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W. L. FOWLER.

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HIS CHILLY RECEPTION.

Mark Twain's Visitor When the Humorist Was Absentminded.

Absentmindedness was characteristic of Mark Twain. He lived so much in the world within that to him the material outer world was often vague and shadowy.

Once when he was knocking the balls about in the billiard room George, the colored butler, a favorite and privileged household character, brought up a card. So many canvassers came to sell him one thing and another that Clemens promptly assumed this to be one of them. George insisted mildly, but firmly, that though a stranger the caller was certainly a gentleman, and Clemens grumblingly descended the stairs.

As he entered the parlor the caller rose and extended his hand. Clemens took it rather limply, for he had noticed some water colors and engravings leaning against the furniture as if for exhibition, and he was instantly convinced that the caller was a picture canvasser.

Inquiries by the stranger as to Mrs. Clemens and the children did not change Mark Twain's conclusion. He was polite, but unresponsive, and gradually worked the visitor toward the front door. An inquiry as to the home of Charles Dudley Warner caused the caller to be shown eagerly in that direction.

Clemens, on the way back to the billiard room, heard Mrs. Clemens call him—she was ill that day.

"Youth!"

"Yes, Livy." He went in for a word.

"George brought me Mr. B.'s card. I hope you were nice to him; the B.'s were so nice to us once in Europe while you were gone."

"The B.'s? Why, Livy!"

"Yes, of course, and I asked him to be sure to call when he came to Hartford!"—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

LET HIM MAKE THE SALAD.

And Let Him Hunt For the Ingredients, Too, Says a Woman.

Newspaper comment to the contrary, there still remain a few accomplishments in which a man may excel a woman, and, oddly enough, one of these is salad making! Indeed, there seems to be in the masculine character, psychologically speaking, it may be supposed, something that makes the concocting of salads a man's special genius in the way of humble skill.

You know the requirements for a good maker of salads—"A miser for vinegar, a spendthrift for oil and a madman to do the mixing."

And there you have it. A woman is too careful, too considerate, too conventional, too much hampered by details. But give a masculine lover of good salads congenial company, full liberty in the use of oil, vinegar and pepper and the freedom of your refrigerator, and you may trust him to produce a masterpiece.

First of all, your salad master enjoys the making of his dish. He puts into it the conviviality of good comradeship and the zest of adventure. He much prefers an exploring expedition in search for his ingredients and some dubious uncertainty as to the result of his efforts to a cut and dried sureness of means and methods. The result is a surprise which, as we all know, is one of the first aids toward good appetite.

Next, a man does not want culinary folderols. He is hungry, and he wants his salad to furnish him something to eat, so he puts into it plenty of oil and good substantial vegetables and green things. He likes to eat; he likes adventure and uncertainty; he likes piquancy and pepper; he likes a vigorous way of doing things. Let him make your salads.—Anne Rankin in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Traveling With a Cello.

Traveling with a cello is as uncomfortable as traveling not only with a baby, but with a donkey. Unless indeed you have an instrument with a convenient hinged door in the back so that you may pack it full of traveling necessities—MSS., and so forth—thus dispensing with a bag, or unless you can cork up its "f" holes and use the instrument as a canoe on occasions a cello is about as inconvenient a traveling companion as the corpse in Stevenson's tale which would insist on getting into the wrong box.—Musical Courier.

Curious Superstition.

The ancients believed that the marrow contained in the human backbone often transformed itself into a serpent.

Pliny ("Natural History," volume 10, page 66) says that the marrow of a man's backbone will breed to a snake. The Chinese (Worde's "Eastern Travels") burned the backbone to "destroy serpents that might hatch therefrom."

Queer, but True.

"It's a queer world."

"Why?"

"Stand up and say that riches don't make for happiness and everybody will agree with you heartily."

"That's so."

"And everybody will go out and keep right on trying to get rich."

A Thing of Surprise.

"Opinions differ," remarked the museum guide, "as to what period this extinct animal belongs to."

"That animal doesn't belong to any period," commented the grammarian. "It belongs to an exclamation point."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Know that "impossible" has no place in the brave man's dictionary.—Carlyle.

BARROLL & BARROLL, Att'ys.

Ratification Nisi.

Hope H. Barroll, Assignee, vs. William C. McDaniel.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity.

No. 1894.

ORDERED, this 6th day of December, 1916, by the Circuit Court for Kent county, in equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report stated and reported by Lewin W. Wickes, auditor, in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January next—provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of two successive weeks before the 25th day of December next.

A. PARKS RASIN, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
d9-3t. A. PARKS RASIN, Clerk.

SCOTS AS FIGHTERS.

They Won Fame In Former Days Under Many Different Flags.

It would be difficult to find an army in Europe which did not contain descendants of the Scottish soldier of fortune. In Sweden Gustavus Adolphus had four lieutenant generals, twenty-two colonels and many other inferior officers, all Scotsmen, in his service. He owned that his conquests in Germany were due to the valor of these gallant soldiers.

In Muscovy the Bruces, the Gordons and the Douglases were famous.

Even in Germany the ubiquitous Scot was to be found, and a General Ogilvy, whose grandfather was a Scotsman, was at one time field marshal of the empire.

It was in France, however, that the Scot was rated most highly, and the old saying ran, "Fidele comme un Escossais." Louis had such a respect for these soldiers that he ordained that his body should be guarded night and day by twenty-four Scotsmen. This Scots bodyguard was continued under the reign of nine kings without intermission for 150 years.

King Charles VII. raised another company of Scots, called "Gens d'Arms d'Escosse," consisting of 100 horses and 200 archers. This force had precedence of all the French troops.—London Chronicle.

HEADS OF ODD SHAPE.

The Kilon, Lafton and Maqbon as Described In the Talmud.

It is a matter familiar to every student of the Bible that the Hebrew priests were required to be physically as well as morally perfect—without a bodily defect or blemish—in order to be eligible to service in the temple. The Talmud, in the tractate Bechoroth, says a writer in the Medical Record, enumerates several defects which disqualify a priest from ministering in his holy office. Among these are the kilon, the lafton and the maqbon.

The condition of kilon is ascribed as a person having a peculiarly shaped head, which is pointed at the top and broad at the bottom. The lafton was a man with a head shaped exactly the opposite of the preceding. To use the expression of the Talmud, he had a head very broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, like a lefes—i. e., a pumpkin.

The expression maqbon, derived from the word hammer, refers to a hammer shaped head or, as the Talmud describes it, one with a prominent and projecting forehead and occiput.

The terse descriptions of the kilon head and lafton head given by the Talmud could not be improved on by any modern textbook in medicine.

Osman Pasha's Daring.

One of the most gallant generals that ever surrendered to the enemy was Osman Pasha, the immortal defender of Plevna. Surrounded by an immeasurably superior army of Russia, Osman kept his flag flying for 142 days, inflicting a loss of 40,000 men on the enemy and losing 30,000 of his own garrison. It was only when both provisions and ammunition failed that he decided on that desperate attempt to cut his way through the investing army. The attempt, one of the most daring and resolute in history, failed, and Osman was at last compelled to admit defeat. So impressed, however, were the enemy with his valor that as he was carried wounded through their ranks they greeted him as a conqueror with cheers and presented arms.

Two Days In One.

Chatham island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at 12 noon on Sunday Sunday ceases and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.—London Globe.

Painting Overhead.

When it is necessary to paint a window or any object overhead the paint or liquid usually runs off the handle of the brush and then over the worker's hands. If you will take two pieces of tin soldered at the ends, says C. H. Thomas in the Popular Science Monthly and tack them on either side of the brush below the bristles, you will have a little cup which catches this overflow paint. Each time the brush is dipped into the paint can the shield is automatically emptied.

Sure.

Mrs. Smiley—Here we've been married ten years, and my husband still says I'm an angel. Her Friend—But does he really mean it, my dear? Mrs. S.—Perhaps not. But don't you think I'm lucky to have a husband who pretends to mean it?—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Architecture.

A distinguished philosopher spoke of architecture as frozen music, and his assertion caused many to shake their heads. We believe this really beautiful idea could not be better reintroduced than by calling architecture silent music.—Goethe.

Jellyfish.

The bay of Naples abounds in medusae, or jellyfish, often growing as large as two feet in diameter and weighing fifty and sixty pounds. Some of them shine at night with a greenish light and are known as "noctiluca" (night-lanterns) by the natives.

The Limit.

"They say old Closefist has still got the first dollar he ever made."

"Yes, and I'll bet he has still got the first umbrella he ever borrowed."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

About.

"What did your baby cry about last night?" asked the man next door.

"About five hours," replied Mr. Youngpop.—Exchange.

Don't ever worry about what you cannot help.

UPRUSH OF THE SAP.

Force It Exerts In Its Mysterious Flow Through the Plants.

Even now the causes which underlie the great upward flow of sap in the spring are not completely understood. That the movement is accompanied by considerable force has been demonstrated in a remarkable manner.

In the spring season, when the sap is rising with great vigor, the stem of a grapevine was cut right across. With as little loss of time as possible a piece of bladder was tied over the surface of the wounded part. As fixed the bladder was in a state of collapse, but it did not remain in this condition long. Within half an hour it was obvious that it contained a good deal of liquid.

As time went on the amount of fluid matter increased so much that the bladder was quite full. Two hours after fixing the bladder was so distended that it was lifted right up. An hour later the pressure had increased to such a degree that the bladder burst, being unable to stand the strain any longer.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the experiment of Dutrochet, also with a grapevine stem. In this case a bent tube containing mercury was affixed to the cut stem in such a manner that any fluid coming from the plant would have to lift the column of quicksilver. In one of his experiments it was shown that the sap raised the column of mercury to the height of thirty inches. Dutrochet calculated that in such a case the force exercised by the sap was five times greater than that of the blood in the crural artery of the horse. It requires no student of anatomy to appreciate the force of this statement.—Baltimore American.

