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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE & WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 26, 1905.

Trains leave Chestertown 7.00 a. m. and 2.5 p. m., week-days, for Townsend and intermediate stations connecting for Wilmington Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Pass. Agt.
W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen. Mgr.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

TOLCHESTER CO.

WINTER SCHEDULE.
(Weather and ice permitting.)

Beginning Thursday, December 28th, the steamer will leave Baltimore every Thursday at 7.00 a. m. for Betterton and Sassafra River Landings. Returning leave Fredertcktown at 12.00 noon same day, stopping at Galesand Tolchester on the return trip, arriving in the city about 5.30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER SCHEDULE—SATURDAYS. Beginning January 6th, 1906, steamer will leave Tolchester at 9.00 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. Leave Baltimore at 7 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER COMPANY,
Pier 16 Light St., Balto

FIDELITY & DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MD.

N. W. Cor. Charles and Lexington Sts., BALTIMORE, MD,

EDWIN WARFIELD, President.

HARRY NICODEMUS, Sec. & Treas

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver, Assignee or replevin, Attachment Cases, &c.

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As a Contractor, As a U. S. Official, As a State, County or Municipal Official.

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As an Officer of a Fraternal Society, As an Employee of a Bank, Corporation or Mercantile Establishment.

The FIDELITY AND DEPOSIT CO OF MARYLAND will furnish it.
Don't give or accept personal security.

H. H. BARROLL, Attorney,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
KENT BUILDING & LOAN COMPANY
at the close of business December 30, 1905.

RESOURCES.	
Investments	$51,130 00
Supplies	95 00
Cash	6,070 64
	$57,295.64
LIABILITIES.	
Installment stock	$49,918 73
Net profits	7,376 91
	$57,295 64

I, J. Waters Russell, Secretary and Treasurer of the above named Company, solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. WATERS RUSSELL.
Secretary Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Justice of the Peace, this 4th day of January, 1906.

T. WATERS RUSSELL, J. P.

Correct—Attest:
CHARLES S. SMITH, Auditor.

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.

H. KAPLAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
High Street, - - Chestertown, Md.

CROSS STREET
COAL YARD.
MRS. A. P. MATTHEWS, Pro.

WE have Anthracite and Bituminous Coal under cover, so that our patrons can get good, clean fuel; also Wood, sawed and split. Prompt delivery.

We also have a complete line of FEED, HAY AND GROCERIES at our store on Cross street.

Orders left at George Z. Roland's Meat Market, or at my office, will receive prompt attention.

MRS. A. P. MATTHEWS,
a12 tf. Chestertown

LADIES

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, $1 Cents, druggists or by mail. Testimonials & booklet free. Dr. LaFranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

By the Shuttle Train

By NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

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Varied and multiple as the summer sands are the means which the fates presiding over love affairs employ to bring the one man and the one woman together.

It was the shuttle train that has its terminus at the Fifty-eighth street elevated station, where Sixth avenue ends its devious journey past wholesale warehouses and small shops and department stores, with a brief dip into the gayeties of theaters and dance halls in the frivolous Thirties, and Central park begins its spreading progress through the city's heart, that brought about the determining moment in the lives of Madge Rowan and John Cleverley.

The interference of this particular agent was the more remarkable because the lives of the two persons most concerned with it had till a few months before been lived more than 2,000 miles away.

It was in February that the pretty daughter of the most prosperous physician in a thriving Colorado town had bidden a tearful farewell to the fond father and mother who had at last acquiesced in her desire to go east to develop her artistic talent.

The talent found its chief expression in fluffy impossibilities masquerading as Easter chickens and other seasonable novelties, with which she decorated menu cards, to the infinite admiration of her many friends.

Her art, therefore, had brought her to New York. And it was art, likewise hers, that had brought John Cleverley. For, though the two had been boy and girl sweethearts together, the sudden development of Miss Rowan's artistic genius had apparently absorbed all her sentimental impulses, and before leaving Colorado she had told Cleverley that she could never marry him.

She had not been a month in town before the young man made his appearance at her Fifty-eighth street studio with a more or less plausible story of having been sent east by his firm to look up an important case.

Art had languished during that first month, when visits to unsympathetic dealers had convinced Miss Rowan of the dearth of the demand for dinner cards, and the cordiality of the auburn haired, paint bespattered vision that greeted Cleverley when he climbed the five flights to her studio augured well for his hope of taking her back with him to Colorado. But the day after his arrival she had actually succeeded in selling a dozen menu cards, and again Cupid drooped his diminished head under Art's overshadowing wing.

