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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Worth Knowing

The Reputation and Experience of Forty years is back of each pair of these shoes

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—OF THE—

MILLINGTON CLOTHING and SHOE STORE

We have just received a full line of up-to-date MEN'S, YOUTH'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and Hats, Caps and Gents Furnishings.

We also carry a complete line of Men's, Boys'. Children's and Ladies' SHOES. We have just opened a full line of the "Celebrated W. L. Douglas Men's and Boys' Shoes.

LADIES' SHOES a Specialty.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

GILLESPIE & MOFFETT.

MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

TO THE PUBLIC

Only Exclusive Shoe Store in Town

Seventeen Years In The Business

We take pleasure in announcing to you that our stock this season will considerably excel our most ambitious efforts in the past. In point of variety, we shall display more styles in each line than ever hereto, while in the matter of quality we shall maintain the high plane of excellence which has ever been our standard. Our prices will, as heretofore, be based on the smallest possible profit-margin consistent with legitimate business methods.

The only store in town where you can buy the celebrated W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men and Boys, and the Stout Snag-Proof Rubber Boots, the only genuine Snag Boot on the market. Best selected line of Children's School Shoes in the county. I know where to secure them. One price—all goods marked in plain figures.

Thanking you for the past favors and trusting we shall shortly have the pleasure of serving you again, we are, very respectfully, yours,

T. G. WROTH, The Shoe Man.

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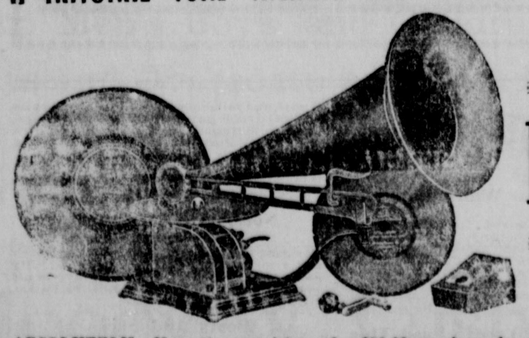

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ABSOLUTELY. Upon the completion of a $50.00 purchase from our vast stock, whether it is Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Mattresses, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Window Shades, Wall Papers, Paints, Leads, Linseed Oil, Window Glass of which we carry in stock about sixty sizes, Oil Cloth or Linoleum. We issue coupons, so that you don't have to purchase $50.00 worth in a day unless you want to. We have many customers who will be entitled to a machine in one day.

JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Md.

Rev. Christopher Denroch.

ROCK HALL, MD., JAN. 10th.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF KENT NEWS:

At the time of the death of Reverend Christopher Denroch I was not at home and have since been sick. But on account of our very intimate and friendly relation for a number of years and being mutually interested in some public enterprises which afforded many opportunities for intimate conversation either at one of our homes or traveling on the roads together, he told me much of his history and private life, and so became an object of much interest to me, for he was truly a most picturesque character, his simple and trusting habits and manners resembled a child who had known no other associate but one of the best and wisest of mothers. He was born a British subject and was only an adopted son of this country, and yet it would be difficult to find a more truly patriotic citizen who had descended from the most illustrious line of its founders. As a rector he was untiringly industrious and most religiously conscientious—indeed a model and an ornament.

But it really appeared to me that Christopher Denroch the priest was only a small part of Christopher Denroch the man, for he possessed striking characteristics which nature alone bestows. He was the last to discover faults and shortcomings in his fellowman and the first to pity and forgive them. In disappointment, affliction and bereavement (and of these God knows he had his share,) he displayed the fortitude of the philisophers and the resignation of the Christian.

