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We have a full line of Wiard, Oliver, Roland and Lynchburg. The "Wiard" leads them all in quality, construction and durability

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Harrows, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Hoes Plow Lines, Plow Traces, Hames, Hame Straps, Back-bands; Farmers' Vices, all sizes.

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"Harden" and "Semple" Fire Extinguishers.

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Ahe New Perfection Wick Oil Stoves, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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Base Balls, Catchers Mitts, Fielders' Gloves, Heel and Toe Plates, Masks, Bats, ranging in price from 5c to $1,00.

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Will arrange to call sales on short notice anywhere in Kent, Cecil and Queen Anne counties, at a moderate price, or one-half of one per cent.

References—Mr. James F. M. Woodall, Mr. Andrew Woodall, Capt. J. E. Woodall, all of Georgetown, Md.; Messrs. W. A. Hyland and J. E. Ireland Galena Md. j19-tf.

A WOMAN IN THE MOON

She Has a Gibson Profile And Comes Mighty Close to Kissing The Man in The Moon.

There's a woman in the moon, but most people on earth don't know it.

The man in the moon has been pointed out for immemorial ages. The presence of the woman is a more recent discovery.

Bachelor cynics who have seen her there say that, after all, it is the fate of man to be chased by woman, and that the Man in the Moon couldn't expect to live in solitary state in the lunar orb forever. That, of course, is the view of misanthropes. There's another way of looking at it,

Anyhow, the woman is in the moon all night and is holding her lips so close to those of the rotund Man in the Moon that one need not be surprised if, some fine night, he turns his face and kisses her. Perhaps he may wait until an opportune cloud comes by. Perhaps he may not.

Those who have observed her say she is a very kissable little lady—an-up-to date creature—with a profile amazingly like those fair creatures who have made Mr. Charles Dana Gibson famous. In fact, Mr. Gibson may be held responsible for the discovery of the woman in the moon. If he hadn't drawn that charming type—the Gibson girl—the latter's counterpart in the moon might never have been found.

After you've caught the eye of the jolly Man in the Moon look on the half of his face to your right, that's where the woman's profile is. His left eye forms her hair, his nose in a general way outlines her face, and the dark lump in the moon that passes for the man's mouth outlines the under part of her chin and the front of her neck.

It is a little strange that more has not been heard of the woman in the moon, as the moon has always been spoken of as a distinctively feminine planet. All speak of the moon as "she," and she was always worshiped as a goddess.

Swooned at Every Eclipse.

A curious circumstance is mentioned in the life of Lord Bacon, the great Chancellor; at every lunar eclipse he fell into a swoon and did not recover until it was ended. It was thought to cure him by not letting him know when an eclipse was expected, but the fainting fit occurred just the same.

Van Helmont says persons suffering with asthma find breathing more difficult in certain phases of the moon, and epileptics are in the same way subject to convulsions. It seems to be well established that the moon has some influence over the insane, rendering them more agitated and increditable at her changes.

Effect on The Nerves in Tropics.

Lafcadio Hearn, writing of his experiences in the West Indies, says the full moon in tropical countries has a peculiar effect upon the nerves, and people are restless at night and do not sleep soundly. Those born at moonrise often walk in their sleep. They are of gentle temperament, fond of travel, refined in manner and of graceful ways, although much depends upon how the moon is aspected toward the other bodies in the heavens.

Dropsical persons are much affected by the moon, because she exerts an influence upon all the fluids of the earth, including those in the human body. Thus persons badly off with dropsy will often find their pains severe when the tide is increasing, but will have relief as the ebb follows.

Cain As The Man In The Moon.

The tradition regarding the Man in the Moon goes back to the remotest times. It is said he was placed there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. The Bible story about him is given in Chapter 15 of Numbers. Dante says it is Cain who is in the moon, and the bush of thorns is an emblem of the curse pronounced upon the earth. "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Another legened is that the man strewed thorns in the path of people who were on their way to mass and prevented them from fulfilling that pious duty. For this he was punished, as we see him night after night when the luminary is near the full.

Some Curious Beliefs.

There is no object in nature to which so many curious beliefs are attached as to the moon. This may be accounted for by her brightness and her presence near the earth; her constant changes and the mysterious influence that she exerts upon the earth in the movement of the tides. She is also popularly believed to bring about changes in the weather. The farmer speaks of the "wet moon" and the "dry moon," and he does not doubt that she exercises certain power over vegetation. Certain things must be sown in the light of the moon—that is, when she is increasing, and certain things, as potatoes, in the dark, or when she is on the decrease. Meat must be killed on the increase, otherwise it shrinks in the pot, and you must not have your hair cut unless the moon is in her augmentation, otherwise you will eventually become bald.

