Get Your HOLIDAY MEATS and GROCERIES at CROOKS

Crook's

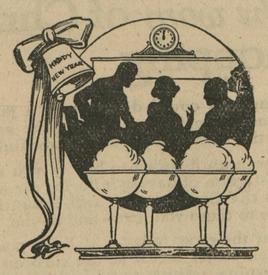
Chestertown, Md., Phone 191. Rock Hall, Md., Phone

WHOLE TOMATOES No. 2 size 3 cans, 20c	QUAKER OATS 3 pkgs, 25c	Very Special Fancy Creamery BUTTER lb. print 53c	Whole Grain CORN 3 cans, 25c	Fresh Baked FIG BARS 12½c lb
BRILLO For Pot and Pans 3 pkgs, 25c	New Fat MACKERAL 2 for 25c	Perfection Blend TEA ¼ lb carton 14c	Try Our Vety-Good COFFEE 35c lb.	
CALIFORNIA SARDINES In Tomato Sauce, 12½c can	MOTHER'S JOY CATSUP 2 8½ oz. bottles, 25c			
Wrigley's GUM 3 pkgs, 10c	SAFETY MATCHES 3 pkgs, 25c	MAPLE SYRUP pint bot, 25c	Golden Gem SYRUP No1½ can 10c	
Rich Creamy CHEESE 33c lb.	Pure Rich COCOA ½ lb can, 15c	P&G White Naptha SOAP 4 bars, 19c	PEA BEANS 2 lbs, 15c	
Mother's Joy MACARONI or SPAGHETTI 3 packages, 25c	FRUIT PUDINE Assorted Flavors 2 pkgs, 25c			
ECONUT NUT BUTTER 1lb print, 27c	Sundale CHILI SAUCE 18c bottle	Mother's Joy CORN FLAKES 2 pkgs, 15c	MUSTARD 5 oz. glass, 6c 8 oz. jar, 10c	
CORN MEAL, white or yellow 3c lb.	HOMINY or HOMINY GRITS, 3c lb.			
Mother's Joy FRUIT CAKE, 3 lb. Decorated Tin . $1.75				
SATURDAY SPECIAL 3 Layer Devil Combination CAKE, 49c each	DELICIOUS Banquet Plain Pound CAKE 25c lb.			
BUTTER BUNS 16c doz.	Large Loaf Fresh BREAD 7c loaf	Extra Large Wrapped Loaf Fresh BREAD 10c loaf	Pure RYE BREAD 9c loaf	Real RAISIN BREAD 12c loaf

VISIT OUR MEAT DEPARTMENT

TenderChuck ROAST BEEF 17c lb.	Fresh GROUND BEEF 18c lb.	Plate or Brisket BOILING BEEF 2 lbs, 25c	All Cut Round STEAK 29c lb.

Sweet Florida Oranges, 35c doz | Fancy Eating Apples, 35c doz



NEW YEAR GREETINGS

What could be a more safe and sane way to greet the dawn of the New Year than a congenial group at the table with some of Gill Bros. delicious Ice Cream to eat. Let the spirit of the season supply the hilarity and let us furnish the refreshments. You will find this a wise way to start the New Year right.

GILL BROS.

PHONE 290. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SECURITY SERVICE

We Sell Bonds That Banks Buy

And discourage the purchase of any security that will not stand investigation.

Consult Your Local Banker

It costs little to obtain sound advice.

C. T. WILLIAMS & CO.

Incorporated

Investment Bankers

Fidelity Building, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE RE-INCARNATION OF WARNER

By HENRY OYEN

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

THE pale little man who sat on the bunk-side in the shack on the hill looked at the paper in his hands with staring eyes. This is what he read:

$2,000—REWARD—$2,000

A DESPERADO STILL AT LARGE

EXPRESS COMPANY'S AGENT AT SULPHUR OFFERS BIG REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO ARREST OF BUD WARNER, THE TRAIN ROBBER.

Despite the original reward of $1,000 offered by the officials of the express company immediately after the robbery of their express car near this city, the notorious outlaw, "Bud" Warner, is still uncaught. Actuated by this fact, and the urgent necessity of putting an end to the reign of robbery which has prevailed here so long, and of which the said Bud Warner is believed to be the prime instigator, it has been decided to increase the reward offered to $2,000. This amount will be paid to the person who furnishes exclusive information upon which the desperado's arrest is effected. As it is believed that Warner is at the present time shielded by friends or confederates, the officials of the company have little doubt that the doubling of the reward will produce the desired results.

