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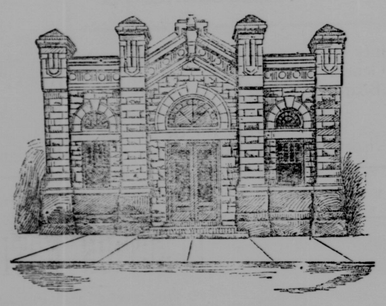
The Peoples National Bank

Denton, Maryland



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WILLIAM H. NUTTLE, Book-Keeper.

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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.

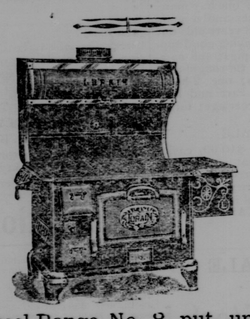
The Savings Department, established some time ago, in which depositors are paid three per cent., compounded every four months, is a convenient incentive for everyone, especially young men, to accumulate a capital which in time to come may grow to an amount sufficiently large to establish some much desired 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.

JEWEL AND LORAIN RANGES

BEST IN THE WORLD



Lorain Steel Range No. 8, put up complete, $25.00

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.

Nuttle Hardware Company,

Denton, Maryland.

JAMES T COOPER,

Undertaker Funeral Embalmer Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters entrusted to his care. All calls either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite the new drug store.

M. K. FRANTZ,

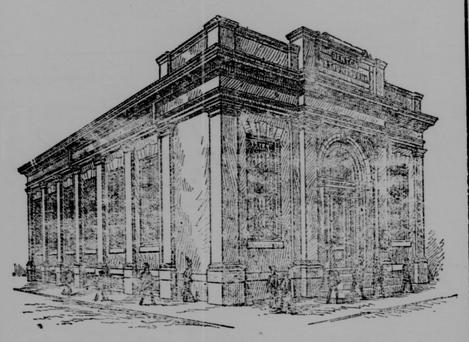
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT

STALLS 615, 617 AND 619 TERMINAL MARKET,

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

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

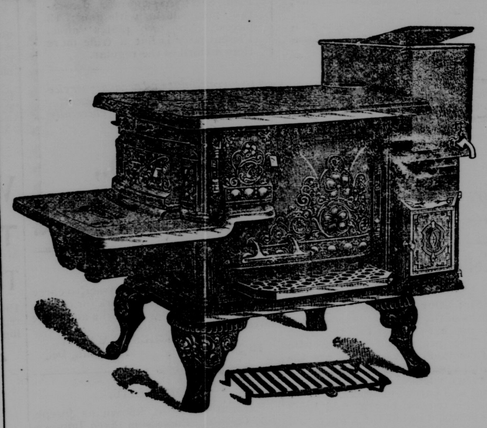
We allow three per cent. interest on deposits in this Department. Interest payable three times a year. This is an excellent opportunity for those not desiring to be annoyed by the loaning of their money, and gives them a moderate rate of interest, which is entered to their credit on the books of the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

CALVERT STOVE AND HEATING CO.,

No. 107 Commerce Street
(Formerly South Holliday St.)

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

J. HARRY ROSE,

—WITH—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
8-10-12 E. Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.

CLOTHING
TAILORING
FURNISHINGS

...A... METROPOLITAN INCIDENT

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1906, by Charles W. Hooke

A MAN who is honest at heart and yet deeply engaged in questionable enterprises; who owes large sums and escapes bankruptcy by an endless process of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul; who is always "overdrawn" at one bank or another and makes the accounts good by checks which create other overdrafts; who lives upon his reputation for prompt paying, yet never really pays; who preserves meanwhile a conscience rooted like a great jaw tooth and always aching—such a man will have a weary mind, though the spur of ambition may keep it going.

A jaded mind reveals itself in queer little absurdities. Observe, for example, Mr. Robert Ely walking up the east side of Broadway with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. An enviable young man surely. He is tall, strong and of a graceful carriage. He is dressed in good style, with a dash of individuality. He has a boyish, smooth shaven face, with wide gray eyes and an engaging frankness of expression. Who would not wish to be Mr. Ely? But why does he keep on fumbling with that matchbox after he should long since have discovered that it is empty? Why is it that neither his fingers nor his eyes convey any intelligence to his brain?

A small boy takes note of Mr. Ely and offers him a box of wind matches.

"Light, sir?" says the boy, and holds up a sizzling match to show that the brisk breeze cannot blow it out.