Professor Legate, of Virginia, Nev., recently underiook some investigations regarding the alleged effect of the moon upon fish, and he says he found that the rays of light, or something carried in them, cause the fish to decay rapidly if exposed. He thinks these effects are produced by an aerial tide.

Moon Blindness.

In Africa to sleep in the light of the moon causes "moon blindness"—not a new discovery, however, as in the Psalms we read: "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night." The effects are naturally much worse when the moon is full than at other times. Epidemic fevers, and, indeed, fevers of all kinds, appear to be influenced by the luminary, as physicians look for a crisis on the seventh or ninth day. An Italian physician writing of his experiences in the neighborhood of Modena in 1692 and 1693, when a particularly malignant fever was prevailing, says it was observed that the disease raged much more violently after the full moon, especially in the dark quarter, and abated upon the appearance of the new moon. On January 21, 1693, there was an eclipse, and the greater part of the sick died in the very hour of the eclipse.

CATCHING THE TROLLEY.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Colbrook glanced at his watch and started to run. The Chester trolley started from the public square on the half hours. He had just time to make the 11:30. Could he do that there would be just time to speak to Enid and get back in time to take the western express that would connect in Chicago with the Overland. That would get him in San Francisco just in time to catch the Empress of China.

He wanted to tell Enid that his chance had come at last and ask if she would wait. An unexpected turn of affairs had put him in a position to speak of marriage, a thing he had not dared to even think of for at least a year yet.

He slipped down the foggy street with the easy stride of a cross country runner and smiled as he heard behind the soft patter of other hurried footsteps. The man behind would never reach the car first if that was what he was running for.

Then suddenly the steps ceased, and a moment later a mob came tearing around the corner, raising the hue and cry. Colbrook kept on. He felt no interest in a thief with Enid in Chester and the car about to start. Then suddenly a blue coated form started up before him, and he almost ran into the policeman's arms. An instant later he had been scientifically collared and the mob had come panting up.

The last to arrive was a fat policeman, still violently puffing from his exertions. He took a fresh grip on Colbrook's collar and, with a flourish of his club, entreated him to come quietly. For the first time Colbrook realized that he was under arrest.

"Look here," he said, "you are making a mistake. I'm not the man you're after."

"I know it," agreed the officer pleasantly. "I was after a man in green pants and a red coat, but I guess you'll

"I'M SO SORRY!" SHE GASPED.

do." He took a fresh grip on his club as though anticipating trouble and looked at his brother officer.

"But see here," insisted Colbrook. "I was running to catch the Chester trolley. I had to make the 11:30, and I was sprinting. I heard some one running behind me, and suddenly he must have dodged into a doorway. That was probably your man."

"Quite likely," was the cheerful response, "but all the same you can tell that to the sergeant."

"But I have to get to Chester and back in time to catch the western express," he pleaded. "I am leaving on that for China."

"Through train?" laughed the officer appreciatively. He evidently regarded Colbrook as a humorist.

"I am Jennings Colbrook," he said patiently. "I am with the Fontellen company. You can call them on the phone. Perhaps I'll have time to go out on the train if you will drop this nonsense."

"You drop yours," was the sharp command. "I know you fellows. Look out that he doesn't throw nothin' away, Rafferty." Rafferty nodded his understanding, and the trio headed a procession for the police station.

The desk sergeant was a newly promoted roundsman impressed with a sense of his dignity. Something in Colbrook's manner offended him, and he refused to listen to his plea that the Fontellen company be notified.

"What's the use of botherin'?" he demanded. "Sure I recognize you as Boston Mike. What have they to do with the likes of you? Tell that to the judge when you're arraigned."

At a motion of his head Colbrook was led back to the cells, and, this being his first arrest, he did not know that he could bribe the officers to get word to his employers.

His threats to have the whole matter shown up only added to the doggedness of the sergeant, and in answer to his third threat he was told that the sergeant would be back in the cells with a night stick presently if things did not quiet down.

After that he could only sit in silent despair and wonder what the outcome could be. If he did not catch the next steamer, the agents of the English company would be on the ground first. It was through his old time friendship for Garson that he had gained the early tip that led to his being promoted to be foreign salesman at more than double his old salary.

Now this mistake would cost him not only his promotion, but probably even his position, and he could only sit helpless in his narrow cell and rail at fate.

Then the grated half of the cell door was darkened by a form, and he sprang to his feet.

"I'm the bull in this precinct," announced the newcomer. "Don't throw that bluff," he added as Colbrook's eyes went up in inquiry. "You know what a bull is."

"I was always under the impression that they possessed four feet and horns," he said.

"That's a good bluff, but it don't go," said the visitor. "I guess you know what plain clothes men are by any title."

"The precinct detective? I see," said Colbrook.

"The fairy what had her leather swiped wants to know what you did with it."

