not settle the question now?"

"That's the very thing I came to talk about!" he exclaimed. Then he went on hurriedly, before she could make any response.

"Elizabeth, I'm glad now that we took no one into our confidence. 'Twill make things easier and better for you. You are no weakling; you may as well have the truth straight out. I very much fear that everything will have to be given up."

She looked at him for a moment as if stunned. "What—what do you mean?"

"You know, dear, nearly my whole fortune was put into Lookout mine. I so wanted to double it. Then I'd be as rich as you. A man likes to have as much money as the woman he weds. So I took a desperate risk. Everything promised well at first, but I've just had

HE STARED HARD AT THE HALF DOZEN DOCUMENTS.

a wire from headquarters. The mine has gone smash—water, you see—utterly worthless. Nobody would take it as a gift."

"Oh, Teddy, I'm so sorry!" she said.

"Of course it means financial ruin. I'll have to begin again at the bottom of the ladder. It may take years to work my way up. It would be unjust to you to ask you to wait. I will not do it. I give you back your promise. You are free."

A sudden trembling of the white lips showed what the words cost him. The look on his haggard face went to Elizabeth's heart. She was deeply in love with Teddy Davenport. She loved him for his handsome face, his manliness, his courage and strength, his high notions of honor. With a swift, impulsive gesture she slipped two slender white arms, lost at the elbow in enchanting frills of lace, about his neck.

"But I don't want to be free," she cried. "Oh, what a goose you are, Teddy! As if I hadn't money enough for us both and wouldn't deem it a privilege to share all I possess with you!"

He released himself resolutely from the clasping arms.

"Yes, Elizabeth, I know you would do it, and willingly, if I would permit the sacrifice. But I will not. How can I take so much and give nothing in return?"

"You will give yourself. That is enough."

"Not from a man's standpoint. Don't tempt me. I had this fight out by myself before I came. I shall always love you, always be true to you, but until fortune smiles again we can be only friends."

Elizabeth loved him the better for his unyielding firmness and pride. After he had gone she stood for a long time at the window, the light gone out of her beautiful eyes. What a pity that so paltry a thing as the loss of fortune should wreck the happiness of two lives! Could nothing be done?

Suddenly a thought came to her like an inspiration and she acted upon it at once. Crossing the wide hall to a small room at the rear of the library, she took the telephone directory from its shelf, ran her finger down the long column of names until she came to the letter S. Then she called up Mr. Sanford of the legal firm of Sanford & Rollins, and the following conversation took place:

"Mr. Sanford, you have charge of Mr. Theodore Davenport's business affairs?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that his Lookout shares have greatly depreciated in value?"

"Excuse me, madam. That is a private matter. I cannot discuss it with a stranger."

"You needn't be afraid. Mr. Davenport has just gone from here. I'm Miss Elizabeth Mellen of Gramercy Park."

"Oh—ah—yes!" It was curious—the change that had come into the voice at the other end of the wire. "Of course, then, it is quite unnecessary to keep anything back. The mine is in very bad shape—even worse than Davenport is aware."

"I'd like to have a talk with you, Mr. Sanford, if I may. Can you call at my house this evening at 8 to meet my business manager?"

"I will come with pleasure, Miss Mellen."

"Thanks. Of course you understand that Mr. Davenport is not to know of this."

"You can rely upon my discretion."

"That is all. Goodby until 8."

The following afternoon Elizabeth sat waiting with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. On the stroke of the clock Teddy bounded up the steps. Without giving the servants a chance to announce him, he rushed into the drawing room and caught her in his arms.

"Such wonderful news, my darling!" he cried joyously, kissing her. "Sanford has sold my Lookout shares at par to somebody with more money than brains! The mine can't be in such a hopeless condition as I was led to believe. Sanford dropped a hint that the new owner has been investigating privately and knows what he's about. Well, he's welcome to make what he can out of it. It's off my hands, thank heaven! And now we will announce our engagement as soon as you please."

"Then let it be tomorrow, Teddy," Elizabeth murmured, with downcast eyes.

There was a punctured silence.

