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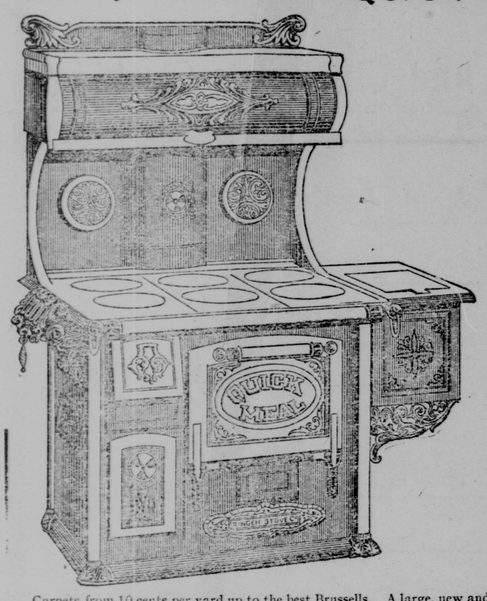
Read and Profit By It.

The Burrsville Hardware and Furniture Store is the HEADQUARTERS FOR **QUICK MEAL RANGES**



that were awarded the highest mark at the Cooking Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. It is not the name that has made the range—it is the range that has made the name. I have the QUICK MEAL RANGE on hand at all times, with feet or without. Ranges delivered to those who have no team. I also carry a full and complete line of other

Steel and Cast Iron **RANGES,**

Cook Stoves and Air Tight Stoves,

Any price to suit the buyer from - - $1.98 Up.

Second-hand stoves taken in exchange.

Furniture! Furniture!

Most anything in the Furniture Line, such as Sideboards, from $4.50 up; with that big 5 per cent. off for cash on all Furniture. This is the place to get your

House Furnishing Goods

Carpets from 10 cents per yard up to the best Brussells. A large, new and complete line of the latest patterns of China and Japanese Mattings, just arrived to select from.

Rugs and Druggets, Linoleum and Oil Cloth

Neperham Tapestry Rugs, seamless and floral patterns. Ingrain Druggets, Mats, Linoleum, floor and table Cloth, very cheap.

Hardware Oliver Chilled Plows, both walking and riding; Sulky Plows, that give the best satisfaction and the plow that you can turn a short gee land with. I keep on hand at all times Galvanized, Rubber, Amitite and Felt Roofing; Wire for many purposes and of any description for horse, cow, hog, chicken and mosquito; Fabric Wire for field or lawn fences; Lawn Gates; Drive Well Supplies; H. B. Davis Paint, 100 per cent. pure; Old Process Pure Linseed Oil, guaranteed.

I thank my many kind patrons for their good and generous patronage and trust we may all profit by our co-operation.

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Burrsville, Maryland.

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DON'T MISTAKE THE STORE.

Psyche and the Pskyscraper

Philosopher Finished Second In Race For Love

By O. HENRY

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If you are a philosopher you can do this thing—you can go to the top of a high building, look down upon your fellow men 300 feet below and despise them as insects. Like the irresponsible black water bugs on summer ponds, they crawl and circle and hustle about idiotically without aim or purpose. They do not even move with the admirable intelligence of ants, for ants always know when they are going home. The ant is of a lowly station, but he will often reach home and get his slippers on while you are left at your elevated station.

Man, then, to the housetopped philosopher, appears to be but a creeping, contemptible beetle. Brokers, poets, millionaires, bootblacks, beauties, hod carriers and politicians become little

"I DON'T LIKE IT," DECLARED DAISY.

black specks dodging bigger black specks in streets no wider than your thumb.

From this high view the city itself becomes degraded to an unintelligible mass of distorted buildings and impossible perspectives, the revered ocean is a duck pond, the earth itself a lost golf ball. All the minutiae of life are gone. The philosopher gazes into the infinite heavens above him and allows his soul to expand to the influence of his new view. He feels that he is the heir to eternity and the child of time. Space, too, should be his by the right of his immortal heritage, and he thrills at the thought that some day his kind shall traverse those mysterious aerial roads between planet and planet. The tiny world beneath his feet upon which this towering structure of steel rests as a speck of dust upon a Himalayan mountain—it is but one of a countless number of such whirling atoms. What are the ambitions, the achievements, the paltry conquests and loves of those restless black insects below compared with the serene and awful immensity of the universe that lies above and around their insignificant city?

