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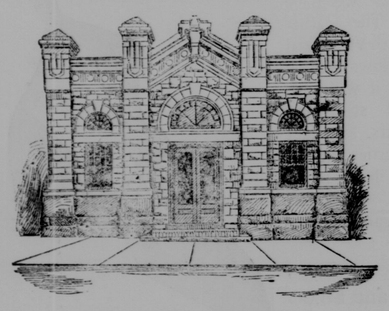
The Peoples National Bank

Denton, Maryland



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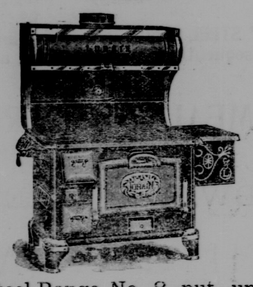
ORMOND W. DOWNES, Cashier.

JEWEL AND LORAIN RANGES

BEST IN THE WORLD



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Buy a Jewel with a thermometer in the door—and know what you are doing.

Twenty-five or Thirty on the floor. Call and examine them.

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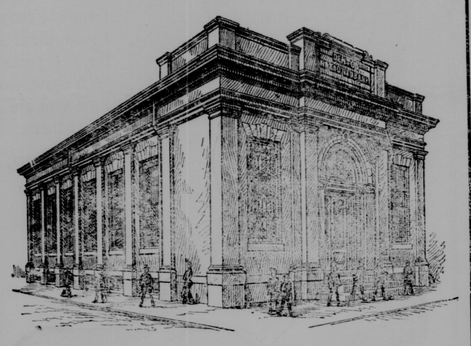


Capital, - - - - -	$ 75,000
Surplus, - - - - -	$100,000
Undivided Profits, - -	$ 12,000
Stockholders' Liability,	$ 75,000
Security to Depositors,	$262,000

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

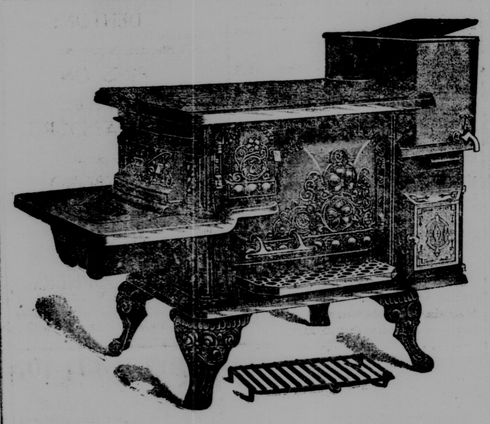
We allow three per cent. interest on deposits in this Department. Interest payable three times a year. This is an excellent opportunity for those not desiring to be annoyed by the loaning of their money, and gives them a moderate rate of interest, which is entered to their credit on the books of the 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 can be rented at a small cost. It is a safe place to keep your valuable papers, jewelry, silverware, etc.

T. C. WEST, CASHIER.

FARMER GIRL COOKS



ALL KINDS OF STOVES

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The Gap Between

By FRANK H. SWEET

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THE town was dilapidated, even disreputable in its neglect. As the stranger stepped from the ancient carryall which he had hailed and hired from the station platform seven miles away he felt the utter incongruity of it all. Only nine hours from Wall street, and it might be on the opposite side of the world. He looked about with an air of questioning reminiscence, as though wondering if he could have been familiar with any of this in a less critical period of his life.

But the history of it was an open page. The young blood and thew had gone in search of the car of progress, and many of the older people had followed to help or lean on them. The few left were those who had neither outside interest nor inside ambition. He turned to the owner of the carryall, who was still regarding the dollar given him with pleased interest.

"Can you tell me where Joseph Alibone lives?" he inquired.

"No-no; not round here. An' still," the man's face wrinkling into intense thought, "the name does sound nat'ral."

"He used to live in that little house across the street," the stranger said, pointing with his cane, "the one whose roof has fallen in."

