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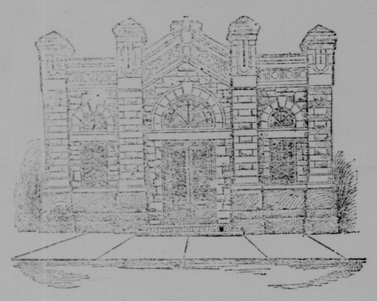
The Peoples National Bank

Denton, Maryland



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1809.	North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.	$ 6,481,641.26
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SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR PLACING LARGE LINES ANYWHERE ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

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First-Class Square Berry Cups,

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INCORPORATED 1847.

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning

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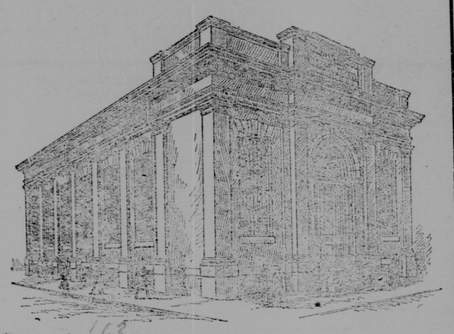
NOW is the time to dispose of surplus Farm Stock. An ad. in the Journal will do it.

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

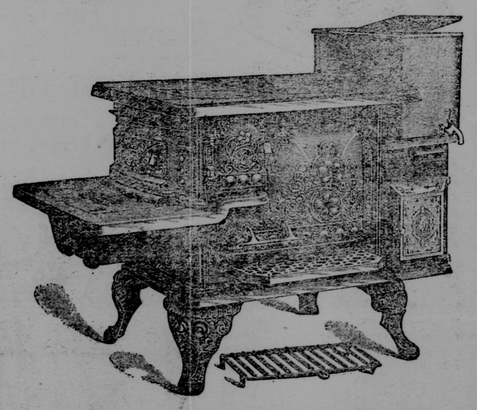
We allow three per cent. interest on deposits in this Department. Interest payable three times a year. This is an excellent opportunity for those not desiring to be annoyed by the loaning of their money, and gives them a moderate rate of interest, which is entered to their credit on the books of the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



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CLOTHING
TAILORING
FURNISHINGS

The Guard of the Christmas Gems

By James Raymond Perry

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BUT, after all, not forgetting the rocking horse charger, as gentle as he was spirited, or the belt and sword—that gilt hilted, bright bladed affair—or the fascinating air gun that would shoot crimson tipped darts with marvelous accuracy—not forgetting, indeed, any of the many delightful presents—the fact remained that quite the most enchanting thing on the Christmas tree was the wonderful dancing fiddler. He was barely a foot high and proportionately slender, but for all that he was a very lifelike little manikin. And the way he could dance and fiddle was a caution! His fiddling was pantomime; the little violin which he held so lovingly against his neck and which he scraped so industriously with his bow made no sound, but his dancing was quite the real thing, even if it was a kind of shuffle instead of the "light fantastic" kind. All you had to do to make him fiddle and dance was to wind up a spring tucked away somewhere under his little coat and off he would go as lively as you please.

Robbie at once named the dancing fiddler Sambo, because Sambo was the reputed name of a dusky fiddler who in summer often came up on his street with fiddle and song and a shuffly dance to catch the pennies of the pecunious youngsters dwelling there. This little Christmas Sambo was not nearly as dark as the big summer Sambo, but he was quite dark nevertheless—after the style of a sun browned Italian. His garments, too, were gaudy and in keeping with the character. He had quite speaking dark eyes—this little manikin—and so well had his maker done his work that when Sambo got to scraping and dancing you had a droll sense that beneath his crimson waistcoat a tiny human heart must beat. He was that lifelike, you see.

Though Robbie belted his sword on at once he let it hang unnoticed at his side, and though he kept the air gun close by him he gave it but scant attention, so busy was he winding up the spring and watching Sambo fiddle and dance. Whether the little heart under the crimson vest finally rebelled at having to work so hard on Christmas eve—of all nights—or whether for other and more mechanical reasons, it is a fact that at last, after being freshly wound, the tired little fiddler refused to budge. Shake him as you would, not a scrape would he give to his bow or a shuffling push to his feet. Robbie viewed him with reproachful eyes.

"You probably wound him up too tight, Robbie," explained Mr. Wallace. "Just leave him till morning. Perhaps he'll be rested then and ready to dance some more. It's time little tots were abed now."