So furiously did Miss Rowan apply herself to her profession under the impetus that it was only after much persuasion that she consented to spend an afternoon at the beach the Saturday after Cleverley's arrival.

"You know, Jack," she had said, "you haven't the responsibilities that I have. It is natural for you to want to go about and see things, but I've just started a new pond lily menu series, and I must have it finished tomorrow night. And the studio must be cleaned tomorrow afternoon anyway."

But as Cleverley looked unconvinced and rueful she added contritely: "Well, I'll go this once. But don't you come here, for everything will be in such a mess. I'll meet you at the Fifty-eighth street elevated station at 3 o'clock."

And to this arrangement, after some argument, Cleverley was forced to acquiesce.

On Saturday the fact that she knew she would have to refuse Jack Cleverley for the last time lent a pleasing melancholy to Miss Rowan's preparations for the afternoon. As a concession to Cleverley she determined to wear the rather barbaric necklace of topazes and Cripple Creek gold which had been his last birthday offering to her, and she therefore sought it in the little jewel box, which had not been taken from its place of concealment in the bottom of her trunk since her arrival in New York.

Her surprise when she discovered, after a search that was at first perfunctory, then earnest and finally frantic, that it and, indeed, all her jewels were gone was a splendid testimonial to her belief in her adopted city.

But fact, relentless, immutable, must ever triumph over illusion, and in fifteen minutes Miss Rowan had realized that all the pretty little trinkets she had collected since infancy had indeed been stolen. In the face of such unforeseen disaster she stood alone, inexperienced, in a strange city. And for a young woman in the full enjoyment of an independent career her first thought was a singularly impracticable one—she must tell John Cleverley all about it, and he would get them back!

But first she would summon the landlady, the stout person inhabiting unpenetrated depths below, who called so regularly to collect the rent, and declare her loss. There was a theory that this mysterious person might be reached by bell and speaking tube. But ten minutes of frenzied blowing and ringing sent Miss Rowan plunging down the five flights to the basement for more tangible consolation than the mocking silence which answered her afforded.

Now, Miss Rowan's landlady—whose landlady does not?—played the races. And she generally lost. When Miss Rowan confronted her with the tale of her stolen jewelry she had lost very heavily on the first race.

As a result in the next five minutes Miss Rowan learned what she had never doubted, that Mrs. O'Brien kept a "respectable house," that her colored maid, engaged the day before without references, was the "most honest and God fearing woman she had ever known" and a "perfect lady," that no jewels had been stolen, that investigation would doubtless show that if they had really disappeared Miss Rowan herself had "pawned" them, and that if she dared cast such an aspersion upon an honest widow trying to make a respectable living all the reporters in New York would be called in and she would rue the day that she and her worthless truck ever came out of Colorado.

Under this onslaught, which she was not experienced enough to trace to its bibulous origin, poor little Miss Rowan blanched, wilted and finally rushed from the house. And it was only after she had walked several bewildered blocks that she awoke to the realization of her appointment with John Cleverley at 3 o'clock. A glance at her watch told her that it was already ten minutes after the hour, and she hastened her steps, more with the idea of at once unburdening herself of her troubles than with an attempt at punctuality. As she turned up Sixth avenue she was surprised to notice a dense crowd gathered at the terminus of the elevated structure. But, following their uplifted gaze, her pulses halted tensely at the sight that met her eyes. Slanted toboggan fashion from the terminus of the Fifty-eighth street track the wreck of what had been the rear car of the shuttle train topped perliously in midair, prevented from plunging into the thoroughfare below by the weight of the other cars that still held it to the track.

The wreck of the large frame bumper at the end of the line lay strewn along the trolley tracks below, and under the suspended peril 500 yelling, excited people surged and clamored. For one moment Miss Rowan did not grasp the significance of the scene.

But the next, the hour, the possible significance of the event to her smote her with sudden alarm. What if John Cleverley had been on board that train? No thought of any other victim of the wreck marred the pure selfishness of the sudden fierce awakening of love in her heart. With blanched face and wide, excited eyes she rushed into the crowd.

"What is the matter? When did it happen?" she gasped at the first curious onlooker that barred her progress.

"Train jumped the track. Shot past the station. Broke over the bumper. Fifty people injured. Roosevelt hospital," he explained, with terse importance.

"What time?"

"Oh, around five minutes to 3 o'clock."

And thus was the last doubt in the young woman's excited mind dispelled.

