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for children; safe, sure. No opiates

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Many merchants have supplied themselves with presents with which to redeem tags. If you cannot have your tags redeemed at home, write us for catalog.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Jersey City, N. J.

His Ideal

By DESTA
E. BROWN WOODS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Jessie Morgan.

"Now, Harry, honestly you don't believe that?"

"Yes, I do. A true woman is always a coward. Brave is a masculine adjective, incapable of being used with a feminine noun."

"Oh, bosh! You are old fashioned, my boy."

"I grant you—mediaeval, in fact—but neither Joan of Arc nor Boadicea stirs my heart like a certain little girl who faints when she pricks her finger with a pin."

"That's what it is to be in love. Your ideal is based on what you think to be Miss Osborne's character. Now, for my part, I believe that young lady capable of heroism."

"And I tell you, George Evans, that the very thought of physical pain turns her cheek pale, but in the matter of moral courage—well, I could stake my life on her there. She has such a high ideal of truth and honor. She is so"—

"Oh, yes, yes! Spare me! Remember I am not in love."

An hour later he was sitting with his fiancee, a puzzled, pained expression on his face.

"I don't think I understand you," he said slowly. "You don't mean that you told your father the money was for charity when you were spending it on this silly speculation?"

Jessie Osborne's pretty cheeks were very pink.

"Well, I thought it a good investment, and father never lets me try stocks."

"But, Jessie, you have been deceiving him for months."

A pair of little white hands flew to hide the pink cheeks.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'm miserable, and you don't care," came in broken sobs.

"There, there," he said soothingly as he took the slight form in his arms. "I

JESSIE AND HER PRECIOUS ROPE WERE SAFE IN HARRY'S GRASP.

didn't mean to be cross; but, my darling, we must be honest. We must help each other to be true and morally brave."

"Of course," he mused on the way home, "her father must have known from the first what she was doing and simply meant to give her a lesson by allowing her to proceed. Poor little girl, she didn't mean any harm, but I am disappointed. I didn't think her capable of the slightest deception."

As he turned the corner leading to his boarding house the light streamed out from Dr. Gordon's office, and he dropped in for a moment's chat.

"I say, Neil, you don't look well. What's the matter?" the doctor inquired.

"Oh, I believe I have nerves, and I haven't slept well lately."

"You had better let me give you a sleeping draft and then take a week's rest soon."

The sleeping draft had the desired effect, and scarcely had Harry's head touched the pillow when he was wrapped in deep slumber. After a time he was dimly conscious of a hum of voices in the street below. The room was hot, and he tossed off some of the bedclothes. His throat smarted, and his head ached. There was a strange roaring in his ears. He struggled to rouse himself, but it was too great an effort, and he lay dreamily listening to the voices below.

"I tell you, Evans, Neil is in his room!" came in terrified tones from Dr. Gordon. "I gave him a dope, and the noise has never wakened him."

"We must take a rope to him," said Evans. And Harry wondered vaguely at the unaccustomed ring in his friend's voice.

"But how?" Again it was Dr. Gordon's voice. "The front verandas are all in flames."

"Could we reach him by means of the new building? That beam runs parallel with his room."

"It would be madness," exclaimed Mr. Osborne. "The beam wouldn't hold your weight. See! It has burned through at the end next the Nelson house."

Was it all a nightmare, Harry wondered, or was it an awful reality? But the next words which reached him cleared the vapors from his brain and made him spring from his bed with a bound.

"The beam won't hold you heavy men, but I can go. I weigh only ninety pounds. I'll take the rope," came in Jessie's well loved voice.

Neil rushed to the window and hurriedly sized up the situation. His room was in the corner of the third flat, with two windows—one at the front of the house and one at the side. From the front window he could see the firemen at work. The verandas and whole face of the house were a mass of fire and smoke. Water from the hose played on the blaze, but the crackling of the flames came like the laughter of a victorious fiend.

He ran to the side window. A new building was in process of construction, but the skeleton structure had already caught fire.

The smoke cleared for an instant, and the crowd below caught sight of him. He recognized the white faces of Mr. Osborne, George Evans and Dr. Gordon. Life was sweet. Was there no escape? And again he scanned the new building.