It is guaranteed that the philosopher will have these thoughts. They have been expressly compiled from the philosophies of the world and set down with the proper interrogation point at the end of them to represent the invariable musings of deep thinkers on high places. And when the philosopher takes the elevator down his mind is broader, his heart is at peace, and his conception of the cosmogony of creation is as wide as the buckle of Orion's summer belt.

But if your name happened to be Daisy and you worked in an Eighth avenue candy store and lived in a little cold hall bedroom five feet by eight and earned $6 per week and ate ten cent lunches and were nineteen years old and got up at 6:30 and worked till 9 and never had studied philosophy, maybe things wouldn't look that way to you from the top of a skyscraper.

Two sighed for the hand of Daisy, the unphilosophical. One was Joe, who kept the smallest store in New York. It was about the size of a tool box of the D. P. W. and was stuck like a swallow's nest against a corner of a downtown skyscraper. Its stock consisted of fruit, candies, newspapers, song books, cigarettes and lemonade in season. When stern winter shook his congealed locks and Joe had to move himself and the fruit inside there was exactly room in the store for the proprietor, his wares, a stove the size of a vinegar cruet and one customer.

Joe was not of the nation that keeps us forever in a furore with fugues and fruit. He was a capable American youth who was laying by money and wanted Daisy to help him spend it. Three times he had asked her.

"I got money saved up, Daisy," was his love song. "And you know how bad I want you. That store of mine ain't very big, but"—

"Oh, ain't it?" would be the antiphony of the unphilosophical one. "Why, I heard Wanamaker's was trying to get you to sublet part of your floor space to them for next year."

Daisy passed Joe's corner every morning and evening.

"Hello, Two-by-four!" was her usual greeting. "Seems to me your store looks emptier. You must have sold a package of chewing gum."

"Ain't much room in here, sure," Joe would answer, with his slow grin, "except for you, Daise. Me and the store are waitin' for you whenever you'll take us. Don't you think you might before long?"

"Store!" A fine scorn was expressed by Daisy's uptilted nose. "Sardine box! Waitin' for me, you say? Gee! You'd have to throw out about a hundred pounds of candy before I could get inside of it, Joe."

"I wouldn't mind an even swap like that," said Joe, complimentary.

Daisy's existence was limited in every way. She had to walk sideways between the counter and the shelves in the candy store. In her own hall bedroom coziness had been carried close to cohesiveness. The walls were so near to one another that the paper on them made a perfect babel of noise. She could light the gas with one hand and close the door with the other without taking her eyes off the reflection of her brown pompadour in the mirror. She had Joe's picture in a gilt frame on the dresser, and sometimes—but her next thought would always be of Joe's funny little store tacked like a soap box to the corner of that great building, and away would go her sentiment in a breeze of laughter.

Daisy's other suitor followed Joe by several months. He came to board in the house where she lived. His name was Dabster, and he was a philosopher. Though young, attainments stood out upon him like continental labels on a Passaic (N. J.) suit case. Knowledge he had kidnaped from cyclopedias and handbooks of useful information, but as for wisdom—when she passed he was left sniffing in the road without so much as the number of her motorcar. He could and would tell you the proportion of water and muscle making properties of peas and veal, the shortest verse in the Bible, the number of pounds of shingle nails required to fasten 256 shingles laid four inches to the weather, the population of Kankakee, theories of Spinoza, length of the Hoosac tunnel, the best time to set a hen, the salary of the railway postoffice messenger between Driftwood and Red Bank Furnace, Pa., and the number of bones in the fore leg of a cat.

This weight of learning was no handicap to Dabster. His statistics were the sprigs of parsley with which he garnished the feast of small talk that he would set before you if he conceived that to be your taste. And, again, he used them as breastworks in foraging at the boarding house. Firing at you a volley of figures concerning the weight of a lineal foot of bar iron 5 by 2¾ inches and the average annual rainfall at Fort Snelling, Minn., he would transfix with his fork the best piece of chicken on the dish while you were trying to rally sufficiently to ask him weakly why a hen crosses the road.

Thus brightly armed and further equipped with a measure of good looks, of a hair-oily-shopping-district-at-3-in-the-afternoon kind, it seems that Joe of the lilliputian emporium had a rival worthy of his steel. But Joe carried no steel. There wouldn't have been room in his store to draw it if he had.

One Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock Daisy and Mr. Dabster stopped before Joe's booth. Dabster wore a silk hat, and—well, Daisy was a woman, and that hat had no chance to get back in its box until Joe had seen it. A stick of pineapple chewing gum was the ostensible object of the call. Joe supplied it through the open side of his store. He did not pale or falter at sight of the hat.

