# BRAMBLE'S STORE, Fairlee

**Get Ready For Winter**

NEW QUAKER GIRL

Armstrong's Lineoleum, all new patterns in yard goods and rugs.

Du Pont's Interior Gloss Paints for decorating.

WALL FINISHES.

Bevac Deluxe Electric Cleanser Special Price $35.00 with $5.00 worth of Attachments Free.

**For Sportsmen**

Gunning Coats.

Waterproof Lumber Jackets.

Winchester and Western Shells in all sizes and loads.

BALL BAND RUBBER and LEATHER FOOTWEAR for Men and Boys.

Eggs and Poultry taken in trade.

## T. H. M. BRAMBLE

Fairlee, Maryland



## WHY NOT TRY

The Store Where Your Dollar Has More Cents For Your Next Pair Of BALL BAND or GOODRICH BOOTS?

## FOX'S 5C TO $1 STORE

Where Your Dollar Has More Cents



## A SUPERIOR Drill means *bigger crops*




TODAY, farmers everywhere acknowledge the SUPERIOR to be the best drill made. Their fathers said the same thing. So did their grandfathers. The SUPERIOR has *always* been a *better* drill. Every worthwhile grain drill improvement in the last fifty years has been a SUPERIOR improvement. And now the SUPERIOR is even better than before.

### Note these SUPERIOR Features

No other grain drill combines these — and many more — outstanding improvements: Double-run force feed insures precision feeding—perfect timing—even spacing. No seeds cracked or wasted. No skipping or bunching. Made in both plain grain and fertilizer grain models. For team or tractor. Single disc, double disc, or hoe furrow openers. Special design for every type of soil. Hyatt roller bearings and Alemite lubrication prevent wear on moving parts—make drill last longer—provide lighter draft—make it easier to operate.

**Come In and See It**

These are some of the reasons why the SUPERIOR Drill means bigger crops—why it pays for itself in the extra bushels of grain you get at threshing time. Come in and see the improved SUPERIOR Drill. Do this before you sow your next crop.

**JONES & SATTERFIELD,**

Chestertown, Maryland



The satisfaction of your work being in the care of one who knows his business and will attend to every detail, and is fully equipped to give the very best service is the sensation you have when in need, and call

## W. T. HICKS

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

Phone Chestertown, 306J.


## The Wings of Love

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

"THUNDER and catnip!" Squire Johnson roared, his tone supplying all the profanity the syllables lacked: What's this you're sayin'? Polly Mix has gone and bought the Melloo place right under my nose? Take my word—she'll rue her bargain before she's a year older."

"Squire—I lay not. Maybe I don't know wimmen nigh as well as you do, but I sorter reckon to know Miss Polly from way back and the word go. She makes er full hand at anything ye've the mind ter start—bein' good friends er bad, playin' high er low," Zeke Triplett answered.

"If she wus only a he thar'd be a chance to lick some er the contrariness out of her," the squire returned.

"D'ye know what she paid fer the land?" he continued suddenly. "Makes me mad to think how I set waitin' fer the Melloo gals ter come ter my price. I'd a-give theirs ruth'n have sech a neighbor—"

"She won't bite unless ye set her back up," Zeke interrupted. "She paid every cent she was asked and said, 'Why not? They've got land I want. I've got money they want.' So they traded."

Zeke laughed tantalizingly, then said, "Maybe hits all 'appened fer the best—Miss Polly has took one of her Gray nieces ter live with her—so your son Tommy can marry the place—that's cheaper'n buyin' hit."

"I'll disown him ef he even thinks of sech foolishness," the squire sputtered.

"Easy! easy!" Zeke cautioned. "Young schoolmaster Likens they tell me's got a mortgage on the Gray gal—so after all ye may owe salvation ter the breed."

With that he rode off, laughing fitfully and now and again rubbing his hands.

Polly Mix had sloughed the "Mrs." when she buried her man—partly out of inchoate rebellion against the married woman status, more to aggravate the tabby cats who had gossiped about her ceaselessly since she was in short frocks.

Elsa Gray was a sunbeam in the sad Melloo house. Not sad for long—what with new paint, new paper, daintily chosen furniture, books, flowers, outside and in, the place did not know itself at the end of three months. So avowed young Epictetus Likens when he was permitted to come and see it. He had known the place well—it had been his sole approach to a home in his motherless boyhood—now he found no trace of what he remembered.