Reluctantly Robbie accepted the situation. He wished that among other presents might be one that carried with it permission on Christmas eve to sit up all night. When you have a Christmas tree only once a year you ought to have it for the whole of one night! It was pure waste of time and money to go to bed and leave it, still all a-shimmer, with candles not yet half burned out, before the clock even struck 10! But that was one of the ways of the world. Grownup folks, like papa and mamma, were very nice—very nice, indeed—because they made the Christmas tree for you and loaded it with dancing fiddlers and speckled chargers and guns and swords and all the rest, but for all that they didn't understand economy in such matters, and when he grew up and made Christmas trees for his children it should be

"WOULD NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR IT HERE."

an all night affair. There were some matters that needed reforming, and he would see that they got reformed when he grew up.

Robbie roused again when his father and mother softly entered the nursery a half hour later.

"Burglars would never think of looking for it here," he heard his mother say in a low tone. "Oh, Robert, aren't they beautiful! And you're such a dear to give them to me!" she added. And Robbie, again quite wide awake, saw his mother hold up to the light a string of very pretty beads—very, very pretty beads, Robbie thought, for they sparkled in the light very much as he had seen some dewdrops sparkling in the sunshine away back last summer—sparkled with such beautiful little flashes of blue and violet and orange and crimson that you almost wanted to shut your eyes to keep out the dazzle.

The string of beads must have been something very nice, Robbie was sure, for his mamma's exclamations of pleasure when they were handed to her from the tree had attracted his notice for a moment, in spite of the lively stunt Sambo was at the time performing. He had seen the beads sparkling then and had thought he would like to have some just like them. They would look pretty tied around the speckled

SHE GOT DOWN CLOSE TO KISS HIM.

charger's neck. His mamma had put them round her neck, and they had looked very fine there, and they would look fine round the speckled charger's neck, even if his neck wasn't as round and white and pretty as mamma's. So for a moment Robbie was just a bit envious. Then he had looked back at Sambo, manfully scraping at the fiddle and dancing to its silent time, and his envy slipped away. Sambo was worth a hundred strings of beads, and papa had given Sambo to him instead of to mamma, so mamma ought to have the beads, and he was glad she'd got them, but a little sorry for her that she hadn't got a Sambo instead. Sambos must cost a great deal of money, though, and papa, rich as he was, couldn't be expected to buy two Sambos for the same Christmas. So it had been only a passing shadow for Robbie, so light and fleeting that it had scarcely dimmed the brilliancy of the Christmas tree at all.

But now Robbie was more certain than ever that the beads must be something very choice, else his mamma would not be so particular about hiding them away from robbers.

"I know where I'll put them," he heard her say as the box lid snapped down and shut in the beautiful beads—"in the fireplace right down in this corner. There! And this spray of holly thrown over it quite hides the box. No burglar would think of looking there for it. And tomorrow, Robert, you must put them in the safe deposit vault. It's too valuable a necklace to keep here in the house.

"Just look at Robbie! He's taken his sword and gun to bed with him!" she added, coming nearer the cot. "Why, you're awake, dearie, aren't you?" she smiled. Then she bent over and kissed him a second good night—such a beautiful, beautiful mamma she was when she got down close to kiss him!—and after they had smiled into each other's eyes and she had laid her soft cheek against his for one delicious moment she and papa went out, and it was dark again. But the dark was very nice and nothing whatever to be afraid of. Afraid! Why, there was his faithful gun right where he could lay his hand on it! It was on it this very minute! And just beyond was his trusty sword! And right there by the bedpost waited the speckled charger ready to flee with him if necessary. And over there by the chimney, standing guard, was Sambo, as true a sentinel as ever scraped a noiseless fiddle! So there was nothing at all to be afraid of, even if it was dark. And there were such sweet thoughts in his mind now that there would have been no room for fear even if there had been anything to be afraid of—thoughts wherein the speckled charger, the faithful gun and trusty sword and even the genial Sambo himself retreated into the background, while in the foreground, very near, was the vision of a lovely face with the tenderest and most beautiful eyes looking into his. So had he dropped to dreams again, forgetting the dear toys in the dearer love for his mamma.

He awakened a second time to behold a very different vision. At first he almost believed it was one of those horrible nightmares of which he had had not more than one or two during his short life. But even while almost believing it was one he knew quite well that it wasn't. He knew it was a man—a real, live, dreadful man—standing there within a foot of the bed and flashing a queer little beam of light around the room. The light behind the lantern was so dim that Robbie could scarcely make out the face of a man at all, but that only added to his conviction that the face was truly horrible, and he knew very well what the man was and what he was there for.