The little man in the shack re-read the paragraph again and again. He looked at the date. It was two weeks old. Two thousand dollars! He had never possessed that much money in all his life.

A noise disturbed him, and with the look of a man caught robbing a friend's home he hastened to slip the paper into a crack in the floor. But the noise was only the wind blowing the door back and forth on its rusty hinges. The little man lay flat on his back in the bunk, completely exhausted from the sudden fright. He began to cough, and the effort shook and racked him. He swore feebly at this for, since he had come to live in the little shack on the hillside, the cough which had driven him from the desk in Chicago to exile in the land of sun and sand had been growing less and less frequent.

The doctor had said: "Go to Sulphur and ride west." But west of Sulphur the trails are mixed, and some lead south into the desert of the Dead Things, where the water is only a myth, and where no honest men go unless they have grown tired of the things of this life. So the little man got lost, hopelessly and completely lost. He rode his horse to death in the first frenzy of fright after discovering his predicament, and finally sat down to stare Death, horrible, parching, inevitable Death, in the face out there in the bright sun. Then out of the dust trail came a man who owned the shack on the hill. That was all the little man remembered for twelve hours in the sun is not good for the memory of any mortal man. But he woke up after awhile, and the big man who picked him up was feeding him.

He had lain thus for four blank weeks of unconsciousness. The big man had in this time stayed by his side, watching and nursing him, and there was one night when he rode sixty miles and brought back the powders that eventually cleared the sun-dimmed brain and brought the pale man back to earth.

When the little man was able to sit up and talk he learned that he was in a most isolated shack in the foot-hills of the Lower Sangree de Cristo range, the guest of a man named Smith, whose occupation was prospecting. This the big man told him as he fed him diluted pea soup. Also he told him that he was welcome, welcome as the sun, to make his home indefinitely in the shack, and breathe the air, "right where God makes it," and get well if it was so willed.

He had stayed, and the sun and air had wrought wonders. He could now on his "good days" potter around the shack and the cough was gradually diminishing.

The little man again climbed laboriously out of the bunk, and felt in the floor crack for the paper.

"Yes, it's him—it's him, sure," he said. "It's him—that big beard of his now don't disguise him at all. And he told me his name was Smith!"

A big, bronzed man with a beard came into the shack in the evening. "Hello, Peters, how's the cough today?" he inquired jovially. "That's good, that's good," he continued, as he set about preparing the evening meal. "Did yah sweat any today? Glad to hear yah didn't. I tell you what, Pete, ol' timer, you jest stay with this sanitarium, stay with us 'til the bell rings, an' we'll have your bellows fixed up fit as a bull's. Why, you must 'a gained twenty pounds since you come here. The first night you came, Peters, you were just about ready to keel over and play the cloth."

The big man slivered off a pound of bacon and laughed.

"How you coming along with your prospecting—Smith?" asked the little man. "Find anything worth while today?"

The big man eyed him in a flash, but he answered: "Nothing much, tuh tell the truth, nothing much. Worked on the old prospect hole. Don't expect to find anything that'll pay there for some time."

"Think you'll ever find anything here?" asked Peters.

"Don't know. No telling. Found signs, good signs, when I first came here."

"Never found anything that paid, though?"

"Nope, never did."

After supper Peters said: "Don't see how you can afford to waste your time here—Smith. You could be making good money somewhere else. I don't see how you make money enough, even for your tobacco here, don't see how you manage to live on it."

"I don't," said the big man, shortly. "Sometimes we do things and don't care whether it pays or not. Sometimes we have to do something, whether we want to or not, or whether it pays or not. Sometimes we want to do things after awhile that we ought to have gone long before. We find that we've been wrong in our ideas of things. We were sure we were right before, but all of a sudden something happens that shows us that we're all wrong and the other fellows are all right. Then we want to do different."

"Did something show you?" asked Peters.

"Well, now, Pete, that ain't just right, you know," was the good-natured rejoinder. "We've all of us, at least those of us who weren't brought up on a milk bottle, had times when we done what wasn't just right; what we afterwards discovered was foolish. Ever struck you that way, Pete?"

Peters' lips grew into an unlovely straight line.

"I had eight hundred dollars saved once," he said. "It was five years ago, when the doctors were only telling me that I had a weak chest. I was going to make first payment on a little farm, and get out in the air and live. A friend of mine stole that money."