"I—I have a prejudice against long engagements," she whispered presently. "Why not be—married—in three weeks?"

"You darling!" he cried.

* * * * * * *

At the first stop on their wedding journey Elizabeth dived to the very bottom of her trunk for a mysterious package. With this tightly clutched in hands that shook a little in spite of herself, she confronted her husband of an hour.

"Teddy," she began rather tremulously, "it is the custom to make gifts on an occasion like this. Suppose you and I inaugurate a new departure. I have something to sell if you can be induced to buy."

Smiling into her solemn face, he asked teasingly:

"Is it a kiss?"

"Of course not. How absurd! But—see for yourself."

He stared hard at the half dozen documents she spread out on the table; then as the truth dawned slowly upon him his face grew white.

"These are Lookout mine certificates made out in your name! Elizabeth," he cried sharply, "explain! What does this mean?"

"Oh, Teddy, forgive me," she pleaded, kneeling beside him in the adorable humility of a proud but loving woman. "I couldn't give you up. I could not. And I saw a way out of it, thank heaven. I bought up these shares of yours secretly"—

She stopped, silenced by a bitter cry.

"And I'm a poor beggar after all," he groaned.

"Nothing of the sort," she declared eagerly. "You've been too busy getting ready to be married to watch the market reports, I suspect. Lookout shares touched par three days ago, and they went up three additional points yesterday. You've made a hundred thousand"—

"You mean that you have," he cried, clasping her in his arms.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Money Wisely Expended Is Safely and Profitably Expended.

Beautified utility is never too costly. Over and over again the cost benefits of public improvements have been proved, defined, established. It is true of public betterments of a sanitary character; it is true of public betterments that look to commercial advancement; it is true of public betterments that have primarily an art value. The practical and the ornamental betterment are alike in this—that money wisely expended for good purposes is safely and profitably invested.

The limitations of expenditures for civic betterment are of course very obvious. The work undertaken must be good in itself and serve some good purpose. Money expended for a worthless filtration plant, for example, is money worse than wasted. Money spent for bad art is not always considered as so completely lost as money that might be wasted for worthless sanitary apparatus. The statue causes no ill health and may be avoided by passing down the next street, while an impure water supply brings death and destruction to many helpless persons.—Homes and Garden.

English and Scotch Precedence.

At the coronation of Charles I., the kingdoms of England and Scotland having been united during the reign of his father, considerable friction took place with regard to the order of precedence of the English and Scottish noblemen. An arrangement satisfactory to all parties was finally concluded, in virtue of which English peers while in England took precedence of Scottish peers of the same rank, while in Scotland this order was reversed, and the Scottish peers went first.

The Shepherd's Crook.

Although most people have seen a shepherd's crook, many do not know the use of it. Some people think that all the shepherd carries it for is to use it as a walking stick when he tramps to and from the fold. But the crooked end itself serves a purpose. It enables a shepherd to catch refractory sheep. If a sheep shows signs of running away the crooked end has only to be placed round his leg, and he is a captive.—London Standard.

A Long Way Off.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintaceship ripening into friendship.

PUBLIC SALE —OF— Household and Kitchen Furniture.

I will sell at public sale at my home in Denton on

Tuesday, Sept. 11th,

1906, beginning at 1 o'clock p. m., the following Household and Kitchen Furniture:

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

One Parlor Suit;
One Hall Piece;
Hall Stands;
Two Bed Room Suits;
Dining Room Furniture, including a Buffet, Table, Chairs, etc.;
Sitting Room Furniture;
A number of Rocking Chairs;
Several Small Tables;
Drapery, for windows and doors;
Window Blinds;
Four Brussels Carpets, nearly new;
Stair Carpets, and lot of other floor coverings;
One Vent Oak Double Heater, nearly as good as new;
Two Smaller Heaters;

Kitchen Furniture

One Lady Irving Range;
One Refrigerator;
Dinner and Supper China Sets;
Kitchen Utensils, generally.

There are very many articles to be sold which are not mentioned in this advertisement.

TERMS OF SALE

On sums of and under $10, cash; on sums over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given, purchasers giving approved notes payable at the Denton National Bank.