"Oh, them Alibones," with an air of relief. "I thought the name had something in it. But we ain't spoke two names round here since I don't know when. It's old Joe, an' fat Tom, an' little an' big John, that a-way. Before the doctor an' preacher died we did call out their whole names, jest to be stuck up, but it's too much work right along. I ain't heered the name Alibone spoke out in twenty year. But say, stranger," his voice becoming more animated, "that house has a big hist'ry. One o' the boys went off an' got himself scan'alous rich, so he could buy railroads an' palaces an'—an' ships on the ocean. When we heered we looked for him to send a wagon full of gold down to his brother Joe, but he never did."

"FOLLER THIS STREET RIGHT ON TWO MILE."

"Where does Joe—Joseph live?" the stranger asked eagerly.

Something in the voice made the carryall owner look at him wonderingly, then walk twice around him, snapping his fingers from time to time and studying the tailor made clothes and silk hat and gloves with frank admiration and awe. At last he stopped directly in front and looked curiously into the stranger's face. "Be ye him?" he asked.

"Where does Joseph Alibone live?" impatiently.

"Be ye him?" anxiously and without the least notice of the question. Then: "But of course ye be. The clothes show it." He puckered his face conciliatingly and thrust it to within a few inches of the stranger's, whispering: "How'd ye do it? I want to be scan'alous rich myself; always have wanted to be."

"Will you tell me where my brother lives or shall I ask some one else?"

"Ye be him then," joyously. "Co'se ye want to see Joe right off. It's nat'ral. But I'll foller ye down soon's I get the mail sorted, an' find out how it's done. Ye see, I'm mail carrier an' postmaster both, an' sheriff an' town constable. But it's 'mazin' hard to work, an' when ye show me 'bout gettin' scan'alous rich I shan't do a stitch. We have mail come in here twicet every week. See this street?"

"Yes."

"Waal, foller it right on two mile an' ye'll find a little hut on the right hand side in the woods. The street ain't a street then; it's a path. But the hut's there. It's Joe's. An'"—

But the stranger had turned abruptly and was hurrying down the street. The carryall owner looked after him thoughtfully.

"Funny how he went from here right out among folks, drummers an' all sorts, an' got richer'n they did—scan'alous rich, folks say. Funny! When I go to the city I git skinned every time. But he does look old—older'n his brother Joe. An' if I 'member right 'twas Tom who was youngest. Waal, I'm glad I didn't tell him I was Lish Larkin, the boy who whipped him the day before he run off. Maybe 'twould 'a' hurt me gettin' rich. He, he!"

The hut was easily found, for, besides the seven or eight houses left standing in the village, it was the only building the stranger saw. And the carryall owner had been right about its being in the woods, for there had been no attempt at clearing or cultivation. The trees and bushes grew close up to the hut on all sides, and a tangle of wild vines had taken possession of two-thirds of the log step. As the stranger saw it and his eyes took in the surroundings he paused with strong emotion.

"Poor Joe! Poor Joe!" he said compassionately. "Why didn't he let me know? I never dreamed of this or of the village being in such ruin. It was fairly prosperous when I went away. And Joe always wrote such bright, cheerful letters, telling how happy he was with his animals. I thought he had a nice big farm that was well stocked. He would never let me help him. He had everything he needed, he wrote, and more. And now this! Poor Joe! Poor Joe! I have been to blame, for I ought to have come down and seen how things were going. I have been too busy accumulating money. And it was Joey who let me have all his little hoard when I went away. How people forget! But he shall never want anything more. I will take him back to the city with me and let him have all the things that money can give."

A man was coming slowly around the hut, with head bent, humming the air of some boyish wood song. The stranger sprang forward. "So old and bent as that," he thought. "Poor Joey!"

But as he advanced the man suddenly raised his head, his shoulders squaring. There was nothing old looking about Joe Alibone. His complexion had the ruddy color of its youth, and his hair had scarcely commenced to turn. Force might be lacking in his face, but it was a face of perfect contentment and happiness, gentle, loving, thoughtful, benign, the face of a poet and dreamer, of a philosopher. The stranger gazed at him with wondering recognition, then opened his arms.

"Joey! Joey!" His voice choked. "You look just the same as when I left, only larger."

At the familiar name Joe Alibone started, his face kindling. He had not recognized the white haired, careworn figure before. But first he carefully placed a rabbit, which seemed to be hurt, upon the ground. It was this he had been looking at when he came round the hut with bent head. Then he caught his brother in his arms, his face strongly expressive of the pity and grief he felt.

"Tom, little Tommy," he said, the love in his voice mingled with deep self reproach, "I oughtn't to have let ye stay off there so long a-workin' an' a-worryin'. I knowed it all the time, but I was easy an' you was set, an' it seemed less trouble that a-way. But I oughtn't, Tommy, poor little Tommy. I was older an' should 'a' had my say. Ye've growed old an' tired out, while I've jest lazed my life away here in the woods. But ye shan't go off any more, Tommy. There ain't no need. It's nice here in the woods, an' there's plenty for both, an' the house's plenty big. We'll set on the log step an' look round at the birds an' things an' talk. It'll be nice. Do ye 'member how we used to set snares an' climb trees an' watch squir'ls? We'll do it ag'in, only we won't ketch 'em any more. They're nicer to look at. Law, law, it doesn't seem forty-seven years ago sence ye went off, Tommy. Ye was thirteen then an' me fifteen."

All the time his hand had been patting his brother's back as though he might be a boy who needed petting and comforting after some youthful trial or an unusually hard day's work.

Suddenly there was a low whir of wings, and a blue jay dropped lightly upon Joe's shoulder and from there hopped to the crook of his elbow and thrust an inquiring bill into his blouse pocket. Then a movement on the stranger's part caused the bill to withdraw quickly and the wings to half rise. But the tips of Joe's fingers touched the wings caressingly, reassuringly.

HE SUDDENLY THRUST AN INQUIRING BILL INTO THE BLOUSE POCKET.

"There, there, Jaybird," he said soothingly, "it's all right. That's my brother Tom, who's comin' home to stay with us. You mustn't mind him. Now go a little deeper," opening his blouse pocket with one of his fingers; "you'll find the seeds there all right."

The blue jay had cocked his head on one side in an attitude of listening. Now, as though understanding or recognizing the opening behind the finger as significant, he suddenly thrust his head into the blouse pocket, drawing it out a moment later with the bill full of seeds. With these he flew to a nearby limb. Joe chuckled.

"Jaybird 'll be back ag'in in a few minutes," he declared. "He wouldn't 'a' left my elbow if I'd been by myself. But he'll soon git used to ye bein' here an' mebbe git to let ye feed him. We must fill up your pockets with seeds an' things." Several odd, impatient chirps came from different directions, and Joe glanced knowingly from one to another. "Jaybird 'll have to hurry," he observed, "or there'll be a lot o' bills pettin' in ahead o' him. They'd been here 'fore now if it hadn't been for studyin' you. I have to fill my pockets 'bout twenty times a day. An' 'tain't only birds. Jest come with me a minute, Tom." He turned gleefully into the bushes, going aside from the house path. Tom followed with an odd look of amusement on his face.

Twenty or thirty yards on and Joe stopped beside a tiny treadlike path which none but practiced eyes would have noticed. But Tom, even over the forty-seven years of estrangement, recognized with a quick thrill a rabbit run.

SAW THE RABBIT HOP TO JOE'S SIDE.

"Bunny, Bunny, Bunny!" Joe called. But he was obliged to repeat it several times before a soft rustling was heard in the bushes and a pair of big soft eyes looked at them from the foliage.

"He sees you, Tom," whispered Joe. "S'pose ye step back jest a little."

