HOPE H. BARROLL, Attorney.

Order of Publication.

Harry H. Jones, Eva W. Jones, his wife,
vs.
Frank C. Jones, Fannie Jones, his wife; James Jones Seay, George Seay, Eva Jones McClure, Irvin McClure, George Nevitt Jones.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

No. 1636 Equity.

The object of this bill is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of Clayton H. Jones, late of Kent county, deceased, and to distribute the proceeds to the heirs at law. The bill states that Clayton H. Jones, late of Kent county, deceased, was at the time of his death in the year 1894 possessed of real estate of large value and died leaving a last will and testament, duly executed, admitted to probate and recorded in the office of Register of Wills for Kent county, Maryland, by which will he left his real estate to his wife Clara J. Jones for life, which will fully appear by reference to said will.

And the bill further states that Clara J. Jones the widow of Clayton H. Jones, has since departed this life, and upon her death the said real estate passed to the heirs at law of the said Clayton H. Jones, viz:

Frank C. Jones, who is married, whose wife's name is Fannie Jones, both of whom reside in the City of Cincinatti, in the State of Ohio.

Harry H. Jones, who is married, and whose wife's name is Eva W. Jones, both of whom reside in Kent county, Maryland.

Jennie Jones Seay, whose husband's name is George Seay, both of whom reside in Baltimore, Maryland.

Eva Jones McClure, whose husband's name is Irvin McClure, both of whom reside in the State of Virginia.

George Nevitt Jones an infant, who lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

And the bill further states that said real estate is not susceptible of division without material loss and injury to the parties entitled, and in order to make division of said real estate of said interest it will be necessary to have said real estate sold and the proceeds thereof divided among the parties according to their several interests, therein.

And the bill further states that it is for the benefit and advantage of all the parties hereto to have said property sold and the proceeds divided, under the jurisdiction of this Honorable Court. To the end therefore, that a decree may be passed for the sale of the said real estate and the proceeds distributed to the heirs at law of the said Clayton H. Jones, according to their respective interests, it is thereupon this 7th day of Nov., 1907, ordered by the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity that the plaintiffs, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 9th day of December, giving notice to Frank C. Jones and Fannie Jones who are alleged are in the State of Ohio, Eva Jones McClure and Irvin McClure, who are said to reside in Virginia, non residents of the State of Maryland, of the object and substance of this bill and warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 27th day of December, 1907, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
nov.9-5t. JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

PHONE 33.

XMAS SPECIALS

At Owen B. Crow's,

UP-TOWN.

We have in stock our entire line of Xmas toys and a line that far surpasses that of last year. Our line of

"IRON FRICTION TOYS"

are many, (Red Devil) engines and tender, circus menageries, ambulance, hook and ladder wagons, fire engines, automobiles, police patrol, passenger cars, iron train of cars and numerous other iron toys.

Wrought Steel-Gear Express Wagons, Whee Barrows, Shoofly Rocking Horses, Dolls, Doll-Go-Carts, Carriages, Furniture, Bureaus, Tables, Beds, Trunks, Drums, Pianos, Doll Houses, Sand Carts, Picture Blocks, Bell Toys, Butterfly Push Toys, Horns, Pop Guns, Stoves, Tin and China Decorated Dishes.

"Teddy Bears"

"XMAS TREE ORNAMENTS"

Our line of Decorated Lamps, Water Sets, Wine Sets, Cups and Saucers, and China Ornaments are beauties. Ask to see THEM.

...dies, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins. Cur... Cocoanuts, are all strictly new. No old nuts

...d you will say that we have ...Xmas goods in town. If ...r mince meat,

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...EW

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...PRATT AND ...ERT STREETS,

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...me appointments are mod- ...nd up-to-date.

...tates very reasonable.

American and European plans.

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"IN A BAD WAY."

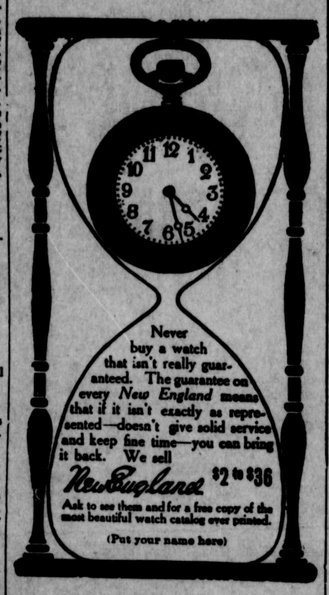
Many a Chestertown Reader will fell grateful for this information.