"Sho, now, that was low down, real low down," commented the big man. "Freckon you kind of feel hard against the world yet, then."

"No one knows how hard," was the answer.

There was no sleep for Peters that night. He saw a picture—a dirty, smutty newspaper cut—ever before him, and the golden figures, $2,000, were burning red before his wide-open eyes. In the morning there was a marked change for the better in his condition. He was apparently full of strength and energy. He walked out in the sun, and whistled cheerfully when he found Smith raising a windlass.

"Good boy, Pete," said the latter, "you're getting to be as husky as a bad cow-puncher."

It was two weeks later that Smith mounted the little broncho that picked up a precarious living about the shack, and rode off into the hills where the cattle ranges were, to secure the beef so necessary to the proper nourishment of Peters.

He was gone three days. When he returned Peters was gone. The little shack was cold and empty, the door was open, and swinging aimlessly on the hinges, the wind blew through mournfully. The big man ran out and called loudly for his guest. He ran to the prospect holes, and peered and called into them, but there was no answer. Presently he found the trail of the little man and followed it until it ran east into the long trail that led to Sulphur.

"Poor little muzzler," said Smith. "He must 'a got lonesome and started to walk in to Sulphur—started to walk!"

The tired broncho had a short hour's rest. Then he hurriedly resaddled and shoved over the Sulphur trail as fast as his legs would carry him.

On the outskirts of Sulphur Smith met "Windy Sam," sheriff of Sulphur county.

"Funny thing happened last night," said Sam, hastening to live up to the reputation that had given him his name. "Little, measly piece of a lunger came hiking into town with a paper about the Bud Warner reward in his fists. Claimed the reward right away. Said how he'd been living with this here same man whose picture was in the paper in a little shack off somewhere in the Sangree de Cristo. Said the man was prospecting out there for a bluff. Said, 'He's got a beard now, but I know him by his nose and eyes.' Bughouse he must 'a been. Said his name was Peters."

Smith stumbled appreciatively in his speech. "You got the paper with you, Sam?" he asked thickly, as if it was only to hide his confusion. Sam dug into a rear pocket. He fished out the dirty, creased paper that Peters had found in the shack. Smith took it and looked at it with interest. "Where's the lunger now, Sam?" he asked.

"Shoveling coal or picking a harp, I don't know which," was the quick answer. "He cashed in immediately after making his spiel." Sam caught a glimpse of Smith's eyes as he spoke.

"Cashed in?" said Smith dumbly. But the sheriff was eyeing him in a new way now.

Suddenly Windy Sam stepped back a yard and pointed his six-shooter very severely at the other.

"By Jing!" he roared suddenly. "An' I would never have known it if the lunger hadn't mentioned the eyes. Put 'em up, Bud Warner, put 'em up high, an' don't try any of your gun tricks on me."

But Bud Warner was not trying to play any tricks. He sat and looked at the sheriff.

"You say he died, Sam?" he questioned, as if his credulity was taxed.

"He died." Sam came up closer with his gun still held out steady before him. "He died; keep your hands

"Sho," said the desperado, softly, as his guns were removed. "Sho," he said, looking down the trail. "I was afraid he wouldn't stand it."

Boosting CHESTERTOWN is a habit easily acquired—if you will but look for the good things here and the privileges we enjoy. When you speak a good word for the town in which you live; its business houses; its homes; and your neighbors, you interest others—you attract them to your town, and to yourself.

REDUCTION IN PRICES

Advertisements released for publication announce a sharp reduction in the prices of all Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

The announcements are unusual in that the amount of the reductions is not given, although the word "tremendous" is employed in conveying an idea of their magnitude.

The unusual is further injected into the situation by the fact that the reductions are made retroactive. Although the new prices will not be actually announced until January 7, they are effective immediately.

"When the new prices are made known on January 7," the advertisement reads, immediately refunded to all purchasers since December 15."

The purchaser of a Dodge Brothers Motor Car is, therefore, in the unusual position of not knowing the price of the product he is buying.

"He does know, however," said A. S. Turner and Sons, local Dodge Brothers Dealer, "that Dodge Brothers have always given exceptional value for the money and he also knows that Dodge Brothers, Inc., is an instituton that may be relied upon absolutely to fulfill its slightest obligation to the public.

"They have announced that this reduction will be a very substantial one and that means that it will be very substantial. Naturally I have not been informed as to the prices, but I am sure that they will be actually sensational."