The image of Cleverley injured, bleeding—dead, perhaps—rose suddenly and was as suddenly blurred by the quick blinding rush of tears. Scarcely knowing what she did, she jumped into a hansom and gave a brief direction to Roosevelt hospital.

Then, leaning back against the cushions, wholly oblivious of the frankly staring pedestrians on the avenue, all the newly awakened emotions of her nature found their outlet in passionate sobbing. What happened in the next hour, thronged with visits to hospitals and police stations, with frantic telephone calls to Cleverley's hotel and to his address in a downtown office, Miss Rowan does not remember to this day, for at the end of the search, when she thought that only the morgue lay unexplored and she plunged despairing up the five long flights that led to her studio, it was all blotted out by one luminous incident—the opening of the studio door by Cleverley himself.

Even Cleverley admits that what she said then doesn't matter. It is doubtful if she knows, but he had never explained anything to Madge Rowan, with her two arms about his neck and her cheek warm and wet against his own, before, and his remembrance is naturally blurred.

"Why, of course I was on that train," he explained, "but I got off at Fifty-eighth street station with all the other passengers. It was only in switching for the downtown trip that the rear car backed against the bumper and the rotten wood gave way and toppled the car over. Some of the train hands were hurt, but—why, you dear little girl, you poor little girl—don't!" For Madge was sobbing passionate relief upon his shoulder.

Then quietly, when he had calmed her, she told him the story of the afternoon, beginning with the lost necklace and ending with her wild ride in search of him, and at the end she said shyly, humbly:

"You didn't know I was such a little fool, did you?"

And Cleverley, bending over her, kissed the warm tears from her drooping lashes.

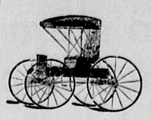
"I always hoped you were," he murmured.

Olden Time Couriers.

Carrying messages in olden times called for much ingenuity. "Nothing in the world," wrote Herodotus, "is borne so swiftly as messages by the Persian couriers." They had over a hundred stations, each a day's journey from the other, and a regular service of riders carried messages to and fro at the rate of from sixty to a hundred miles a day. They had their "through couriers," too, for in the case of a specially confidential message the text was tattooed upon the shaven head of a man, whose hair was allowed to grow before he began his journey, so that his letter might be concealed until he reached his goal, where, of course, he would be reshaved.

Herring Make their Appearance.—A number of herring are reported to have been caught near the mouth of Corsica river, this week by Kent county fishermen. It is rather early for these fish in our waters but it is supposed the mild weather had a tendency to make them run early.

Laziest Man on Earth—Recently released from the House of Correction, William Mote, has been resentenced to the same institution by Magistrate Gilpin, of Elkton, for three months. Mote says he is too lazy to work when at large, and that he will be forced to labor when incarcerated. He says he is the laziest man on earth. He would like to commit suicide but is too big a coward and too lazy to do it.



Good Reasons Why

We Can Undersell Any Firm in Maryland.

To begin we are the LARGEST COMBINED HORSE AND CARRIAGE DEALERS, MANUFACTURERS AND LIVERYMEN IN THE WORLD. In the year 1905 we sold over 12,000 horses, Mares and mules, and every one at a wholesale price of $2.50 per head profit. Whether you are a dealer or not, makes no difference, one man's money is as good as another's with us, and our GENUINE WHOLESALE PRICES AT RETAIL is one of the important reasons why you should pay us a visit before buying, no matter what inducement may appear on the face of the other fellow's argument.

KING'S AUCTION SALE OF HORSES
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY
Commencing at 10.30 A. M.
OVER 150 PRIVATE ENTRIES

each week of seasoned, acclimated horses, consigned by private parties in Baltimore City and surrounding counties, who send them to us to sell, for one reason or another, generally because they have no use for same, and these reliable, seasoned horses are put up and sold direct to you through us, another good reason, why, and WE GIVE SELLERS SPOT CASH THE MINUTE THEY SELL or remit at once by check or money order.

KING'S PRIVATE SALE DEPARTMENT
OPEN 6 A. M. TO 6 P. M.
PRIVATE SALES ALL DAY LONG
500 HORSES AND MULES 500

to select from and ample opportunity for trial, and fresh horses arriving daily.

NOW FOR OUR FACTORY IN BALTIMORE

It is a model one in all respects, with the latest improvements.

OUR MAMMOTH REPOSITORY

contains over 1000 vehicles of all descriptions to suit country purposes. Top Buggies, Surries, Phaetons, Traps, Daytons, Road Carts, Spring and Delivery Wagons, Sleighs and Harness of all kinds.