He had a profound reverence for all of the rituals and ceremonies of his church and felt bound to observe them even under difficulties. I have seen him standing over the grave in the midst of one of our most furious blizzards giving no evidence of haste or discomfort until he had pronounced the last word which he considered it his duty to speak while his hair (even then whitened by the frosts of nearly seventy winters) was matted with ice and snow on his bared head. I have witnessed many most impressive religious ceremonies conducted by some of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries of this generation and accompanied by all the pomp and circumstances which either barbarism or civilization has invented to impress and overawe the human mind. But all of these are gradually fading from memory as time rolls on. But I shall not live long enough to forget an apparently commonplace incident which occured one bright May morning at our county refuge for unfortunates where I passed quietly and unnoticed into an apartment occupied by a hopelessly blind pauper, by whose side and at one of the rude benches was kneeling the subject of these memories supposing that he was seen by no human eye and if he could not like his divine Master restore his sight, displayed an almost inspired intelligence in the effort to shed some ray of light and hope into his discouraged and disponding Soul.

His good judgment, taste and industry was all displayed in his bringing forward the almost forgotten traditions of St. Pauls Parish to the date of its 200th anniversary. He was first in the movement to reserve from oblivion and some of the most important events in the history of our county and in placing permanently on the scoll of fame names long denied what was justly due them. We did not value him at his full worth, but if our theology is not very much at fault the time will come and that with some of us very soon when we will understand him better and admire him more.

C. A. LEARY.

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS | ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

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Dry Goods, Notions And Millinery

Dress Goods Department

Is simply running over with desirable stuffs at popular prices. Variety, quality and general excellence are found at this counter in abundance. There is a complete range of shades and patterns, and we feel sure of pleasing you if you will look over our stock.

Coats, Coats, Coats

For Ladies, Misses and Children. Our sales in this department have exceeded our fondest expectations and every model is smart, new and attractive. The styles are the latest; the tailoring is excellent; the trimmings effective, and last, but not least, the prices are very moderate. You annot afford to buy without seeing our line.

Furs, Furs, Furs,

We carry a line direct from the manufacturer, bought early by reason of which we feel sure we can save you at least 25 per cent. of present prices.

Handkerchiefs, Gloves

NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, NAPKINS, TOWELS, TABLE LINEN, SHAMS, SCARFS, TABLE COVERS, WHITE SPREADS, BLANKETS AND COMFORTS.

Dolls, Dolls, Dolls

For our young friends we have added a line of dolls, the finest ever shown in Chestertown, ranging in price from 5 cents to $5.00. Bring your little girl, she will enjoy looking at them.

Arlington L. Sparks,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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CLOTHING TAILORING FURNISHINGS

FLUE CURING IMPROVES TOBACCO LIKE ROASTING IMPROVES GREEN COFFEE

Flue Curing Develops the Stimulating Aroma and Taste Found In Schnapps that Satisfies Tobacco Hunger

There are three ways used by farmers for curing and preparing their tobacco for the market; namely, sun cured, air cured and flue cured. The old and cheap way is called air cured; the later discovery and improved way is called flue cured. In flue-curing the tobacco is taken from the field and suspended over intensely hot flues in houses especially built to retain the heat, and there kept in the proper temperature until this curing process developes in the tobacco the stimulating taste and fragrant aroma found in Schnapps tobacco, just as green coffee is made fragrant and stimulating by the roasting process. Only choice selections of this ripe, juicy flue cured leaf, grown in the famous Piedmont country, where the best tobacco grows, are used in Schnapps and other Reynolds' brands of high grade, flue cured tobaccos.

Hundreds of imitation brands are on sale that *look* like Schnapps; the outside of the imitation plugs of tobacco is flue cured, but the inside is filled with cheap, flimsy, heavily sweetened air cured tobacco; one chew of Schnapps will satisfy tobacco hunger longer than two chews of such tobacco

Expert tests prove that this flue cured tobacco, grown in the famous Piedmont region, requires and takes less sweetening than any other kind, and has a wholesome, stimulating, satisfying effect on chewers. If the kind of tobacco *you* are chewing don't satisfy, more than the mere habit of expectorating, stop fooling yourself and chew Schnapps tobacco.

Schnapps is like the tobacco chewers formerly bought costing from 75c. to $1.00 per pound; Schnapps is sold at 50c. per pound in 5c. cuts, strictly 10 and 15 cent plugs.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Nan's Wooing

By TAYLOR WHITE

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"I simply must make that train," said Nan. "I must get home."

Bert looked at his mother. She made a helpless gesture.

"I don't see how it can be done, my dear Nan," she said weakly. "Both of the horses have gone lame, the livery has no horse in, and the expressman cannot come for your trunk until this afternoon."

"Can't we beg, borrow or buy a rig?" she demanded briskly. "Surely every horse and cart in Pleasantville is not engaged."

"I guess you'll have to stay over until tomorrow," said Bert blandly. "I can get a horse by then."

"I'm going to get one right away," she said decidedly. "I promised Nell Taylor when we were at school that I would be her bridesmaid and I'm going to."

Mrs. Montrose stared. "My dear Nan," she said coldly, "I hope you will do nothing to excite comment."

Nan stared. She had told them a week ago that she must leave on Thursday, and they had made no move toward looking after her departure. Now that she had been forced to take the matter into her own hands this placid remark irritated her.

"I am going to get that trunk to the train if I have to hire a circus parade," she said spiritedly as she darted out of the door.

Mrs. Montrose held up her hands in placid horror. "My dear Bert," she said, "it is almost fortunate that the girl will not have you."

"Nothing of the sort," was the brutal response. "I need the money, and you know I do. If you hadn't made that row about her riding Dwight's horse it would have been all right. I was hoping if I forgot about the baggage she might stay on, and I could patch it up."

"Well, let us hope that the girl does not entirely disgrace us," was the wailing rejoinder as Mrs. Montrose went into the parlor, where she could command a view of the street.

Nan Udell had been a thorn in her flesh ever since she had come from the

"I FANCY YOU SHOCKED MRS. MONTROSE, SHE IS SO EMINENTLY PROPER."

west for a visit. Her father and the late John Montrose had been mining partners in the early days. Each had made his strike, and when Nan and Bert were born it was agreed that they were to marry when they should be old enough. Nan had come visiting with the implied understanding that they were to wed, but Bert had soon disgusted her, while there had been numerous conflicts between herself and Mrs. Montrose, who was perpetually shocked at her breezy western manner.

She administered the last shock when she presently drove up to the house on the seat of an express wagon, talking spiritedly to the driver. She sprang to the ground before he could descend and assist her and ran up the steps.

"All right!" she cried as she threw open the door. "Please let John help the man with the trunks."

"But how are you going to get into town?" objected Mrs. Montrose.

"I'll ride with the man," laughed Nan. "He said I might. It won't be the first time. Goodby, Mrs. Montrose. I'm sorry I was such a trouble to you. I'll wire when I get home and write and tell you all about the wedding. Goodby, Bert."

She turned and flew down the steps after the man and with a spring was back on the seat beside him.

"If you're in a hurry," she said contentedly as he touched the team with the whip, "the only way is to do a thing yourself."

"You seem quite capable of looking after things yourself," he laughed. "I fancy you shocked Mrs. Montrose. She is so eminently proper!"

"I'm sorry," she said penitently, "but I just had to get home, and they knew it. I'm glad I found you."

"So am I," he laughed.

"You ought to be out west," she said, with a comprehensive gaze that was not impertinent because it was so frank. "You're more the type of western man. They don't have a lot of men of your type here."

The driver flushed. "We have them," he said quietly, "but I guess they don't travel in the Pleasantville set." He laughed as he thought of the snobbish social circle of the little suburb where even the trolley was barred. Nan read his thoughts and laughed in sympathy. Her visit had not been pleasant.

She chatted on as they sped along. The man was singularly intelligent for a workman, and she enjoyed his chat as much as she did the presence of a real man after six weeks with the pale youths who constituted the male element of Pleasantville society. She was almost sorry when they reached the town and drove up to the station.

The driver ushered her into the waiting room, purchased her ticket and sleeper, checked her trunks and finally came toward her. "Here is what I had to pay out," he said, offering a neat memorandum. "This is the change."