"Mr. Dabster's going to take me on top of the building to observe the view," said Daisy after she had introduced her admirers. "I never was on a skyscraper. I guess it must be awful nice and funny up there."

"H'm!" said Joe.

"The panorama," said Mr. Dabster, "exposed to the gaze from the top of a lofty building is not only sublime, but instructive. Miss Daisy has a decided pleasure in store for her."

"It's windy up there, too, as well as here," said Joe. "Are you dressed warm enough, Daise?"

"Sure thing! I'm all lined," said Daisy, smiling slyly at his clouded brow. "You look just like a mummy in a case, Joe. Ain't you just put in an invoice of a pint of peanuts or another apple? Your store looks awful overstocked."

Daisy giggled at her favorite joke, and Joe had to smile with her.

"Your quarters are somewhat limited, Mr.—er—er," remarked Dabster, "in comparison with the size of this building. I understand the area of its side to be about 340 by 100 feet. That would make you occupy a proportionate space as if half of Baluchistan were placed upon a territory as large as the United States east of the Rocky mountains, with the province of Ontario and Belgium added."

"Is that so, sport?" said Joe genially. "You are Weisenheimer on figures, all right. How many square pounds of baled hay do you think a jackass could eat if he stopped brayin' long enough to keep still a minute and five-eighths?"

A few minutes later Daisy and Mr. Dabster stepped from an elevator to the top floor of the skyscraper, then up a short, steep stairway and out upon the roof. Dabster led her to the parapet so she could look down at the black dots moving in the street below.

"What are they?" she asked, trembling. She had never before been at a height like this.

And then Dabster must needs play the philosopher on the tower and conduct her soul forth to meet the immensity of space.

"Bipeds," he said solemnly. "See what they become even at the small elevation of 340 feet—mere crawling insects going to and fro at random."

"Oh, they ain't anything of the kind!" exclaimed Daisy suddenly. "They're folks! I saw an automobile! Oh, gee! Are we that high up?"

"Walk over this way," said Dabster.

He showed her the great city lying like an orderly array of toys far below, starred here and there, early as it was, by the first beacon lights of the winter afternoon, and then the bay and sea to the south and east vanishing mysteriously into the sky.

"I don't like it," declared Daisy, with troubled blue eyes. "Say we go down."

But the philosopher was not to be denied his opportunity. He would let her behold the grandeur of his mind, the half nelson he had on the infinite and the memory he had for statistics, and then she would nevermore be content to buy chewing gum at the smallest store in New York. And so he began to prate of the smallness of human affairs, and how that even so slight a removal from earth made man and his works look like the tenth part of a dollar thrice computed, and that one should consider the sidereal system and the maxims of Epictetus and be comforted.

"You don't carry me with you," said Daisy. "Say, I think it's awful to be up so high that folks look like fleas. One of them we saw might have been Joe. Why, jiminy, we might as well be in New Jersey! Say, I'm afraid up here!"

The philosopher smiled fatuously.

"The earth," said he, "is itself only as a grain of wheat in space. Look up there."

Daisy gazed upward apprehensively. The short day was spent, and the stars were coming out above.

"Yonder star," said Dabster, "is Venus, the evening star. She is 66,000,000 miles from the sun."

"Fudge!" said Daisy, with a brief flash of spirit. "Where do you think I come from—Brooklyn? Susie Price in our store, her brother sent her a ticket to go to San Francisco—that's only 3,000 miles."

The philosopher smiled indulgently.

"Our world," he said, "is 91,000,000 miles from the sun. There are eighteen stars of the first magnitude that are 211,000 times farther from us than the sun is. If one of them should be extinguished it would be three years before we would see its light go out. There are 6,000 stars of the sixth magnitude. It takes thirty-six years for the light of one of them to reach the earth. With an eighteen foot telescope we can see 43,000,000 stars, including those of the thirteenth magnitude, whose light takes 2,700 years to reach us. Each of these stars"—

"You're lyin'!" cried Daisy angrily. "You're tryin' to scare me, and you have. I want to go down!"

She stamped her foot.

"Arcturus"— began the philosopher soothingly, but he was interrupted by

THE DOOR WAS BURST OPEN.

a demonstration out of the vastness of the nature that he was endeavoring to portray with his memory instead of his heart. For to the heart expounder of nature the stars were set in the firmament expressly to give soft light to lovers wandering happily beneath them, and if you stand tiptoe some September night with your sweetheart on your arm you can almost touch them with your hand. Three years for their light to reach us indeed!