WE CAN BEAT ANY PRICE

made by any local dealer. We can beat any price made you by any reputable firm, and one of the very best reasons in the world is we don't depend upon any one branch of our immense business for our profits, but on the entire results, and

WE HAVE A HALF MILLION DOLLARS INVESTED IN OUR ENTERPRISES

on which we are satisfied with a good rate of interest.

OUR REFERENCE—EVERYBODY

JAMES KING — JAMES KING & CO.

Main Office, High near Baltimore St., BALTIMORE, MD.

CUT THIS OUT—Bring it with you, and get one of our Special Piano Top Buggies..... $34.75

Fabrokoid leather or cloth trimmed, full length foot Carpets, patent leathe dash front and back, wood whip socket lined with rubber, trimmed seat frames, valants sewed on, shafts full leathered and tipped, full circle fifth wheels. Guaranteed for one year.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD CAN DIRECT YOU TO KING'S

A Broken Promise
Will Never Do

We promised you lower prices in Hardware, Cutlery, etc. We have and are fulfilling that promise every day. Now we promise you lower prices on Stoves and Stove Fixtures.

We have SHEPPARD'S NEW EXCELSIOR COOK and ALBION COOK STOVES. There are none better and the prices are right, too.

PENN GLORY RANGES and Heating Stoves of every description.

We have recently bought a Job lot of BLANKETS. We offer them at better than closing-out prices, viz:

A $4 00 value for $3.00
A $3.50 " $2 50
A $3 00 " $2.00

Others at equally low prices.

Call and see us and you will find our prices right in every line. A happy and prosperous New Year to one and all is the wish of Yours truly,

SMITH & GRAHAM

N. B.—We have an experienced man to do STOVE REPAIRING, etc., and can do your work on short notice. Give us a call.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

WILLIAM C. SUTTON
SANITARY PLUMING
HUBBARD BUILDING,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

DAVIDSON'S
Marbel and Granite Works!

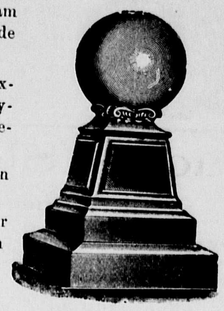
We wish to inform you that I am in a position to furnish High-Grade Monumental Work.

Have had twenty-two years experience in cutting, polishing, laying out, inscriptions, designing, resetting and cleaning.

Can show you of fine jobs set in the cemeteries.

My method is not to be paid for the tombs until they are erected in the cemetery.

A Saleslady in Attendance.



THE CHESTERTOWN GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS,
ALFRED L. DAVIDSON, Mgr. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

In Hot Water

Is a good place to put cold feet, but when a man wants warm feet without this trouble the best place to put them is inside a pair of our comfortable winter Shoes.

Our prices are right and our values are all a reasonable man can ask.

There'll be harmony and good will all around, if you do your Shoe buying here.

Our Winter Styles are now ready and the best makes of Shoes, we know anything about, are here. All prices. Come, see about it.

W. AMBROSE CARROLL
Next Door to Postoffice. Chestertown, Md.

THE CURE IS PERMANENT.
CURES ALL CORNS AND BUNIONS 10¢
CORNICIDE

I have found Cornicide the most efficient remedy for corns I have ever used. A. E. BOEN, Richmond, Va.

I used your Cornicide with excellent results. MRS. O. KUNBY, Lewes, Del.

I have used many corn cures, Cornicide is the best I ever tried. GEO. E. WALKER, Wilmington, Del.

Cornicide is better than anything I ever used. E. A. WUNDERLICH, Baltimore, Md.

I think Cornicide is the best thing I ever tried, can't wear shoes without it. MISS LIZZIE HIDLE, Rome, Ga.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
THE STAFFORD DRUG CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD. U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY M. A. TOULON.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.
Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root, Liver Pills.

COLDS THAT HANG ON

So frequently settle on the lungs and result in Pneumonia or Consumption. Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or take something that only half cures it, leaving the seeds of serious throat and lung trouble.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Coughs and Colds quickly and prevents

Pneumonia and Consumption

CONSUMPTION THREATENED

C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since."

HAD BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY YEARS AND THOUGHT HE WAS INCURABLE

Henry Livingstone, Babylon, N. Y., writes: "I had been a sufferer with Bronchitis for twenty years and tried a great many with poor results until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR which cured me of my Bronchitis which I supposed was incurable."

THREE SIZES, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Refuse Substitutes

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS