CHURCH NOTES

Rev. Mr. Williamison, assistant superintendent of the antisaloon league, filled the pulpit of Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown, on Sunday morning.

Wesley Chapel

Sunday School, 9.30 a. m.; Preaching and Worship, 10.45 a. m.; C. E., 7.30 p. m.

Raum Chapel

Sunday School, 9.30 a. m.; C. E., 7.00 p. m.; Preaching and Worship, 7.30 p. m. Rev William Schmeiser and the pastor will conduct a week's revival at Raum, beginning September 28th. Brother Schmeiser is from Baltimore and a forceful speaker.

Kesley Chapel

Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.; Preaching and Worship, 2.45 p. m. You need the Lord and he wants you.

Special Sundays in Millingtdn M. E. Church, South

September 27th. 7.30 p. m. Sermon "Sometimes its wise to be a fool."

October 4th. 3 p. m. and 7.30 p m. Dedication Services.

October 11. 7.00 p. m. Opening revival sermon. "If you don't like Gods fellowship and the fellowship of God's people here how can you expect to enjoy yourself in Heaven?"

October 25. 7.00 p. m. Closing revival sermon. "What has become of the Lord's tenth?"

Bond M. E. Church

Sunday School at 10.00 a. m.; Divine Worship and sermon by pastor at 11.00 a. m.; Epworth League Service at 7.30 p. m. Home coming services on Sunday, October 11, morning and evening.

Mowbray M. E. Church

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; Epworth League Service at 7.30 p. m., followed by Divine Worship and sermon by Pastor. Home coming services on Sunday, October 25, afternoon and evening.

The Third Quarterly Conference of Bond and Mowbray Churches will be held Saturday afternoon, October 10, at 12 o'clock, in the Parsonage.

At the meeting of teachers and officers of Christ M. P. Sunday school held Wednesday evening it was decided to resume afternoon sessions of the school October 4th and continue until the first Sunday in May. This will give five months for morning sessions and seven months for afternoon. The followng were elected members of the association most of whom have been acting as substitutes: Mrs. N. O. Gibson, Mrs. Fred. G. Usilton, Mrs. Amy McMenamin, Mrs. L. A. Pennington, Mrs. Arthur Bacon, Mrs. C. C. Jones Misses Catherine Elliott, Flora Wheatley, Wm. Vansant, Charles N. Satterfield, R. Frank Elburn.

Salem M. E. Church

Salem M. E. Church, Fairlee, Rev. S. L. Hanby, pastor, Sunday School, at 10.00 a. m., subject, "The Rock;" Epworth League at 7.30, subject, "Work and Plans" Rally Day, short sermon by the pastor.

Union M. E. Church

Worton Sunday School at 2 p. m.; Preaching at 3 p. m., by the pastor.

Tomorrow Sunday, will be a red-letter day in the history of Double Creek Methodist Episcopal Church, when the annual home coming services will be held. Rev. Dr. E. L. Hoffecker, of the Wilmington Conference will preach the morning sermon, Rev. C. L. Hardesty of the same conference, will preach in the afternoon and evening, James A. Smith, of Wilmington, will conduct an old fashioned testimony meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon. The following ministers have been invited to take part in the services: Revs. W. W. Chaires, Daniel Wilson, of Millington, Oscar T. Baynard, of Galena, George W. Hastings and R. S. Hodgson. Special music will be rendered by the Sudlersville quartet. Rev. H. J. Gardner is pastor of the church.

Asbury M. E. Church, Millington

J. Irwin Barrett, minister. Sunday School at 10.00 a. m. and church at 11.00 a. m. The topic for the morning will be "The Bible" and will treat of its different phases of helpfulness to sinner and children alike. Epworth League will meet at 7.30 p. m. and the pastor will give a brief talk on "The Challenge of Rally Day." Let all Leagers be present. The evening service will begin at 8.00 p. m., and the sermon, the fourth and last on the Apostle's Creed will deal with the words, "Suffered under Pontious Pilate, was Crucified, Dead and Buried." Humble faith mingled with breadth of view is the keynote or central theme of these sermons. We say unto one and we say unto all "Welcome!"

Grace Presbyterian Church

Services on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p. m., preaching by the pastor, Rev. B. B. Staats.

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JOHN D. URIE, Atty.

DR. M. E. PARSON

DENTIST

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MILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hudson, of near Kenton, Del., visited Mrs. Maggie Poore, last Sunday.

Mrs. Ella White and Miss Cynthia Nelson returned home last Monday, after spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Mr. J. C. Numbers, of Parlin, N. J., and Messrs. Nevett Hill and C. C. Rouse, Jr., of Baltimore, spent the week end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Numbers.

Mr. John Slaughter and family and Mr. and Mrs. Martin and little son, of Wilmington, were guests last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. McCosh Wallis, near town.

Mrs. Annie Poore spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Crossley, near Kenton, Del.

Miss Margaret Bowers left on Thursday of last week for Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., after spending the summer at her home in town.

Mr. Noland Robinson moved from the Shahan farm, near town in the west end of the Cole house on Friday of last week.

Miss Ermyn Jewell, Miss Mattie Hazell, Miss Mary Quinn and Miss Clara Bryan attended the Teachers Institute, which was held in the Elementary school, Chestertown, on Thursday Friday andSaturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Passwater, of Wilmington, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch King, near Chesterville, last Sunday.

Miss Mary Wilson, who has rented Mrs. L. A. Hurtt's store on East Cypres, St., moved her goods there last Wednesday from Mrs. Bailey's store room on South Sassafras St.

Miss Myrtle Jones, who was operated on at the Emergency Hospital, Easton, Md., two weeks ago last Wednesday for appendicitis, returned home last Friday very much improved.

Mr. Jesse Slaughter and family and Mr. and Mrs. Millard Slaughter, of Elkton spent the past week-end with relatives in town.

Mrs. F. C. Numbers was the guest this week of her niece, Mrs. Fred Matthews, of Camden, N. J.

Mrs. C. L. Turner, of near town, is spending sometime at Ocean City, N. J.

Mrs. Karl Gebbert and little daughter, Margaret, left last Sunday for their home in Cleveland, O., after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Radnor.

Miss Susie Jones spent last Tuesday in Wilmington.

STILL POND

Mrs. John Jarvis and Mrs. Lula Dukes spent Tuesday of this week in Baltimore.

Mr. Thomas Bonwill is attending the "University Virginia" at Charlottsville, Va., this year.

Mrs. Carl Norris and sons spent this week with her parents in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. J. C. Bowers is spending this week with Dr. and Mrs. Urie at Kennedyville.

Mrs. Kate Ford has been visiting relatives in Wilmington, Del.

Miss Hetty Jarrell, of New York, spent the past week end with her parents here.

Miss Clara Medders left this week for Ithaca, New York, were she will attend Cornell University.

Miss M. Warren, of Harrington, Del., is visiting her brother Mr. J. H. Warren.

Mr. Harry Bidwell, Sr., spent several days this week with Mrs. S. B. Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dudley, of Baltimore, Md., spent last Sunday with Mrs. Charles Walters.

Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Shockley, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Price, Mrs. S. W. Matthews and Miss Lucille Parr attended the quarterly meeting of The Woman Foreign Missionary Society in Centreville, on Tuesday.

The Devotional service of the Epworth League will be in charge of the Cabinet to-morrow evening.

WORTON

Mrs. James Harris spent a few days this week in Baltimore.

Mrs. Claud Yearicks, of New Jersey, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rasin.

Mr. John Thomas has purchased a new Chevrolet Sedan.

Mrs. Joseph Duyer and Mr. Rasin Gears have returned home after spending some time in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Colgian, Miss Francis Hignutt, Mr. Olin Porter, of Denton, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Nichols and children spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs. Lester Carter.