Some one was coming to him—a girl in a jersey waist and short tweed skirt, carrying in her hand a coil of rope. Her face was upraised for a moment, and he recognized Jessie Osborne. Frail, timid, little Jessie amid the fire and smoke! She must not come farther, and, placing his hand on the window ledge, he prepared to descend.

"Stop, you fool!" came from below.

"Neil, for any sake, don't put your foot on that beam or it is death for you both!" shouted Evans.

Convinced that Evans was right, he paused and watched the girl below. Light and agile as a kitten, she climbed from beam to brace and from brace to beam.

A few hours before he had boasted of his strength and bravery, yet here he was forced to stand with folded arms while this mite of a girl brought him succor. The heat was intense and every nerve was strained to the utmost as he watched the approaching figure. One wrong step meant death.

Awed silence fell upon the watching crowd, but Jessie reached the second story in safety and then advanced cautiously until third was gained. She placed her foot carefully on the last beam and then slowly transferred her weight to it. There was a sickening crack, then a sudden lurch, which caused Harry to cover his eyes with his hands. But a shout from George Evans made him look again. The beam had only sagged, and Jessie was walking steadily toward him.

He leaned over the window ledge with outstretched arms. A moment's awful suspense, and then, with a little cry, she sprang to her lover's embrace. As her foot left the beam the huge skeleton gave way, but Jessie and her precious rope were safe in Harry's grasp.

To fasten the rope and lower his preserver to the firemen below was the work of a moment; then, hand over hand, Harry descended the improvised fire escape. He felt himself seized and carried away from the heat. He heard a confusion of cheers and sobs, and then consciousness left him.

When he came to himself he was lying on a sofa in Mr. Osborne's home, with Dr. Gordon and George Evans beside him.

"Jessie?" he queried faintly.

"Is safe and well," Dr. Gordon replied. "She escaped entirely without injury, and her father has carried her almost by main force to her room to get the rest she needs. In fact," he added, "you monopolized the woman's right of fainting."

"It was that confounded dope of yours," Harry retorted.

"It came near costing your life; but, thank God, you both escaped. Your injuries are very slight, although your bandages look formidable. The burns are only surface burns and won't even spoil your beauty, and now I must go to Miss Osborne."

As the door closed on Dr. Gordon, George Evans turned to his friend.

"What you said about Miss Osborne's sense of honor is all right, but admit like a man that I had a truer estimate of her courage. Or, say," he added jokingly, although there was a suspicious tremor in his voice, "perhaps the engagement is called off since you don't admire that type."

"I can't joke about it, George," Neil answered gravely. "The type of girl I pictured is all right in theory, but"—

Marvels of Memory.

"The phonograph is wonderful enough, but the human brain is vastly its superior, as it has been shown to have stored up for forty-five years the thoughts actually passing through it and the speech resulting therefrom," states a medical man.

"A boy in a village in the Tyrol when fifteen years old went to his father's field to catch a frisky colt. When about to place a halter about the animal's neck it kicked him on the head. The wound healed, but the use of the boy's reason did not return. For forty-five years he lived in the village, until he reached the age of sixty. Then a prominent German specialist who passed through the village on a holiday offered to experiment. Finding that a portion of the skull had been forced into contact with the brain, he by skillful operation removed the pressure. The man at once regained his reason, and his first utterance as the effects of the anaesthetic wore off was, 'Did the colt get away?'"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Dressing.

Old Beau—Williams, are my eyebrows on straight and is my wig properly crumped? Valet—Yes, sir, but your chest has slipped down a bit.—Life.

Fine Anyway.

He—Have you any fine tooth combs? It—No, but we have some fine toothbrushes.—Cornell Widow.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is reliable.

Why try a new medicine when this old reliable remedy can be had for 25 cents, all druggists.

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In addition to Carriages, Harness, all kinds of Boots for Horses and Farmers Supplies, we have put in a NICE LINE OF STOVES—Cook Stoves, Chunkburners, Coal Stoves for dining room, sitting room, bed room and parlor. The Celebrated Perfection Coal Oil Stoves of all sizes and prices. Just the handiest thing to carry around in your hand and set in a room and heat it in a few minutes. Stovepipe, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Dripping Pans, Waffleirons, Etc., Etc.