Out of the west leaped a meteor, lighting the roof of the skyscraper almost to midday. Its fiery parabola was limned against the sky toward the east. It hissed as it went, and Daisy screamed.

"Take me down," she cried vehemently, "you—you mental arithmetic!"

Dabster got her to the elevator and inside of it. She was wild eyed, and she shuddered when the express made its debilitating drop.

Outside the revolving door of the skyscraper the philosopher lost her. She vanished, and he stood, bewildered, without figures or statistics to aid him.

Joe had a lull in trade and by squirming among his stock succeeded in lighting a cigarette and getting one cold foot against the attenuated stove.

The door was burst open, and Daisy, laughing, crying, scattering fruit and candies, tumbled into his arms.

"Oh, Joe, I've been up on the skyscraper. Ain't it cozy and warm and homelike here! I'm ready for you, Joe, whenever you want me."

A BLOOD TAX.

Payment by a French Town to Spain For an Ancient Crime.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the valley of Roncal, in Navarre, were murdered by shepherds of the valley of Bareton, in Bearn, the crime taking place on the high pasture lands of Arlas, in the Pyrenees. It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice, and the Spaniards were preparing to make war upon the valley from which the French murderers had come when the French villages proposed that peace be maintained at the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted.

The payment of this blood tax—originally three white mares, but later three cows of a particular breed and color—has been made ever since, the custom (it is nothing more) having survived even the great wars in which both France and Spain have engaged and the storm of the French revolution.

Yearly the representative men of the two valleys meet on the frontier at a certain stone remote from any town and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle. The order of procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tax was paid a hundred years prior to that time. The records of each yearly meeting and payment are duly attested and deposited in the archives of the Roncalais.—New York Tribune.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

Racing For the Honest Lawyer In a Town In Denmark.

In telling of his boyhood home in Denmark, "The Old Town," Jacob A. Riis says that he does not remember that there were at any time more than two lawyers in the place. One was good, the other bad—not a bad lawyer perhaps, but reputed to be tricky, whereas the other was known to be honor itself.

It is therefore perhaps the best character I can give my people when I record the fact, writes Mr. Riis, that when two farmers quarreled, each sure that he was right, they made haste to hitch up to get first to the honest lawyer, and usually that was the end of the quarrel, for the last in the race was willing to make peace.

They used to tell of two well to do neighbors who had fallen out over a line fence and started simultaneously for town. Both had good teams, and they were well matched in the race.

For half an hour they drove silently, alongside, each on his own side of the road, grimly urging on their horses, but neither gaining a length. At last as the lights of the town came into sight, for it was evening, a trace broke on one of the rigs, and the horses stopped. The other team whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Hans," the beaten one called after him, and he halted and looked back, "are you going after Lawyer ——?" naming the square one.

"I am that!" came back.

"Then let's go back. I'm beat." And back home they went and made it up.

A MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

Romance of Lady March and the Second Duke of Richmond.

One of the mercenary marriages which turned out happily was that of the second Duke of Richmond. He was married to Lady Sarah Cadogan as part of an agreement that her father's gambling debts should be canceled, Lord March (as he then was) being eighteen and the bride thirteen. Immediately after the wedding Lord March's tutor took him off to the continent for the grand tour, and Lady Sarah went back to her nursery. This is the sequel as told by Lady Russell in "The Rose Goddess:"

"Three years elapsed. Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such an uninteresting recollection of his bride, was in no hurry to claim her and went the first evening of his return to London to the opera. There he noticed that all eyes—and lorgnettes—were directed to one box, where, surrounded by several persons, sat a most beautiful young creature. Turning to a man beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' was the answer, 'not to know the reigning toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!' Lord March lost no time in going to the box and introducing himself to his bride, with whom he ever after lived so affectionately that their devotion to one another became proverbial."

Cruelty to Women.

We wonder what death the man will die or what tortured life he will be caused to lead who discovered the little "trick" by which a woman's age can be ascertained beyond a doubt—that is to say, while her health is normal. The only instrument required is an ordinary watch. The wrist of the lady whose age is in question is the telltale, for when you count her pulse and it registers sixty-nine beats per minute you know that she is between twenty and twenty-five years old. During the next five years seventy-one beats go to the minute, and the "femme de trente ans" and over is entitled to seventy throbs. It is a pity the man of science who established these facts is not more exact when dealing with the women of riper age, for, according to rumor and tradition, it is only after she is thirty that a woman begins to leave off having birthdays.—Westminster Gazette.

Dropping Coaches on the Run.