When your back gives out;
Becomes lame, weak or aching;
When urinary trouble set in,
Your kidneys are "in a bad way."
Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you.

A. Cooper, 425 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Md., says: "I made a statement four years ago recommending Doan's Kidney Pills? My wife and I had both been cured of kidney complaint by their use. The cure is as fresh today, April 3rd, 1907, as it was when first made and it gives me pleasure to reiterate all I said in my former statement. Both my wife and myself had been ailing with our backs for many years. Our kidneys failed to act naturally, every little change in the weather or any little over-exertion caused us to have aches and pains across our loins and with a dead tired feeling of lassitude and languor prevading our whole system which everething tried failed to remove until I finally got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. We both used them and they strengthened our kidneys so that they were able to perform their functions properly, removed the cause and ended the complaint. We would recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to every kidney sufferers.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.



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Edison Phonograph,

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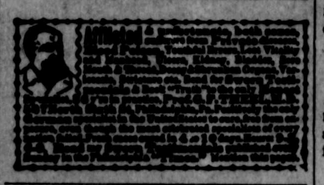

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THE DOLLAR.

Its Evolution From the One Time Bleat or Bellow.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but, much alive, simply gave a bleat or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise.

Thus, in ancient Greece, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. A good hardworking woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts.

When metal took the place of money the dollar clung to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from "pecus" (cattle). From the custom of counting heads of cattle came the present designation of a sum in cash—capital or "capita" (heads). In Sanskrit roupa (herd, flock) made roupya or the Indian rupee, while ingots of electrum or admixture of gold and silver when first in use as money bore the impress of an ox or cow.

Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value.—R. Holt-Lomax in Harper's Weekly.

THE MINE PACK BURRO.

Information Gleaned by the Newcomer in Camp.

He was a newcomer in the mining camp, and as everything he saw appeared novel and interesting he kept up a rapid fire of questions that seemed mighty foolish to the boys.

The placid little pack burros, mostly ears and voice, pleased him immensely, and he supposed they were kept as pets or else as camp scavengers to nibble the labels from old cans and eat stray newspapers. He came across one packing a wheelbarrow secured on its back with wheel and handles in the air.

"My good man," he asked the owner, "can you tell me why the little donkey is tied to the wheelbarrow in that odd fashion?"

"I shore can, stranger," replied that accommodating individual. "This here jassax has been acquired by old Walapai Huggins for a house pet at the Bully Boy mine, an', bein' as the annimule is too dellycat' to walk all the way over them rough trails, the old man drives him uphill an' at the summit jes' naterally turns him down the other side. Yessir, it do come hard on old Walapai, but it's mighty restin' for the jassax."—Success Magazine.

Eating on the Train in Spain.

As even express trains seldom attain a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles per hour travel is slow and tedious, though fairly comfortable, and to enjoy Spain one must assume the leisurely indifference of the Spaniard to whom manana is always the chosen time. He is wise who carries his own luncheons, and never are dainty tea baskets more indispensable than on these long journeys. Spanish etiquette demands that the traveler before partaking of his food must politely offer it to those who share the compartment with him. It may either be graciously accepted or declined. In no country is it so difficult to travel and to secure information, as but little English is spoken even by important officials.—Travel Magazine.

Not Business.

Two highland farmers met on their way to church.

"Man," said Donald, "I wass wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I wass thinkin' I wad be wantin 50 shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald, "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doing business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for 50 shullin's is not business at all. It's just charity."—Dundee Advertiser.

He Had the Name.

She had gone up the scales once, and then she had gone down the scales. Then she had done the same thing over again, after which some one asked:

"In what school of music were you taught?"

Thereupon some one else interrupted in an undertone:

"Judging by the speed, I should say it was a riding school."

And there were many present who deemed the sentiment a good one.

Fair Share.

It was at a theater in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud, "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery, "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"—London Mail.

The Prodigal Son.

Prodigal—Father, I have come home to die!

"Confound you! Haven't you cost me enough already without adding the expense of a funeral?"—Life.

The Usual Way.

"Say, pop, what's a raffle?"

"A raffle, my son, is where I buy nineteen chances on a diamond ring and the fellow with one chance wins it."—Kansas City Star.