Tom did so, and a moment later saw the rabbit hop to Joe's side and raise itself upon its hind legs, feeling about Joe with its nose. But it did not attempt to reach the blouse pocket that contained seeds, as Bunny did not care for seeds. Instead it poked its nose into a capacious lower pocket where there were pieces of apple and lettuce leaves and green vegetables, which were more to its liking. When it became satisfied and returned to the bushes with a large lettuce leaf in its mouth Joe rejoined his brother.

"Do all the wood creatures know you like that, Joe?" Tom asked, almost enviously.

"Most, but some of 'em's more shy. The hermit thrush and scarlet tanager won't eat 'less I go deeper into the woods, an' sometimes I have to coax a good long spell 'fore the partridge or the wood mole will come out in sight. But gener'ly we're good friends here in the woods. Ye'll learn to know an' like 'em jest as well as me pretty soon. Ye're bound to. I 'member ye did when a boy."

"That was a long, long time ago, Joe," was all Tom said. But it was very wistfully.

Two hours later the old men arose from the log step upon which they had been sitting. Tears were in the eyes of both.

"I am sorry, Joe," Tom said, as he held his brother's hand. "I had hoped to take you back with me. I have a big house, with servants and carriages, and was looking forward to you and I spending the rest of our lives together. But we must see each other often."

"Yes, often," agreed Joe, with voice trembling. "Ye must come down. An' for all ye've said, it still seems to me this is the best place for ye to live. Money gettin' has made ye old an' worn out. I've lazed most o' my life, but I've been happy an' had a good time, an' I b'lieve I've helped to give everything roun' me a little easier time in some way, humans an' critters. An' I've kept young. I don't feel a bit older'n I did twenty years ago. But, o' course, I ain't knowin' o' your ways. Yes, ye must come down often."

And so they parted, each to remain in the path which his life had made.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Each Part of the Larger Ones Is Made by Specialists.

Artificial flowers were invented by pious nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were up to the end of the eighteenth century decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, of paper, parchment and other stiff materials. In a Venetian warehouse the most wonderful productions of natural flowers are exhibited in glass cases, and in many cases, not only the richest and most brilliant colors, but the very scent of the flowers has been stolen from nature, for some of the artificial flowers are steeped in the perfume distilled from the flower which it represents. Last century a Swiss invented a machine for cutting out the leaves and petals, but it can only be used for the smaller kinds, such as are wanted for hyacinths, lilies of the valley and other small flowers. In larger petals the irregularities of manual work are preferred to the stiff and correct forms produced by machinery. This material of which the petals are made is woven in special factories. The scissors and other tools used by the girls employed as well as the presses in which the veins are traced on the leaves are of a shape specially adapted to the work. Each part of a flower is made by specialists. In one room, for instance, only stalks of flowers and leaves are made; in another, fruits and berries of all kinds are cast if they are wax or blown if made of glass. The cleverest workers are employed in making blossoms of the single petals and bouquets, wreaths and garlands of the single blossoms.—Dundee Advertiser.

First Tariff Makers.

If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point and running out into the strait of Gibraltar of a promontory which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean sea and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was called in the time of the Moorish domination in Spain, Tarifa. The name is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea and to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise contained therein. This duty was called from the place where it was levied "tarifa," or tariff.

PERIL IN ATHLETICS

PHYSICAL EXERCISE SHOULD BE TAKEN IN MODERATION.

Muscle Building Is Not Necessary to Good Health, and Severe Training Weakens the Heart and Nerves and Lowers Vitality.

Once beyond the bounds of moderation, physical exercise and physical training not only weaken the heart for a lifetime, predispose to pneumonia, cause pulmonary tuberculosis and make extra possible a dozen other ills, but they unfit a man from being the ideal husband and father.