The ingenious means by which one of the great railroad systems of England drops passenger coaches off at intermediate stations without slowing up the locomotive, even for a fraction of a second, in its speed of sixty or more miles an hour is called the "slip coach" system and is described in Popular Mechanics. It is a system never tried in America and consists in dropping, or "slipping," one or more of the rear coaches just before the station is reached. Undoubtedly many American tourists in England after alighting at their destination have been amazed to discover that the coach which they occupied was still beside them, while the locomotive and the remainder of the train were nowhere to be seen.

Birds of a Feather.

Frederick Leveson-Gower in his reminiscences relates that when he visited Moscow in 1856 for the coronation of Alexander II. "opposite our house during the procession was drawn up a regiment called Paulovski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned up noses and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion to compose regiments of men all having the same features. The late emperor had recruits sent to him and told them off according to their looks. There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox."

Why the Statue Kept Mum.

The Venus of Milo refused to tell how she lost her arms.

"If I should say I broke them off while trying to button my dress up the back," she said, "you'd ask me what has become of the dress."

Relapsing into stony silence, she paid no further attention to the questioners.—Chicago Tribune.

A Girl's Idea.

A girl's idea of a trousseau is to have enough clothes to wear without buying anything new for at least three weeks.—New York Times.

He is a friend who in dubious circumstances aids in deeds when deeds are necessary.—Plautus.

Dissolution Notice.

THE firm of E. G. Cover & Brother, and the firm of Miss Belle Cover, Manager, have been dissolved by mutual consent. Beginning with Jan. 1st, businesses will be conducted under the name of THE COVER DRY GOODS COMPANY. All accounts due the old firms are to be paid to Edwin G. Cover, personally.

Under the new arrangement the business will be enlarged in many ways, and the same careful attention to the wants of the people of Talbot and adjoining counties is guaranteed.

The old firm wishes to express their great appreciation to their patrons for past favors and to solicit a continuance of the same.

EDWIN G. COVER,
THOMAS C. COVER,
MISS BELLE COVER, Manager.

Notice to Creditors.

Harry W. Corkran, guardian,
vs.
James Paul Rich, infant.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1398.

Ordered, this 3rd day of December, 1910, by William H. Adkins, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in equity, and by the authority thereof, upon the aforegoing petition, that the proceedings in the above cause be converted into a creditors' bill, and that the creditors of the said James Rich, deceased, are hereby given notice to file their claims, properly proven, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County on or before the 3rd day of February, 1911; provided, a copy of this order be published in a newspaper printed and published in Caroline County in each of four successive weeks before the 3rd day of January, 1911.

W. H. ADKINS.

True Copy.
Test: J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

H. L. Cooper A. R. Wright E. G. Cooper

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OUR WINTER SALE

is on. Big Bargains in Suits, Overcoats and Odd Trousers for Men and Boys. Men's Suits, were $10 to $30, now $7.50 to $22.50. Overcoats $3 to $40, now $6 to $30. Odd Trousers, special values at $1, $1.50 and $2.00. Regular Stock, were $3 to $6, now $2.25 to $4.50. Same good values and reductions in Boys' and little Boys' sizes. All sizes in our finest grade Suits and Overcoats, so come at once and get the best. Special values and prices in Shirts, Underwear, Neckwear and Sweaters. 10 per cent. off prices in Tailoring from heavy weights, with no discount on quality, trimmings, fit or work.

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THE TWICE-A-WEEK AMERICAN is published in two issues, Tuesday and Friday mornings, with the news of the week in compact shape. It also contains interesting special correspondence, entertaining romances, good poetry, local matter of general interest and fresh miscellany suitable for the home circle. A carefully edited Agricultural Department and full and reliable Financial and Market Reports are special features.

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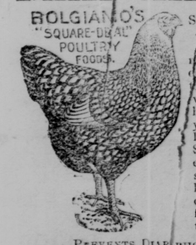
DEAD CHICKS

BOLGIANO'S "SQUARE-DEAL" POULTRY FOODS



SAVES BABY CHICKS.

B. B. Cochrauer, Paulsier County, Virginia, writes: "I have used your 'Square Deal' Chick Starter with excellent results. Have lost less chicks since feeding it than before."

PREVENTS DIARRHOEA.

Chas. S. Grass, Baltimore Co., Md., writes: "I have found by actual comparison that Bolgiano's 'Square Deal' Chick Starter has a great advantage over all prominent foods on the market. It does not give baby chicks diarrhoea."

