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The Maryland Seal and Gold Medal



I put these flours directly in competition with the best brands on the market and stake my reputation to back them up. The Maryland Seal sell for 50 cents a barrel less than the regular price and Gold Medal 25 cents less than you can get it elsewhere.

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kills the pain — quiets the nerves and induces sleep

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ALL WELL IN SANDY BOTTOM.

I wish to state that the smallpox scare in Sandy Bottom is over, the Quarantine raised and patients are out.

We are now selling ALL WINTER GOODS at a sacrifice.

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MADE FROM NATIVE ROOTS.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

That the roots of many native plants, growing wild in our American forests, possess remarkable properties for the cure of human maladies is well proven. Even the untutored Indian had learned the curative value of some of these and taught the early settlers their uses. The Indian never liked work so he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible that she might do the work and let him hunt. Therefore, he dug "papoose root" for her, for that was their great remedy for female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce uses the same root—called Blue Cohosh—in his "Favorite Prescription," skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective than any other medicine in curing all the various weaknesses and painful derangements peculiar to women.

Many afflicted women have been saved from the operating table and the surgeon's knife by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Tenderness over the lower pelvic region, with backache, spells of dizziness, faintness, bearing down pains or distress should not go unheeded. A course of "Favorite Prescription" will work marvelous benefit in all such cases, and generally effect a permanent cure if persisted in for a reasonable length of time. The "Favorite Prescription" is a harmless agent, being wholly prepared from native medicinal roots, without a drop of alcohol in its make up, whereas all other medicines, put up for sale through druggists for woman's peculiar ailments, contain large quantities of spirituous liquors, which are very harmful, especially to delicate women. "Favorite Prescription" contains neither alcohol nor harmful habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on each bottle wrapper. It is a powerful invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. For weak and sickly women, who are "worn-out," or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office, or school-room, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will prove a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving power.

For constipation, the true, scientific cure is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure.

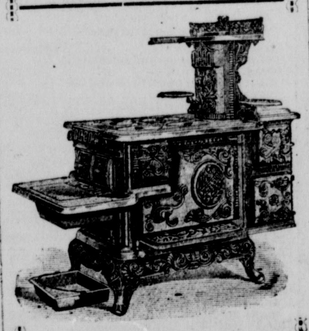
FALL AND WINTER

GIVE US A CALL
LOOK AT MY
SAMPLES.
I HAVE A FINE
LOT. YOU WILL
DO WELL TO STOP
IN AND LOOK

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GOLDEN SUN FIRE PLACE HEATERS,
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(something new and attractive; for either wood or coal)
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Gun Cases, Loaded Shells, Revolvers, Ammunition, &c.

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CHESTERTOWN, - MARYLAND

ROOMS FOR RENT WITH BOARD AT PIPPIN'S HOTEL.

TWO NICE ROOMS WITH BOARD by Jan. 1st, 1907, with hot water heat, electric light, clothes press in each room, south west exposure, suits man and wife and two young men, toilet and bath in house, everything up to date and first class table. Apply early nothing like it to be had in Chestertown, best of home comforts.

WILLIAM R. PIPPIN, Proprietor.

422 3t*

THE GIRL IN BLACK

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

In a shaded spot just inside the entrance of Central park a girl was sitting. She was all in black, from the crown of her fetching little hat to her low shoes. Her face was pale with the paleness of a summer spent in the city, her brown hair rippled back from a smooth white forehead, her eyes were deep gray, steadfast and courageous. "And I have need of courage!" Cornelia Stratton murmured. For two months she had been hunting a position and so far she had not found one, although she had been able to substitute at a large commercial office for a week or two, and the pay she had received for that had, by careful hoarding, saved her from actual want. Yet as time dragged on her money dwindled and there seemed no hope in sight.

"I shouldn't complain," she said valiantly; "it's the lot of many another girl who goes to a big city where she



THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A PICTURE THAT HELD HER AMAZED.

has neither friends nor relatives to help her. But, oh, I do wish I could find something. I'm so tired of disappointments."

From where she sat she could hear the ceaseless hum and stir of the city. There had been hours when it seemed to call like a challenge, and her heart beat in answer to it. Now it frightened her. It seemed so vast, so overwhelming. There were so many problems to be met and mastered. One of them was clothes.

She had chosen to dress in black because it was the most economical. Her deft fingers had fashioned a chic hat for a trifling sum, and for the rest she wore the same suit, day in and day out, taking such scrupulous care of it that she looked as well groomed as many a woman of means.