HIS TWO TENSE MOMENTS.

One a Ninth Inning Crisis, the Other a Dinner Table Climax.

I heard a prominent Cambridge man tell of the two most tense moments of his life. But the tension in each case was different.

"I doubt if I ever shall forget either occasion," he said reflectively. "They were big moments.

"The first was when I was in college. I was captain of the baseball team that year. We came to the end of the ninth. We needed one run to tie the score and another to win the game. Two men were down and two on the sacks when I came to bat. And for once in my career I did it. I lined out a three bagger right over the railroad track. When I felt it go—well, that was one occasion.

"And the other." He chuckled, but a slow flush crept over his cheeks. "It was thirty years ago, soon after I left college. I went over to see a girl I thought was pretty nice and to meet her folks for the first time. I went on a Sunday. All the men were away. And they had duck for dinner." He stopped. "Ever carve a duck?" he asked meaningly. "No, neither had I before. Nor have I since." His flush deepened. "I never even went to see that girl again," he added plaintively. —Boston Journal.

BONEHEAD BASEBALL.

One Curious Break That Even the Umpires Did Not Notice.

Baseball's champion foolish play was made in a game between Washington and the White Sox in 1907. In that battle Larry Schlafly was captain of the Washingtons and also played second base.

At the end of an early inning Schlafly went out to telephone or buy a goat or something and was delayed so long that the Senators had three men put out before his return.

The Sox came trotting in for their turn at bat. Washington took the field, with only eight men and nobody on second, and the game went on that way till Fielder Jones hit one straight across second. Then, and not till then, was it discovered that there was nobody on second base.

Incredible as it may seem, nineteen men—seventeen players and two umpires—had started the half inning in this fashion and not one of them got wise till Jones' hit shot over the empty station.

Schlafly reappeared at this juncture, and the umpires decided that the hit was illegal when made with only eight men in the field. Jones had to go back and bat over.—New York Sun.

Calamities of Authors.

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," died of hunger; Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15; Dryden died in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely and through hunger; Lee died in the gutter; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of law; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of £8; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Naming the Gerrymander.

The gerrymander was christened in 1813, although it must have been in operation long before that. A stanch old Federalist, Governor Elbridge Gerry, controlled through his legislature the redistricting of Massachusetts under the census of 1810. In the office of Benjamin Russell, an ardent Republican editor, hung a map of the state as newly subdivided by Gerry and his men. Gilbert Stuart's ready pencil whimsically added to the outlines of a grotesque district the wings and tail of a dragon.

"Ha!" he said when he had finished. "How's that for a salamander?"

The Republican Russell growled. "Better call it a gerrymander." And American politicians have taken his advice.

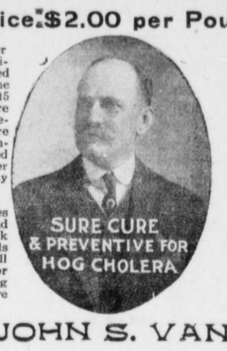
His Choice.

"A bad beginning means a good ending."

"That may be, but if I can have my choice I'll take the fine start every time."—Detroit Free Press.

HOG CHOLERA CURE.

Price $2.00 per Pound.



Mr. Wm. Cooper, Jr., near Worton Station, came to me on Friday, Feb. 4, 1916, and purchased 1 lb Cholera Remedy. When he returned home, two of his 15 hogs were dead and four were down with the disease. He telephoned me Sunday that all were getting better, and wanted another package by mail. He called Tuesday and said all were better and eating. He did not lose any after giving the remedy.

Mr. Thos. Smith, Queen Annes county, near Chestertown, had 22 large shoats. Six were sick and refused food. Used 2 pounds of remedy, cured all but one. All are well and two left over for another year. I advise keeping Hog Cholera Cure on hand. Sure preventative and cure.

Mr. George Hatcherson, near Chestertown, had forty hogs. They all died but eight. When he began giving it to the jowelers, four were down. All are up and well now.

Mr. Frank Skirven, a few miles from Chestertown, says he had twenty hogs, lost ten. I heard of your remedy and tried it on the other ten. Lost one and the rest are all right.

I sent John Comegys of Black's Station, this county, Hog Cholera Cure free of charge and he came in and insisted upon paying for it, as he said it was the best he ever tried, and farmers should know about it, as hogs were the most profitable thing on the farm.

JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Many thanks to our friends and public in general for their kind and liberal patronage for 1916. Asking a continuance of the same for 1917, and wishing every one a prosperous and happy New Year.

Yours for Business,

B. S. SUTTON & SON.

A. W. CARMINE,

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Owing to the unsettled condition of markets to-day we have been fortunate enough to lay in a supply unsurpassed in the county; to be convinced call and look us over.

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Candies, Nuts and Fruits.

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The best of all nuts and fruits are here as well as everything that's good to eat. Call and get our prices before you buy.

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