She glanced at the coins and smiled. "That's the last of my greenbacks," she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again. I like it lots better."

"We don't take to it on here," he smiled.

"But I've got to give you one," she said. "I have no more bills."

She held out a five dollar gold piece, and after a pause his hand closed over it. "Thank you," he said. "But you would have been welcome to my services. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"That's a real goodby," she said impulsively, remembering the frigid farewell at the house. "Will you shake hands?"

His hand closed over hers with a pressure that almost crushed it; then, with a bow, he turned and left the room, while she settled herself for the hour wait.

Nan was in time to be a bridesmaid, and when she had written a long account to Mrs. Montrose she sought to put thoughts of Pleasantville out of her mind. It was easy enough to forget Mrs. Montrose and the colorless Bert, but somehow the expressman would crop up in her memory.

She assured herself over and over again that she did not care for any man who was content to drive an express wagon, and yet all the time she knew that she did care, and when a few weeks later she entered the Cromwells' ballroom and at the far end saw a face she thought familiar her heart gave a bound.

It could not be the expressman, she assured herself. The Cromwells were most exclusive, and yet"— He came toward her with his hostess on his arm.

"Mr. Newhall has been asking about you, my dear," smiled the old lady. "It seems that you met back east."

"I do not flatter myself that Miss Udell recalls me," he smiled. "But I had the good fortune to be of some slight service at her departure."

"Well, you can recall it to her," said Mrs. Cromwell placidly. "I must go and look after that Templeton girl. Look after Paul, my dear."

"I suppose you are surprised to see me here," she smiled. "May I explain? The conservatory is very handy."

Nan bowed, and he led the way. "You see," he began when they had found a palm screened nook, "my father has some old fashioned ideas about work. He says that a man who commands must first be able to obey, and he put me on with the men on precisely the same footing. He even docked me half a day's pay for going to town without permission and chuckled when I told him I was still $2 to the good."

"Then you are not a regular expressman?"

"That was the mill wagon. It had express painted on it when we bought it, and we did not take the trouble to paint it out."

"What did you think of me?" she gasped.

"I thought that a girl with your capacity was worth knowing," he said promptly. "So I made a note of your name and address, which were on your trunks, remembered that Mrs. Cromwell was a school chum of my mother's and came out to see her."

"I suppose she feels highly complimented," suggested Nan.

"Oh, I told her why I came," he said calmly. "She quite indorses my opinion and my quest."

"When do you return?" asked Nan, to change the topic.

"As soon as you have promised to marry me," he said promptly. "It's a brief wooing, Nan, but I can't wait. Will you give me encouragement, dear?"

"Yes," said Nan, "I—I—do like you."

He slipped a ring on her finger.

"I am going to have that five dollar piece made into the wedding ring," he said. "That was why I took it that day."

"You loved me then?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes," he declared.

"That's funny," said Nan musingly. "I guess I did too."

Mark Twain's Criticism.

"I once had the honor of reading a tale of mine to Mark Twain," said an author, "and, thanks to his criticism, the tale was greatly improved. Originally it was too high flown. He brought it down to earth and made it homelier and truer.

"For instance, the tale concluded with these words:

"'Mabel's lovely eyes drooped for answer, a faint flush tinted her cheek, and she gave him both her hands, and there, in the old orchard, in the shade of the heavy fruited trees, he drew her to his breast and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently.'

"Mr. Clemens at this ending blew a cloud of smoke thoughtfully into the air, and as he watched the smoke dissolve he drawled:

"'What do you think now, honestly, of a young man who would go nibbling at a girl's back hair when she had her face with her?'"—Indianapolis Star.

A NEW DOLLY MADISON—TAILOR MADE

A Shoe embracing all the merit o this new famous line—with a higher grade of upper leather and sole—Retailing for $4.00.

The best grade of leather khown in the making of Womens fine Shoes.

WILLIAM C. SUTTON

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