Epictetus came often—sometimes he brought his father. Miss Polly quickly made her house, Cedar Trees, a hospitable center, Squire Johnson swallowed his grievances, whatever they were, and tagged along with son Tommy, a personable, broad-shouldered, six foot fellow, as sunny-faced as the squire himself was dour. Tommy rather put Epictetus out of court, but nothing to compare with the eclipse that Likens pere cast over the squire.

"You hound!" the latter said affectionately to Tommy; "if you go and let that ganglin' big-nose, splay-foot Likens fellow cut me out of the daughter I have set my heart on you'll be sorry for it good and plenty."

"Surest thing you know, sir," countered Tommy; "but not on your account—strictly on my own."

Likens pere talked to Miss Polly, not his son. "You must know my wife is dead," he began, "Else I should not be coming here. But I must tell you something more—she went mad when our boy was born—and tried to kill him—her own little child. Thank God, she never knew—after years of raving she became imbecile. Too late I knew her mother had been the same—her mother's grandfather likewise. So I am going to counsel my son against marriage—especially now that cynic fate has made him rich. Almost on her deathbed his mother inherited a fortune—a trust fund passes to him. I want him to get the good of it—to travel, to see, know, hear, all that is possible—thus he may escape the family curse—at least not pass it on. I have tried to save him by keeping him busy, happy—and poor. You know I am not quite a pauper, but I have let him work his way as far as possible. Now—what do you advise?"

"Why ask me?" said Miss Polly. He gave her a compelling look, saying "Because you have known all along the truth—and helped me to face it as never man was helped. I was scarcely older than my eldest pupils when I came to teach here. Your bright bravery, your sympathy saved me from despair. Can I requite all that by making the child of your love unhappy?"

"Never you worry over that. Tommy Johnson is a sufficient antidote—even ef 'Tetus hadn't the nose he carries," Miss Polly flung back at him. "But, oh, how I'll miss the child! When I lose her it will be like the world coming to its end."

"Let me try to fill the void," Likens pere said gently. "Polly! Polly! You know how it was, I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

"Let it go at that!" said Miss Polly—but she put her hand in his with a dazzling smile.

(Copyright.)

### Russian Verst

Assuming the length of the English mile to be 1, the Russian verst is .663 mile, or 3,500.64 feet.

### Midget Kangaroos

Australia has more than 100 varieties of animals in which the mother carries her young in a pouch on her stomach, says James T. Nichols in Successful Farming Magazine.

"The most noted of all these animals is the kangaroo," he writes, "of which there are a half hundred varieties. Some kangaroos are small as a rat and others are so large that when standing on their toes they are taller than a man. Although a kangaroo is a hardy animal, at birth it is very small, often but little larger than a mouse."

## Faster Than Fast

By CLARISSA MACKIE

MR. DINGLE nipped on his eyeglasses and squinted along the wide, curving beach where a scattering crowd was gathered.

"There he goes, feather-pated idiot! The good lord only knows why I had to be afflicted with a son who shot through his university with lightning speed, affiliated himself with a motor corporation, and now goes around racing like a madman!"

"He is trying out a new invention, Mr. Dingle," said pretty Susan Clark beside him. "They say that Peter will be a genius if he can perfect this little safety contrivance he is trying out now."

"I wanted him in my own office," grieved Mr. Dingle, removing his eyeglasses as his son's car vanished around a bend.

"Oh, Mr. Dingle, were you in your father's office?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

"Of course not, Susan. I always had a distinct talent, so to speak, for the law," explained Silas Dingle, whose father had been a well-known insurance man.

"Perhaps, Mr. Dingle, Peter might have a talent for invention," murmured Susan timidly.

He turned and glared at her. "I do not wish my son to rush around faster than fast, and kill himself before he is married to the girl who is waiting for him!" he exploded.

Susan was quite pale. "Waiting for Peter—where?" she murmured.

"At my house," snapped Mr. Dingle impatiently. The next time he turned around Susan had vanished completely.

"It was the truth," he muttered, "or will be if Peter gets home alive."

Half an hour later Peter came home, alive and very well pleased with himself. "The gosh-darned thing is perfect," he told himself as he hastened from his bath to dress for dinner.

"Here is an old friend, Peter," smiled his father when the young man entered the drawing room, "Celia, my dear, you have not forgotten my son, Peter?"

A very beautiful girl shook hands with Peter Dingle. He gazed upon her with delight—she was such a perfect creature. So pink and white, so flaxen-haired, so blue-eyed. Her calm serenity impressed him as he renewed acquaintance with Celia St. Clair, the daughter of one of the richest men in the country. In spite of all the allure of the new arrival as soon as dinner was ended, Peter excused himself and vanished through the hedge that divided the Clark estate from that of the Dingles.