Dr. Robert E. Coughlin of Brooklyn, says the New York Times, has been collecting statistics upon and following the careers of athletes for years. He examined the contestants in amateur boxing matches, and the abnormal development of the best of them struck him. Magnificently developed as to their muscles, they were far from being men of normal health and strength. Beyond a certain point the muscular training was at the expense of their vitality. It took away from the heart and lungs. There was scarcely an organ of the system not affected and made less efficient. It seemed worth while to explore further into the cause.

"In regard to the benefit to be derived from athletics," says the doctor, "one has only to remember the physiology of exercise to become convinced of the fact that exercise, per se, may be very beneficial. The point to bear in mind is to advise the person to stop before fatigue becomes evident. We can do this readily when the athlete is interested in games for the mere exercise, but such advice cannot be offered when his aim is to excel in an athletic contest. Here is where athletics do great harm, and it would be a safe rule to advise against all forms of athletics in the nature of a contest.

"Athletics may be said to be beneficial until the heart begins to be markedly hypertrophied. This is the danger signal."

Hypertrophied is the medical man's way of saying enlarged—that is, the walls or muscles of the heart increase in size. Though this is the "danger signal," there is no real danger here, only a warning. The danger comes when, in consequence of additional exertion, the heart dilates, its interior grows larger, displacing the delicate machinery, causing the valves to leak. Then come "murmurs," and though a man may live for years with weakened valves he may die any day and any moment.

Does physical exercise, then, build up the general health and make a better man out of a man? There seems to be a question, with some scientific men saying today very emphatically, "Not unless that physical exercise is very moderate indeed."

Health, one of the big English authorities (Sir Michael Foster) puts it, does not exist. It is like happiness. Each has a goal or limit which, while seemingly attainable, eludes perfect possession. The body consists of a number of mechanisms which have the closest and most exact relations, and as they approximate to harmony there is health, but when disordered there is ill health.

Not necessarily does a man by physical training and much exercise become a better man, nor does he even get better health. Here is the striking evidence of it in scientific statements of the day.

To obtain good health, muscle building is not a necessity. One cannot judge of a person's health by the size and hardness of the muscles. We have seen that the converse may be true. To obtain health one must not be in a perfectly trained condition owing to the effects of severe training on the nervous system. There is no evidence to prove that athletics and muscle building improve the constitution. One should always keep in mind the fact that built up or hypertrophied muscle has a tendency to degenerate. The heart, being a muscular organ, shares in this tendency.

But the athlete is a man who goes through the severest physical strain and training. If he boxes, runs, is a gymnast, a football player, a wrestler, an expert at baseball or tennis, any sport requiring violent exercise and the constant keeping in trim for it, all the rest of his body is sacrificed for the overdevelopment of these special muscles, and the rest of it must somehow suffer.

All the body should develop together, as it were. Body and mind should be built up evenly. If overathletics does nothing else it produces a wearing and tearing nervous strain.

When it comes to the actual athlete, the man who specializes on some form of physical force and muscle power, these conditions are greatly aggravated. Severe athletic training and muscle building, it is now an acknowledged fact of science, are at the expense of the nervous and glandular systems.

"An experienced athlete," says one authority, "gave as his opinion that a man sacrifices a certain part of his life every time he enters a contest of any kind. He also said that a man when 'fit,' as expressed by athletes, is in an abnormally nervous condition. In other words, he can never remain at ease for a minute at a time and, like the caged lion, is forever on the move during his waking moments. It has been noticed by observers that athletes are often sickly and particularly susceptible to constipation and appendicitis."

The Latest.

Customer—You say, then, that this material is the latest? Shopman—The very latest, madam. Customer—But will it fade in the sun? Shopman—Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood.—London Mail.

Quite Different.

Papa—No; he's not the proper sort of a husband for you, my dear. Daughter—Oh, papa, he'd die for me! Papa—Oh, that's all right. Tell him to go as far as he likes. I was afraid he wanted to marry you.—Cleveland Leader.

Gratifying Progress.

"Your son is studying art, I believe. Has he made much progress?"

"Oh, yes. He is able to talk the language quite fluently."—Judge.