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

Mr. C. N. Jenson, Atlantic Co., N. J., on Oct. 27th, 1910, writes as follows: "I want to state that your three grades of Poultry Food, Chick Starter, Developing Food, and 'Square Deal' Scratch or Poultry Food stands without an equal today. They are perfect mixtures, sound in grain and a pleasure to handle."

BEST HE EVER PURCHASED.

Eli L. Griest, of Cessna, Pa., writes: "Your 'Square Deal' Scratch or Poultry Food is the best I have ever purchased at any price. I have no trouble to sell it; my customers like it."

SQUARE-DEAL
Chick Starter Chick Food Scratch Food
First Week 5 to 8 Weeks Makes Hens Lay

Don't Be Fooled—If your local merchant doesn't sell "Square Deal" Foods, drop us a postal; we will tell you who does. Send us 5c in stamps to pay the postage and mention the name of this paper, we will send you a package each of Pansys, Nasturtiums, Asters, Sweet Peas, Scarlet Sage, also our new 1911 Garden and Flower Seed and Poultry Supply Catalogue.

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It Is Near at Hand to Hundreds of Denton Readers.

Don't neglect an aching back.
Backache is the kidneys' cry for help.
Neglect hurrying to their aid
Means that urinary troubles follow quickly
Dire distress, diabetes, Bright's disease.
Profit by a sufferer's experience,

Mrs. Ary Louise Dunn, 8 Water Street, Cambridge, Md., says: "For years I have used Doan's Kidney Pills whenever I have needed them and the results have always been of the best. I suffered greatly from kidney trouble and all the doctoring I did brought no relief. I had severe attacks of lumbago and my back was often so weak and lame that I could not stoop. Whenever I caught cold it settled in my kidneys, and at such times the kidney secretions became unnatural and caused me much annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me greatly and improved my health. Other members of my family have taken this remedy and it has always been very effective." 28

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's, and take no other.

Notice to Creditors.

Harvey L. Cooper, Trustee,
vs.
Wilbur T. Kelley and James L. Hild, trading as Kelley & Hild.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity. No. 1453.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, passed on the 15th day of December, nineteen hundred and ten, I hereby give notice to the creditors of Wilbur T. Kelley and James L. Hild, trading as Kelley & Hild, to file their claims, duly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County on or before the 24th day of January, nineteen hundred and eleven HARVEY L. COOPER, Trustee.

At the End of the Day,

when you are fatigued and nervous you ought not to be subjected to the irritation of a harsh light or be worried by the strain of a dim one. You ought to secure the light of

CRYSTALITE

which soothes with its mellow glow and eases by its steadiness and brilliancy. Makes work or reading at night a pleasure.

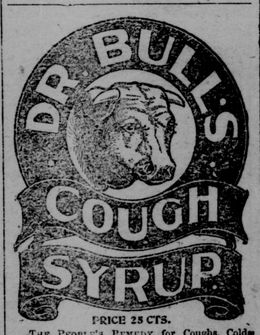
The Texas Company

Sold by C. H. STEWART, Denton

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Maryland, December 6, 1910.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Denton National Bank will be held at their banking house in Denton, Maryland, on Tuesday January 10th, 1911, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, p. m., of that day, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year. At the same time and place an amendment to Section 3 of the Articles of Association of the said Denton National Bank will be presented, and the stockholders are hereby given due notice thereof. T. C. WEST, Cashier.



PRICE 25 CTS.

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY for Coughs, Colds Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping-Cough and for the relief of Consumptive patients in incipient stages of the disease. Don't take a substitute. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the best family medicine for coughs and colds. In use over 50 years.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Notice.

I notify the public not to trust G. Luther Jopp, Jr., on my credit, as I will not be responsible for any of his debts.

GEO. L. JOPP, SR.,
12-31-3t. Hobbs, Md.

For Sale.

A Lubin Moving Picture Machine, in first-class condition. Will be sold reasonably. H. W. HUGHES,
j7 Denton, Md.

Storehouse for Rent.

Well located stand, in town of Hobbs. Possession give at once.

MRS. S. A. SMITH,
(12-24) Hobbs, Md.

Lost.

...d brooch, crescent, with diamond ... was lost in Denton, or on the road ... Burrsville, on Saturday afternoon. ... A reward will be paid for its re... Please leave at office of Mr. Hen... Lewis.

Boarders Wanted.

A limited number of permanent or transient boarders will be provided with excellent board and rooms in a well-appointed private home, desirably situated in Denton. Modern conveniences.

MRS I. D. ANDERSON.