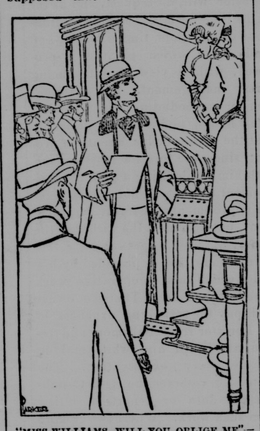
"Eh?" responds Mr. Ely, looking through the boy rather than at him. "Yes."

He gives the boy a dime and forgets the change. Then he puts the box and his own match safe into his pocket and goes on, his cigar still unlighted.

In a large room on the ground floor of a tall building an exhibition of the Jennings automatic straw hat machine is in progress. Mr. Ely is interested in this invention, but chiefly in the sale of stock in a company formed to exploit it. As to whether the machine will ever make straw hats for the world's wear Mr. Ely is as much in doubt as anybody else, but upon one point he has no doubt whatever—unless the stock sells he is a ruined man. Rather more than half of every dollar paid for the stock goes into Mr. Ely's pocket, and there are so many holes in that pocket that it is very hard to fill.

Mr. Ely has written the advertisements of the Jennings Automatic Straw Hat Machine company which have occupied pages in the Sunday papers; he has arranged the present exhibition; he is paying all the expenses by a constant miracle of finance which he himself would not attempt to explain. The early indications of success have been good, and if nothing happens Mr. Ely will sail with a free wind out of all his troubles. But there are so many things that may happen.

For example, if the public should learn that the machine can be run at high speed only about half an hour and must then be stopped until certain parts of it have been cleaned there would be an end of the game. Mr. Ely did not know this himself when he embarked in the enterprise. He knew that the first machines built by Inventor Jennings had such a defect, but he supposed that it could be remedied



"MISS WILLIAMS, WILL YOU OBLIGE ME"—

easily. Mr. Jennings had told him so, but the changes made for that purpose had proved entirely useless. The new model clogged just as certainly and almost as quickly as the old.

When Mr. Ely entered the room where the exhibition was being given there was a crowd in attendance. It was the noon hour, when clerks and salesmen have a little leisure. Among them Mr. Ely's shrewd eye perceived a fair sprinkling of more important people, and upon the whole he was well satisfied. He did not scent the peril which was at his very elbow as he pushed his way through the crowd.

The exhibition was competitive. The best machine existing up to the advent of the illustrious Jennings (who was described in the advertisements as the peer of Edison) had been set up beside the newer miracle of mechanics, and it was working with steady, laborious patience, under the guidance of a skilled hand. Meanwhile the Jennings automatic, tended only by a girl, was casting forth straw hats as a modern printing press disgorges newspapers. Mr. Ely had never seen it run so fast, and he viewed it with considerable uneasiness, for he knew that something sensational would happen if it should clog while going at such a gait. But the eye of Jennings was sharper than an eagle's, and, though he seemed to be wholly at his ease, he was always on the watch for the danger signal.

"Now, gentlemen," he was saying, "we will give you all a chance to examine this mechanism to better advantage than is possible while it is being operated at high speed. Miss Williams, will you oblige me"—

Miss Williams "obliged." Despite her innocent and girlish mien, she was an expert with the automatic, trained under the inventor's eye for many months. She knew as well as he did that the moment had come when the machine must be stopped or it would cut such capers as would set the crowd howling. She smiled sweetly at Mr. Jennings and turned off the power. The automatic came to rest.

"Gentle as a lamb," said the inventor, patting the iron child of his brain, as if moved by affection for it, but really to see how hot it was in various places. "Now, gentlemen, I will remove certain parts so that you may understand how we get these remarkable results."

Mr. Ely meanwhile had passed behind the machine and stooped beside the pile of plaited straw with which the automatic was fed. It happened, then, that he noted the unlighted cigar, and, kneeling there, he took out the box of matches which the little peddler had sold to him. He was about to light one of them when his attention was stricken by a voice, and he listened motionless.

It was a squat, dark, oily skinned man who was speaking. Ely had a glimpse of his face through a wheel of the machine and recognized him for a curb broker named Stendhall, in regard to whom he had received a warning that the fellow might try to work an unfriendly game with the stock.