ROBERT G. STEWART

Washington College,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Session Begins SEPTEMBER 19, 1906.

The college offers four courses of study—Classical, Latin-Scientific, Scientific, each leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and Normal, leading to the Normal Diploma, which entitles the holder to teach in any county of the State without examination.

Sub-Freshman and Sub-Normal classes are maintained for the benefit of those who desire a thorough preparation. In the Collegiate Department, the elective system enables each student to select the studies suited to his particular needs.

Students are provided with good board and comfortable, well furnished quarters. The buildings are equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, electric lights, baths. Here students may pursue their studies in a highly moral community, amid beautiful and healthful surroundings, under careful supervision of health and habits, at very low rates.

For catalogue and other information, address, JAS. W. CAIN, LL. D., 7-28-2m] President.

THE

Maryland School for the Deaf

39th Session Reopens Sept. 12th.

Non-Sectarian: for the deaf and dumb and those whose hearing is too defective for attendance on public schools.

Speech and Lip-Reading Taught.

Grammar School and Academic Studies.

Board and Tuition Free.

Apply to CHAS. W. ELY, Principal, Frederick, Md.

Order Nisi.

Alfred Sigler
vs.
Jacob C. Madara, administrator of E. Grace Madara, deceased, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 8th day of August, 1906, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by HARVEY L. COOPER, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 9th day of October, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newpaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 8th day of September, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $5,700.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test;
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

REDDEN & DOWNES,

REGISTERED PHARLACISTT.

DRUGS and CHEMICALS

NEW STOCK OF

School Supplies and Fine Stationery

REDDEN & DOWNES,

OPPOSITE JOURNAL OFFICE,

Denton, - Maryland.

First-Class Square Berry Cups, Berry Crates,: Trays, Boxes, Baskets,

are manufactured and are on sale at reasonable prices at our works.

WE SELL: Lumber—Rough and Dressed; Shingles Lath, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Hair, Cement, Coal Hay, and all kinds of

BOX SHOOKS.

The Hughes Lumber and Coal Co.,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

HARVEY L. COOPER A. R. WRIGHT ERNEST G. COOPER

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,

Fire Insurance Agents,

Law Building, Denton, Maryland.

REPRESENTING THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES:

Organized.		Assets.
1809.	North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.	$ 6,481,641.36
1792.	Insurance Company of North America	10,702,583.51
1853.	Farmers' Fire Insurance Co.	891,851.98
1897.	German Alliance Insurance Co.	1,375,968.75
1849.	Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co.	7,156,531.72
1854.	Phoenix Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	8,140,630.00
1804.	Union Fire Insurance Co.	718,168.00
1853.	The Girard Fire and Marine Insurance Co.	2,299,406.89
1837.	The Citizens' Insurance Co., of Missouri	819,129.00

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR PLACING LARGE LINES ANYWHERE ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

Long Distance 'Phone 22. Before Insuring Write to Us.

M. K. FRANTZ,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT

STALLS 615, 617 AND 619 TERMINAL MARKET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (7-28-6m)

Money to Loan at 5 Per Cent.

I have $10,000 to loan at 5 per cent., in sums to suit. Pay off your six per cent. mortgages and save money.

OSCAR CLARK, Denton, Md.
J. FLETCHER CLARK, Easton, Md.

Seed Wheat for Sale.

I have 300 bushels of first-class (Sawyer's) seed wheat for sale. Sample at JOURNAL office. Residence, near Fowling Creek. G. LACEY BUTLER, R. F. D. No. 2, Preston, Md.

Wanted.

A reliable white woman for cook and house-maid. Small family, good wages for the right person. Apply, with references, to LOCK DRAWER 4 8-25-3t] Ridgely, Md.

Job Printing of every description promptly done at this office.

Farm For Sale.

I have for sale a small farm of eighty-two acres, situated near Millington, Kent county, Maryland, known as the John S. Walters land. Nice, high land; fifty acres arable; balance in wood and timber; large apple orchard. Buildings poor. Price low. Terms reasonable.

HENRY R. LEWIS, Denton, Md.