Mrs. Walter Moffett and Mrs. Henry Rasin spent Friday and Saturday in Baltimore.

Mr. W. H. Baugh, of Wilmington, spent the week-end with Mr. Samuel Wallis.

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THE LIGHTED LAMP

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

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"WHEN you're done cussin' and swearin' and summonin' all the powers of h—ll to come and take the camp, will you be so good as to tell me what you go over yonder for every night?"

"It's none of your business."

"Never said it was. You go into the dark—you come back lookin' plagued.

"Shut up."

"I won't."

"Well, then, I was cryin', cryin' because I was blamed tired, cryin' like a kid because I'd been fifteen hours on my legs—"

The speaker glowered into the fire. The nature of his confession accorded ill with his appearance. A creature dark with the sun and tormented by the winds, his powerful muscles knotted and strained by agonies of labor, his black hair hanging over his somber eyes, his suit of khaki as weather-stained as his complexion—he seemed the incarnation of man's struggle with a howling, hostile wilderness, a dry, burning, cactus-covered, tarantula-infested eternity of desert.

His fellow engineer, a handsome boy from the East, still unexhausted by the country, refused to accept the explanation of fatigue from the embodied dynamo opposite to him. Leiter had brought something to the camp, Sheldon conjectured, that jumped out of the dark and clutched his throat in those leisure moments toward midnight when the two fellow workers, having dined on canned salmon and stale bread, sat shivering together by their fire, too tired to sleep, to quarrel, to argue, to read, to do anything but wonder what inadvertence of deity had created that country. Each was plagued by it to the limit of his endurance, but young Sheldon had no interior inferno to deal with into the bargain. Leiter, he suspected, had.

"Crying—that does you good! I bellow night after night when I've turned in. I bellow for my mummie—for broiled steak—one night I even bellowed for the subway, I was so lonesome. My idea of heaven that night was just to be packed in a subway train in the five-thirty crush and smell that subway air! But you—you're cryin' for something different."

Leiter drew in his breath with a shuddering sigh.

And then Sheldon risked being shot.

"Tell me about her."

He expected to hear the click of Leiter's rifle, but the dark image by the fire sat motionless. Then he spoke as if every word tore him.

"God, I will! I've got to. I've been alone with it for a year now."

"Tell it, Leiter, just tell it," Sheldon urged.

"Was you ever married?" Leiter asked in a queer, humble voice, utterly unlike that in which he thundered at his men.

"Never! I've wanted to be," Sheldon answered hopefully, that the note of sympathy might not be lost. "There's a girl in Brooklyn—"

Leiter went on as if he had not heard.

"I was livin' in the East for a spell when I met her—a quiet little woman—and one of those steady men they breed there was courtin' her. She ought to have married him; he hadn't any wild blood, nor rovin' blood. He couldn't have rove beyond the corner grocery, but he probably would have made her a good husband. Anyways, he was after her when I come along. I sailed in an' took her. She was the first woman I'd ever wanted to marry and I kind o' frightened her into it, bullied her, held her up! That's where I made my mistake. You can't lasso your wife, like she was cattle.

"She was always sort o' timid with me. She didn't say much and I used to think she took it out in cookin'. She was an awful good cook. But somehow, she didn't seem happy, and then that other man used to drop in, just to show her, I guess, what she'd missed.

"I gave her all the rope she wanted, though I was burnin' up with jealousy some days, and restless, too, wantin' to go back West. Seemed like I hadn't elbow room in that little town.

"I'm gettin' to the point—I came home one night late. There was a supper keepin' hot for me in the kitchen, the table set for one, the lamp lighted on it, and under the lamp a note. It said:

"'I'm not the wife for you, Jim. Don't look for me—'

"I don't know what I did for a while. Next thing I knew I was stridin' down the road to the depot, talking to myself. I talked to myself all the way West, I guess, for I nearly got locked up. What they did to the house, I don't know to this day. I left it just as it was, with the supper in the oven and the lamp lighted. I tore up her note—that was all—to keep their tongues from waggin'."