"Mr. Jennings," said Stendhall, "some of us are not satisfied with this exhibition. We would like to see a test of four hours' continuous operation—four hours at least. We"—

But Ely heard no more. There was a ringing in his ears, with a dizziness that made him put a hand upon the floor to steady himself. The bare floor was cold to the touch, being made of slabs of stone. An idea seemed to leap from the tips of Ely's fingers to his brain. He cast a hasty glance over the pile of straw. No one was observing him. Ten seconds later he arose with a lighted cigar between his lips. The inextinguishable match was briskly sizzling in the straw.

Ely stepped behind Miss Williams, who had got down from her place at the machine. He had no special interest in her, but she was the only woman present, and he felt responsible for her safety.

"Fire!" yelled somebody, and on the instant a beautiful spurt of flame leaped straight for the vitals of the automatic. There was a wild rush for the doors, and Ely observed Stendhall, with his head down, butting his way to safety and roaring with panic.

Beyond a few scratches and the rending of garments no harm was done. The fire burned itself out on the stone floor, and there was nothing for the firemen to do when they arrived. After it was all over the inventor, pale with excitement, laid a hand on Ely's shoulder and stared into his eyes.

"By George, sir!" said he. "You're the quickest man to think that ever I saw. You saved our bacon that time, sure."

"How do you know I did it?"

"Well," said the inventor, shivering and grinning, "I hope I've got as much faith in Providence as any Christian needs, but there's a limit, sir; there's a limit. This was no miracle—no, sir!"

"Speaking of miracles," rejoined Ely, "you've got forty-eight hours to accomplish one. We can claim two days' delay on the ground of damage to our machine. At the end of that time the automatic has got to run four hours at high speed or there's an end of us."

"I'll do it!" cried the inventor. "By George, I'll do it!"

"I've heard that before," responded Ely. "Now, I want to see it."

It was after 4 o'clock when Ely entered his private office and sank heavily into his chair. His desk was closed. There were some letters upon the leaf and on top of them a sheet of paper bearing a memorandum in pencil.

This was the usual summary of the situation prepared by Ely's right hand man, James McKnight. The total, $9,085, showed the amount which must be raised to meet these obligations.

The statement was usually worse. Tomorrow, as McKnight had remarked, was an "easy day." Ely knew where he could raise $9,085, but what he did not know and never had known and never expected to know was how long he could keep on doing it. The catastrophe must come some time—it had never seemed so near.

The stock of the Jennings Automatic Straw Hat Machine company had already begun to be dealt in on the curb and was quoted around 30. Mr. Stendhall had been selling it "short" for several days, and he redoubled his efforts after the open attack which he had made, but Ely, having raised some money by a stroke of genius in the discounting of airy and unsubstantial notes, succeeded in holding the price of the stock at a very small decline. But rumors were stalking abroad, and the actual sale of the stock as a result of the previous advertising had very nearly stopped. And this forecasted ruin.

Meanwhile Inventor Jennings had withdrawn himself into the far parts of New Jersey, where he had a machine shop, and from that retreat he sent rose colored dreams to Ely by telegraph in response to Ely's strenuous appeals. But on the third morning after the incident of Stendhall's bombshell and the sad calamity of the fire Jennings appeared in Ely's private office just as that gentleman was opening his desk in preparation for the frantic business of the day.

Jennings had the look of one who had wandered in the wilderness without food or shelter. He was unkempt and unshaven, and his clothes ached to

"IF THIS IS TRUE, DON'T WHISPER IT TO YOUR PILLOW."

be taken off. But his bloodshot eyes were staringly awake, and his voice was an angry bark.

"Look at that!" he cried, holding a newspaper toward Ely, who made no motion to take it, but merely identified it with a glance. "Have you seen it?"

"I have," responded Ely. "Stendhall has a pull with those people; not enough to make them print a fake, but of considerable advantage when his news happens to be true. The paper states that our machine can't be run more than an hour at a time and that everybody who has bought our stock is beautifully stuck. It also describes quite accurately the interesting scene which that fire so fortunately interrupted. It's a wonder that somebody didn't do it before, but Stendhall has evidently been holding it up his sleeve until he could get me where he wanted me. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Mr. Ely," said Jennings solemnly, "I think it couldn't be better."

Ely steadied himself against the desk and looked the inventor in the eyes.

"You mean that you've solved the puzzle?"

"That's what I've done," responded Jennings, choking with a dry throat. "Give me till tomorrow morning to put the new parts on that machine, and I'll run it faster than it's ever been run before, and not four hours, but twenty-four, if Stendhall will camp there and watch it."