"I'm sure I don't know what became of the lady's purse," he said pleasantly. This slang was more understandable.

"Stow that," admonished the detective. "I think she'll let you off, and it's a ten spot to me if you tell."

"But I tell you there is a mistake," he insisted. "Your men picked up the wrong man."

With a snort of disgust, the ward man turned away. Here was a chance to make $10 gone through the thief's stubbornness. He was back in a minute, though, and Colbrook caught the echo of a lighter step on the stone flagging.

"The dame wants to give you the third degree herself," he said. "Don't you give her none of your lip or I'll come in there."

"I am at the lady's service," said Colbrook hopefully. He understood from the previous conversation that she could free him by refusing to make a complaint. It should not be very difficult to convince her that he was not the thief.

He started as she spoke, but some impulse restrained the exclamation that sprang to his lips.

"What was in the purse that was so valuable?" he demanded, making his voice harsh and unnatural.

"I cannot explain," she said, with embarrassment — "some keepsake of which I am very fond. The purse was a keepsake. I am most anxious about that."

Colbrook's heart gave a leap. It was the purse he had given her that she sought, and it was Enid Sangston who was pleading with him to restore her property.

"I'll get you another purse just as good," he said, "if you will get me out of this, Enid."

With a scream she started back from the bars as Colbrook moved into the light. "You?" she gasped.

"I was running to catch a car," he explained. "It was misty, and the thief slipped into a doorway, and the mob thought that since I was running it must be I who was the culprit. Then the officer collared me and brought me here."

"I'm so sorry!" she gasped.

"I'm not," he disagreed. "I see the hand of fate. You see, I was running to catch a car to Chester to see you. You were in town, and I should have missed you."

"But why such haste?" she asked.

"I am leaving this afternoon for China," he explained. "My chance has come at last, and I wanted to ask you to wait for me, dear. Will you?"

"I think," she said, "that we must bow to fate. I ran into town unexpectedly, and— Suppose you had caught the car and gone out there. I should not have had a chance to say goodby."

"Now we can say it over the lunch table, and there's still time for a trip to the jewelry store, too, if you will explain to the officer that I was not the thief."

That formality was quickly accomplished, and presently they were passing the desk. Colbrook leaned over and shook the sergeant's hand.

"Goodby, sergeant," he said heartily. "I am very much obliged."

"I wonder what he meant," mused that official as he regarded the bill that had been left in his palm. "Sure, I thought he'd make trouble with the chief."

As to Liberty.

Liberty was first introduced into this country with a shipload of tea. Since then it has been seen occasionally in odd places.

Liberty has no permanent place of residence, but boards out. At present it is staying with friends just outside of Washington.

Liberty is a great traveler. It has visited in time New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all the other large centers. Having been introduced to the municipal government, met the leading politicians and visited the principal places of amusement, it has then left town.

Liberty is the one thing that everybody believes in, but no one has ever seen. Traces of it are occasionally found in public documents, but rudely and unintelligently speaking it is caviare to the general.

It is popularly supposed that some day Liberty will be in full charge of everything. When this day will be no one but Liberty knows.

In the meantime give us liberty or give us life in a republic.—Puck.

Careful.

"Mr. Pumpus is very careful of his dignity," commented the observing girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He naturally has so little that he has to be careful of it."—Washington Star.

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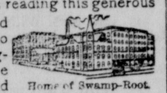
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



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Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y. on every bottle.

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More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." For sale by all druggists.

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THE UP-TOWN BUTCHER,

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Choice Steaks, Roasts

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I HAVE A FINE LOT. YOU WILL DO WELL TO STOP IN AND LOOK.

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Miss O'Connor and Miss Kynast, buyer and head trimmer in this department have spent the month of February at the Opening in all the prominent Millinery centres and will be able to attend to your wants with one of the largest and finest millinery stock on the shore. Come and see us.

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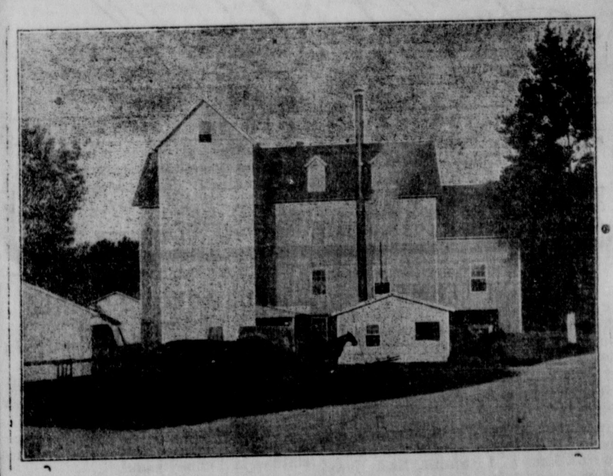

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