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for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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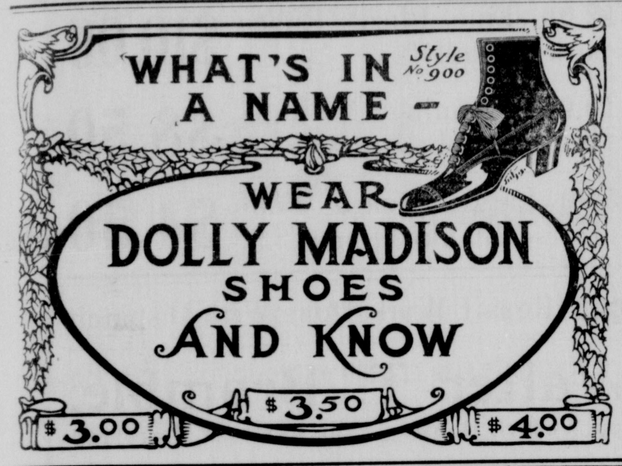

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We also carry a complete line of Men's, Boys'. Children's and Ladies' SHOES. We have just opened a full line of the "Celebrated W. L. Douglas Men's and Boys' Shoes.

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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.

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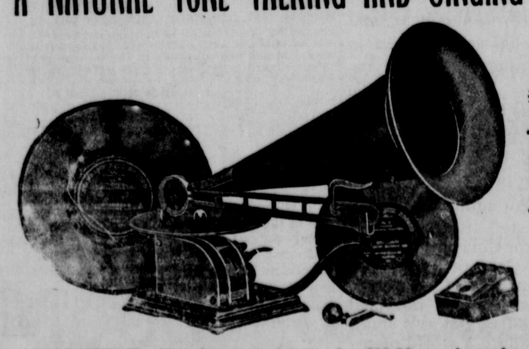

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JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Md.

The Third Delight

By Ina Wright Hanson.

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham.

"It's so difficult, this being the third Delight," she sighed.

"What is it, Delight Darling?" I asked, using her family name for an adjective, a method which pleased me greatly, and longing to comfort her downcast sapphire eyes with kisses.

"As you know, Dick Courtenay, my great-aunt Delight was a wonderful woman. As a little girl she made samplers. Later she spun and wove and was never known to get angry or speak ill of any one, or to be vain, or covetous, or worldly, or anything she shouldn't have been."

"I don't wonder she never married," I remarked.

"You are quite impertinent, Dick," said Delight reproachfully. "She was a perfect woman and beautiful."

"And your second aunt Delight is a beautiful woman, and you are her fresh cheeked replica. She is also a foolish woman to have renounced the

HER HEAD SANK TO MY SHOULDER.

pleasures of the world and to disparage the holy state of matrimony. My poor father"—

I paused. I had no right to give away dad's secret, albeit an open one, but Delight was nodding her pretty head savagely.

"I should like your nice father to be my uncle, but auntie must know best, and I must try to be like her."

"Delight Darling," I said fervently, "your blue eyes were made for beholding love's visions, your little pink ears for hearing love's messages and your lips for kisses. Your feet were made for dancing and"—

"I believe I could learn as easily!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you could," I answered, smiling at her flushed cheeks. "And if you will let me teach you I will take you to the charity masquerade next week."

Delight gasped, but her eyes were full of longing.

"I am going to reason with your aunt," I declared.

"She sits in the garden making trousers for the widow Jones' little boy," said Delight.

"She ought to be making trousers for her own little boy," I muttered as I strode out to interview her.

To my surprise I found the second Miss Delight quite susceptible to my arguments. She closed the interview by saying:

"But don't let the child know I said so. She will enjoy the pleasure more if she deems it stolen."

A strong sentiment indeed for the pretty but austere Miss Delight Darling to hold.

As I was dressing for the masquerade a tap came at my door, followed by a rather portly "Quaker grandpa." My eyes followed the outlines of his figure and fell upon a peculiar seal ring which I recognized.

"If you don't want to be known, dad," I suggested, "better let me wear your ring."

He complied so quickly that I divined that he didn't want to be known. He wasn't very talkative, and, as I had troubles of my own, I wasn't inclined to entice him into conversation. I was glad, though, to see that he was going into society again. Dad loved good women in an age of chivalry sort of way, and I hated to see him waste his time on perverse Miss Delight Darling.

Later Delight and I, masked and robed, stole down back streets to the charity ball, she turning my father's ring round and round on my finger, for she held my hand as if it alone could save her from destruction. I whistled carelessly under my breath to give her nerves a chance to be quiet.

She begged not to dance, though she had proved an apt pupil, so we, a lady in scarlet and a Roman senator, sat in a corner and watched the merrymakers.