Sheldon gazed into the fire. He pictured the little wife, young and slim and fresh-cheeked, shrinking from her tornado of a husband. Leiter was enough to frighten any woman, yet Sheldon knew that he could be as gentle as a girl.

"I've got a theory, Leiter."

"Well?"

"She never went away with that man."

"What makes you think so?"

"A woman married to you might run away with a man like you but not with—"

"Reuben Joy," Leiter supplied.

"Now that I know his name, I'm quite certain she didn't run away with him. Did you look for her that night?"

"Look for her! What do you mean?"

"Why, go through the house, of course, go upstairs and see whether her hat was there and the hatpins on the cushion, and the little bag she took marketing?"

Leiter stared as if he'd been struck.

"How did you know about that bag?"

"I didn't. But every woman has one."

"I believe you've been married," Leiter said, suspiciously.

"No, but there's a girl in Brooklyn—"

Leiter interrupted. "Look for her! Why didn't I look for her?—but she said, 'Don't look for me.'"

"That's what she wrote," Sheldon said, "but only God knows what she meant. Now, see here, you old government mule of a tormented idiot, you get leave from headquarters tomorrow and start East, and I'll wager you a hundred dollars to a box of sardines that you'll find her where you left her and longing for you to come in and track her best carpet with your boots, like you used to do!"

Leiter heaved a long, reminiscent sigh. His lean, brown hand grasped Sheldon's for a moment.

"If she's there," he said, contritely, "I'll leave my boots at the door. I used to make her a lot o' work forgettin' to wipe my boots."

* * * * * * *

Four days later, Leiter rode away from the desolate camp toward civilization and his hopes were about equally balanced with his fears. Sheldon watched him until horse and rider were a mere speck on the horizon and then turned back, strangely lonely and homesick, to the society of the Chinese cook and the half-breed laborers.

A fortnight passed, and one day the half-breed who acted as postmaster to the camp came riding in with a budget of mail from the East. Sheldon sifted the letters hurriedly for one from Leiter, and found it. It bore the postmark of a little town in Massachusetts. He tore it open and read:

"I'm home! Got here about dark. The lamp was lighted, and she had a hot supper like she was expectin' me—said she'd been expectin' me for a year. She'd gotten down in the mouth, before it all happened—thought I didn't care for her—thought she wasn't makin' me the right kind of a wife.

"She never got far that night. She came runnin' home, cryin' home, after she got started a little ways. She said that though she still thought I didn't love her she knew once she got on the run that she loved me. She was upstairs gettin' off her things when I came in and found her note—gettin' off her things and cryin'. You was right.

"I'm bringin' her West—she's never been West—says she wants to see the camp. You can fire the Chinese heathen; and, Kid, when we hit the camp, Mary and I, I'll get you leave of absence to look up that girl in Brooklyn."

Scenes of Beauty in Siamese Swamps

If you ride out from Bangkok, Siam on the state railway toward the north to Ayuthia, for instance, where the rare visitor may go to see the ruins of ancient wonders, you pass through blue and silver swamps, says Atlantic Monthly.

The landscape looks very often as if a flood were just subsiding. In full ditches along the track float huge pink lotus flowers. The paddy birds, all grace and pearly whiteness, fly in the yellow sunshine. Clumps of tiny thatched dwellings are lifted out of water on stilts. Under them in the ditches and in the flooded rice fields themselves bulking everywhere, are the clumsy, gray-black buffaloes, domestic slaves and best friends of Siamese farmers.

Banana trees grow around the huts or anywhere they can catch hold, and their flat dark leaves, springing stemless from the ground, are like weeds in a fantastic dream. Thickets of bamboo and tall sugar palms make a pleasant edge of green for the glistening wetness of the fields.