Robbie hadn't lived all his little life in a city house without knowing what a burglar was. True, he had never seen one before, but Charlie Stuart had told him only last week about one Charlie's father had seen, and he knew this was one because Charlie had said they carried those queer little lights with them. And now this one had come for those pretty beads. He felt quite sure of it because of what his mamma had said when she put the box in the fireplace—that no burglar would think of looking there for it. Robbie wondered if this burglar would think to. But, of course, he wouldn't, for hadn't his mamma said particularly that one wouldn't? Still he might, and they were such pretty beads, and his mamma had seemed to like them so much. It would be a shame if he should find them and carry them off and mamma should never see them again!

Robbie reached softly for his gun. Yes, there it was! And there, just beyond it, was the sword. And then suddenly he couldn't see the beam creeping up and down and round the room, but in place of it a quite small but dazzling light was right in front of his wide staring eyes, and he heard a voice not at all pleasant or kind, though it was low, saying: "Don't yer make a noise, kid! Not a sound, or I'll"— The unfinished threat was quite as terrible as if the burglar had gone into minute particulars of what he would do. But that unusual light in front of his eyes and the voice had completely unnerved Robbie, and he had no intention of making a noise—in fact, he couldn't have made one if he had tried. So when the burglar whispered hoarsely, "Where's them sparklers hid?" Robbie was speechless. For another instant the bright light stared him in the face and then wavered away and wandered off over the room.

"I don't s'pose the kid knows," Robbie heard the man mutter. Now was the time for him to reach for his gun and send the burglar scampering, but sword and gun were quite forgotten in the fearful fascination of watching the wandering beam of light and the dim figure behind it. Into this corner and that the beam fell, the speckled charger suddenly coming into relief and then disappearing as the ray rested on it a moment and then passed on.

"Moight 'a' hid 'em in the fireplace," speculated the burglar softly, and Robbie's heart sank. The pretty beads would be lost after all.

"Ah! What's that?" the man whispered sharply. Something by the fireplace had clicked in the stillness—a sharp click like that of a revolver, and swiftly the beam of the lantern sought the spot. At the same instant Robbie's

"DON'T YER MAKE A NOISE, KID!"

eyes caught dimly the gleam of a raised weapon in the burglar's other hand.

Robbie's gaze followed to where the trembling beam rested. Whether, having heard the burglar mention the fireplace and knowing the concealed jewels were now in extreme peril, Sambo had concluded it was time for him to take a hand in the affair, or whether for other and less sentimental reasons, it is certain he had become an actor in the scene, for, with a click of his wound up spring, off he had started, and down there on the tiled hearth in the wavering light of the lantern he was industriously scraping away at his noteless fiddle and vigorously shuffling through his grotesque dance.

The burglar uttered a relieved little laugh. "Sure, I thought 'twas some one," Robbie heard him mutter. The man stood for a moment watching the droll manikin, a grin on his rough features. Then he moved toward the fireplace again.

It cannot be asserted positively that the presence of the burglar and the peril of the pretty beads now caused the heart of the faithful Sambo to burst with emotion, but certainly a strange thing happened, for just as the burglar was again stepping toward the fireplace the silent fiddling ceased, and there was a buzz and whir and vibrant twang as if a dozen clock springs had suddenly started to rattle and hum in unmusical chorus. Something in little Sambo's bosom had given way and released the coiled springs that controlled him, and it was these that were making a wild tattoo as they unwound with a rush against wall and tiling. The commotion had not ceased when there was the sound of some one bounding out of bed in the next room, and, with a half smothered oath, the burglar turned and fled to the window through which he had climbed.

And now Robbie boasts proudly to the other little boys on his street, albeit a little sadly in spite of the new Sambo his father bought him, how the old Sambo gave up his life to save his mamma's string of pretty beads.

The Great Jenner.

An Englishman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician and said to Jeames, "You will be tired of opening the door for me." "Not at all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunit in the hocean."

Another Jeames was accustomed to say during his master's occasional absences: "You had better try hopposite. There's a very respectable man hopposite as we often sends to when Sir William is habsent. His name is Jenner."—London Mail.

How Long the Bills Last.