The hardest thing to win in the world is your own self respect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PARIS IN 1869.

Never Had the Empire Seemed More Assured, the Court More Brilliant.

The last flicker of the candle, the last flame of the dying fire, is ever the brightest, and so it was with Paris in 1869.

Never had the empire seemed more assured, the court more brilliant, the fetes more gorgeous. The light hearted Parisians reveled in the daily sights of royal processions and cavalcades. The Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees, where we were living at that time, were crowded with splendid equipages. I remember often seeing the Empress Eugenie, then the handsomest woman in Europe, driving in her daumont, the green and gold liveries of the postilions and outriders making a brave show. Nor were four horses and postilions the privilege of royalty alone. Princess Metternich, the wife of the Austrian ambassador, often went out in similar style. The beautiful Mme. de Canisy and the Duchesse de Mouchy, the empress' greatest and perhaps only intimate friend, and a host of court ladies habitually drove out in great state and helped by the magnificence of their appearance to give to Paris that air of elegance and distinction which could neither be surpassed nor emulated by any other capital in Europe. Even among those who had forebodings of the gathering storm no one had descried the black shadow cast on the blue sky by the approaching figure of Bellona, her fierce eyes fixed on happy, smiling, tranquil France.—Lady Randolph Churchill in Century.

QUITE A NICE GAME.

Why the Girl Who Proposed It Lost Her Temper.

The other day Miss Fannie Lomer ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual with young ladies, they had a good deal to tell one another. In the course of the conversation Fannie said:

"I used to think that Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He's treated me shamefully."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at a party I said to him: 'Let's play the old game of temptation. If I say "Yes" or "No" to your questions, I'll owe you a box of gloves, and if you say "Yes" or "No" you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"

"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love and that men should not live alone, and all that. And when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie, I have waited for this opportunity a long time—will you marry me?' I whispered 'Yes' in a low voice, and"— (Here her sobs choked her voice).

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener eagerly.

"He—just—chuckled and said, 'You have lost, Fannie; I take No. 9's,' then laughed with all his might. That's what he did." — London Answers.

A T... on Gr...

In Walter C... ...raphy he gives an interesti... ...of Tennyson. It was at a ... ...ty at the Rev. Stopford Brooke's ... the poet was reading to the company his "Ballad of the Fleet" "in his deep, impressive voice in a way which reminded me of his own description in the 'Morte d'Arthur' of how the poet Everard Hall (which may have been himself)

"Read, mouthing out his hollow o's and a's,
Deep chested music."

When the reading was finished and when the applause and gratitude of the small audience had subsided the laureate growled out, 'Yes, and to think that these wretched fellows of the nineteenth century gave me only $1,500 for it.'"

Marriage as a Failure.

There is more nonsense talked in the abstract about marriage as a failure than is talked about any other branch of the conduct of life. If a census on the subject could be taken I am sure it would be found that the majority of married people jog along very comfortably and are much happier in their united state than they possibly could have been had they remained unmarried. The number of divorces is usually quoted to prove that marriage is a failure, but what, after all, is the number of divorces in proportion to a population of many millions of married people?—Mme. Sarah Grand in London Chronicle.

Thoughtful.

Mrs. Greene—My husband is such a thoughtful man! He always goes down into the basement kitchen to smoke. Mrs. Gray—And lets the smoke come upstairs into the dining room through the dumb waiter. Mrs. Greene—Yes, but that's because he is absentminded, poor man! That has nothing to do with his thoughtfulness, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Mixed.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—Punch.

His Protest.

The milk dealer fined for selling a watered article protested. "Why," he exclaimed indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk half of my customers wouldn't get any."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The attitude of unhappiness is not only painful; it is mean and ugly.—James.

NOT GOOD PATIENTS.

Doctors Are Hard to Manage, Says a Trained Nurse.

"I suppose it is treason to my superior officer to say so, but doctors are certainly not easy patients to manage," remarked the trained nurse. "At least, this has always been my experience, and most nurses, you will find, agree with me in the matter. I have recently been nursing a physician through typhoid, and my experience with him was typical of the cases of the profession in general.

"Doctors know altogether too much for their own peace of mind, you see. Each new symptom is recognized, and if it is an unfavorable one, why, the patient's weakened condition usually leads him to lay great stress upon it. Then, since he has always been in a position to issue orders to the nurse, he cannot easily bring himself to take orders from her, and he is disposed to criticise and take exception to treatment which the ordinary patient receives as a matter of course.