Each day, when she had searched for work till she was too tired to search further, she came to sit in the park, where everything was green and quiet, where squirrels frisked unmolested across the grass and where the clear liquid notes of birds lent a semblance of the country. There were moments when the scene charmed Cornelia, but oftener she was too disheartened to care. "What am I to do if this state of affairs lasts much longer?" she mused on this stifling afternoon in mid-August. She was utterly despondent. Her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and she shut her eyes to keep back the tears. When she opened them again, she encountered the direct gaze of a man sitting on the bench opposite her. He was a well set up young fellow of about nine and twenty, broad shouldered and smooth shaven. As their eyes met the pity that was in his look changed to something deeper. "Take courage," the look said. "Life is a battle for all of us. Fight on."

Cornelia turned away her head, her heart fluttering strangely. Some one in all that vast city had seen, had cared. "It's simply nonsense," she told herself. "He's never seen me before, nor I him." Yet already she felt cheered. Unrolling a newspaper she held in her hand, she went over its want columns again. At the next office where she applied the business manager noted something bright and spirited in her aspect that argued well for her. "I'm the happiest girl in the whole wide world," she laughed a few minutes later, for she had found a position at last.

The winter months sped quickly and pleasantly. There was so much to do and so much to see—the shops, the theaters, the surging throngs on Broadway and the great promenade on Fifth avenue at twilight, when countless carriages blocked the crossings and when all the fashion and beauty of the earth seemed to shine before Cornelia's delighted eye. It grew to be a custom with her in going to and from her work to search the faces of the passersby in the half confessed hope that some time, somewhere, she should again catch a glimpse of the man whom she had seen in the park. It was a wish, however, that seemed destined to remain unfulfilled.

But one Saturday as she loitered in a crowded downtown art gallery she came face to face with a picture that held her amazed and spellbound, for it was a portrait of herself. Half trembling and turning the leaves of her catalogue with nervous fingers, she read its name, "The Girl In Black," by George Heathwood.

"And certainly the best thing you've done, George, old man," said a boyish looking fellow at her elbow. "It's the hit of the exhibition, and such a simple thing too! Just a girl with a pretty flower-like face, sitting on a bench in the park. Oh, I remember! She's the one you once told me about. Have you found her yet, George?"

"Not yet," said a voice that made Cornelia's heart leap. "Not yet; but I mean to if I have to spend all my life in trying."

"And find her when you're at the tender age of forty! You needn't frown so savagely! I'm sure you've often been near her when you haven't in the least suspected it! Today, for instance. Have you searched this room thoroughly? For you know it's a true saying," drawled the boy over his shoulder as he moved away, "that love makes people blind."

"What do you mean"— Heathwood began, and then, turning, caught sight of Cornelia. "You!" he said softly beneath his breath. "You!"

Cornelia flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but since circumstances are what they are I am going to call a truce to convention and ask you to do me a favor. Will you please stay just where you are for two minutes? Promise me that you will not go away." He evidently took her reply for granted, for he did not wait to hear it. But before half the allotted time was up he returned with a distinguished, gray haired woman, whom many people in the room seemed to know, for they bowed to her as she passed.

"It's Mrs. Heathwood," Cornelia heard some one whisper. "The mother of the famous young illustrator."

Heathwood approached Cornelia.

"Mother," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—Miss"—

"Stratton," Cornelia murmured.

"Stratton!" rejoiced Heathwood, dwelling on the word.

The older woman smiled in appreciation of the situation.

"Miss Stratton, may I present my son, Mr. Heathwood?"

Cornelia bowed.

"And now that we've been properly introduced"— George commenced.

"There is a Japanese tea room next door," Mrs. Heathwood broke in, "where I am very fond of going at this hour of the day. Won't you join us, Miss Stratton?"

Cornelia assented gladly. It was all so sudden and bewildering that it seemed like part of a dream—a dream that was coming true. "For now that I've found you," declared George Heathwood, "I never mean to lose you again!"

As they moved slowly through the room the young fellow who had been Heathwood's companion half an hour earlier looked after them with twinkling eyes.

"It's easy to see," he chuckled, "that that picture of George's wasn't properly named, for the Girl in Black is going to be the Girl in White, with a tulle veil and orange blossoms. So runs the world!"

Two Intelligent Horses.