"Why, there's another lady in scarlet!" she exclaimed. "The costumer said she had sold another like this. I wonder if she feels as reckless and as—as happy as I do."

"Probably this isn't her first glimpse into fairyland," I answered. "She doesn't dance like an old timer, though. Do you notice the Quaker with her?"

"He looks familiar," she said curiously. "I wonder who he is."

I was doing some wondering on my own hook, too, but I was most concerned about the lady in scarlet with him.

By and by I took my lady into the dimly lighted conservatory and pressed her scarlet gloved hand. After a long time she shyly returned the pressure.

"Have you a cold?" she asked constrainedly. "Your voice doesn't sound natural tonight."

"Perhaps. I hadn't thought about it. Little girl, are you very, very happy?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Of course you are, and you are doing right to be happy. But this is only the froth. The real substance is a home and an honest man's love. It is as natural for you to love as for these orchids to bloom. Delight Darling, am I the man you love?"

Her head sank to my shoulder. From her dark hair came perfume of violets.

"If you must know it, Richard Courtenay, I think you are a king among men, and, renouncing all I have held to be most worthy, I will do your will."

It didn't sound like Delight's spontaneity of expression, but the sentiment was so satisfactory that I was about to lift the scarlet mask to prove to her that her lips were made for just what I had said, when two ghosts and the Queen of Hearts entered and obviously hindered the demonstration.

The fall of the masks was the coup de theatre of the evening, for four people at least. It happened that we stood close to the Quaker and the other lady in scarlet—my father and—my own little rosy, girlish Delight. I looked in amazement at the little lady on my arm. Then I know my face grew purple.

"Let's get out of here," I chortled, "or I'll explode!"

Into the conservatory, where my successful love making had been executed, I hurried my indignant companion, the small and decidedly fascinating aunt of my little Delight.

"Now, Dick Courtenay, explain yourself!" the little lady commanded, her eyes dangerously dark, her cheeks matching her dress.

"Oh, the joke is too rich to explain," I wheezed, wiping my eyes. "Sit down here, Miss Delight, till I bring my father."

She sprang to grasp my arm, but I fled. I met my father just darting in.

"Oh, boy, what a fool I've made of myself!" he groaned. "I've proposed to the wrong woman, and she's accepted me! Confound masquerades anyhow!"

I pushed him into the conservatory. "The right woman is in there, dad. If you'll fix it up with her, I'll attend to the other one."

"Oh, Dick," caroled my own Delight as I led her to the shadowy veranda, "I'm going to be your mamma!"

"And I'm to be your uncle," I answered, "but don't tell me you knew it was my dad all the time."

"Of course I did." Her eyes were dancing with mischief. "And I knew he thought he was talking to auntie, though I didn't know she was here. And, oh, Dick Courtenay, I have just begun to live in this beautiful, moon swept, rose colored world!"

And with the surety that matters were being "fixed up" in the conservatory and the yielding of the third Delight to my arm's embrace I realized that I, too, had just begun to live.

Only Two Continents.

An Englishman, smoking a pipe, sat in a club car on a western train. There were several traveling men near by. They were discussing themselves and telling how good they were.

"I suppose," said one, "that I have about as long a trip as any one in the business. I go from Boston to San Francisco twice a year."

"Oh," said another, "I can beat that. I cross the continent twice every year and I take in Canada."

The Englishman listened intently. He was interested. "By the way," said one of the drummers to him, "what is your business?"

"Oh," the Englishman replied, "my name is Douglass, and I come from London. I am a traveling man my self."

"What is your line?"

"Carpets."

"Have you got much territory?"

"Oh, not much," the Englishman replied modestly. "Only North America and Africa."

Dense, Indeed.

Curate—I hear your husband has signed the pledge. Has he kept it to the letter? Parishioner—It wasn't a letter, sir; it were a card. Curate—I mean has he kept his pledge inviolate? Parishioner—No, sir; I've kept it in lavender in a drawer. Curate — I'm afraid you don't understand me. What I mean is—has he broken the pledge since he took it? Parishioner — He hasn't touched it, sir. I've kept it wrapped up in paper, and it's as good as new.

Then the curate gave it up as hopeless.—London Express.

Why They Cried.

"I say, mamma," said little Flossie, "why did Mrs. Brown cry at the wedding today?"

"Oh, because her dear daughter was getting married and leaving her."

"And why did Mrs. Jones cry?"

"Oh, because her dear son has left her."

"I see. And why did Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Simpson cry?"

"Oh, because they have ever so many daughters to get married and no sign of any of them going off."—Pearson's Weekly.

English Sunday Laws.

The most absurd of British laws is undoubtedly that forbidding a man pursuing his trade on Sunday. Apart from the moral aspect of the case, this law is constantly broken, and the cases being reported form an excellent advertisement for the lawbreaker.—London Telegraph.

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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.

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