A dollar bill has an average life of about fifteen months. Two dollar bills, not being quite so actively used, last on the average more than sixteen months. A five dollar bill lives on an average two years before it is worn out and the government is called upon to replace it. Ten dollar bills last about three years and twenty dollar bills more than four years.—Youth's Companion.

No Bargains.

"Eternal vigilance," shouted the orator, "is the price of liberty!"

The women electors exchanged glances.

"That is the same price as last year," they remarked and shrugged their shoulders.

There were no bargains to be had, and they lost interest in the proceedings.

A ROMANTIC LEASE.

One Sweet Red Rose as the Rent For a Pennsylvania Farm.

The public is generally conversant with the annual custom of paying "one red rose" as ground rental in eastern Pennsylvania churches to the descendants of those who gave the ground for the edifices, but it is not generally known that hundreds of owners of farms are under a similar obligation, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Red rose rent" is yearly paid every second Sunday in June in the Lutheran church at Manheim, Lancaster county; in the Tulpehocken Reformed church, about sixteen miles west of Reading, and in several edifices in Lebanon county, while several congregations in Berks are entitled to observe the event, but do not.

Roses paid on these occasions to representatives of families whose ancestors made such provisions are treasured as priceless heirlooms, and at Manheim they have come from many states.

It is known to few that more than 160 years ago great tracts of farm land were sold around Reading with the same stipulation. It is estimated that at least 20,000 acres of land in Berks are subject because of a clause in the original deeds to an annual ground rent of one red rose.

Records of the Berks courthouse show that many years before Baron Stigel provided for the payment of red rose rent by the church at Manheim Caspar Wistar sold land containing the same clause.

Red rose rent is mentioned in connection with land in Tulpehocken, Marion, Maxatawny, Oley and other townships. It dates back to 1738.

The Tulpehocken Reformed church is built on land that is subject to "one red rose" quit rent. The land was owned by Caspar Wistar, brass button manufacturer of Philadelphia. The red rose rent has been paid to the Philadelphia descendants of Caspar Wistar for some years. The most notable observance was in 1902, when thirty prominent Philadelphia Wistars attended the services and were paid 157 red roses in payment of arrears of rent.

John Page, described as "a gentleman from London," was another extensive real estate speculator in the early colonial period. He planned to establish a feudal barony along the Tulpehocken in 1735. Every deed of land sold by him contained the red rose clause.

HOW WARRIORS DIED.

Grant, who time and again stood untouched amid a hail of bullets, finally died of cancer.

William the Silent survived numerous conflicts and campaigns, only to be assassinated after he was victorious.

Napoleon, apparently bullet proof and believed by his followers to bear a charmed life, died almost alone of a cancer.

Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, after half a lifetime of desperate fighting, died in Spain of typhoid fever, neglected and despised by those whom he had benefited.

Washington survived the perils of the wilderness, the dangers of Indian warfare, all the bullets and balls of a score of Revolutionary battles and the hardships of a seven years' campaign to be bled to death by his doctors.

Lord Clive, the English conqueror of India, a bold, active warrior, exposed to death in scores of desperate battles and by several plots, fell a victim after his return to England to the opium habit and committed suicide.

Sorrows of an Artist.

A first class journeyman tailor who is both sensitive and ambitious must have more than his share of sadness and heartache. The completeness with which he is ignored by those who are made happy by his workmanship cannot fail to cause him mental agony. The bosses know him and appreciate his work, and so do his fellow craftsmen, but that is all. Beyond them he is unknown, unthought of. His work goes out into the world to delight and to be admired, but it brings to him neither fame nor praise. He is no more thought of or considered by those who wear with pride a garment he made than the sheep is from whose back the wool was sheared that went to its making.—American Tailor and Cutter.

Figs and Dates.

It is a good plan to wash figs and dates before giving them to children, or, for that matter, to any one. Their sweetness attracts insects, and their stickiness makes them a perfect home for dust and its undesirable germs. Yet most people seem never to think of this at all. Washing will not impair the flavor. On the contrary, it makes them more agreeable to the sight and touch as well as to the taste.

Versatile.

"It was as much as I could do to keep from laughing when Miss Guscher remarked that her fiance was 'so versatile.'"

"Meaning Dumley? Well, he is rather versatile."

"Nonsense! He's a regular idiot."

"Yes, but he's so many different kinds of an idiot."—Philadelphia Press.

Toughening Up.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."—New York Sun.

A Choice of Evils.

Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school? Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.

How They Get In.

Knicker — Are children allowed in your flat? Bocker—No. We brought ours in under the head of musical instruments.—New York Sun.