"Miss Susan?" he asked of the maid at the door.

"But Miss Susan has gone away, Mr. Peter."

"Where has she gone?"

"They left about three o'clock for New York—want to catch a steamer, the Buronia, for France, sir."

"I did not know that," muttered Peter glumly.

"They didn't know themselves, sir, until Miss Susan came in during the races and said she wanted to go."

By the time Peter reached his own house, his mind was made up. He went upstairs, packed a bag, ordered his car and said good-by to his parents. The guest, he forgot entirely.

He drove out to the flying field, and got on an airplane for New York, telegraphing ahead for a stateroom on the Buronia, due to sail the next day.

All the while the airship sped toward the north Peter Dingle was composing telegrams, writing business letters, so that when they finally arrived in the city, all he had to do was to start his messages on their way, stop at a jewelers, and then board the Buronia. Then he went to bed and slept soundly, quite sure that Susan and one of her parents, at least, were aboard the ship bound for Havre.

It was the second day when he strolled calmly upon the Clark family, their steamer chairs holding a vantage point on the lee quarter. Susan was gazing out to sea, a sad, large-eyed Susan, pale and woesome looking.

"Why Peter, where did you come from?" boomed Mr. Clark.

"Home," clipped Peter, shaking hands with Mrs. Clark and then with Susan.

"How did you ever get here so soon?"

"Flew through the air—faster than fast—and slept aboard last night. Heard you were going and had to catch the same boat, Susan."

"Your father said your fiancee was there—or hinted it," murmured Susan lamely.

"Celia St. Clair?" asked Peter in a dazed manner. "I haven't seen the girl in fifteen years—we were about seven when I saw her last. Maybe father has some queer idea about uniting me to great wealth—but he doesn't know yet that my invention is a complete success. I will be richer than rich! So I just came after the only girl I ever loved and please may I have Susan?" he asked whimsically.

"You are faster than fast," smiled Mr. Clark, and they both kissed Susan, now glad-eyed and blushing, and then Peter kissed them.

"I'll kiss Susan when I find a retired corner," grinned the audacious young man. "Now, I'm going to send a wireless to my parents, and I have to fit an engagement ring on Susan's finger!"

(Copyright.)

### Just Like a Boy

He was spending his first term at a boarding school, and his parents anxiously awaited the arrival of his first letter.

It was not received for more than a week, and it was short and to the point:

"Dear People: I don't think I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see, when things are happening I haven't time to write, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to tell you. With love to all Harry."—London Tit-Bits.


## Stavely & Bowers

Large Lumber Yard AND Hardware Emporium AT LYNCH'S, MARYLAND

All Grades of LUMBER and MATERIALS

All Kinds HARDWARE

FARM GATES kept on hand.

All Kinds ROOFING

LIME by the barrel

CEMENT AND HAIR

OUR BLACKSMITHING WHEELWRIGHT SHOPS are thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.

LET US SUBMIT AN ESTIMATE for building any kind of structure

Stavely & Bowers



## DO NOT BUY A SILO

UNTIL YOU SEE

A Marietta Concrete Stave Silo

E. THOS. MASSEY

AGENT

Massey Maryland



MARK EVERY GRAVE

## Monuments and Tombs

Erected Everywhere.




Estimates Furnished for Stone—from a Small Maker to a Mausoleum.

CHESTERTOWN MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

**WM. J. KIRBY,**

Chestertown, Maryland



**L. WETHERED BARROLL**

Counsellor-at-Law

EQUITABLE BUILDING

Corner Fayette and Calvert Streets, Baltimore

IN CHESTERTOWN SATURDAYS (by appointment)


Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.


## HARRY F. JEFFERSON

"The Woman's Shop"

PHONE 106.

Beauty Parlor Open Tuesday and Friday



NEW

## COATS

New Coats with excellent and remarkable fabrics and fur. Priced to meet the needs of the woman who shops on a budget.

## SHOES and HOSE

The LATEST STYLES in HOSIERY and SHOES that blend with these remarkable new coats.

## HARRY F. JEFFERSON



## BROILER CHIX

## NOW

is the Time to Put in Your BROILER CHICKS and Make BIG PROFITS.

Barred Rox and Heavy Mixed Chicks.

**Bramble Poultry Farm**

Phone 308. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND


©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8225-0841