"If this is true," said Ely, "don't you whisper it to your pillow."

"Pillow?" echoed Jennings. "Do I look like a man acquainted with pillows? But I'll make some of these other fellows lie awake now," and he cast the newspaper wrathfully to the floor and trod upon it.

Ely had not the vanity of the inventor and was in all respects a juster man, so he felt no animosity against the newspaper, which had told nothing but the truth. Nevertheless, as a matter of business, he served notice of a suit for damages as soon as he became convinced that Jennings really had perfected his machine. The editor in question, alarmed, sent experts to the next exhibition of the automatic, and they reported that while changes had probably been made in the machine no proof could be obtained, and it was now undoubtedly a very valuable invention. Whereupon the damage suit was adjusted and a flattering retraction was made.

As a result of all this Stendhall and his associates lost and Ely's party won a considerable sum of money, the price of the stock went to par and it sold freely. Meanwhile, however, a clique inside a bank where Ely had large discounts discovered that the Jennings Automatic Straw Hat Making Machine company was worth stealing, and they laid a very clever trap, from which Ely escaped after a nerve destroying struggle. It was not until the middle of December that he knew whether his profits and the control of the company—or indeed the coat on his back and the shoes on his feet—belonged to him or to somebody else. Then the scale turned in his favor with bewildering suddenness. His foes stood around him, hat in hand, begging for small favors, and the air was yellow with the glint of money.

So Ely went and got some health. He had the money, and he bought it just as he might have bought a hat. If he had not won he would very likely have broken down, but having won he could afford the price of a new set of nerves. He made a very agreeable trip to the West Indies and returned ten pounds heavier and much improved in looks.

"Jack, old boy," said he after the briefest of greetings to his lieutenant, "bring on the next trouble, and have it hot and strong. I'm ready to get back into the game."

"Old Man of the Sea" Jackson on the Backbone of the Republican Party.

JACKSON: I don't know where I'm goin', but if this coon don't throw me I'm on my way.

COLOR COMBINATIONS.

How They Were Cleverly Used In Exposing a Fraud.

In a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons one of the workmen in wielding his hammer carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew halfway across the room and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man afterward averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible.

He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind.

The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist, retained by the defense, examined the alleged injured member and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye.

Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye the oculist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. He did it simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black.

He prepared a black card, on which a few words were written in green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed to him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it through the glasses.

This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. Owing to the effect which the colored glass must have had upon the green writing the sound right eye fitted with the red glass could not possibly distinguish the writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—London Standard.

THE SWISS ARMY.

Always Ready For War Service at a Moment's Notice.

The total population of Switzerland is rather less than half the population of London alone, yet the plucky little republic can throw into the field at a moment's notice four completely equipped and trained army corps to Germany's and France's twenty and England's nominal eight. In proportion to her population as compared with Switzerland, England should possess fifty.

Every ablebodied Swiss is, ipso facto, a member of the army from eighteen to forty-four, yet never does one hear the least complaint made by a Swiss of whatever social class at the trifling sacrifice of time that his military duties demand. To watch a Swiss battalion on its way to maneuvers in camp or on its return is to watch as contented, serviceable and cheerful a lot of men as one could wish to meet.

The only serious tax upon the time of the soldiers is the first two months of hard training as a recruit. Afterward sixteen days in camp every other year is all that is required of him. Between whiles he shoots with his comrades—every little village has its shooting range—because he loves it, and devotes a certain amount of time voluntarily to the physical exercises he is taught at school to keep himself fit. On first joining he is carefully examined as regards his suitability for this or that branch of the service and is drafted into that for which he is best fitted, and he invariably takes as great a pride in his regiment, battery or squadron as could any voluntarily enlisted man in our smartest corps at home.

The Swiss army comprises 100 battalions of infantry and twenty-four squadrons of cavalry, with the necessary ordnance and departmental corps, while the artillery includes forty-eight field batteries, ten batteries of position and two excellent mountain batteries.—Pall Mall Gazette.

First Thermometer.

The first thermometer was made in 1621 by a Dutch physicist named Cornelius Van Drebbell and consisted of a tube filled with air, closed at its upper end and dipping at its other extremity, which was open, in a bottle of nitric acid diluted with water. As the temperature rose or fell the air in the tube increased or grew less in volume and consequently the liquid descended or rose. This instrument is now known as an air thermometer, but as its measurements were based on no fixed principle it was of little use.