Then, too, we have just put in a nice new line of ROBES and BLANKETS—Carriage Blankets and Stable Blankets. You want to see them before you buy.

We also have a line of GUNS such as is rarely found in the country. Prices ranging from $5.00 to $25.00, representing the best makes. Come see us. We can save you money on all these lines of goods. We are here to do business and we are doing it, but we want to do more—we want to do business with you. Give us a chance. Very truly,

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SPRING GOODS

—AT—

M. KRAMER'S, Rock Hall

There is no need to go into detail as to why we can show the largest and newest assortment of Spring Goods at the lowest prices as ever we are always catering to the wants of my many customers and patrons and always, when buying, I bear in mind that I must give them the best possible values for the least money. I have been more careful in selecting our Spring Goods this time for every department. We are showing all the newest creations and styles for this season. Come in and look our goods over and you will convince yourself that what we say is true.

CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

How about your Spring Suit? You need give yourself no concern about the style, fit and price—that's guaranteed here;—And why not? Our clothes are made by the world's best designers and tailors and therefore we have clothes to fit the lean, stout and medium built. Come in and look at our Spring Stock now while it is fully complete, we can save you from $2 to $5 on every suit. We have a large assortment of nobly stylish suits for the boys sizes from 3 to 17. We especially direct your attention to that one lot of boys Spring Suits absolutely the best $5 value ever offered at $3 per suit. If its cheap elsewhere its cheaper here.

$18.00 Men's Suit	$13.50	$4.50 Boy's Suits	$2.50
$15.00 " "	$11.50	$3.50 " "	$2.00
$13.50 " "	$10.00	$6.00 Men's Pants	$4.00
$10.00 " "	$7.50	$5.00 " "	$3.50
$7.50 " "	$5.00	$3.00 " "	$2.00
$7.50 Boy's Suits	$5.00	$2.00 " "	$1.50
$5.00 " "	$3.00	$1.50 " "	$1.00

SHOES. SHOES.

We can fit your feet without pinching your purse. The secret of obtaining good value in shoes depends mostly of whom you buy them. We have always tried to obtain the best values that could be sold for the least possible money, and we have them. Especially the Walton Shoe for Boys and Girls. If you are interested in seeing that your children grow up with feet that are not deformed by corns and bunions, this is an ideal shoe. There is absolutely no shoe in the market to compare with it at the price, quality and fit. We are already showing a full assortment of Ladies, Men's and Childrens low shoes in all the newest shapes and leathers for this spring season.

W. L. Douglas' Shoes	$2 to $4.00	Walton Shoes for Boys and Girls	85c to $2.00
Rice & Hutchins Shoes	$1 to $4.00	Marvel Shoes for Boys and Girls	$1 to $1.50
Dolly Madisons	$3 to $3.50	Velvet line for Ladies	$1.35
Mayfair	$3.00	Ladora line for Ladies	$1.50

DRY GOODS.

We have already received larger consignments of Dry Goods for early spring showing. Recently there has been a drop in the cotton market and we assure you we have taken advantage of this drop and have laid in at low prices. As has been our method all along to sell our goods as we buy them and give you the benefit of all our good purchases. Below we mention a few prices.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin, per yard	9c	12½ Percal	10c
10c Muslin	8c	25c India Linen	19c
10c Unbleached Muslin	7c	20c India Linen	15c
Lancaster Open Gingham	6½c	15c India Linen	12c
10c Dress Gingham	8c	12½ India Linen	10c
2½ Dress Ginsham	10c	O. N. T. Spool Cotton	5

MATTING, OIL CLOTH AND LINOLEUM.

We have just received a new supply of Chinese and Japanese Matting, also a new lot of Oil Cloth and Linoleum which as usual we are in a position to save you from 3 to 5 cents per yard. Special prices on full rolls. Look at our goods before buying elsewhere it will pay you as we can save you some money.

Chinese Matting, per yard	10c to 30c	Oil Cloth	19c to 27½c
Japanese	19c to 30c	Linoleum	33c to 50c

M. KRAMER, ROCK HALL, MD.

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The greatest and cheapest Roofing on the market quality considered. Fire proof. Insurance companies accept it as perfectly safe. No coating or paint required. Millions feet used every year. We are manufacturer's agents. Let us show you this Roofing and quote you prices.

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