The advertisement declares that the reductions are made possible by the completion of a $10,000,000 expansion program—new buildings and equipment that will double the capacity of Dodge Brothers factories in 1926.

"There is no change in the policy upon which Dodge Brothers established their leadership 11 years ago," the advertisement concludes, referring to "the policy of constant improvement without yearly models."

Pennsy Folk Plan Xmas Celebration

Plans are being prepared by Pennsylbania Railroad employes over the entire system for the dispensing of good cheer during the holidays.

On December 29th there will be celebrations at all the large cities touched by the Pennsy. At Wilmington the New Century Club has been secured for a unique "Olde Time Xmas Festival" and good fellowship gathering of P. R. R. employes and their families in the Wilmington territory. The program includes band concert, radio address by General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsy, vaudeville by professional entertainers and dancing.

There will be a very pleasing program, community Christmas tree, speeches and oyster roast at Delmar on December 29th. Arrangements have also been made for receiving of the radio address by General W. W. Atterbury. Employes are invited to attend any of these entertainments.

IN MEMORIAM

In remembrance of Henry T. Bramble, son of Mrs. Elwood Bramble, died one year ago today.

Little eyes so soft and gentle,
Little soul without a stain,
Little lips that smiled so sweetly,
Little form that suffered pain.
His cherry and kindly ways
Are pleasant to recall,
He had a smile for every one
And died beloved by all.

A friend, Ola, Mother C.

A. PARIS DEPT. STORE

Sandy Bottom, Md.

Wishes all our friends and customers

A MERRY HOLIDAY AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

May 1926 be a fine year for you all.

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The Annual Meeting of Stockholders of the Kent-Queen Anne's National Farm Loan Association of Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland will be held at the office of Herbert E. Perkins, Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, on Thursday, the 14th day of January, 1925, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing five directors and for the purpose of transacting such other business as may properly come before the said meeting.

THOMAS D. BOWERS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
d12-3t Chestertown, Md.

FIREWOOD FOR SALE

Firewood for sale sawed in stove lengths. Apply to WALTER B. HARRIS, Phone Still Pond 68F23. Worton, Md. d5-3t

KENT NEWS $1.50 PER YEAR.

Solving An Old Problem

There are so many friends and loved ones that simply must be remembered at Christmas. Each one is expecting a present from you. That means you will have to dig down deep to make their Christmas merry.

To help finance your Christmas buying this bank has a savings plan, the CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB, which solves the old problem that worries you each year.

Under the CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB plan you can make small deposits, ranging from twenty-five cents up to a dollar or more each week. You'll never miss those small amounts and when Christmas comes next year you will be prepared with ready cash.

Everybody sees the wisdom of this plan and more are starting it this year than ever before. You should join too and also start a small account for the children and teach them the wise habit of thrift.

The Peoples Bank

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

Next door to WM. M. Culp and A. L. Sterling, CHESTERTOWN, MD., and we are ready to serve you.

The House of Quality and Service

New Dress Goods in all the Newest and Most Popular Shades.

Fine Assortment Ladies' Waists.

Everything for Ladies, Girls and Children

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

Coal Under Cover

Palmer's Lump Lime

IN BARRELS

Headquarters for **Cements**

Baled Hay

Agricultural Lime

BY RAIL OR WATER

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED

J. D. BACCHUS

PHONE 22. CHESTERTOWN, MD

The Mutual Fire Insurance Co

OF KENT COUNTY, MD.

Insures Property Against Fire And Lightning

All Policy Holders Participate In The Company's Profits.

Conservatism and caution its motto. Nearly three million dollars worth of property insured.

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R. G. Nicholson, J. D. Bacchus, F. G. Usilton, T. W. Eliason, Jr., Allan A. Harris, Eben F. Perkins, Edward W. Emory, P. Medfor Brooks, Chestertown; Howard Turner, Betterton; Wm. A. Hyland Galena; Dudley G. Roe, Sudlersville; James P. Brown, Church Hill.

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F. C. Bowers, Lynch, Md.; Joseph Downey, Rock Hall; B. W. Dulin Millington; Charles H. Jefferson, Chestertown; Frank H. Ruth, Galena G. W. Owens, Betterton; Allan S. Walls, Sudlersville; Howard Turner Betterton; F. E. Thomas, Stevensville.

FRED. G. USILTON, President.

EBEN F. PERKINS, Sec.-Treas.

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