In such entracing scenes the peasants live amid lotus flowers and thoughts of Buddha, water, buffaloes and muddy toil, malaria, mosquitoes and the hookworm.

Youth's Predicament Frankly Explained

They had been discussing embarrassing experiences, and it was Joseph Brown's turn. "Well," he said, "I've never forgotten an incident that happened when I was twelve years old. Ten of us boys were visiting the home of a neighbor, and though I wore the best pants I had, they were threadbare. They looked all right, but lacked resistance.

"During playtime I forgot all about them until, in climbing a fence, they suddenly parted. Mother was not at home, so I took a chance and stayed where I was.

"It was just my luck when we filed across the porch for dinner, that I was last in the procession and in the doorway were a bunch of girls. I managed to squeeze in front of one of the other boys and everything would have been all right if one of the girls hadn't remarked that I must be awfully hungry to be in such a hurry.

"'Naw, he ain't hungry,' piped up the lad behind me. 'He's just tryin' to run away from the hole in his breeches.'"—Los Angeles Times.

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WHO SAID

"The grave is the cradle of transformation."

WHEN Giuseppe Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, uttered these words, death was staring him in the face and he knew not but that in a short time he would be forced to lie in the "cradle of transformation."

In 1870 Mazzini engaged in an insurrection against the Italian government at Palermo, and together with many of his comrades he was arrested. Fate looked dark for a time for the patriots but they did not despair and the threat of death aroused no fear in their hearts nor did it make them lessen their resolve that Italy should be free and an independent European state.

After languishing in jail for a few months Rome was occupied and the patriots were freed. Mazzini lived but two years longer, his death occurring in Pisa, March 10, 1872.

Of the long list of men who have battled for Italian freedom, Mazzini's name stands well toward the top. The patriot was born in Genoa in 1805. He was graduated from the University of Genoa and was admitted to the bar of that city. Shortly after his graduation Mazzini joined the Carbonari. This was a revolutionary party who disguised themselves as charcoal makers or wood burners, and took their name from the trade they affected to follow.

Mazzini had not long been a member of this revolutionary party when he became involved in a dispute with the authorities at Piedmont and, on a charge of conspiracy to wreck the government, he was imprisoned.

At the outbreak of the revolution in 1848 he became a member of the triumvirate in the republic of Rome, but was again exiled when the papal power was restored. Being unwilling to take the oath of allegiance, he remained away from Italy until shortly before his death.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

HERBERT E. PERKINS Attorney.

ORDER NISI

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity No. 2258.

B. Woodward Hazell, et al
VS.
Martha G. Hazell

ORDERED this 5th day of September 1925 by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the Real Estate designated in these proceedings as Parcel No. 1, made and reported by Herbert E. Perkins, Trustee, under and by virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, passed December 24th. 1923, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of November next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of four successive weeks before the 12 day of October next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $1800.00

True Copy, ROBERT R. AYERS, Clerk
Test: ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk

R. HYNSON ROGERS, Attorney.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

R. Hynson Rogers, Assignee
VERSUS
Charles F. Passwater, et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity .No. 2320

ORDERED this 8th day of September 1925, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditors Account and Report, stated and reported by S. Scott Beck, Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publicaion of said notice, viz: October 3rd, 1925; 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 28th day of September next.

True Copy ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.
Test: ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

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A 'busy' report may not mean that your man is talking. Some one else may be calling him. His receiver may be off the hook. Or if he's a party line subscriber, one of these things may have happened to another telephone on his line. So if he says he was not talking at the time you called, don't jump at the conclusion that the operator has given you a wrong report.

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Leave Baltimore 3.00 p. m, by way of B. & E. Shore Ferry for Rock Hall, arrive 6.00 p. m.

Leave Church Hill 6.15 p. m.

Thursday, Live Stock day, leave Chestertown 8.00 a. m.; Rock Hall 8.30 a. m.

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