"I have heard many stories of the intelligence of animals," said a close observer of animal life, "but the actions of two horses the other day equaled if not surpassed many of the tales. The pair were fine looking beasts attached to a farmer's wagon and had been left outside a feed store on Kensington avenue. Just beyond their reach were several bales of hay. By some clever maneuvering the white horse, which was nearest the pavement, managed to get hold of some of the hay. His brown mate, not getting any of the hay, with almost human actions made the white horse understand that he wished to share the feast. To satisfy his mate the white horse took larger mouthfuls of the hay and turned his head in a way so that the brown horse could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half the bale of hay had been consumed by the pair. When the owner of the hay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their luncheon he said that it was a good scheme and he would stand for the loss."—Philadelphia Record.

Sermons by Time.

"I have attended church in a good many different places," said the southern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in our part of the country the pulpit orator is usually long winded. He has a certain subject in mind and has certain things to say concerning it, and he holds forth until he has said them all if it takes till bedtime to do it. Up here the time that can be devoted to the delivery of a sermon appears to be limited. In order not to overstep the bounds several clergymen that I have heard talked literally by the watch. They did not lay it down or stick it into a convenient pocket to be consulted occasionally, but held it out face up as a constant reminder that time was fleeting and that other pressing engagements awaited them. That may be an excellent preventive of weariness in the congregation, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second."—New York Press.

Had to Concede It.

"Well," said Subbubs, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week."

"What!" exclaimed Citiman. "Seventy-five dollars a week?"

"No; 75 cents. Our cook struck for a raise from $1.25 to $5."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Farms Wanted.

50 TO 100 ACRES.

Must have good improvements; fair water front an attraction; will buy live stock, crops and implements if a bargain. Address

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper

R. F. PARKS & SON

Jan. 1907. Jan. 1907.

A Happy New Year To All

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PARKS

A Sweeping invitation to call and examine. We will cheerfully show you our stock—to convince you that we have the most complete stock of merchandise in this town.

Beautiful Line Dress Goods

Dress goods—all kinds, all colors, absolutely new and up-to-date, pretty fabrics, tasty patterns, something to please the most fastidious.

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Mohairs and Sicilians

Mohairs and Sicilians, in all shades—A "Special" 50-inch Mohair, at 48c up to $1.50 per yard.

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Broadcloth, Beautiful Colors

50-inch, strictly all wool, per yard, at	98c
50 inch, strictly all wool, per yard, at	$1.37½
And others, at per yard, up to	$1.65

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Serge, Cheviot, Herring Bone

Fancy Gray Suitings, 36 inches wide, at	48c
Herring Bone Cravenettes, 44 inches, at	98c
Beautiful Serges, all colors, 36 inches, at	48c
Cheviots, all widths and colors, from	48c up
Serges, 36 inches wide, at	25c

AT PARKS

Handsome Line of Silks

We have the most exclusive line of yard wide silks—handsome qualities, all shades and waterproof.

China Silk, 27 inches wide, at	65c
Another Silk, 36 inches wide, at	87½c
China Silk, all colors, 27 inches wide, at	47½c
Taffettas, all colors, 19 inches wide, at	47½c
Taffettas, all colors, 27 inches wide, at	62½c
Taffettas, all colors, 36 inches wide, at	97½c

AT PARKS

200 Patterns in Matting

Think of 200 Patterns in Mattings Every style of Japanese and China Mattings, 50c per yard. We have positively the largest stock in the county—we except none Everything new. We ask your attention.

AT PARKS

Large Line of Carpets

Well, just give us a call on Carpets. We have a tremendous line to show.

We can sell you very fine Jute Carpet at	25c
We have an excellent Rag Carpet at	27½c
We have a nice home-made Rag Carpet at	42½c
A very pretty Tapestry Brussels Hall and Stair Carpet, per yard, from	63½c
Ingrain Carpet, from	25c to 72c

Art Squares, all colors, qualities and sizes.

AT PARKS

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers

Both leather and gum for all. The Celebrated Proper Shoe for Men at $3.50. Patent Leather, Vici Kids and Velours Come in and inspect our line.

AT PARKS

Blankets and Robes

A Magnificent Line of Horse Blankets and Robes Plush Robes, Galloway Robes, Imitation Buffalo Robes. From 65c to $8.50 for Blankets; $3.50 to $10.00 for Robes.

Bed Blankets, per pair, from	47½c to $8.50
Comfortables, for down, per pair	75c to $6.50
White Spreads, each, from	75c to $3.50
Ready Made Sheets—All Kinds of Sheeting.	

AT PARKS

We wish to call your attention to our extensive line of Queensware.

56 Piece Tea Set, from	$4.95 to $10.00
100 Piece Dinner Set, from	$10.00 to $22.00

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