"But perhaps the most troublesome thing of all is the mania which the doctor has for taking his temperature. If he has a moderately high fever and is allowed to use the thermometer as often as he wishes he can fret and worry over the result enough to send his temperature up materially. More than once rather than exasperate a physician patient by a refusal to let him have the thermometer and rather at the same time than let him know just how high his fever was I have dropped the instrument just as I was in the act of handing it to him. Of course I apologize for my carelessness at such times, and the regret really does not have to be all assumed, for I am at the expense of buying myself a new thermometer.

"At one time I had an inaccurate instrument, which never registered high enough, and I used to call it my doctor's thermometer. By a little dexterity I could substitute this for the one I actually used myself, and the encouragingly low temperature it would show would greatly please the patient."—New York Times.

SHOWING OFF A GUEST.

The Innkeeper Was Determined Fessenden Should Appear.

One night while ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fessenden was on a political mission to the northern part of Maine he stopped at a small hotel.

In the center of the house was a big stove that warmed two rooms. In one of the apartments Judge Fessenden established himself and prepared to take proper comfort during the evening. Just as he had got well located with a book the landlord, a six foot French Canadian, came in.

"Excuse me, 'seir," said he, "but Mr. Ed Wiggone of Maysville, she be in de odder room, an' she wan' to see Mr. Fessendeen."

"Tell Mr. Wiggin I'll be in a little later," said Judge Fessenden, turning another leaf in his book.

The landlord went out. He returned in a moment. "Mr. Wiggone she send his compliments, an' she say dat she wan' Mr. Fessendeen right away."

The interruption just at that moment rather nettled the judge, who was in no way accustomed to dictatorship. He sent back such a sharp reply that it was easily seen that the landlord was cut by his asperity. In just thirty seconds the landlord was back. Judge Fessenden raised his eyes to find the man staring at him with a look of desperate resolve. With suppressed excitement in his tones the tall landlord spoke.

"Mr. Wiggone say she wan' see Mr. Fessendeen quick, an' she gues' o' de house, an' I say she gon' to see him."

Forthwith the big landlord swooped down on the astonished gentleman, seized him, tucked him under his arm and strode across into the room of the peremptory gentleman from Maysville.

"Mr. Wiggones," calmly said the landlord, as matter of fact as though he had just delivered a pitcher of ice water, "here be Mr. Fessendeen." He set the indignant "caller" down on a chair and retired smilingly.

Power of Imagination.

Illustrating the strange power of the imagination, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," tells this incident: A doctor he knew had found it necessary to give a patient for many evenings an injection of morphia to enable him to get some sleep. After awhile the doctor thought it advisable to stop the morphia, and for two nights his patient was unable to sleep, owing to great pain. On the third night the doctor, being still unwilling to administer morphia, injected plain water instead. The man slept perfectly and awoke in the morning with what is known as a morphine mouth.

Ineppertune Advice.

Mrs. Ascum—Miss Crabbe is a member of your suffrage club, isn't she? Mrs. Gaddie—No, we had to expel her. We were discussing the servant girl question the other day and she had the impudence to say that if we only stayed at home and attended to business the servant question wouldn't bother us at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Sensitive.

Motorist Coonley—Beg pawdon, suh, but kin yo' infohm me how many miles it am teh Jhyville? The Farmer—Waal, as the crow flies— Motorist Coonley—Doan' git pussonal, suh, doan' git pussonal!—Puck.

Gets It Weak.

Binks—Does strong coffee keep you awake? Jinks—How do I know? I board.—Somerville Journal.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

TO THE PUBLIC!

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE HOE STORE IN TOWN

Seventeen Years in the Business.

We take pleasure in announcing to you that our stock this season will considerably excel our most ambitious efforts in the past. In point of variety, we shall display more styles in each line than ever hitherto, while in the matter of quality we shall maintain the high plane of excellence which has ever been our standard.

OUR PRICES

will, as heretofore, be based on the smallest possible profit-margin consistent with legitimate business methods. Thanking you for past favors, and trusting we shall shortly have the pleasure of serving you again, we are,

Very respectfully yours,

T G. WROTH,

Under Stam's Hall, - - - The Shoe Man.

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 proof 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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MOODY & LUSBY.

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